

has memorialized the Government to go into the whole matter of sanitation and take steps to lessen all the attendant contributory evils of overcrowding, lack of ventilation, poor cleaning, defective plumbing, &c., &c. Some result of this petition has been noticed, notably in the case of the basement of the Langevin block. The agitation and consequent improvements go on and there are encouraging prospects of further material accomplishments along these lines.

However, civil servants should not leave all this work for the organization to do. Everyone can help the great work along a little. Thorough and systematic ventilation of an office every morning before work commences is a most desirable thing. Let the first clerk to arrive open all the windows wide and "ler 'er blow" till some chilly fellow demands that the draft be stopped. Let every instance of poor sweeping or dusting be promptly reported to the official in charge of that work, no matter whether the fault be found in office, corridor or lavatory. The Government pays large sums to have its buildings cleaned and it is up to the civil servants to see that the work is well done. And finally (and perhaps most important of all) let civil servants watch their own habits. The man who expectorates upon a floor or wall or throws down a reeking cigarette butt within a building is not only devoid of common decency but is a positive danger to his fellows. These things can be stopped, and I believe the Deputy Ministers and chief clerks want them stopped. A determined expression of feeling on the part of the sane and clean men of the service will soon have its effect. Everyone knows how tuberculosis and a score of more-or-less allied diseases flourish among office-workers, and where have they a better opportunity than in the over-crowded, ill-ventilated and often dirty Government offices, if the inmates themselves are not

careful to eliminate so far as is possible the danger of contagion? A few days ago I was in an office and saw a man who gave every evidence of suffering from a serious form of catarrh using his waste-paper basket as a cuspidor! That fellow is boss in his own room and, I suppose, his subordinates do not dare to bring him to a sense of the enormity of his disgusting offence. I wonder if he would spit in the waste-paper basket in his Deputy Minister's room?

This is an unpleasant subject but it is the unhappy awakenings from "fools' paradise" conditions that keep our sanitariums and hospitals over-crowded.

JUST BE CLEAN.

From a Peripatetic Civil Servant.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Last fall I inflicted on your readers a few wandering impressions received during a tour up the Ottawa Valley. I am now down in the Maritime Provinces (on an inside service job) and am moved to indite a few more inane remarks.

The people down this way are whole hearted and hospitable, to a degree. They have not the advantages of the farmer in Ontario, in brick houses, good roads, etc., but on the whole are very 'comfortable.'

I have been driving all over the Province of New Brunswick, and on several occasions I have skirted the borders of the State of Maine. Some peculiar anomalies have been noticed. One afternoon recently, our journey took us for many miles right along the border. The granite monuments erected in 1842 after the Ashburton Treaty were to be seen on either hand, alternately. At one point I saw a school house on the Canadian side, and a long line of farm houses on the United States side. In other words, Canada was keeping up a school for the Yankee kids.

In another spot I observed a