

on the departmental competitions soon. Four rinks went to Valleyfield and played that club for the Birks' trophy, and, while defeated, the game was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The boys are loud in their praise of the treatment received at the hands of the Valleyfield Club, nothing being too good for the Civil Service Club. Valleyfield was persuaded to send three or four rinks to Ottawa for the Eastern tournament.

The Service Club will enter three or four rinks in the Eastern tournament, and it is expected they will make a good showing.

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To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

In last issue I inserted a brief note inviting anyone who enjoyed walking to communicate with me.

Last year, after "Vagrant" had finished his walk to Toronto, several members of the service expressed their intention of walking to Halifax, N.S., "next year."

Up to date I have not received a single reply to my note.

PEDES.

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INTERIOR RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Scores for July 11th.

	900	1,000	
	yds.	yds.	Tl.
S. M. Roberts	44	44	88
E. Turcotte	44	39	83
R. Callander	40	37	77
W. A. Purdy	46	31	77
C. V. Shannon ...	46	30	76
A. E. Shore	33	40	73
W. Anderson	35	37	72
C. Olmsted	32	37	69
J. F. Maunder ...	37	32	69
J. J. Carr	38	31	69
C. W. Hull	38	30	68
J. L. Crawford ...	31	35	66
C. A. E. Clendinnen	22	40	62
P. A. Wood	36	26	62
E. A. Devitt.....	36	26	62

Scores for July 18th.

	500	600	200	
	yds.	yds.	yds.	Tl.
A. W. Joanes	33	30	33	96
A. E. Shore	31	30	31	92
R. Callander	32	29	31	92
J. M. Roberts	34	27	31	92
P. A. Wood	33	26	33	92
C. Olmsted	30	28	33	91
J. H. Corry	33	27	30	90
J. L. Crawford	32	30	27	89
W. A. Purdy	29	30	30	89
W. Thompson	28	29	32	89
E. Turcotte	32	28	28	88
C. V. Shannon	28	28	32	88
P. Sherrin	30	26	31	87
C. W. Hull.....	33	23	29	85
A. McCracken	27	28	29	84
G. S. Wallis	28	25	30	83
E. A. Devitt	25	25	30	80
C. A. E. Clendinnen	19	21	26	66

Spoon winners: First class, A. W. Joanes; second class, R. Callander; third class, C. W. Hull.

Spoon presented by G. S. Sparks to novice scoring his first 80, won by G. S. Wallis.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

It was at Britannia one evening last week. They sat on the pier gazing across Lake Deschenes.

"Behold that exquisite sunset!" he exclaimed. "Note the delicate flesh tints the cream shades, the long dashes of vermilion, and the almost living fire that leaps up from the sinking sun as from a fountain. Behold the framework of darkening skies and of deep green! Isn't it wonderful?"

His fair companion sighed heavily. "You just bet it is!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like a great, big lobster salad!"