

De Graves, known as the "Kipling of the Waterfront," contributed a mirth provoking self-constructed poem, called the "Landing Waiter's Dream," being a good natured parody on various members of the staff, including the chief. Mr. Alex. Hamilton recited a poem on a "Hot Chicken," and other members of the staff contributed suitable selections for the occasion.

The toasts of the evening were many and well expressed. "Our Collector—Mr. J. M. Bowell," was given by Mr. P. McAllister, who stated that he had been 16 years in the service and that he was sure that a better man at the head of the department could not be found than Mr. Bowell.

In reply, Mr. Bowell assured them that there was not a port in the Dominion where there was less trouble between the seniors of the department and those under them. In the service of the Canadian customs he had travelled from Halifax to Vancouver, and he had never met a better lot of men than at this port. On Nov. 1 last he had completed his thirty-first year in the service, having started in October, 1878, which also happened to be his birthday.

Mr. R. Cosgrove, who has been 35 years in the service, gave the toast to "Our Surveyor," Col. Worsnop. In replying to the toast the Colonel remarked that it was good to be there, to mingle together man to man, and to greet one another as friends, for he felt sure that he had no better crowd of friends than the members on the staff. There is no port in Canada, he asserted, where there was a more intelligent and polite staff than the one over which, under the collector, he had the honor of presiding. Vancouver was a small port, the Colonel pointed out, when he joined it in 1888, and he had seen it grow up until it ranked as the fourth greatest port in the Dominion.

Mr. A. McRae gave the toast to "Our Chief," Mr. J. Fagan, styled, in the words of the Colonel, as "one of the original bunch." Mr. Fagan's popularity among the members of the staff was proved by the vociferous reception accorded him upon his rising to respond. He paid high tribute to those under him and to their fidelity to duty.

The toast to "U. S. Customs," coupled with the name of Mr. A. J. Mayo, was proposed by Mr. Fagan, who spoke of the friendly relations that existed with all of the U. S. customs officers, who, he asserted, are a fine lot of fellows.

Mr. Mayo, in reply, said that he reciprocated the kind feelings shown. He had been fourteen years at this port in the service and had received only kindness from all during that time.

All the toasts were accompanied by musical honors, all joining in "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," but as a special tri-

bute to Mr. Mayo he was greeted with "Yankee Doodle." Other toasts given were, "The Preventative Service," coupled with the name of Mr. Jas. Barton, by Mr. A. T. Essery, and the "Newly Weds," with reference to Mr. Harry De Graves and Mr. Essery, by Alex. Hamilton.

Mr. J. M. Bowell presided and made an excellent chairman of the evening.

How to Employ Your Winter Evenings.

Once again the long winter evenings are upon us, and once again numberless young people are casting about them for some means of occupying the weary hours that in more congenial seasons are spent upon the cricket field, the tennis lawn, or the quiet waters of the river. It is at this season of the year that indoor hobbies of every possible description are taken up with much enthusiasm — an enthusiasm which only too often flags at the end of a few brief weeks. Perhaps the hobbyist manages to maintain an interest in his new occupation, whatever it may be, until Christmas arrives, but in nineteen cases out of twenty the festivities which Yuletide brings in its wake are sufficient to swamp all thoughts of the hobby, and it is classed for evermore among the limbo of "passing fancies." How many who read this, we wonder, can look back without regretting the time they have wasted upon some pursuit, useful enough if properly followed up, perhaps, but useless if abandoned in its early stages? Foreign languages, scientific subjects of all kinds, literature, shorthand, typewriting; each of these can claim its thousands of enthusiastic beginners, but the thousands of beginners, dwindle and dwindle, until the number of proficient can probably be numbered by tens. But whereas those who do not pass beyond the rudimentary stages must ruefully contemplate their wasted efforts, each of those who arrive at proficiency gains, in addition to the benefits which knowledge always confers, the moral satisfaction of having completed a self-imposed task. Each of the latter, too, has in all probability acquired for himself the power of adding to his income, a power which, in these days, no one is inclined to underestimate.—The Educator.

EAST AND WEST.—"In the Far East a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married," remarked a young man at a social gathering. "How odd!" exclaimed a lady. "In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterwards!"