

wonderfully ordered is the system that no one is allowed to remain hungry—for on all sides is the bountiful table spread. Nor is a fragment of feast or feasters wasted. All goes to supply new food or foundations for new life.

Over and through all, laving and washing it anew four times a day, comes the beneficent, cleansing, feeding tide, bearing in with it all manner of nourishment, carrying with it to the deeper places of old ocean all trace or taint of decay. Day in and day out, all through the procession of the seasons, in every month of the year, the multitudinous host that live with Mother Nature in her ocean home have their rooms garnished and swept.

Forest Fires

(Toronto News.)

TEN years of farm tree-planting in the West has resulted in the planting of about five thousand acres, or, say, eight square miles.

A comparatively small forest fire recently burned in a few days a strip forty-five miles long and from one to five miles broad, or, say, one hundred square miles. Canadians must not delude themselves with the idea that in planting less than a square mile of trees per year while they allow a hundred square miles to burn up in a week, they are really practising modern forestry.

It would be far better to keep out the fire and to neglect the planting. Fires in the woods sometimes come from lightning, but as a rule they come from the carelessness of men. The first move in forestry in Canada is to impress upon all Canadians, and upon all who travel in Canadian woods, the necessity of so handling fire that no forest fires

will result therefrom. There is no use in men talking about forestry in Canadian Clubs in the winter and then letting a camp fire burn down half a township in summer.



STAR FISH AND CRABS.

The large Star Fish has eighteen arms, the second is purple, the third red, the fourth eighteen arms, and the fifth is a five armed brittle star. The upper crab is blue, the second red and the third a hairy crab.

REFORM ONTARIO CIVIL SERVICE

A CABINET MINISTER SAYS THIS SUBJECT WILL HAVE TO BE TACKLED FOUR-SQUARE

"IT'S a big burning question. You can make no mistake in going hard after that." Thus spake one Ontario cabinet minister interviewed on the question of Provincial Civil Service reform.

On the other hand, as though to show that there are always two ends to every string, even in the same family, another member of the Ontario executive said:

"Well, I really don't know that the matter is agitating any one just now. It doesn't look like a pressing problem to me."

The minister who would reform might have had his coat off had the day been warm; for he was holding a levee, letting people in and out of doors and pushing the buzzer every little while to let in another victim. He was therefore not in the mood to bandy cigars over passing politics, or to read the whole law and gospel about civil service reform. He is not being quoted; made that quite clear at the outset.

"Yes, I have strong convictions on the subject," he said with a broadside bat that would have done credit to Premier Whitney. "But I am not going to talk about it," he added by way of a body-blow back again.

"Some other had—when I have more time, I shall be glad to wade into this matter. I should make it a pleasure—yes. But—"

By this time the minister had started on a planetary orbit round his flat-top desk; and as the room was large and he went the limit, the curve he cut was very large. Besides, he was not a small man—but as there happen to be about half-a-dozen men in that Cabinet about his weight and circumferential build, the common Conservative elector will not be able to say—"Hm! Just who I thought it was. Never imagined he had such views, though."

First swing round the curve, the minister had delivered his mind of a good fat preamble, to the effect that he was in for a healthy reconstruction root and branch, thorough as Cromwell and drastic as a March wind.

Neither did he need a megaphone; speaking with prodigious energy—no, it wasn't Mr. Foy; everybody knows his whisper.

"Game wardens," he said, as he stopped at the phone with his fist hard on the blotter. "Heavens! isn't the whole north country full of these appointees of Government from Montreal to Kenora and north to the Lord knows where? These guardians of game and fish and so forth—they get anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars a year each—for what? Sitting on stumps and carving tobacco. Not according to the intention of the Act. For tacking up posters on trees and telegraph poles? Good enough as far as it goes. But I imagine—well, of course, any one knows these men are appointed for the purpose of carrying out the law as to the killing of game. But it's very plain to me that a very large proportion of them do no such thing. We need better game wardens."

"Uh—seems obvious," said the scribe. Second circuit was under way and the minister swung off again, touching the Attorney-General's department.

