

## A. J. ANDREWS: NESTOR OF THE MANITOBA BAR

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“And I want to say to you, gentlemen of the jury, that while the Crown has been represented by the ablest criminal lawyer at the Manitoba Bar, you should not give your sympathy to the prisoner on that account: he has been most ably defended by his young counsel. The scales have been evenly balanced. There has been no unequal contest here today . . .”

With a conscientious regard for detail, born of his desire to give a complete picture of all relevant circumstances, Mr. Justice Killam thus charged the jury in the trial of *Regina v. L.* But recently appointed to the bench, he was presiding over the fall assizes of 1886. Standing room was at a premium in the largest courtroom in Winnipeg's proud new courthouse on Kennedy Street, since crowded into the shade by a more pretentious building. The prisoner was on trial for murder. Public feeling, fed upon newspaper reports, ran high against him.

As the jury left the box to consider their verdict, there was one man in the courtroom whose spirits were almost as low as the prisoner's. He was Alfred Joseph Andrews, twenty-one year old counsel for the defence, who was being opposed in his first murder trial by the redoubtable Nathaniel Francis Hagel, Q.C.

L. was a French half-breed, a little, weazened fellow, who was so poor that he had been unable to engage counsel. Mr. Andrews had been assigned to his defence by the court. On the fatal day L. had been hunting with a man named R. Their bag had been small and, so that the day would not be wasted completely, they decided to call on some friends in St. Vital, where they expected that they would be able to quench their thirst. Their expectations were not disappointed for when they arrived at their friend's home a drinking party was in progress.

Finding themselves behind schedule, L. and R. tossed several glasses of cheap whiskey down their throats in short order. The drink went straight to their heads and they started to argue with each other, moderately at first, then in the heat of passion. No match for his opponent, a large, vigorous and verbose man, L. finally went outside for a breath of air. A moment later R. followed him. As he was framed in the doorway, L. shot him through the head.

After he had been assigned to the case, Andrews' first step was to go with Deputy Sheriff Constantine to look over the scene

of the crime. A few feet from where R. had fallen, they found his hunting knife with its blade open. It was a formidable looking weapon. The theory of the defence was that R. had gone to the door with his knife ready to throw at L., and L. had shot him in self-defence. Andrews called the Deputy Sheriff to the witness box to give the jury a picture of the scene and to tell them about finding the knife. He asked the jury for an acquittal on the ground that his client had followed an instinctive law of nature and was justified in taking a life in defence of his own. Mr. Justice Killam, though giving an impartial survey of the evidence, summed up against the prisoner.

While the jury were considering their verdict, it seemed to Mr. Andrews that the second hand of his watch had changed places with the hour hand. He paced the floor too nervous and restless to keep his seat. His heart kept racing up to his mouth and his throat was like parchment. But, after what seemed an eternity, the jury returned with their verdict. With emotions almost at the breaking point, he heard the words: "We find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter and strongly recommend that mercy be extended to him".

Plenty of water has flowed under the bridge since that distant day when Mr. Andrews' whole future lay before him. Recently drawing aside the curtain of the years for an audience of young lawyers, he said, speaking of this his first murder trial:

Let me give you a tip. Always inspect the scene of a crime. It is the only way to get the full picture in your mind. I have seen cases lost because lawyers do not always follow this commonsense practice.

The L. case taught me a great deal and, while I am on the subject, I may as well give you another tip. When you have a point to make, whenever possible make it through a policeman or some person in an official position. It comes best from him. Let me illustrate what I mean from my own experience. Some years ago at Minnedosa I defended a man charged with the theft of a box-car of wheat. My client was a farmer, and told me that the wheat in question was his own and that he had loaded it on the car himself. I told this to the Crown counsel, but he laughed the idea to scorn, telling me that the accused's wheat had been threshed on the day that the car had been stolen and that the accused could not possibly have loaded a car himself in such a short time. I have always believed that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so I got my man, took him to the spot and had him load a car of wheat. I asked a police constable to come with us to act as time-keeper. The accused was an exceptionally powerful fellow and, by working like a Trojan, loaded the car in the given time. After that there was nothing to it. At the trial I called the police constable and my client was acquitted. Had I called a friend of the accused to prove the point, the jury might have been suspicious of his evidence.

