

and vicious amusement, why should not our fashionable circles endeavour to inculcate and encourage in their young folks the practice of the more rational indoor enjoyments which art and music offer, such as would not be a tax on the health and physical development of the young, or pockets of the old, while furnishing ample opportunities of pleasant intercourse within seasonable hours? A fraction of the money spent annually on balls and card parties, and high-pressure living, would enable us to support a splendid institution for the cultivation of Art, Literature, and the Sciences, which is so great a desideratum in this City; and home entertainments of the same character would soon follow, with the result that our general prosperity, both mentally and materially, would be greatly enhanced.

The New Deputy.

Mr. E. L. Newcombe of Halifax N. S. who has been appointed Deputy Minister of Justice and Solicitor of Indian Affairs in succession to the Hon. Mr. Justice Sedgwick, arrived in Ottawa on Sunday March 5th, and is at the Russell house. On Friday March 3rd a complimentary dinner was tendered to himself, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Henry, recently appointed to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, by the members of the Halifax Club, at which the Premier of the Province, the Hon. Mr. Fielding, presided. Mr. Newcombe has entered upon his official duties.

Mr. E. L. Newcombe was born on the 17th February, 1859, at Cornwallis, N. S. His father John C. Newcombe was a descendant of Jonathan Newcombe who came from Connecticut in 1760 to take possession with others of the fertile land, the Cornwallis Valley, from which the French had been expelled en masse five years previously. Mr. Newcombe received his preliminary education at the Truro high school. He entered Dalhousie College as an undergraduate in 1874 and graduated with much distinction at the same university in 1878. Immediately after having graduated he commenced the study of law with the present Judge Chipman at Kentville, N. S. and three years later took his degree of Master of Arts. He was called to the bar of Nova Scotia on the 9th of January 1883 and practised his profession at Kentville, in partnership with Mr. Chipman, Q. C., the present County Judge, until the first of January, 1886, when he came to Halifax, entering as a member of the firm of Messrs. Meagher, Drysdale and Newcombe, of which firm he has since continued to be a member. Mr. Newcombe is one of the governors of Dalhousie College, and is also a lecturer on marine insurance in the Dalhousie Law School. He was for some time President of the Alumni Association of his University and has for some time been a member of the Council of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society. He is also a member of the Council of the Nova Scotia Game Society, and is an enthusiastic sportsman. He is also a director of several gold mining companies. From his entrance to the bar Mr. Newcombe took a high rank in his profession, and when he accepted his present position his emoluments were perhaps as lucrative as any member of the bar of Nova Scotia. All his friends in Nova Scotia where he was universally popular were delighted when the Minister of Justice selected him for the important position which he now holds, and his appointment has been received with approval everywhere. Although a conservative, Mr. Newcombe has never taken any active part in politics. In religion he is a Presbyterian. Mr. Newcombe was married in June 1887 to Miss Annie Freeman, of Liverpool, N. S. and has one child.

Dignified Remonstrance.

The new Civil Service Act has called forth many letters to the press, but perhaps the most sensible and dignified of the whole, is the following addressed to the Editor of the Journal. Mr. Lampman is not only an able writer but is always temperate in his argument, and his statement of the case is well worthy of mature consideration. It is as follows:

This matter of the Civil Service Bill is one which interests every civil servant, as well as the government, and I, for one, desire to make a few observations which can be put in brief space.

I cannot, and no civil servant can, see any earthly necessity for a statutory lengthening of the hours. If there is a press of work in any department too great for the staff to deal with in the ordinary course, the deputy has authority under the present regulations to extend the hours until the difficulty is overcome. What more can be needed? Moreover, the clerks now in the service, who are faithful workers, do quite as much work daily, take it the year round, as men, gathered in close offices and engaged upon monotonous and confining tasks, should be required to do. Any permanent extension of the hours can only result in a general deterioration of health and energy of character and consequently of zeal. The men will work with less spirit, the product will be scarcely larger in quantity and not as good in quality. The loafers and incompetents in the service will not be affected by the measure at all. If the period of labor were extended over the whole twenty-four hours nothing better could be got out of them. They can only be dealt with by removal.

