

not be bound in the shallows of petty differences and narrow-mindedness, but rather be broad and open, always ready and willing to listen to a member's grievance and to act on same if it be found to be a legitimate one. Too often, alas, there is a tendency on the part of the men who have been quite a number of years in the service and who are tolerably well fixed, to 'pooh-pooh' these grievances and start off telling what they had to do when they were young in the Service. They have suffered injustices, we know, then all the more reason why they should show that spirit of unselfishness by doing all in their power to save the young members from treading the same thorny path. Our Association must stand for justice else it stands for nothing. We must bear with one another's little infirmities, always holding ourselves open to correction, and gladly co-operate one with another for the benefit of all.

Opportunity! What a word to conjure with.

At the convention of 1915, held in Vancouver, a movement was started, the object of which was to bring the postal clerks of Canada under one Dominion-wide organization. A worthy project surely and one deserving the attention of every postal clerk. A fair amount of success has been attained but the goal has not yet been reached. Here, indeed, is an opportunity which cannot be over-estimated. Did you ever stop to think how much more powerful our appeals to the Government would be if they came from the executive of an organization which represented every postal clerk in the Dominion of Canada.

The realization of this great ambition rests with the men of the East. Obstacles will present themselves, especially with the regard to the larger offices, but surely these obstacles can be overcome. The base of this great venture has been firmly laid in the West and it rests with our brethren in the East to raise on that base a superstructure of which we shall all feel justly proud. Let us have a united front and grasp the current which has been served and ride bravely on to prosperity.

THE PLEA OF THE SEMI-STAFFS.

The whole Service was glad, to a man, to learn that the minimum salary had been raised in Semi-Staff Offices, and, with a three million dollar surplus, it is to be hoped that the Department will see their way clear to grant increases to those clerks who have been stationary at the same salary for so long a time now. No one is in business to lose money, so that until the Department were on the right side with regard to fin-

ance it was not likely that they would do more than necessary along these lines. According to press reports, this year's surplus is to be used for war purposes, and we believe that these clerks, awaiting recognition for their past services, come under this heading indirectly. With the terribly depleted staffs, postal clerks, especially in some of the smaller offices, have been called upon to work as seldom before and they have risen to the occasion with a free will and without complaint. With a constant stream of fresh help to take the places vacated by those enlisting, it is obvious that the brunt of the work and all the responsibility must fall upon those officers who have the experience of some years' service. This situation and the increase in the cost of living, which is a very material factor, are caused directly through the war so that the Department will surely be justified if they use some small portion of this surplus in revenue in this direction. With the Christmas rush not far distant, postal clerks are facing a big proposition and they realize that extraordinary efforts will have to be made this season if the public are to have anything like the service of by-gone years. What heart and enthusiasm would be put into these experienced Semi-Staff clerks were they to know that their plea was to receive practical response.

EVERY FELLER.

Every feller fur himself!

It seems a curious plan,
With each a-grabbin' fur the pelf
From every other man!
Every feller day an' night
A-keepin' out his eye
To claim whatever is in sight
Or get it on the sly!

But every feller on his way
Needs other fellers' aid,
And he who never will obey
Can't hope to be obeyed.
You can't hold happiness alone
An' hide it on the shelt.
There never was a feller known
Who lived all fur himself.

He—"There goes the honestest girl in the world." She—"How's that?"
He—"She won't even take a kiss without returning it."