

Benefit Association. This left both positions open, and Messrs. Walter Todd and E. F. Drake (Interior) were chosen to fill them without division.

Mr. Todd's promotion was followed by the unanimous advancement of J. C. O'Connor from the treasurership to the secretaryship, this being declared another demonstration of the merit system.

Messrs. Dechene, W. A. Code, Lindsay, Marion and Miss Tremblay were nominated for treasurer. The three latter withdrew,



ARTHUR PARE,

Retired President Civil Service Association  
of Ottawa.

and, after a ballot, Mr. Dechene (Assistant Accountant, Department of Railways and Canals) was declared elected.

Consideration of the annual reports of the officers and Executive Committee (which are printed in full in this issue) occupied the meeting for some time. All were adopted without objection.

Section 28 of the Constitution was

amended so that the fee collectable from an affiliated society shall hereafter be \$5 per annum, instead of 5 cents per member per annum.

There was some discussion on the financial relations between the Government and temporary Civil Servants who had gone to the war. The matter was referred to the new Executive.

Similar action was taken in regard to further organized effort on behalf of the Patriotic Fund. Several speakers advocated a further contribution by the Inside Service, expressing a preference for the monthly plan. In an informal announcement regarding the collection already made, Secretary Todd said that 3,235 signatures had been recorded and \$7,500 in cash received. Several thousand dollars is yet to come in.

#### THE REFUGE.

(By Kenneth Proctor Littauer.)

When you're down and out, and your light  
burns low,

And you'd sell your soul for a scrap of  
hope;

When the world is grey and your blood  
runs slow

And you've reached the end of your  
ragged rope;

When you look back over the dreary years,

In search of one that has borne fruit,  
With eyes that have lost the gift of tears

In the sterile dust of the weary route:  
Get out where the winds from the ocean  
sweep,

Where the sea-gulls scream and the  
waves leap free;

Where the big woods echo the sounding  
deep,

The boom of the rollers' harmony;

Go forth bare-headed beneath the sky,

When night has come and the stars blink  
down;

Where, safe from the city's sooty cry,

From the dirty clutch of the man-made  
town,

You can tear the load from your inner  
heart,

And cast away all the self-made sin,

And stiffen your back for a clean new  
start,

And smiling at Fate go back—to win!