

wet and discouraged. "Cheer up, old chap," said my friend. "It's not so bad, after all. *We're holding our own, anyway.*"

Seriously, it is really remarkable to observe the discrepancies in the estimates given by the average residents one meets on a country road as to the actual distances between local haunts.

Talk of advanced temperance legislation! New Brunswick is pretty far ahead. In St. John all bars close at 10 o'clock on ordinary nights and at 5 on Saturdays. What would our Ottawa sports say if the Chateau Laurier and Russel House closed at 5 on Saturdays, just when the boys wanted to discuss the afternoon games over a glass of beer?

More anon,

'VAGRANT.'

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.

"The High Cost of Living and Car Fares."

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

The writer has long observed and with a friend who is fond of walking, the considerable number of young people and especially civil servants who wait at the street corners and take street-cars to their business, thus depriving themselves of a good, healthy walk in the bracing air and arrive at their office in a poor condition to enable them to do a morning's work. The expense at first appears small, but in a month is a large amount off their pay cheque, and the street railway coffers are benefitted. Let the young people practise a little self-denial, get up and have their breakfast half an hour earlier each day, have a walk to the office, arrive at

nine o'clock sharp, not a quarter after, and I can guarantee that in a month they will be better in health and in a better position to do the work they are paid for, and more cheerfully. They will be money ahead, and more inclined to save and join the Co-Operative Store and buy debentures.

Thanking you for the space.

Yours very truly,

SANDY HILL.

Ottawa, June 20th, 1911.

If you make a promise, keep it, even if it takes the shirt off your back.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Remember that work is the greatest thing in this world. When a man stops producing he stagnates.

There are few mental exercises better than learning great poetry or prose by heart.—Arnold Bennett.

"I say, Jones, have you read my last novel?" "I hope so!" was the doubtful reply.

"In this case," said a police magistrate, "the charge against the prisoner is that of having an infernal machine in his possession. What is he—an anarchist or a chauffeur?"

"What do you do, doctor," said a parsimonious City magnate to a well-known physician, "when you have a tickling sensation in the throat?" "I generally cough!" replied the doctor.

"Cheer up, old man!" said a man to a friend who had been contumeliously dismissed by the father of his adored one. "Love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected suitor. "But her father isn't a locksmith—he's a gunsmith!"