"Provincial police!" he demanded. "Have we any such thing? Do we need them? Have we any body of men in Ontario corresponding in even the slightest degree to the Northwest Mounted Police in Saskatchewan and Alberta? Mind you, I don't say we should have a mounted police. No—but I'd have some force or body of men that would make blind pigs impossible at Cobalt, and make it exceedingly interesting for escaped jail-birds picnicking here and there in rural groves, and fugitive murderers hiding for weeks among the farmers—let alone minimising the ordinary hobo assault on women and the hold-up man and the highway assassin on country roads. I'd have a force of men so well organised that when at Chalk River a train-load of harvesters ring-led by a gang of rowdies perpetrated mob law and defied the citizens and constables alike—well, if the man on the spot failed to round up the right party through lack of definite information, he could wire a man at North Bay, or Sudbury, or Kenora, and be sure that by the time the train got to the edge of the province at the farthest, some other man or men in the system would do the job as effectively as the Northwest Mounted Police do such things. That's a branch of civil service reform in this province— isn't it?"

Back at his chair the minister fumbled sugges-

tively at a right-hand ic as though for two cents b drawn forth a box of fifteen-cent Habanas; but he was off on another tack before he had finished the movement; and this time he took a midriff whack at the license inspectors.

"Two hundred license inspectors in Ontario," he insisted. "Take out twenty of them—and the rest—well, very good men each in his own way, but a lot of them doing their best to do nothing and succeeding mighty well. These men are appointed to interpret and administer law. Do they do it? What do they know about law?"

"No examination to enter, of course," murmured the interviewer.

"Yes—examined in the Conservative committee rooms," was the logical reply. "That's the knowledge of the law these men get."

Buzz! went the telephone bell; the minister strangled a word to grab the receiver. Ensued a comprehensive conversation—subject and name of man at the other end not apparent to the scribe who was busy looking at pictures on the walls.

"And I'd say also," he banged off as he slammed down the telephone, "that some of the departments of our civil service are most ingeniously overlapped and befuddled—just because this government fell heir to a system that no man is able to explain at all points. Why, for instance, are fish and game put under the aegis of the Public Works Department? I don't know—do you? One minister issues all marriage licenses, for example; supposed to have a complete knowledge of such matters. Comes to a question of bigamy, for instance, and who deals with that? Why, the Attorney-General!"

"It is nonsense. We should have a decent, well-ordered, coherent public service in this great province. We have the men and the brains—but confound the politics!"

"Well—so I might go on if I had the time," he wound up, knowing that nineteen people in the outer precinct were waiting for the buzzer. "I haven't touched more than the fringe of the subject. But the whole thing will be tackled by this Government yet; must be; it's a big and burning question. Make no mistake about that. Good-day!"

And the buzzer buzzed.

Is Civil Service Reform a Sham

(Toronto Telegram.)

WHEN patronage comes in at the door civil service reform goes out at the window.

Every party professes that the principles of civil service reform should govern the distribution of patronage by the other party.

Civil service reform is a splendid subject for talk, but when it comes to action "the patronage" is always good enough for the party in power.

The cant and insincerity of partisanship is corrupting our national character. Both parties profess ideals that neither party believes in. If both parties would face the facts of our public life there might not be more heroes but there would be fewer hypocrites in the politics of Canada.

Where Municipal Ownership Pays

(Edmonton Daily Bulletin.)

EDMONTON'S electric light and power system earned \$28,000 net profit in the past seven months. This is at the rate of \$4,000 per month or \$48,000 per year. Putting the cost of the system at \$150,000 this represents a dividend of 32 per cent. per annum on the investment. Or to put it another way, if a company owned the system the stock would be selling at \$400 per share or more. As a result of the rapid accumulation of surplus the Council reduced the charges for light and power last month. We have become so used to this periodical cut that it attracts little attention. Our rates are with one exception the lowest in Western Canada. This exception is a municipally-owned system operated by water power. Municipal ownership pays Edmonton.