As to the "supervisor" and the "conduct book," these are projects which can only be viewed by the civil service at large with extreme irritation. To subject the clerks to a system of petty and annoying restraints and irksome interferences, will simply be to destroy the free spirit of hearty and honest service. The work will be done more and more in a constrained and perfunctory manner. The men, feeling that they are no longer dealt with as people of intelligence or treated with any confidence, will become in a few years a gang of slaves, who will do just so much work as they are driven to do and no more. To remove or injure the fine sense of honest individual responsibility and pride in work for the sake of acquiring a somewhat extended power of coercion is very poor policy indeed, and if the proposals are carried into effect the government will very soon have cause to regret it. They will find that the damage to the "morale" of the service has been considerable. Moreover men of ability and character, who are as necessary to the government as they are to any private enterprise, will not enter the service, and many of those who are in it will doubtless take an early opportunity of seeking other employment.

If the government wishes to increase the effectiveness of the service, and secure from it a larger and stronger result, every civil servant knows that there is a very simple and obvious way to do it. Let the present regulations, which are amply sufficient, be carefully administered; let the man be required to attend punctually during the hours at present observed; above all let promotions and other kinds of advancement be awarded solely on the ground of merit, so that every clerk may know that ability and honest service will be freely and promptly recognized; and lastly, let the men who will not work be everywhere eliminated and their places filled by those who will. If all this were really done the government would soon have no reason to complain of the inactivity or impunctuality of the clerks in the civil service or of

the quality of the work done. There would be no further need to devise new and extraordinary measures or to tinker with the bill.

Yours truly,
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

My Old Shooting Coat.

BY CHAPMAN CHILLCOTT.

Brother sportsmen will bear me out in my love for a shooting coat that has seen service. The one hanging near me while I am writing now is a dear old friend. It is in fair repair; that is, by the aid of leather. Sheep-skin adorns both shoulders, and the left elbow is graced with a circular patch. But then, how could I do else but love it? Why, what fun we have had together! Could this old coat speak, it might reproach me about certain burns from matches and fuseses and rents from careless topping of fences. About unfair mending of pockets with twine instead of proper sewing. Still, it would have a very long story to tell—longer than space admits of now. Of the salmon we killed, and those we hooked and lost. Of the snipe and woodcock that went into our pockets, and of those that didn't. Of the ducks knocked over and the ruffed grouse slain. But one of the funniest sights the old coat ever saw was with a mascalonge. It occurred on the Rideau River. A couple were fishing out of a "bun" (by the way, I ought, perhaps, to explain that a "bun" in Canada is a common flat boat with square ends bow and stern), and one of them hooked a big mascalonge. His gear was not very strong, but his line was a long one. Any one who has never caught a mascalonge would corroborate my statement that they are uncommonly difficult to handle. They have such strength! Well, this fish after almost towing the boat and its occupants along, and rushing now into deep water, now almost with back out on a shallow, and behaving as unlike a reasonable fish who wanted to be captured and eaten as could be, suddenly sulked and refused to come to the surface near the boat to be gaffed—a most unnatural proceeding, when his carcass was so wanted by hungry souls. I was only a spectator on this occasion; but, standing on the bank, I saw the whole fun. At length, by the aid of several stones judiciously shied in, and a few prods with a fence-pole from an attendant on-looker, the fish was off again. And I could see the curb was put on him, and he began to show evident signs of weakness. At length the fatal moment—for him—had come, and one of the fishermen stood by with the gaff to end the struggle. But he made only one absurd lunge at the fish, and simply touched him, sufficiently hard enough, however, to carry away the gaff, which was badly screwed in (or else the ferule and all came off, I forget which), and after nearly upsetting the boat, and putting his companion, rod and all, into the river, he succeeded in leaving the gaff in about two feet of water, retaining the handle only in his hand. Here was a fine mess! A variety of expressions respecting his awkwardness were floated on the air by his friend, and were distinctly audible on the river bank where I stood. Now came the question, what were they going to do with the mascalonge? It was solved very shortly by one of the fishermen running to neighboring house for assistance and producing the occupant with a gun, who dashed gallantly to the rescue. The mascalonge had rushed in one of his last violent struggles on a shoal at the foot of the rapid; evidently pretty well exhausted. Over across the river to the scene of action was paddled the owner and bearer of the gun.

It was a strange scene to me. I have killed salmon all over the Lower Provinces of Canada, and have had, as most men fishing must have, some queer ex-