

It is vain to rise up early and to sit up late and to eat the bread of carefulness.

His Creed:

They also serve who only sign and go. (With apologies to Milton.)

He is a fool who does not know how much the half of a day's work is better than the whole. (With apologies to Hesiod)

A man can't be independent unless he has a pull. (With apologies to Mr. Dooley.)

His Life:

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

His Hope:

The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

As a sample of the way things were done, I quote a case that might be duplicated in any of the old files. Repairs were needed on a lock in a certain Department. A requisition on Public Works was filled out, initiated and passed to the deputy minister; he signed and handed it to the private secretary for the minister's countersign; this obtained, the requisition was mailed to the secretary of the Public Works Department, who entered it in his books and passed it to the chief architect of that Department. What other steps were taken is not exactly known; apparently it had to pass to the superintendent of Dominion buildings for an estimate, to the deputy minister and thence to the private secretary for the minister's approval. If the minister approved it, the requisition would return to the superintendent of Dominion buildings who would give an order to the Departmental workshop or to a locksmith. The cost of the lock would amount to a dollar or two. The last trace I find of the order, 18 months later, refers to it as still unfilled.

"Don't fancy I exaggerate;

"I got my news from the Chinese plate."

It seems droll now to think of our

predecessors sitting on drygoods boxes because the Department of Public Works was too busy to fill an order for chairs. That was their crowning pleasantry — the Department was too busy! The records show appeals to deputy ministers, whose unfailing answer (in effect) was, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end". But the event has proved the honourable gentlemen wrong.

It is said that under the old system of not paying for things out of a Department's own appropriation, the most comical extravagance was encouraged. The records state that in one Department the stenographers all demanded roll top desks, which they got. On entering the room one could see no sign of life—nothing but roll top desks. The Minister was astonished by this sight one day and forthwith ordered that all the roll top desks should be replaced by flat ones. We may as well have what we don't have to pay for was presumably his argument.

"Now mind; I'm only telling you  
"What the old Dutch clock declares  
is true."

According to the records, while the Department of Public Works gave out supplies, the Department of Finance controlled the cleaning of the offices. Why the Department of Finance? Why not? said the March Hare. The system was that described by the Duchess to Alice. "Jam yesterday and tomorrow but never jam today." The offices were cleaned every *other* day, which, as the Duchess said, was never today.

Of course they knew nothing then about the germ theory of disease. It is therefore credible that the air in the Langevin Block for instance, should have been thick enough to cut with a knife. The story goes—I tell the tale as 'twas told to me and don't vouch for it that the clerks were provided with stout knives with which to cut their way out at