

this case because I helped him to fill a valise with things for the children. He borrowed his Dad's coon coat and gauntlets and made the trip, the last thirty miles from the station with a livery team. But he found out what he wanted to know and the children not only had a Christmas tree, with presents for everybody, but soon had their mother restored to them. The fifteen-year-old boy gave the deciding vote. He told Jack that his mother had always been good to them and if they could only get her back they could do fine without the father.

I wonder if that boy still remembers.

When he was in the City Police Court a case came up one day of a man who had killed a dog on a street crossing and did not even stop. He was quite arrogant about it when summoned into court, and said the dog had no right to be crossing the street, and if people didn't want their dogs hurt they had better keep them in their own yards. But when the proceedings were over he was chastened in spirit and had his knowledge enlarged, and the Humane Society were delighted with Jack's handling of the case. He brought the fact to light that a dog properly licensed as this one was, has the same right to cross the street as any other pedestrian.

When he was appointed Prosecutor in the Supreme Court of Alberta he wrote me about it. He was pleased with the promotion but used this sentence: "I enjoy this battling of wits and could be happy if I could forget its grim significance."

One of the judges whom I knew well often spoke of Jack's ability to get the truth from the witnesses. "He has something which makes people want to tell the truth," Thomas Tweedie said. "Some way he gets the idea over that the truth must be told, and strangely enough even the people who receive sentences respect him and like him. He builds up their self-respect by his