A son of the parsonage, A. J. Andrews was born on April 24th, 1865, in Franklin Center, Quebec, where his father, Rev. Alfred Andrews, had charge of the Methodist Mission. He had an itinerant childhood for every three years his father was moved from circuit to circuit.

Rev. Alfred Andrews was a fighting angel (in Pearl Buck's phrase), a homely, unworldly man, who practised as well as preached the old-fashioned virtues without thought of worldly advantage. To him religion was not a thing to be worn lightly, like a coat in summer weather. He sacrificed himself and his family to his work, feeling it no less than his sacred duty to make the sacrifice.

There were six in the Andrews family. The father's income was \$700.00 yearly, payable half in cash and half in donations. The donations invariably consisted of the cast-offs and left-overs of the more affluent members of his flock, but Rev. Alfred Andrews was never known to complain.

Looking back on his early life, A. J. Andrews says that he has always counted it a blessing to have been born into a clergyman's family. The intellectual advantages and firm bond of family affection more than compensated for the hardships of poverty. They had to tighten their belts when the monthly cheque did not arrive on time, but their minds were never starved. Books were in every room of the house. Good conversation was a staple article of diet at every meal. To stimulate their wits, the father offered his children a cent from his meagre store for every time they caught him in a mispronunciation.

Rev. Alfred Andrews believed in the gospel of hard work. He brought up his family in the belief that they must earn their bread before they ate it. And so when he was seven years old, as his share of the household duties, A. J. was given the task of looking after the family cow.

A. J. Andrews attended a variety of country schools—good, bad and indifferent—finishing at the famous school of Dr. Tassie in Galt. In the spring of 1881 he came to Winnipeg to study law. The desire to become a lawyer had been born in him one day when as a boy of twelve he had watched his uncle, Ashton Fletcher, a Woodstock lawyer, in action in the courts.

A. J. came west to a brother, George Albert Fletcher Andrews, nine years his senior, who was practising law in Winnipeg in partnership with D. M. Walker, then attorney-general of Manitoba and later a judge of the County Court of Winnipeg. A. J. entered into articles of clerkship with Mr. Walker for a

period of five years. As a law student, demands were made upon his brawn as well as his brain. He was expected to sweep out the office and to carry cordwood for the office stove up two flights of stairs. For his mental and physical labours he received twenty-five dollars monthly. Thanks to his early training, however, he lived munificently on this sum, sharing a room with two beds above the office with three other law students.

On the outbreak of the second Riel Rebellion, A. J. Andrews enlisted in the old 95th Regiment, then under the command of Colonel Thomas Scott. Going to Saskatchewan a private he returned a sergeant. He was never under fire himself, but Richard Hardisty, one of the students with whom he roomed, was killed at Batoche.

For his services in the Riel Rebellion he was allowed one year off his time under articles. Thus he became the youngest man ever to qualify for the law in Manitoba and had to wait one year for his majority before he could be called to the bar. On his call in 1886, he entered into partnership with his brother.

When A. J. Andrews began the practice of law, Winnipeg was a rapidly expanding community, about to shed her pioneer swaddling clothes. Immigrants, in answer to the call of adventure or lured by the seductive bait of the immigration agent, were knocking at her gates by the hundreds. Practising law under the conditions that prevailed in a pioneer city was a liberal education in itself. A companionable man, yet not one who let down the barriers to friendship immediately, Mr. Andrews rubbed shoulders with men of all classes and conditions. He became a man who was not out of his element when he was out of his own immediate circle. Today, thanks to his early experiences, he could be put down almost anywhere in the world and feel perfectly at home. A sturdy commonsense and a judgment proof against prejudice aided him in acquiring a knowledge of men and their affairs. On this knowledge, gained in the stern school of experience, he laid the foundation for a most successful career in his profession.

