

scheme be formulated by the executive of the association towards this end. Of course if a man fails to pass his examination it is to his own disadvantage, but an association usually aims to produce a "Quality" workman, and I don't think our association is an exception. This is a subject that the association will eventually find it necessary to take up, and I would suggest to "Nemo" that as the convention is near if he were present he might have a free and easy chat on the matter there.

Judicious advertisement pays, and this might apply to our association. At the moment I do not see any disadvantage in our members using official association envelopes when writing to their friends at the war, these envelopes passing through certain eastern channels should speak for themselves.

MUSINGS OF "HEB."

The Primary Sorter.

Primary sorting's alright when the mail happens to be light, but a primary sorter must be a man possessed of superior education. You cannot take the much abused General Delivery man nor the "gentleman" on the parcel wicket and place them as primary sorters. No, it's a refined person that's needed who has at his finger ends seven languages, various dictionaries, and a directory of the nearest of cities. It's stupendous, the problems you run up against; hence the need of education. You arrive at the office alright in the morning, but that's as far as you do get alright, after that it's all wrong for the rest of the day. Your co-partner, on the night duty, happens to have got married, say, and of course being a little elated, as one can only expect, he happens to make some mis-sortings which causes the postman, next room, to say rude things, and they can, too, and as soon as you show your face, there's such a draught of sweet nothings,—I don't think. It's no use explaining about weddings, you must take it all, but then—

Now, the postman is one of my big worries. One came to see me last week. He says, Mister C. (they call me mister on account of my education). Well, says I, what's wrong? Can't deliver it. Why? Got mumps at that house. Have they; well, mumps won't hurt you; why mumps are a sign of "blue blood." Look what a prestige you'll have, walking around with "royal mumps," and, besides, you must have them some time, and see what a holiday you'll get!!

It's surprising how papers develop legs

at times. Did you ever notice how you put 'em in route 1 and sure enough the postie finds 'em in route 2? And did you ever notice how, just as the postman has gone and your back is turned, Mr. Nobody comes along to do you a good turn and puts your city letters through the machine and it so happens that you had forgotten to change the date stamp and these letters should have been out on the last delivery? And, further, isn't it annoying that the very day that your favorite molar is playing its merry pranks and your pet corn is dancing for your edification, you get the biggest conglomeration of Donkabor mail that ever arrived.

Then you're introduced to Miss So and So, who does not want her mail to go to the house as she's expecting a letter from her cousin at the front and she doesn't want Ma to see it. And isn't it annoying to meet those people who will persist "what a stupid staff at this office," because the letter never arrived that was never sent and it would be sure to contain a cheque and several thousand dollars in postage stamps. Then to keep track of those people who "fit" just previous to rent day. Regular nut-crackers, I call them. Oh! but the man that annoys me most is he who travels, what for and where is no matter, but as soon as he goes he thinks "Old Primary Sorter" should know it. "Change of address; nonsense!" Couldn't you see my box was not cleared, and therefore I could not be in town. Why 'The Herald' said I was at So and So on such and such a day. Why I should be known all over Canada by now," and we think so, too—to the police!

BRANCH NOTES.

Calgary.

The officials, clerks and carriers co-operated with the usual satisfactory result at the annual monster picnic held, through the courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Co., at Parkdale on Dominion Day. We might also say that the weather man co-operated in a splendid manner, no day this year surpassing that of July 1st. Some 350 clerks, carriers and their families were on the grounds by 1.30, the majority being conveyed there on the P. O. special cars.

The fun began long before arrival at the destination and was kept up by many, many hours after the cars arrived back in town about 9 p.m. Immediately upon arrival at the grounds, the races were commenced both for the children and adults and none of the former and surprisingly few of the latter went home without a prize, and a prize well worth having. Light refreshments were served through-