

knowing it to be a man's duty to do all in his power to improve everything capable of being improved, will be glad to make suggestions for the general benefit, while others, because they will not receive personal reward or glory, will confine their efforts to the bare minimum duties demanded of them. It is so in all walks of life: mail clerks are no exception. I have often wondered why some clerk who takes more than ordinary interest in his work has not invented a sack fastener to take the place of the unhandy, annoying one now in use. We all well know what a disagreeable contrivance our present sack fastener is, and I am sure that the whole service would welcome a good, easily-worked fastener similar to those in use in the U. S. mail service. I thought I had the idea myself some year ago, and I got some official encouragement, but my idea was not adopted. I wonder will this note have the effect of stimulating the inventive genius of some of our clerks who take a real interest in the service?

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I wonder did any of our railway mail clerks see a simple, very handy, well-balanced, springy handle for a date stamp which Mr. W. D. Tye, of the B. G., invented some years ago? It seems, in comparison with the present date-stamp handle, which is too long and stiff, to be nearly perfect,—I know, for I have tried it hundreds of times at my work. I understand that, long years ago, the department saw and approved of this stamp-handle, but wanted to use it without suitably rewarding the inventor. I wonder if the present staff would not give it more consideration—if they saw it. Why not try, Mr. Tye?

I frequently wonder if the civil servants generally are all as great gossips as the railway mail clerks seem to be? "Well, what do you know about that?" one of them may cry. What I know about the gos-

sip is that I have heard enough reliable stories about the expected new salary schedule to fill a page in a newspaper; and I feel quite satisfied that the stories (judging from past experience) cannot be reliable, as the chiefs of every well-conducted department do not whisper their plans to the four winds of heaven, to be blown backward and forward over the Dominion. We have assurances that salaries are to be revised in our favor at the coming session, so what is the use of wasting time over silly rumours? There is no use: dignified patience is much to be preferred; and it will be more creditable for our clerks to act sensibly under the circumstances. What have the clerks gained by listening to the idle gossip? Nothing but unnecessary annoyance. Cheer up, boys! There's a good time coming.

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Long year ago, in the old country, I remember that civil servants in large centres established civil service co-operative stores, where goods of all kinds were sold to members, who paid a small annual fee, at various substantial discounts on ordinary prices. I wonder why Canadian civil servants, wherever they are to be found in large numbers, do not start a store of this kind to eke out small salaries. There is money in it. Wonder where the first store will be started.

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document. Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' what not? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry but trigonometry. Proceed."