In August, 1889, when he had been only three years at the bar but was already a bright star in the legal firmament of Winnipeg, Mr. Andrews married Maud Galbraith Watson, a daughter of W. W. Watson, a pioneer implement manufacturer of the west.

Tragedy cut short the promising career of his brother and robbed A. J. Andrews of a partner in the fall of 1890. G. A. F. Andrews and his wife were skating on the Red River. The ice was thin and had frozen unevenly. Suddenly Mrs. Andrews fell

into an air pocket and the speed at which she was skating carried her under the ice. Though he must have realized that it would be useless, her husband rushed bravely to her rescue and both were drowned.

At the time of this tragedy the firm of Andrews and Andrews was one of the leading legal firms in Winnipeg, with many important clients in the East. G. A. F. Andrews had been competent beyond his years and his brother despaired of stepping into the breach in the firm caused by his death. Particularly, he was doubtful whether he could hold the eastern business. He was but twenty-six years old and for a while thought that his youth might be counted against him.

In one of the first important cases he had after his brother's death, Mr. Andrews retained that great constitutional authority and master advocate, John S. Ewart, to appear with him at the trial. Ewart won the case but the other side went to appeal. Mr. Andrews' client was a poor man and there was no money available to brief Ewart for the appeal. A. J. announced that he would have to argue it alone. On the hearing of the appeal, Ewart to his surprise appeared for the other side. As one might expect, Andrews was quite taken aback, but when he looked into the authorities he found that Ewart was within his rights. In his matchless style, Ewart attempted to answer the argument he had himself made at the trial, but Andrews held the verdict.

Shortly after this case Mr. Andrews joined forces with Mr. Isaac Pitblado in a most successful partnership which flourished from 1892 until 1899.

In 1893, with his election to the City Council, A. J. Andrews began a distinguished career in civic politics. He served Winnipeg as an alderman for four years, being elected by acclamation in his last two years. In 1898 he entered the field as a mayoralty candidate in opposition to E. F. Hutchings, founder of the Great West Saddlery Company Limited. The contest was a bitter one even for those days of intensive politics. It was certainly no time for a thin skin. A few days before the nominations, Mr. Hutchings withdrew from the contest, indignant at the suggestion that he was being financed by certain persons who expected to have their fingers in the public pie if he were elected. Two days later, however, he came forward again, entering the fight with renewed vigor, but at the polls Mr. Andrews gave him a bad beating. Taking his defeat to heart, he threatened, in a weak moment, to build a rival city on a large tract of land he had acquired near Bird's Hill. He must often have regretted the moment; for years the wags used to ask him the price of corner lots in Hutchingsville.

When he became Mayor of Winnipeg, A. J. was thirty-two years of age and looked younger. Because of his youthful appearance, he was dubbed "the Boy Mayor". But soon he proved able to do his job like a man. "The Boy Mayor" became the father of municipal ownership in Winnipeg. Soon after his election he went to England to raise money to build the old waterworks system of artesian wells, which served Winnipeg so well for many years.

An objective picture of A. J. Andrews while Mayor of Winnipeg is to be found in a fascinating volume of autobiography, *Titanic and Other Ships*, by Commander Lightoller, R.N.R. In his younger days Commander Lightoller was a rolling stone who in the course of his wanderings visited Western Canada. He landed in Winnipeg with his pockets empty and found a job on the outskirts of the city painting a house for a man named Chamberlain. Chamberlain had a reputation as a poor payer, which Lightoller learned only after he had started to work. Though he had not taken the precaution of discussing the matter with his employer, Lightoller expected to be paid the going wage. But whenever he broached the subject of wages, Chamberlain kept putting him off saying that there would be no money available until he got a mortgage on his house which he was arranging through his solicitors, Andrews and Pitblado.

