

Mr. Lemieux on his official missions to Japan in 1907, to the festivities in connection with the inauguration of the Union of South Africa in 1910, and also to the postal convention at Berne in 1908. He brings to his new office, therefore, a wide experience of men and post office business.

**News by way of England.**—The British "Civilian" says: "As the Canadian Civil Service Commission consists of only two members, our friends across the water are expressing an urgent desire for an enlarge-

ment of that body. The anticipated inclusion of the Outside Service under the Commission's control is regarded as providing a suitable opportunity for attaching, at least, one new Commissioner who can claim acquaintance with the organization to be absorbed. As in the United Kingdom, the Commission devotes particular attention to vacancies and examinations, but has so many other general duties to perform, that an addition of two or three more members is practically essential if the work of the department is to continue to be carried on efficiently."

### BALLADE OF OTTAWA CITY.

(The following poem, signed H. W. J., is reprinted from the current number of The Colonial Office Journal, a periodical published with the approval of the British Secretary of State for the Colonies.)

Ottawa stands by her Grande Riviere,  
As a queen in the mirror regarding her face,  
With a beauty so proud, so stately an air,  
That the waters must curb their impetuous pace,  
For the pleasure of slowly reflecting her grace,  
From the dancing cascade of the Chaudiere Fall,  
Past pinnaled palaces high in their place  
To the shades of the bowers of Rideau Hall.

In the hush of the dawn she awakes to her care  
(As the sun from his chamber steps forth on his race),  
For the forests, lakes, prairies and mountains so fair,  
Of her people bespreading a continent's space;  
And her thought travels on in its circuit to trace  
The vision and scope of her national call;  
An Empire united in world-wide embrace,  
With its heart in the bowers of Rideau Hall.

When the curves of the hills their glory declare,  
In the flush of a sunset that nought can efface,  
The soul of her past we once again share,  
That thrilling romance at her history's base,  
Of the brave with a tomahawk scalping apace,  
In defence of his squaw and papoose in a shawl,  
And with arrow and spear slaying beasts of the chase,  
In their lair by the bowers of Rideau Hall.

#### Envoi.

Earl, by your favour, for six days' space,  
I was guest in the bowers by river and fall,  
For the pleasure of slowly reflecting their grace;  
'Tis the hour for adieux to Rideau Hall.