

According to the declarations of its sponsors, the C. S. A. Act and the regulations of the Commission carried out as provided therein are to take the service out of politics and place it on a basis where only merit will count.

As an illustration of what this means, it may be pointed out that while promotion under the old act meant in many, if not most cases, little or no change in work or responsibilities, under the new or amended act the nature of the duties appertaining to each division and sub-division is particularized.

For instance, the qualification demanded for promotion to the Second Division is the ability and capacity for performing technical, administrative and executive duties, and so on throughout the several divisions.

Allow me to say two things in closing: first, that the work done by the executive of the C. S. Association in seeking to co-operate with the outside service is not the least important item of its activities, but the lack of time and space forbid giving it the mention it deserves, and second, that while somewhat pointed reference has been made to the spirit of apathy and of criticism which prevail in certain quarters just because that sort of spirit is so disheartening to work under or against, it is freely admitted that it is equally true that there has also been manifest, although not perhaps so openly pronounced as the other sort of thing, a spirit of buoyancy, appreciation and faith in other quarters in the work of the C. S. Association, and the executive, and in the future of the service.

One cannot properly conclude this article without taking the opportunity to express the belief that no small measure of the success which has attended the work of the Association is due to the fact that the Association has been peculiarly fortunate in having for the chief executive officers such men as Messrs. A.

G. Kingston, J. A. Doyon, J. Lambert Payne, M. D. Grant, G. S. Hutchinson and R. H. Coats.

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## THE IDIOT WHO THOUGHT.

### A Present Day Tragedy.

By *Von Ludwig*.

Once upon a time there was an idiot who had a few brains and in an unlucky moment he started to think, which is a very idiotic thing to do as every one knows. The way to live peacefully is not to think, but just to grab everything that you want that is grabable, eat well, sleep well, work a little, but do not on any account think. It is bad; it is conducive to thoughts; and thoughts worry; and worry is indigestion; and indigestion is bad humour; and then peace is gone. Peace is the only thing that is worth anything, and you cannot have it if you have thoughts.

Now this idiot was of course married,—a great many idiots are. His wife was a very nice lady idiot: she was undoubtedly nice because all the idiots she was idiot enough to entertain said she was a charming hostess. Well, the idiot and his wife retired to rest one night as usual; the wife to read the latest novel and the idiot to stare at the wall paper until sleep overcame him. As he stared at the wall paper he wondered at its ugliness, and he wondered why people who design wall papers make wondrous geometrical vines bearing fret-work tarts and lobster claws which worry one's sight, instead of soothing, real things. And these musings led to other musings and he closed his eyes and looked inwardly for a minute and was horrified to discover that he himself was very much after the style of the wall paper design;—in that he was distorted by conventionality. And here he started