

able officers keep the organization up. Take the Civil Service Federation: it was the result of three months' work by a committee who had no better engine than correspondence: yet it can bring together representatives from Vancouver to Halifax, and can speak for 5,000 civil servants, and when it fails to be able to do this it will be simply because someone is lying down on the job. But the chief ground on which we speak in this connection is that of our own personal experience as an editorial board. *The Civilian* twice a month appears as standing and incontrovertible testimony of what even intermittent and desultory organization can achieve among civil servants. We know well what a mere rag we are; yet we exist, and this paper costs over \$100 every time it appears, merely for the labour of the printer and the paper on which it is printed. This is paid for. Almost wholly by the organization of subscribers. Since we first appeared five years ago literally thousands of dollars' worth of hack journalism has been done by civil servants at not five cents on the dollars, simply because they are civil servants, because the periodical is a civil service periodical, and because they were enlisted in the name of civil service *esprit de corps*. We feel that an experience of this kind entitles our opinion to weight; that we have a right to refuse to argue on the point, because we *know*. Of course the various Civil Service organizations are not what they should be. But this is not through any defect of the Civil Service as a field for organization, and the person who says so is a darkener of counsel. The only tough nut to crack in the whole proposition is the man who still lingers here and there who knows that these things cannot be; who only the other day was smiling at the thought of a general association, laughing fit to split at the idea of an association of civil servants to lend money to each other, and reminding *The Civilian* with a very superious sneer how the old "Civil Service Review" of twenty years back went broke on the fourth issue. As we say, we know this individual lingers in obscure corners. If the discussion upon the Co-operative Store is going to tempt him forth to do his familiar turn again in the public gaze, then the Lord help us to suffer him gladly yet a while longer, till he become finally weary and pass away.

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The trials which beset Government officials, particularly those of the Customs and Immigration departments, are illustrated by the following despatch from Sarnia, Ont., dated August 2nd—

"Seldom has an immigration officer of the Dominion been forced to turn his own brother back when he tried to enter this spector Cameron here yesterday morning country, but that is what happened to In-when his brother, a veteran of the Civil War and a resident ofetroit, came to Sarnia to pay a visit with his only relative. The old soldier is in a badly crippled condition from rheumatism contracted during the war. When he landed on the Canadian side he was accosted by his brother, who was forced to accompany him back to the American side as he could not allow him to enter under his oath of office. Such is the cold judgment of the law."

For Jack Cadden.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :—

Just a line from a subscriber to express appreciation of Jack Cadden, the gifted Western railway mail clerk. Nothing better than his verse appears in *The Civilian*. It rings true. May his ink-well never run dry!—R. E.

Ottawa Aug. 2nd, 1913.

Contributed by a Subscriber.

Mr. Reader.—What about that copy of *The Civilian* which you hold in your hands? Is it yours, or is it borrowed? Do you pay your way or do you let someone else in the office pay for you? For the small sum of two cents a week will ou let your associates say of you that you are a "sponger" and that you will not help a civil service movement to develop and improve? Take time to consider just what it means when you borrow (or lend) *The Civilian*.—LOYALTY.