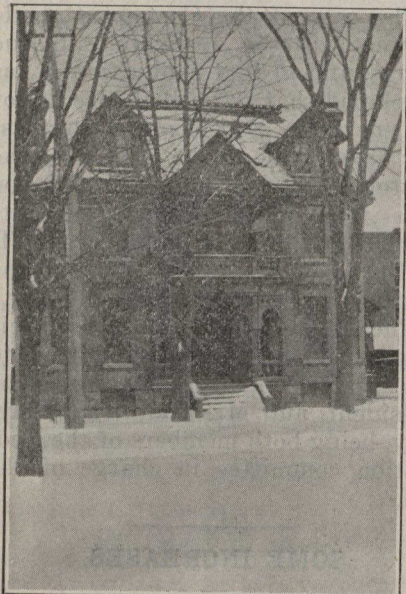


NEW CIVIL SERVICE CLUB BUILDING FOR OTTAWA.

One of the principal handicaps under which the Civil Service Club of Ottawa has laboured has been the



*A New Social Club Building for
Ottawa.*

poor location of its club premises. It has long been felt by the directors and members that a club, to adequately supply the purposes for which it was founded, must be in a central part of its constituency.

The present club is at the extreme north end of Bank street, opposite the Supreme Court, and away from the centre of the city. After considerable discussion and examination of available premises, the directors have been fortunate in securing a lease of one of the most desirable buildings in Ottawa. This is the large residence on the southeast corner of Metcalfe and Slater streets, known as the "Dr. Dowling" house. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more central location in the Capital. Within a radius of a furlong, it

is safe to say that there are offices containing over twenty-five hundred male Civil Servants. It adjoins the Y. M. C. A. and Masonic Temple, and is just across the street from the Carnegie Library. The street cars are just a block away, which, in reality, is better than having them pass the door.

The heating and plumbing systems are being overhauled, and the directors hope to be installed in the new building about the end of March.

FROM ONE WHO'S BEEN THROUGH THE MILL.

By the Poet "Low-Rate."

Now, the fellow who is tactful
Is the one who keeps his head,
Who does not fly off the handle
At each word that may be said;
'Tis the fellow who endeavours
To perform the bidden act,
Though it may be rather irksome—
Who has what is known as tact.
If the BOSS storms through the office
With a head that's rather sore,
And he bellows out his orders
And he acts just like a boor;
Do not bid him go to HADES
Just because your nerves are racked,
Keep quite cool and do his bidding—
THAT IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS TACT.
Just remember that the fellow
Who provides you with your check
Is just like the Naval Captain
As he wanders o'er the deck;
He's the one on whom the burden
Of the whole concern is jacked;
And his little whims and humours
Should be met, my boy, with tact.
I know it's sometimes rotten
When you're working for a man
To have to blindly follow out
Each silly little plan;
But remember it's HIS business
And I tell you, it's a fact,
That in place of kicks and grouches
You'll get more by showing tact.
Jobs are not found lying round us
And we've each one got to live,
And the price that's on our pay-check's
What our boss thinks he should give;
And you'll find all through in business
That the fellows who are sacked
Never are the types of workers
Who are noted for their tact.