Lightoller had met Mr. Andrews on one occasion at the exhibition grounds. Presuming on this meeting, he made up his mind to see Mr. Andrews about the wages that he had coming from Chamberlain. Dressed in his working clothes, he called at the offices of Andrews and Pitblado.

"When I asked for Andrews", he tells us in his book, "the clerk accomodated his tone of voice to my appearance, which, beyond being clean, was hardly millionarish, and the few words we had quickly brought Andrews out of his office to see what was going on.

"I must say his office was reached by a steep flight of stairs which led directly into the street, and down which I was proposing to toboggan the clerk.

" 'Hello, my lad', said Andrews, 'What's all the row about?'

"I told him.

"He whistled when he say the account, and told me the mortgage was not through. At the same time he knew exactly where I stood and, to make a long story short (good fellow that he was), he paid me in full on the spot."

After getting his wages, Lightoller went to a bar to lay the dust in his throat before taking the train to Montreal. In the bar he met a man named Charlie who had worked for Chamberlain but had never seen the colour of Chamberlain's money. He began pulling Charlie's leg, telling him that the way to get his money was to get tough as he had done, to go up to the law offices of Andrews and Pitblado and threaten to break up the furniture unless he was paid. To give point to this story, Lightoller displayed his roll of bills and Charlie, properly impressed, walked out of the bar.

Half an hour later Lightoller was sitting on the train when a friend came up to him and asked him what he had told Charlie. It appeared that his friend had passed Andrews' office just in time to see Charlie come sailing down the steps into the street. Poor Charlie had not been tough enough for Mayor Andrews.

In early manhood A. J. Andrews was an athlete of more than ordinary ability. He took a hand in most of the sports popular at the time—boxing, cycling, rowing, lacrosse, football and golf. Cycling on one of those six-foot-front-wheel bicycles was his favorite pastime. In those days marathon races were held annually between Headingly and Winnipeg. These events found A. J. leaving the post at the starter's gun, and crossing the finishing line not too long after the winner of the race.

When he began to establish himself in his profession and had money to indulge his fancy, Mr. Andrews had a mild attack of "hippodromania". He loved a good horse and, as his pocketbook justified it, he acquired so many that he had to move into larger quarters to look after them all. He used to ride his own horses on the Winnipeg race tracks. While he was mayor he once picked up a copy of the Minneapolis Journal in which he read a report of his own death, stating that he had been killed on the race track. Like Mark Twain he thought that the report was greatly exaggerated.

Mr. Andrews once owned a pair of fine drivers, Starlight and Flashlight. They were pets of his, but the day came when the horseless carriage won his allegiance, so he sold them to an undertaker, thinking to give them a good home. One day while he was engaged at his office Mrs. Andrews telephoned him in a state of great excitement. Starlight and Flashlight had come home, bringing a hearse with them. They had been on the way to the cemetery when vagrant thoughts of their old master came into their heads. Acting on the impulse of the moment, they broke out of the funeral procession and galloped straight to Mr. Andrews' home.

After a second term as Mayor of Winnipeg, Mr. Andrews retired from civic politics.

Subsequently he made two attempts to enter a larger political arena. In 1900 he ran for the Manitoba Legislature against Sir Daniel McMillan and was beaten in a close fight. A few months after the election Sir Daniel McMillan resigned his seat to become Lieutenant - Governor of Manitoba. Again in 1910 Andrews contested the constituency of West Winnipeg in the provincial election in opposition to Hon. Thomas H. Johnson, attorney-general of Manitoba in the Norris government. This time he lost the seat to his formidable opponent by forty votes.

A. J. Andrews has been a life-long Conservative. He has remained, however, an amateur politician, never graduating into the professional class. Quite early in his career he made up his mind that he was going to be a lawyer, not a politician, and his political philosophy never became baked in the firm party mould. In politics he has always managed to respect the other fellow's point of view. He puts the politician who believes that he has coralled all political wisdom in the same category as the six blind men of Hindostan, who each got a different impression of the elephant by each taking hold of a different part of its body:

And so these men of Hindostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly right,  
And each was partly wrong.

