

On several occasions I have had disputes about horse trades. A man not knowing much about horses would buy a horse from a trader who would say the horse was sound and a good worker, and afterwards the purchaser would find that the horse was unsound and not able to work. He would complain that he had been defrauded. He would get a summons, and the case would come before me, charging the trader with defrauding him by false pretences out of the price of the horse, say \$100. The facts would come out before me and the evidence of veterinary surgeons would prove that the horse was worthless. I would then say to the trader, "What have you to say?"

He would reply, "The horse is all right." I would say, "You are sure of that?" "Yes."

"Is it worth \$100?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then there is no difficulty, you take your horse back, and give the complainant the \$100."

The man would object. I would remand the case for a few days and say, "If you don't do that, then I will know you intended to cheat him from the beginning, and I will know what to do."

This scheme generally put things right and no one was wronged.

From the beginning of my occupation of the Bench, I was punctual in my attendance, going on the Bench every morning while the town clock was striking ten. My regularity attracted in time the attention of the reporters, and about a year after my appointment the following item appeared in one of the morning papers:

"The punctuality of Colonel G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate for the city of Toronto, is something which passes the ordinary understanding. He goes by observatory time, and occasionally corrects it. He generally bolts in at the east door as the third beat of ten is boomed out from St. James's, but if the bell should reach the fifth clang, and no magistrate is yet apparent, the faces of the officials and habi-

tues begin to grow long and look uneasy; should it reach eight, a look of positive alarm spreads over the countenances of the deputy, his assistants and the waiting reporters. What can be the matter? While every ear is strained and the silence becomes oppressive, suddenly the east door opens, his Worship bounds in, and before nine, ten have been recorded by the respectable bell in the tall steeple the first drunk is being conveyed tenderly below, wondering how he will pay that dollar and costs which has just been imposed upon him. What would happen if the clock should finish striking before he appeared? The question makes us giddy."

This item shows how soon I had gained a reputation for punctuality, but the subsequent record is very remarkable. During the forty years and more that have since elapsed I have never been one second late in going on the Bench in the morning.

It is strange that no accident of any kind, or stoppage of my watch, or any other cause has ever broken this record. It necessitates an explanation. I always entered the Court before the last stroke of the town clock. Sometimes the clock has been out of order, in which case I went by my own watch, but the secret of my always being on time was due to two causes. In the first place, I always made a point of being in my office fifteen minutes ahead of time, and in the next place, up to the last year or two I always walked the three miles to the Court House, so that snow-storms cutting off the power on the street cars, or any other like difficulty never prevented me from being on time. I have often wondered that I have been able to maintain for so many years such absolute regularity.

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Police Court Counsel

Among the lawyers practising in the Toronto Police Court in my time, the wittiest and most humorous was William G. Murdock. He was a genial and kindly man, and a great favourite with everybody. The finest thing about his wit was its amiable geniality. I never heard him make a joke that the person at whose expense it