

the examination. There were nine or ten candidates, and when we were assembled for the examination Mr. Cameron came in with a large sealed envelope and told us that he had received it from William Foran of Ottawa. He said, "It has been sealed, and I am supposed to open it in front of you candidates". Well, he opened the envelope and gave each of us a paper and said, "Tomorrow evening, when you are through writing your exams, I am going to put your papers in this envelope which is addressed to Mr. Foran in Ottawa. Then I shall seal it in your presence and we shall all go over to the post office together, where I shall mail it to Ottawa." If I remember correctly, six of us passed the examinations. Some time later I got a wire from Ottawa advising me to go to work as a mail clerk in Charlottetown. The weakness in the system was that when you passed the examination you had to be recommended by a member of parliament of the party in power before you could have your name placed on the eligible list. That practice has since been done away with; but I had the honour of being the last person from my constituency to get a job in the Charlottetown post office—and there were several people from my county working there when I started.

What happens today? When the postmaster at Charlottetown—which is the distributing office for the whole province—wants a clerk, he employs one or two around Christmas time, and after they have been trained a bit he applies to the Civil Service Commission to advertise the vacancy. These advertisements go out all over the province, to be posted up in the various post offices, and applicants from all over come into Charlottetown to be examined. And what do they find? They are called in before the postmaster and a couple of men who come down there from Ottawa, and the fellows who were in the post office for two or three months get the jobs. Later on, the other men from all over the province who went there to be examined are notified that they passed tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and so forth on the list, and that if they are not appointed to a job in a year or two their qualifications will have lapsed.

I just recall one other thing about my own certificate of qualifications. The certificate I received was fit to frame, and my qualifications were said to be good till I was 37, which was the age limit for appointment to the Civil Service.

Well, what happens to all these young men? One young man from my county had been all through the war, was wounded in Italy, he was a first-class school teacher; yet he was placed eleventh on the list of eligible candidates, and was notified that unless he was appointed to a job within one or two

years—I forget which—he would be no longer eligible, and that if he still desired appointment after that time he would have to take the examination all over again. I ask, what happens to all these bright young men? They get discouraged by this treatment from the Civil Service Commission and go into some other kind of work.

I will give you another illustration. Two or three years ago the Department of Fisheries notified the Civil Service Commission that six fisheries inspectors were required for Prince Edward Island, and advertisements for the position were displayed in post offices all over the Island. A large number of young men applied, for this was a pretty good job, and there would be superannuation at the end of it. The candidates were called into Charlottetown—I think it was to the office of the Supervisor of Fisheries. When they got there they found two men from Halifax or Moncton—I am pretty sure they were not from Ottawa, but one of them may have been—sitting with the supervisor at a desk. The candidates were then examined. They may have been required to write a few things, but I do not think they were. Instead they were questioned by these men about fishing and one thing and another, and what grade they had reached in school, and then they were sent home. About a week later the news came out that at least five of the six successful candidates were from Charlottetown, where nobody ever caught a trout. One of them was the supervisor's son, another was the supervisor's chum's son—the supervisor and this chum were in politics together—another was a son of this chum's son, and still another was a son of a chum of a chum. The jobs went to a friendly circle in Charlottetown, if not a family circle.

Hon. Mr. Farris: There must be a family compact.

Hon. Mr. Grant: Yes, a family compact. One of the boys from my constituency, a man who went all through the war and was badly wounded, but not too seriously injured to prevent his working, was placed eleventh on the list. When I asked him who examined him, he said two men from Halifax or Ottawa and the Supervisor of Fisheries from Charlottetown. I said, "Was the supervisor sitting there?" He said, "Yes". Now, that supervisor—well, I am not going to say anything about his qualifications. Anyway, I wrote to the Chairman of the Civil Service Commission. I asked him "What right has the Supervisor of Fisheries to sit in on that examining board and put his own son or his chum's son at the head of the list? And do you know