

coals for them. The Free Press thinks that "only college graduates could make 60% on the papers thus far prescribed"! Where such doctors disagree (even before they see the case) far be it for an ordinary civil servant lightly to say a word.

The Sequel.

But quite as important a part as any in this episode lies, if gossip be true, in the sequel to the above. And here the scene enlarges, including the outside service — the service where promotions are untrammelled in the good old way. Part of Mr. Taylor's price to Renfrew was a private situation at \$1,200. It is now rumoured that this "private job" may be a job in the outside civil service in the City of Ottawa! This is referred to a "joke" on the Ottawa hockey aggregation which wasted its strength on the new law while its rivals quietly took advantage of the familiar licenses of the old!

If this be true, Mr. Taylor, this time with full legality, steps in, here in Ottawa, over the heads of whomsoever it may concern, at the salary stipulated as a part of the price which Renfrew's to pay for his services as a hockeyist. If this isn't true it is at least possible under the law of the outside service and is worth citing to point the contrast between the old way and the new.

One final stroke remains to be suggested—that Mr. Taylor be appointed to the outside service, and then transferred back into the inside service at the increased salary. That would be a stroke of genius, and the law allows it.

The incident and its accompaniments emphasise anew the weaknesses that still remain in the law and the undesirability of a person in authority recommending for promotion on any other basis than for services rendered and value to the State.

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYOR'S STORY.

By Peter Pan.

"Have I been a surveyor long, Sir?
Ay! fifty years or more.
I was articled when I was six, Sir,
And now I'm thirty-four.

"Have I had adventures? Ay, Sir! —
Chased by bears and porcupines,
When my life I held in hand, Sir,
As I grasped the tightened lines.

"She was only a rancher's daughter,—
My pretty blue-eyed Nance;
The Redskins were gaining upon us,—
We led them a pretty dance.

"All through that night and the next, Sir,
For sixty hours or more
The gopher's howl we heard, Sir,
As they thirsted for our gore.

"In the war of eighty-five, Sir,
Twas the enemy did flee,—
For I raised my trusty transit
And demolished fifty-three.



CONTROLLER E. P. HINCHEY,
Vice-Pres. C. S. Club of Ottawa.