In 1905 A. J. Andrews entered into partnership with his brother Fletcher S. Andrews. This firm, with frequent additions and changes, has existed down to the present day.

Mr. Andrews was appointed a King's Counsel in January, 1909, when he was at the height of his powers. He has been essentially a court lawyer. His style of advocacy, reminiscent of that great English advocate, Sir Edward Clarke, is in the best classic tradition. Its keynote is simplicity. Mild and moderate in the extreme, it is yet powerful. There is no straining after effect, no spectacular showmanship, no casting of discretion to the winds on a last desperate hazard. He is always master of his facts and well posted on his law. He weaves no fanciful word-patterns, but talks in a straightforward manner, and before the jury realize it they are agreeing with him, or at least have had a doubt insinuated into their minds that makes them hesitate to decide the case against him. Because his arguments are well-knit, logical in



arrangement and free from too deliberate an appeal to prejudice, and because he does not try to wring from them more than is in them, he is almost as effective before a judge as before a jury.

His opponents have to watch him as a mother hen watches a hawk. They can never take victory for granted. He tries to keep them wondering to the last, generally holding a trump for his final play. And it is his final play that has won him many of his most important verdicts.

His skill in drawing from witnesses a favorable interpretation of unfavorable facts is the admiration of the Manitoba Bar. He seems to be able to give just the proper shading to damaging evidence. A word added here, or a phrase left out there, and he gains the impression he wants. Mr. Justice H. A. Bergman (a lawyer's lawyer, recently given the reward he so richly deserved by his appointment to the Court of Appeal of Manitoba) recalls a case in which a number of lawyers appeared and tried one after the other to draw a favorable admission from a hostile witness, a witty and quick-tempered Irishman. The witness's hostility grew as his examination continued. Finally Mr. Andrews took him in hand. It was like the sun beginning to shine after the wind had blown itself out. The witness cast off his cloak of hostility and made to Mr. Andrews the admission the other lawyers had been seeking. "I could not help admiring the subtle and skilful way Mr. Andrews got around that Irishman", says Mr. Justice Bergman in recalling the case.

In the fall of 1912 Andrews made his first appearance before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. He was appearing for the defendant in the case of *Kelly v. Enderton*. Enderton had made an agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company to obtain for them a site for a store. Because the company did not announce their intention to build, he was able to buy the building site and the surrounding lots at a good price. When it became known that the Hudson's Bay Company intended to build, Kelly, from whom Enderton had bought a lot, sued him to set aside the sale, contending that as Enderton was getting a commission from him he owed him a duty to tell him why he was buying the property. Chief Justice Mathers gave judgment in favour of Enderton and the Court of Appeal affirmed his decision, but Kelly obtained leave to appeal direct to the Privy Council.

Kelly's local solicitor, J. E. O'Connor, K.C., retained Sir R. B. Findlay (later Lord Findlay) as counsel for the appeal and Mr. Andrews retained Stanley O. Buckmaster, K.C. (later Lord Buckmaster).

When Andrews and his leader had their first meeting to discuss the case, Buckmaster expressed the opinion that they had no chance of succeeding. In his view Enderton owed a duty to the property owners from whom he bought lots to disclose to them all the facts he had. "Do you mean to say that if Pierpont Morgan engaged an agent on commission to buy him one of the Old Masters the agent would owe a duty to the man who owned the picture to tell him that his principal was Pierpont Morgan and could pay any price demanded for the picture?" asked Mr. Andrews. But Buckmaster could not be persuaded of the merits of Enderton's case, so Andrews decided that he would argue the appeal himself.

When Sir R. B. Findlay had addressed the Judicial Committee for about a quarter of an hour, Lord Dunedin, one of the Privy Councillors, interrupted him: "Suppose Baron Rothschild instructed a commission agent to buy him a picture, would the agent have to disclose to the man who owned the picture that he was acting for Baron Rothschild? Surely that would be an invitation to the owner to ask an increased price for the picture."

