

of eighty years and the day before my birthday six of the reporters, who regularly attend the Police Court, came to my private room and presented me with a copy of Viscount Jellicoe's book, "The Grand Fleet", with kind wishes on my birthday. Mr. Wodson was the spokesman, and at the front of the book was inserted a neatly printed page with the following inscription:

A TRIBUTE

To Colonel G. T. Denison on the occasion of
his 80th birthday, August 31st, 1919.

Well, Colonel, you have had a day,
Much longer than most men, Sir,
But n'er-the-less, we do not pray
That you should say "Amen, Sir."

Such men as you are hard to find,
Astute, and just, and bluff, Sir,
The world is richer for your kind,
You're made of first-rate stuff, Sir.

We've watched your work upon the Bench
And oft extolled your sense, Sir;
And felt your jokes with painful wrench—
Now please don't take offence, Sir.

If asked to guess why you've held out
Against attack and slam, Sir,
We'd say at once beyond a doubt
You do not care a damn, Sir.