

## Lawyers' Lyrics.

The following verses have nothing to do with law, but they have to do with a very prominent and beloved member of our Bar of long ago—G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Law Clerk of the House of Commons, the tried and trusted friend and adviser of all the leaders of the various Governments since before Confederation and onwards. We like to keep alive the memory of a remarkable man who at the age of 94 wrote lines so full of poetic fancy—and reproduced now, in these days when lawyers' wives and daughters are in the forefront in patriotic and philanthropic work, so bravely and patiently taken up by them in those sad and stirring days, and at a time when we welcome to our ranks members of the fair sex to help the other lawyers in the fight for right against wrong.

The occasion was the opening of an Old Men's Home in Ottawa, started by the wife of a well known Q.C. in 1892:—

Dear ladies, fair and wise and kind  
By whose benevolent aid  
The scheme to help our pleasant home  
A great success was made.

And you, good fellow-citizens,  
Who patronized our ball  
And danced to give us warmth and light,  
We thank you each and all.

We joyed to think our quondam mayor  
Would give his help, but then,  
Of course, good city fathers must  
Be friends of eldermen.

Your choice of secretary, too,  
Augmented our delight,  
And boded good, for well we knew  
Waldo would do the right.

And pondering who might best express  
Our gushing gratitude,  
We tried to find a city bard  
With love for us imbued.