

their's. How are you doing it? "Keep the home fires burning."

It is probable that, during the past four months of the present year, more nails have been driven into the coffin of "Old Patronage" than ever before. Cabinet ministers, members of provincial houses, boards of trade, not to mention the P.C.A., have all been busy, one on top of the other, driving the nails in. Whereas but a year or so ago the outlook for this trouble-making old cripple's burial appeared remote, to-day we find it hard to think that it can be far off. War, and the hard times that necessarily come with it, bring many changes. To-day people's minds are running along the grooves of economy and efficiency. Neither the one nor the other can be found at their best in the public service while "Old Patronage" is above ground.

We have been receiving many congratulations upon the matter appearing in these pages by "Heb" and "Rambler." We are happy to think that they are so appreciated and we may say that these words of praise are passed on to the proper quarters. Neither of these writers reside hereabouts. No chance.

We would again draw our readers' attention to the fact that we shall be glad to commence a question and answer column whenever they feel that benefit may be derived from same. Obviously, it's something that is in their hands entirely.

Turn over and see what the Vancouver scribe has to say about knockers; it's worth while.

Answering Vancouver's question, we would prefer to combine Lethbridge with Vancouver rather than Winnipeg; then we'd have "Black and White." Sounds much w'etter.

---

### MUSINGS OF "HEB."

#### Reminiscences of the Money Order Dept.

The Money Order clerk, the "elite" of the Service, the despair of all maidens with whom he comes in contact. The "just it" of all clerks, in his own particular way. The man whose appearance appears to stamp him as a standard encyclopaedia. You can't miss him, he wears a collar, which is his chief distinguishing mark. Usually a very generously inclined individual, but now for his daily routine, facts and otherwise. Good morning, sir, yet we open at 8 o'clock, money order for \$20.00 you said; exactly, on whom, sir? Oh, yes, Kimsons; yet, it is a little cold, but not as cold as it was this time 10 years

ago. . . . Not at all, sir; memory just normal. What's the matter now! Oh! you forgot to enclose your measurements for the suit and you live 20 miles out. Don't worry; I've a foot rule; I can measure you, but don't blame me if your suit is not quite "plumb." . . . No trouble at all, sir. . . . Yes, we do get both sides of questions and have comical experiences; excuse me. . . . Yes, lady, now just a little slower. Now what you intend to convey is that you got some photos from England and in order to dodge the postage they wrote a letter "serially" as it were on each photo at the back and some person found this and wants to charge you 28c. Yes, but that's actually what happened, isn't it; their intentions I won't argue; the public always do have good ones. Anyway, you must pay him, mam. Clear case. . . . Well, your husband may be a lawyer and all that, for 14 years or 54 years, makes no difference, I'm not afraid he will interpret the Guide the same way two days running. He can think and study the roots from his hair, it's all the same. Good-day. Yes, sir, you told me that before, sir, so Willie never wrote yet, eh; too bad. No, there's no letter likely to be here if you don't get one from the postman you're not likely to get one here. Yes, you told me before he was in the Mail Service, that explains a lot. Of course you can't very well answer if you don't know what Willie said, . . . but evidently Willie never said anything. Willie's a wise boy,—a minute's closed mouth is worth an hour's explanations. Willie thinks so, anyway. Yes, miss, money order; how much; who for; yes, who's sending it? Where do you live?—but what street exactly. Oh, in the country. Are you in town much, miss? To-night! that's awfully jolly; did you see the show yet, miss? I am disengaged this evening, and . . . oh, your husband; golly! but the money order, miss; oh, your sister's. Good-bye. Good-day, madam; well, it's very nice to get these money orders sent you; well, of course there's lots of things we wouldn't do but for necessity. That's why Noah went into the ark. Just write your name on that line; no, on the one lower. . . . Well, yes, your full married name. Oh, you're not married; lucky girl. . . . Will I do WHAT! Well, say, what do you think this is,—will I register your baby? Don't be absurd. Go to the next wicket. Jim's good at that work; deal with him. Say, Jim, give the lady a registration form; wants to register the baby. Of course I know you'll register most anything; but, Jim, do stop at babies, don't encourage "vital statistics" here.—HEB.