

Chief of the King's Warehouse, who has been confined to his bed for several weeks is now almost convalescent. The last "sale" was pretty hard on Johnny.

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Mr. Appraiser Cuthbert, Secretary of the Dominion Appraisers' Association, visited Ottawa recently in the interests of the Association. Judging by the broad smile on his countenance, he is evidently quite satisfied with his mission.

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The appraising staff at this port was increased recently by the promotion of two of the most capable and deserving of its officers, viz., Messrs. Jas. Green and John Thompson, who received the congratulations of the entire staff.

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Mr. Martin J. Healey died on Feb. 25, after only a brief illness, though his ailment is said to have been cancer of the stomach. Though only a minor officer at the port, there was not a more faithful worker than he. He leaves a wife and family, one of the latter being in the priesthood.

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Mr. J. R. McCaffrey, Chief Clerk, has gone on a three weeks' visit to Hamilton, Bermuda. He has been with the service longer than any other member of the staff here, and his knowledge of tariff intricacies and departmental rulings make him literally a walking encyclopaedia on customs matters. Bon voyage.

LOST LETTERS.

At an old post office in Frankfort-on-Main, a mail bag full of letters has been discovered. It was hidden in the rafters three hundred years ago.

What happens when a mail-bag is lost? To calculate the possibilities in such a case, it is necessary to mul-

tiply the possible effects of the loss of a single letter by the number of letters which the pouch contains. The altered train of circumstances which might result from the disappearance of a single bag of mail-matter is unthinkable in its ramifications.

There might be lovers' quarrels, perhaps never to be forgotten. There might be misunderstandings between friends and life-long heart-burnings. There might be business failures. A single promise of financial help delayed or gone astray might mean the crash of some great industry. Destinies might be altered and lives embittered.

The Postie with his arms full of mail-matter is the bearer of glad tidings and of bitter sorrow, but, good or ill, it is important that his messages go not astray, and it is wonderful how seldom they do. The man who carries the mail should be well-paid, whether he handles it upon the city streets, in the post-offices, or upon the boats and railway trains.

But most of the letters which are "lost" were never written. Many an old mother waits in vain for the missive from her wayward son, but it went astray before it reached his pen. Many a sore heart waits for the word of forgiveness which was lost forever because it died in some cold heart before the hand could set it forth. Many a misunderstanding remains unsolved because pride is an evil postman who feeds good letters to the flames.

These are the real lost letters—the missives which were never penned.—The Toronto Star.

In a recent issue of *The Civilian* Miss Edith McKell's name was omitted from the list of those who have successfully passed the qualifying examination in the Inland Revenue.