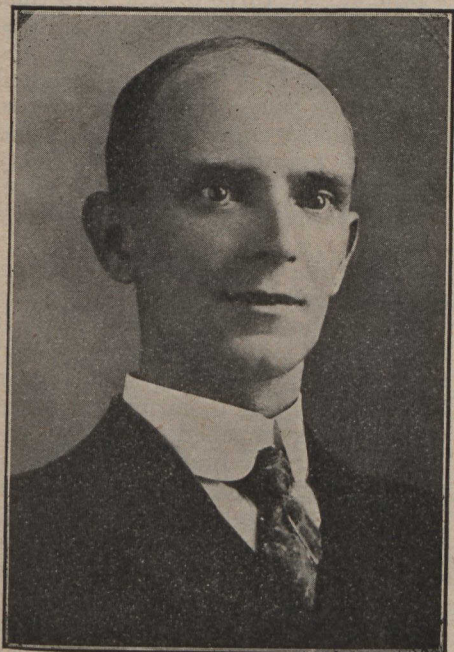


Civilian Portraits.

A REPRESENTATIVE WESTERNER.

One of the best known among employees of the Government, west of the Rocky Mountains, is W. F. Trant of the Post Office Inspector's staff, Vancouver, B.C. Though an Englishman born and bred, Mr. Trant has the voracity as well as the capacity for work which is typically western, and to his never-failing



MR. W. F. TRANT.

energy is due in large part the success of civil service organization in British Columbia. He was born in London, Eng., in 1871, the eldest son of Wm. Trant, M.A., an English journalist and war correspondent, now Police Magistrate of Regina, Sask., who forsook the pen to take up the plough, and, with his family, came to the Canadian Northwest in 1889. Mr. Trant spent a portion of his youth in India, and the remainder in England, where he received a pub-

lic school education. From 1889 to 1896 he farmed, spasmodically, in the then territory of Assiniboia. At the end of that time he came to the conclusion that he was not suited to the life bucolic, so sought his fortunes in the goldfields of British Columbia. Whether the gold was scarce, or for other reasons, in 1900 he obtained an appointment as Railway Mail Clerk in the Vancouver District, and thus became a civil servant. Mr. Trant remained with the Railway Mail Service Branch until 1907, when he was transferred to the office of the Post Office Inspector, Vancouver, in which office he is now a first-class clerk. An outstanding feature in Mr. Trant's career has been the interest he has always taken in the matter of civil service organization, which he has greatly furthered in British Columbia. He took an active part in the organization of the Dominion Civil Service Association of B. C., and has been its Secretary-Treasurer, as well as Secretary of its Vancouver Branch, from the beginning. He was the delegate of that Association (and the only delegate from west of the Great Lakes) to the Convention held in Ottawa in April, 1909, at which the Federation was organized.

October.

When I was a little fellow, long ago,
The season of all seasons seemed to me
The summer's afterglow and fantasy—
The red October of Ontario:
To ramble unrestrained where maples grow
Thicket with butternut and hickory,
And be the while companioned airily
By elfin things a child alone may know!
And how with mugs of cider, sweet and
mellow,
And block and hammer for the gathered
store
Of toothsome nuts, we'd lie around before
The fire at nights, and hear the old folks
tell o'
Red Indians and bears and the Yankee war—
Long ago, when I was a little fellow!