The Privy Council finally dismissed Kelly's appeal without calling upon Mr. Andrews for argument.

Mr. Andrews' name is associated with two *causes célèbres*—the Ministers' trial and the trial of the Strike Leaders. Both these trials reflected great credit upon him. In one he was starred in the role of counsel for the defence, in the other he assumed the burden of a heavy prosecution.

The Roblin Government gave Thomas Kelly a contract to build the Manitoba Legislative Building. Rumors that he was feathering his own nest were soon circulating and a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the situation. When the Commission reported that all was not as it should have been, Kelly was arrested. At his trial expert evidence was given that the materials used in the construction of the Legislative Building were so inferior that it could not stand for ten years. Incidentally, Kelly was tried in 1916, and the Legislative Building still looks pretty substantial.

Kelly did not face the music alone. Sir Rodmond Roblin and three of his ministers, George R. Coldwell, James H. Howden and Dr. W. H. Montague, were arrested on charges of conspiracy to defraud the Province of Manitoba. For a fee of \$5,000, Montague brought E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., a stalwart of the Ontario courts, to Winnipeg to defend him. Johnston stayed in Winnipeg for forty-eight hours. He then returned home, telling Montague

that there was one man who might be able to get him off and that man was A. J. Andrews.

When the Ministers' trial got under way, Mr. Andrews had a few grey hairs, a gentle reminder that he had entered the middle period of his life. By the time the trial had ended in the disagreement of the jury his hair was white. The strain of defending the Ministers was terrific. He was even more anxious over the result than the prisoners, who seemed to take their misfortune philosophically. On the second last day of the trial, Mr. Coldwell dined with the Andrews family. As he was leaving to go home he said to Mrs. Andrews, "If I am not in jail, I will be back to dinner tomorrow night". Next day, when the jury advised Mr. Justice Prendergast who was presiding at the trial that they could not reach a verdict, Andrews phoned his wife, "Justice has prevailed again. I am bringing Mr. Coldwell home to dinner."

The Winnipeg General Strike of 1919 came as an aftermath of the Great War. In the passions of the moment, two views were taken of the strike leaders. One view had them as desperate characters attempting to tear down the pillars of society; the other looked on them as decent fellows, sincerely interested in bettering the standard of living of thousands of workers suffering from the effects of the post-war inflation. Both these views have been tempered by time.

A. J. Andrews was appointed Deputy Minister of Justice to deal with the situation precipitated when forty thousand workers in Winnipeg suddenly went out on strike. When prosecutions were instigated against the leaders of the strike, it became his duty to handle the Crown's case. Throughout the trials he took a jaunty, sporting attitude toward the accused. Standing above the general feeling of animosity toward them he kept the conduct of the prosecutions, in so far as he himself was concerned, on a purely impersonal basis. His cross-examination of Mr. R. B. Russell, one of the accused, illustrates how well he succeeded. Defence counsel had been continually suggesting to the jury that the strike leaders were being persecuted. In his cross-examination of Mr. Russell, Mr. Andrews asked, "Have I not always been fair? Have I ever persecuted you?"

"You have always treated me like a gentleman", replied Mr. Russell frankly.

The strike trials dragged on for many months, most of the cases ending in convictions. "The credit was due to Mr. Isaac Pitblado, K.C., who prepared the cases for me so thoroughly that all I had to do was to follow his instructions", says Mr. Andrews modestly.

On the night the jury returned its last verdict Mr. Andrews was out playing poker. When asked why the Ministers' trial had exhausted him, while the Strike trials had left him with energy to burn in a poker game, he said, "A man is not under the same intense nervous strain when he prosecutes as when he defends. There is nothing that steals a man's energy like defending a prisoner on a serious charge, particularly a charge of murder."

