

was made did not enjoy as much as anyone. Some so-called wits gain their reputation by making sharp and cutting remarks at someone else's expense, which often will produce a laugh. I do not call that type of humour wit.

Murdock was constantly joking at the expense of Henry Reburn, sergeant of the detectives. When he would begin it was a pleasure to see how Reburn's face would lighten up in anticipation. Murdock and I often exchanged jokes. I will mention one instance as an example. He was applying for bail for a man who had committed a forgery of a cheque for \$2,000, and I objected, saying the case was too serious.

Murdock based his argument on the ground that the man could not be quite right in his mind, from the manner in which he committed the offence. I replied: "You know my view on that point, Mr. Murdock. I do not believe that any man of really sound mind will commit crime. I agree with Josh Billings, who says, 'When a man makes up his mind to become a rascal he had better first examine himself closely and see whether he ain't better constructed for a fool.'"

Murdock drawled out in his inimitable way: "Yes, I know that view is held by your Worship, and (with a pause) Josh Billings."

"One more, Mr. Murdock," I replied, "King Solomon," and, holding up three of my fingers, I added, "there are just three of us."

Poor Murdock had a pathetic ending. Playfully pretending to fence with a friend, using an umbrella, the friend's umbrella accidentally entered his eye and he died in a few hours. He was deeply regretted by all who knew him, and was a great loss to the court officials and attendants, who very much missed his kindly and genial presence.

N. G. Bigelow was a constant figure in the Police Court, and did a large business in the defence of criminals. He was a man of considerable ability, but died in middle age.

Mr. Holmes was another very prominent practitioner in my court. He was a young man of remarkable ability and shrewdness, but was a little too sharp in his methods. He could steer off dangerous ground in cross-examination with the most remarkable skill. I never met a man who could equal him. The only trouble was that in his cases it kept me on the closest watch to guard against missing important points. Poor fellow, he was accustomed to take morphine, and once taking a little too much of it died before he could be revived.

There was another barrister who had a very hard struggle to make a living, who defended the poorest class of criminals, and did not hold a very good position in the profession. He came to me one day to ask my advice. The people at Sault Ste. Marie, then a small village in a remote and rather unsettled district, desired to induce a lawyer to settle in the place, because the County Attorney was the only lawyer in the district, and as the plaintiffs always employed him, the defendants could not get any legal assistance or advice. A subscription of \$500 was raised, and an announcement made that it would be paid to a lawyer who would settle in Sault Ste. Marie. The offer had been made to this gentleman, and he asked me what I would advise. We knew each other very well, so I replied:

"I would take it and go up, and I should not wonder if within a year they would pay you \$1,000 to send you back again to Toronto."

He took the joke good-naturedly, but he went to Sault Ste. Marie, and, strange to say, he was back practising in my court within a year. He died a young man, comparatively speaking.

On one occasion the late Goldwin Smith gave a legal dinner at The Grange at which the late Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, myself, and others were present. To start the conversation in a legal direction, Goldwin Smith said that he thought there was a differ-