

We are pleased to observe that this office kept June 4th as a holiday. We trust that all city offices did likewise. In our case, after the brisk and elevating interchange of pour-parlers anent this day, which took place last year between the Edmonton branch D. P.C.A. and the "powers that be," it was only fitting that the "day" should be accorded us without comment.

We wonder if there is any truth in the rumour that the free trip to Winnipeg which was to be given to one of the most notorious members of staff on account of his general efficiency (sic) and popularity has been abandoned for good. Is it possible that the proverbial "green bay tree" has withered on its stalk.

Winnipeg.

The adjourned meeting of this association was held Tuesday, the 15th inst., a fair representation being present. Speculation was rife as to the reason of the turnout, but if any special reason brought any member there who would otherwise have been absent he should remember that the Big Reason always exists—that a movement which stands for the betterment of conditions, financial and otherwise, under which, to put it bluntly, a man earns his living, is surely to each individual of paramount importance. At times one would be led to think by the apparent interest(?) evinced on such occasions that it was far otherwise,—but, then, one evening in the month is a big item in some people's lives!

The meeting got off to a good start, and they continued coming—there's excuse for the late workers. There was hardly a question about changing our meetings back to the original second Tuesday—please note—at the "Labor Temple." There's a kind of magic about those words these days, with about a dozen new unions organized during the last month or two, and still they come.

We imagine the time is long overdue when—for we're all workers—Labour's claims will be strong and insistent that they can not long be disregarded. Having now selected delegates, Winnipeg is looking forward with increasing interest to the "Big Meet" on July 9th—"Royal Alex."

Several matters of local interest were discussed and members are reminded that the Patriotic Subscription List, in charge of Messrs. Hopkinson and Cox at 'Inquiry Wicket,' is always open. Be a regular monthly contributor! Though the H.C.L. in Winnipeg these days—married especially—is bad enough, still it is worse in France, for instance, and the Red Cross, etc., need money.

Now, remember what we have got to do before July—everybody knows. Yes, the committee look after details, but every mem-

ber must help to ensure a good time for the visitors and himself. By the way, if you happen to pick a higher spot from your bill roll than you intended, never mind, Mr. McIntyre will take good care of it. Speaking of bills—there's Bill Smith, the "Journal" agent, who got chased by the bird with the long bill the other morning, and was made the happy recipient of—not a soldier this time—a little nurse.

STRING.

As Strung at Victoria.

At the back of the office, behind the despatch racks, is a bench about 15 feet x 2½ feet, against the wall and over the hot water pipes—a nice place to sit in cold weather. When the order went forth that supplies were to be husbanded as string was difficult to get, the night staff were put on ration, so many balls each night while the days staff were told to rustle their own from incoming mails, etc. Then that bench became the scene of unprecedented activity in the dispatch department. Sacks were unearthed containing thick string, thin string, long and short string, cotton, jute and hemp, half inch rope and raffia, American and English, Australian, Japanese and Chinese string, and dumped out on the bench to the accompaniment of clouds of dust. From then on, every morning would see two, sometimes three of the dispatchers, diving head-first into the heap after the much coveted white string. Chortles of glee would change to anathemas as a "pocket" petered out. Anon would come the voice of "the boss," "Say, boys, come and give a hand with these papers." Through the dust and din of the conflict the voices of the oakum pickers would float hoarsely back, "Can't, too busy tying string." At first, chortles were frequent, but when the incoming supply of white string began to dwindle, despair settled on the dispatchers who began to have visions of letters being dumped loose into a bag with a polite note to the mail clerk to help himself and pass on what he didn't want. Those days we were fastidious. Now, everything is grist that comes to the mill, even the thin stuff now supplied by the Government. We have noticed that Montreal and Winnipeg still continue to use the old style white string. If they have a few carloads to spare, they might ship some out for distribution among the western offices. Still, we have managed to keep going, and in future days that old bench will be remembered as the scene of the unravelling of many knotty international problems.