

Booth and to Messrs. McIntosh and McLellan, who courteously showed them through and gave so much interesting information.

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### Personals.

Miss B. Jeffers, of Dominion Lands Branch, Department of the Interior, who went to her brother's wedding, which took place in Toronto, on the 2nd instant, has returned to Ottawa and duty after spending a week in Lindsay, Ontario, with her parents, Dr. W. C. and Mrs. Jeffers.

### Promotion.

Interior.—Miss B. Jeffers, to Div. 3a.

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### Contributions.

"Bluet" to her Sister "Yarrow."

When you passed through the valley, the other evening, perched so high on the easy seat of a furniture van drawn by poor old Bill, in company with fretting Fan, which pair was, to your thought, "Just like people," I was peeping out of the snow, which, since last fall, had sheltered me so snugly that I never felt the cold winds, nor heard their wicked roars during my long slumber. I had remarked, with sorrow, that winter had been cruel to a number of the neighbouring trees. They had been deprived of many boughs of which they were so proud last season, and through which the gentle breeze had whispered so sweetly during the summer days. They were there lifeless and dejected, speaking of desolation and destruction, suggesting wierd and gruesome sights, such as are seen on battlefields, after the so-called humans have fought among themselves their inhuman quarrels. I was inclined to hide myself again, fearing that a chilly attack might also destroy me. But I had noticed how nice lots of my surroundings were again, decked in their festival garbs; the rocks were crowned with pearls and diamonds, sparkling in the sunshine. Last summer's little babbling brook had become quite large, and was rushing madly down the hill, fast through the fields, shouting all the time merry words of welcome, which the running rivulets also whispered. I had heard them tell one another: "The spring has come! The spring has come!"

But I was still in doubt as to the veracity of the good tiding (I have become rather skeptic of late years). Very few of my companions had come out yet—lazy, I suppose. But hark! when they saw you on the high spring seat of the moving van, with piano, sewing machine, typewriter, etc., etc., our little singers started the sweetest concert by the most melodious of overtures. Doubt was no longer possible. You looked so happy and content to be again in our mountains and on your way to Chelsea and mother Nature, that I also felt that the spring had come, and I hailed you with joy.

"Yarrow" and "Bluet" are hardy children of the soil, "Yarrow" a little bit Scottish, "Bluet" a little bit Frenchy, but Canadians, good and fast, lovers of God's great and free gifts of pure air and sunshine, gracing winds and balmy breezes. Country and country charms, healthy and restful country life, deprived of the silly conventionalities of the city, find favour with us.

However, you are ahead of me, dear "Yarrow." I have not yet climbed on the high seat of the furniture van and hied me to the summer cottage, on the Quebec bank of the Ottawa River. But I shall be there soon, when the birds have built their nests and the flowers of the fields are in bloom; maybe in time to do "caterpillar hunting," that new sport which came to us with the Tango. This, although an up-to-date one, is not the most pleasant of the season, to my own point of view—I am old-fashioned in my ways, but if this spring pastime is one of your favourites I have nothing to say, of course, and then there is also some of this done in the city, where, I think, it is quite out of place.

"Bluet" wishes you, my dear "Yarrow," a very good and pleasant summer in the Gatineau mountains.

M. TREMBLAY.

### Women Civil Servants.

Miss Florence Lake, the exceedingly able young lady who edits the Woman's Department of the Toronto Globe, has been in Ottawa looking into the subject of "Women in the Civil Service," and is now writing a series of articles for her paper.

She thus introduces her first and preliminary "story":

"Competitive examinations by the Civil Service Commission have done much more than largely abolish the patronage system—they have resulted in women leading the lists of all divisions in which they may compete. Not only that, but their lowest percentage of marks have, in some