

PERSISTENCE.

Supposin' fish don't bite at first,
 What are you goin' to do;
 Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait,
 And say your fishin's through?
 You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
 An' fish, an' fish, and wait
 Until you've ketched a basketful
 Or used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
 What are you goin' to do;
 Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
 And growl, and fret, and stew?

You bet you ain't, you're going to work,
 And work, and work, and grin,
 Until success does come your way—
 For "grit" is sure to win!

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE DOUBLED FOR WAR.

If the United States Government is not compelled soon to build barracks to accommodate the army of clerks it has called here, Washingtonians will miss their guess, writes the Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript. It has been the prophecy all summer that the Government would need to supply tents for some of its workers in the fall, and, although these have not yet materialized, they ought to be set up on all the Government lawns, for hundreds of clerks, men and women, know not where to lay their heads from day to day.

It is estimated by the Civil Service Commission that within the last year the clerical population has doubled, which means that nearly 80,000 persons are on the payroll.—*Exchange.*

18,000 MILES FOR 2 CENTS.

This is what the Post Office did for a penny in order to deliver a letter to a soldier:

Sent it first to the Topographical Section, R.E., East Africa.

Forwarded it to Dodoma, 100 miles inland.

Transmitted it to the Military Hospital, Capetown.

Sent it back to home address.

Forwarded it to a camp in England.

Returned it home again.

Delivered it at Carnlough, Antrim.

The letter, posted in January, was received in August, and Mr. R. Martin, Woodvale road, Belfast, who has forwarded the envelope for inspection, estimates that it has journeyed 18,000 miles. Back and front, the envelope is covered with addresses.

VIMY RIDGE.

(By J. Sydney Roe.)

This is his room, the room where he
 was born,
 My blue-eyed bonny boy who marched
 away
 And left me to my dreams of yesterday
 To wear the mother's crown of pride
 and thorn!

This little room—how full of him it
 seems;
 How full of him, his laughter and his
 song,
 The weighted days turn slowly, and
 the long
 Long lonely nights, too dark for hope
 —and dreams!

He loved his Canada, he fought and
 died
 That she might still be great and
 strong and free.
 He was my all—the very heart of
 me,
 And nought is left but memories and
 pride.

He passed the sentry-gate and crossed
 the bridge,
 (The bridge that's drenched by count-
 less mothers' tears).
 To-day he stands erect among his
 peers,
 My boy, my boy, who fell at Vimy
 Ridge.