

**CIVIL SERVICE SECTION OF THE RED
CROSS SOCIETY.**

The Women's Branch of the Ottawa Association have opened headquarters for this work in Room 5, Birks building, Ottawa. Business has been in full swing for about ten days now. Goods are given out and received, and all Red Cross information can be had there between 4 and 6 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Will you please inform all who signed the lists for work as sewers, knitters and carriers or distributors, and ask them to make a habit of dropping in frequently.

Also, there is a call for a relief fund for the destitute Belgians. Will all Civil Servants wishing to make contributions of clothes or money please send their donations to Miss La Fleur at the above address, Room 5, Birks building. Clothes are wanted for men, women and children of all ages.

"ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER."

It is only a scrap of paper, that Irish home rule bill,
But the King and people of Britain have signed it with good will.
It is entered in the statute book as one of Britain's laws,
And those who'd wish to strike it off were wise, indeed, to pause.
The sacred honour of Britain is pledged to uphold her laws;
And Britain would fight till bitter death in honour's noble cause
So Britain's treaty with Ireland, whatever foes may say,
Will stand secure, inviolate, for ever and a day.

GARRETT O'CONNOR.

You have little to fear from the tongue artist. He soon eliminates himself. The gossip soon finds his own level of society. He is invariably a liar—because what accurate knowledge he has of you is so slight that he must resort to exaggerations to fill what might otherwise be gaps in his conversation.

THE GINGER JAR.

Now, this is the song of our ginger jar,

That stands on the mantel piece,
And in it all of our riches are.

Good luck to them, may they increase!

All of our riches and two brass pins,
And a pencil to keep the account.
For we figure it up when the week begins,

And duly apply each amount,
Saying:

"This is for the gas man and this for the rent,

And this for the man who brings ice,

For papers, each morning and evening a cent,

And so much for sugar and spice,
And this for the laundry and so much for me,

To ride down each day on the car,
And so much for sundries and now I can see

The bottom of our ginger jar."

A wonderful bank is the ginger jar,

For whenever the cash gets low,
Some good publisher near or far,

Sends us a dollar or so,
So there's always a penny, and sometimes more,

To guard against any mishap,
And I like to see my little wife pour
Its contents into her lap,

Saying:

"This for the gas man and this for the rent,

And this for the grocer and meat,—

For papers, each morning and evening a cent,

And this for a theatre seat,
And so much for laundry and so much for ice—

That leaves our bank a wreck.

Worry is itself a species of monomania. No mental attitude is more disastrous to personal achievement, personal happiness, and personal usefulness in the world than worry and its twin brother, despondency.