

is wearing a much bronzed countenance and is ready for any questions being fired at him regarding crop outlook, stock prices, etc.

Bob Cook, who is in the 63rd Regiment, C.E.F., now stationed in England, sent us a cheery letter telling of his experiences while crossing the Atlantic and afterwards his life in the old land, from a soldier's viewpoint. Bob is an optimist of the first water, and his chums in the Registration Department and the boys of the Edmonton branch all join in wishing him the best of good luck.

Our President is busy overhauling his wardrobe in preparation for his trip to the Saskatchewan Capital as delegate. "H. D." has rubbed up many pointers on the Postal Clerks' Association business and we can count on something doing when he arrives at Regina.

The burning question in our office at the present moment is "Who's this Heb, anyway?" Our chained poet is cooling down his brain in an effort to outrival Heb in his poetical aspirations.

Congratulations to Mrs. Duckworth in winning the Overland car in the Bulletin Competition. Fine work, Gilbert; I suppose you push the old "Ford" of yours when it gets tired.

Our orchestra is at present playing "low"; this Spring weather and the call of the great "outdoors" is responsible, no doubt.

Quite a few of our members are on vacation, and as a result things are rather quiet. In the A to C wicket there is a strange silence instead of the monotone recitals from Shakespeare, Kipling and Service. There is a reason,—Mac is on his holidays.

CONVENTION DON'TS.

Unasked-for Advice by 'One Who Knows.'

DON'T arrive the first day or at any session late.

DON'T arrive for a holiday, but to work.
DON'T fail to invariably address the Chair.

DON'T talk without a point behind your remarks.

DON'T bring up a new topic without having a motion in the background.

DON'T ever lose your temper. If you're in the right you can afford to keep it, and if you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

DON'T waste time—it will be very precious.

DON'T overlook the all important fact that your fellow workers are paying out hard-earned money in order to have a

voice in convention. Never more than at that time will you be their servant.

THE VALE OF SHADOWS.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

There is a vale in the Flemish land,
A vale once fair to see,
Where under the sweep of the sky's wide arch
Thro winter freeze or summer parch,
The stately poplars march and march,
Remembering Lombardy.

Here are men of the Saxon eyes,
Men of the Saxon heart,
Men of the Fens and men of the Peak,
Men of the Kentish meadows sleek,
Men of the Cornwall cove and creek,
Men of the Dove and Dart.

Here are men of the kilted clans
From the heathery slopes that lie
Where the mists hang gray and mists
hang white,
And the deep locks brood 'neath the
craggy height
And the curlews scream in the moonless
night
Over the hills of Skye.

Here are men of the Celtic breed,
Lads of the smile and tear,
From where the loops of the Shannon
flow,
And the crosses gleam in the evenglow,
And the halls of Tara now are low
And Donegal cliffs are sheer.

And what shall these proud warlords
say
At foot of His mighty throne?
For there shall dawn a reckoning day,
Or soon or late, come as it may,
When those who gave the sign to slay
Shall meet His face alone.

What, think ye, will their penance be
Who have wrought this monstrous
crime?
What shall whiten their blood-red hands
Of the stains of riven and ravished lands?
How shall they answer God's stern com-
mands

To facilitate rapid writing there has been invented a metal device to be clamped to the little finger and with a shelf on which to rest the next finger and slide over a surface written upon.