In 1940 Mr. Andrews broke a rule he had kept for twenty years by accepting a brief to defend a man charged with murder. In 1920, at Minnedosa, he appeared in a murder trial which he vowed at the time would be his last. His client was a dull-witted boy, who had killed his father, buried him in a manure heap and then gone to the police to report what he had done. Mr. Andrews saw him for the first time in the jail at Portage la Prairie. With great difficulty he got the story from him. He had rented a farm from his father on a share of the crop basis. The father had sold all the grain and would make no settlement. He thereupon went to his father threatening that if he did not pay up he would tell the police that his father was living in incest with his daughter. The father came at him with an axe. The boy had been shooting rabbits and had his gun with him. As his father lifted the axe, he shot him dead.

Mr. Andrews conducted his case on the theory of self-defence. He put his client in the witness box to tell his story to the jury and called a gun expert to prove that the father had been shot in a manner consistent with the boy's story. After what was an anxious wait for Mr. Andrews, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter and the prisoner was sentenced to one day in jail.

There have been many humorous passages in Mr. Andrews' courtroom experiences. Mr. Fred Burbidge, K.C., his partner for thirty-five years, recalls one of the best. A Jew who was planning to come into Winnipeg to vote in a civic election was locked in his room in a country hotel by an Irishman, a practical joker whom we shall call Mike. The Jew could see no humor in the incident and instructed A. J. Andrews to bring action for false arrest and unlawful imprisonment against Mike. It was a case of Jew versus Irishman, with several Irishmen on the jury. Mike held nearly every public office in his home town. In his address to the jury, Mr. Andrews called him several fighting names, winding up by saying that he was quite sure that the jury would show this Pooh-Bah of the village what British justice meant.

After the case was over, Mike waited for Mr. Andrews outside the courtroom. He was fighting mad.

"You can call me anything you like but a Pooh-Bah. When you call me that you have to fight", he told Mr. Andrews. Then turning suddenly to his own counsel, T. R. Ferguson, K.C., he asked, "Can you tell me what a Pooh-Bah is?" When Mr. Ferguson explained the allusion to Gilbert and Sullivan, Mike's anger toward Mr. Andrews gave way to a feeling of quiet satisfaction. He felt that he had been paid a compliment: his light could not be hidden under a bushel, even opposing counsel had recognized it.

Mr. Andrews once had a case for that eccentric character known to an older generation of Winnipeggers as Ginger Snooks. Ginger Snooks was Winnipeg's official scavenger in the early days, and a perennial candidate for alderman. He was once nearly elected comptroller of Winnipeg. A red-headed, bewhiskered Irishman, with the native wit of his race and a peculiar sense of civic obligation, he played the role of a village Socrates for many years. His favorite method of discharging his civic duties was to go to council meetings and buttonhole the aldermen until he was asked to leave.

After a long and involved trial, Mr. Andrews obtained a verdict for Ginger Snooks and sent him a moderate bill. The bill brought Ginger to A. J.'s office in high dudgeon.

"What do you lawyer fellows think you are—robbers", thundered Ginger. "Look at this bill, I won't pay it. I tell you, I won't pay it. It's an outrage."

"Now, don't get excited. That bill is perfectly reasonable," said Mr. Andrews, trying to pacify the irate Ginger.

"Reasonable," snorted Ginger. "I have to work all night to make two dollars and you want two dollars every time you open your mouth. But I won't let you rob me. I'll go to law first."

Seeing that he could not talk reason to Ginger Snooks, Mr. Andrews told him he could do as he jolly well pleased but he would have to pay the bill.

A few days later there was a parade in Winnipeg. As it was proceeding down Portage Avenue, Ginger Snooks broke into it from a side street. He was driving a dump cart over which he had nailed a large sign: "All lawyers are crooks. A. J. Andrews is the biggest one." A policeman soon spotted Ginger and hauled him out of the parade. Ginger immediately hurried down the street a few blocks and broke into the parade again. Again a policeman hauled him out. This process was repeated half a dozen times until finally a constable had to be detailed to the exclusive duty of keeping Ginger Snooks out of the parade.

