

voluntary contributions of a percentage of the salaries paid, which should constitute a fund from which pensions, or annuities, whatever you choose to call them, should be paid to those who have reached the time fixed for their payment. Something of that sort ought certainly to be done. Now, the system has been adopted in the departments—a most unsatisfactory system—of taking those men or women who have reached an age when they cease to be as active and useful as they have been in the past, and reducing their salaries.

“That seems to be the only method which can be substituted for proper methods. The condition is not satisfactory. I have not studied the various methods proposed with sufficient care to have a judgment that is valuable on the subject, as to what method ought to be adopted, if it is true that no civil pension list can be adopted.

“All I can say is that I am in hearty sympathy with those who are seeking to find a satisfactory solution, recognizing the necessity for adding to our merit system some method by which those who through disease or age, after long service, are unable to render to the government the services for which they were compensated when they were in active life and able to give to the government that which the government paid for. I thank you, gentlemen, for coming here.”

HEADQUARTERS.

Those who subscribed to the fund to establish a headquarters for the Ottawa service will be pleased to learn that the scheme is still alive, though somewhat dormant. Unavoidable delays have postponed the day for the committee getting possession of the

house on MacKenzie avenue. It is probable that the committee will be satisfied to have the house in readiness for the autumn, when suburban residents and other wanderers from the city have returned.

THE GIANT WHO DID NOT KNOW.

A Fairy Tale.

By Von Ludwig.

And there were Giants in those days, great ones of enormous size and powers, not all good,—some good, some bad, and some indifferent.

They all helped the people, made slaves of them, gobbled them up, or quarrelled amongst themselves, according to their several natures and wants, and the condition of their digestions and their state of sobriety. For all giants, even good ones, get drunk sometimes, and a drunken giant is an awful thing to run up against.

Now let me tell you about some of these giants. First there were two brother giants who lived in a place called The House, and sometimes all over the country. The older brother was very, very old, weak, and sometimes silly. His name was “Senate.” He never did any good, but he very seldom did any harm. He was too old to bite; besides, he had no teeth and was on his last legs and would have been a dead giant long ago if some new blood fresh from the people had not by a curious operation been infused into him now and again. He had more members than an octopus, and was just as ugly.

Now the brother of Senate was a very different proposition. His name was “Commons,” a great and powerful giant, full of ambition, cussedness,