

CIVIL SERVANTS AS SOLDIERS.

"In Ottawa there are yet several smart old gentlemen who served in the Civil Service Rifle Corps of 1862, a number of others who served in the Civil Service Regiment of 1866, and also some who were in the Civil Service Rifle Company of 1869. But, of course, the great majority have answered the last roll call."

"Sons and grandsons of the veterans are numerous in the Civil Service, and they invariably recall with pride that their forbears were in 'the old Rifles.'"

The above paragraphs are extracted from the concluding page of an article on "Civil Servants as Soldiers," which is a unique feature of the Special Issue of *The Civilian*. The history of the several military organizations which have existed in the service is therein told for the first time. The preparation of this article entailed long and careful research in the Library of Parliament and in the records of the Department of Militia and Defence,—also interviews with some of the old soldier-civilians who survive and examination of their treasured souvenirs of military activities long ago. The story prepared from the material thus laboriously gathered bristles with names and anecdotes and constitutes a valuable addition to Civil Service history. It is good reading.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE LADY.

Mrs. Clancy: Yis, Mrs. Muggins, Pat and Oi part to mate no more. Oi wint to the hospital to ax afther him. "Oi want to see me husband," sez Oi, "the man that got blowed up." "Yez can't," sez the dochter—"he's undher the infloence of Ann Esthetics." "Oi don't know the lady," sez Oi, mighty dignified loike; "but if me lawful wedded husband can act loike that whin he's at death's door, Oi'll have a divorce from him!"—Sanitarium.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The old Greek Isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.
These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those levelled gravestones,
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have gone before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.
And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content,
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Aye! Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust.
Aye! Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles!

—Joaquin Miller.