Mr. Justice Frankfurter has written, "That nothing which is human is alien to him, is truer of the lawyer than even of doctor or priest". Everything that is human comes home to the busy lawyer at one time or another. Human nature in all its manifestations passes through the legal laboratory. If he has the native instinct, a lawyer cannot help but become a man of broad sympathy and wide understanding. Few lawyers have the kindly and open-minded tolerance of A. J. Andrews. He does not condemn human frailty; he understands and regrets it. He is peculiarly responsive to the poet's cry:

Who was it that did mix my clay? Not I.  
Who spun my web of silk and wool? Not I.  
Who wrote upon my forehead all my good,  
And all my evil deeds? In truth not I.

Mr. Andrews often ponders the problem of punishment. If he were a judge, he says, he could not for the life of him solve the problem concretely. Could Solomon himself judge what punishment will best suit the particular circumstances of a particular case, he asks, illustrating his question by reference to two of his own cases?

In one case he received a wire from a lawyer in Halifax to defend a man charged with robbery and attempted murder. The evidence given on the preliminary hearing showed that his client and another man, with whom he was charged jointly, had sent a half-breed woman into the street to lure a man into a vacant house where they attacked and robbed him. Mr. Andrews asked the police to give him their record of the woman, who was the star witness, and, when they refused, he got an order from Mr. Justice Killam compelling them to do so. At the trial, he discredited her evidence and won an acquittal.

This trial took place many years ago. Mr Andrews' client had run away to sea from his home in Halifax at the age of fourteen. After his trial, he returned to Halifax and became a successful businessman, a pillar of his community, above even the breath of scandal.

In the other case, Mr. Andrews' client was a boy who forged a cheque for \$6,000. With this money he went to New York where he married into a wealthy family. Police caught him in Detroit and he was brought back to Winnipeg for trial. His wife's people made good the theft. His previous record was spotless and he had an offer of work in Minneapolis. Urging these circumstances upon the court, Mr. Andrews secured a suspended sentence for him. Within a month of his going to Minneapolis,

he was caught in the act of passing a forged cheque for \$5,000 and sent to Stillwater Penitentiary for five years.

Mr. Andrews is the Nestor of the Manitoba Bar. A close second to him for this distinction is Hon. W. J. Tupper, K.C., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. In 1936, when both Mr. Tupper and Mr. Andrews were celebrating their golden anniversaries at the bar, the Bench and Bar of Manitoba held a banquet in their honour. It was a banquet that will be cherished in the memory of all who were privileged to attend.

Life has been kind to Mr. Andrews. More than the average allotment of the good things of this world has been given to him. He has lived too strenuously to be beset by the doubts that harass the contemplative mind. He has given full rein to his ambition and achieved the thing nearest to his heart—a successful career in his profession. In ascending the ladder of success, he has not shouldered others aside to hasten his own advance. Many a good deed has he done, many a kind word spoken. One day a friend went to him to borrow a respectable sum of money. He needed the money badly and explained his position to Mr. Andrews. "What interest will you charge?" he asked. "I want no interest; I never make a profit out of a friend's necessity," said Mr. Andrews. But the best example of his discriminating altruism was his sale to the City of Winnipeg of a parcel of land on Memorial Boulevard at its assessed value, when, because of the City's urgent need, he could have named his own price for it.

Mr. Andrews has not lacked the common touch. He is not a mere bundle of virtues without a single redeeming vice. The Fates wove black as well as white threads into the web they spun for him. He has been human, and the saint's thorny crown would sit uncomfortably upon his head. He would not choose to wear it.

Looking back on a full life he says: "People have been good to me; they have seen my virtues through a telescope and when they came to look for my vices they have reversed the glass". Now that he has gone well beyond the span of years allotted to man by the Psalmist, he has what should accompany the closing period of life; honour, love, obedience and troops of friends.

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