

THE CIVILIAN

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The Civil Service as a Field for Organization.

The Civilian welcomes to its columns the animated correspondence which is going forward regarding the membership of the Civil Service Co-operative Association, and to which we give a whole department of this issue. The matter is one which in the final analysis the store members must settle. We hope they will settle it dispassionately, with the most careful looking before and after, and in accordance with a broad knowledge of the facts and principles involved.

On one point of a general nature that crops up in almost every discussion of a Civil Service organization—in the present instance as in many others—we hold very strong views, and never lose an opportunity of stating them strongly. The point has to do with the Civil Service as a field for organization. We say at once that we are sick and tired of the opinion that Civil Servants as a class do not lend themselves to organized effort. For twenty years prior to 1907 we listened (*ad nauseam* in the case of a good many of us) to the critic of Civil Service *esprit de corps*—to the man who could tell us that such *esprit de corps* did not exist and could not exist, and the reasons therefore,—who could give us a thousand happy instances of how jealous-minded and chuckle-headed the average civil servant was, and how ridiculous and fore doomed was the attempt of anyone to inculcate among civil servants the spirit of stand together. Then came the shake-up of 1907, when all these antiquated notions fell to the ground like a wet bathing suit. For the truth is that talk of this kind is and always has been nonsense. Civil Servants, by and large, are exactly like other human beings. As Hosea Bigelow would say, they are chuck full of “human natur’.” They eat and sleep, marry and die. “If you tickle us, do we not laugh?” They probably don’t manage their affairs, personal or corporate, as well as others could advise them, but who does? They don’t even take out life insurance until the agent gets after them, but who does? As a field for organization, however, exactly the opposite of what our critic is so fond of telling us is the case, especially in Ottawa. The service offers on the whole a decidedly better field for organization than the usual profession. Consider the mere physical aspect of the situation. Practically the whole service works in a dozen buildings within a radius of half a mile. The names of the whole four thousand of them are written down and classified in a Government publication. Where else can such preliminary advantages be found? The “spade-work” is all done. Of course, organization is not like spontaneous combustion. It presupposes the organizer. A good many seem to think that sending out a circular is “organizing.” But even so, where else will you find that the organizer has accomplished so much with so little effort. Where are the eyes and ears of the people who do not perceive this? Take our local Civil Service Association: it enrolls at least fifty per cent. of the Ottawa civil servants, and yet this is practically the work of a single officer acting through subsidiary and automatic boards. Take the Civil Service Loan and Savings Association: it will handle business this year to the tune of \$15,000; yet this was launched by a newspaper editorial, and a few cap-

able officers keep the organization up. Take the Civil Service Federation: it was the result of three months' work by a committee who had no better engine than correspondence: yet it can bring together representatives from Vancouver to Halifax, and can speak for 5,000 civil servants, and when it fails to be able to do this it will be simply because someone is lying down on the job. But the chief ground on which we speak in this connection is that of our own personal experience as an editorial board. *The Civilian* twice a month appears as standing and incontrovertible testimony of what even intermittent and desultory organization can achieve among civil servants. We know well what a mere rag we are; yet we exist, and this paper costs over \$100 every time it appears, merely for the labour of the printer and the paper on which it is printed. This is paid for. Almost wholly by the organization of subscribers. Since we first appeared five years ago literally thousands of dollars' worth of hack journalism has been done by civil servants at not five cents on the dollars, simply because they are civil servants, because the periodical is a civil service periodical, and because they were enlisted in the name of civil service *esprit de corps*. We feel that an experience of this kind entitles our opinion to weight; that we have a right to refuse to argue on the point, because we *know*. Of course the various Civil Service organizations are not what they should be. But this is not through any defect of the Civil Service as a field for organization, and the person who says so is a darkener of counsel. The only tough nut to crack in the whole proposition is the man who still lingers here and there who knows that these things cannot be; who only the other day was smiling at the thought of a general association, laughing fit to split at the idea of an association of civil servants to lend money to each other, and reminding *The Civilian* with a very superious sneer how the old "Civil Service Review" of twenty years back went broke on the fourth issue. As we say, we know this individual lingers in obscure corners. If the discussion upon the Co-operative Store is going to tempt him forth to do his familiar turn again in the public gaze, then the Lord help us to suffer him gladly yet a while longer, till he become finally weary and pass away.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The trials which beset Government officials, particularly those of the Customs and Immigration departments, are illustrated by the following despatch from Sarnia, Ont., dated August 2nd—

"Seldom has an immigration officer of the Dominion been forced to turn his own brother back when he tried to enter this spector Cameron here yesterday morning country, but that is what happened to In-when his brother, a veteran of the Civil War and a resident ofetroit, came to Sarnia to pay a visit with his only relative. The old soldier is in a badly crippled condition from rheumatism contracted during the war. When he landed on the Canadian side he was accosted by his brother, who was forced to accompany him back to the American side as he could not allow him to enter under his oath of office. Such is the cold judgment of the law."

For Jack Cadden.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :—

Just a line from a subscriber to express appreciation of Jack Cadden, the gifted Western railway mail clerk. Nothing better than his verse appears in *The Civilian*. It rings true. May his ink-well never run dry!—R. E.

Ottawa Aug. 2nd, 1913.

Contributed by a Subscriber.

Mr. Reader.—What about that copy of *The Civilian* which you hold in your hands? Is it yours, or is it borrowed? Do you pay your way or do you let someone else in the office pay for you? For the small sum of two cents a week will ou let your associates say of you that you are a "sponger" and that you will not help a civil service movement to develop and improve? Take time to consider just what it means when you borrow (or lend) *The Civilian*.—LOYALTY.

A Symposium on Co-operation—Letters to the Editors on the Cooperative Store.

Cooperative Principles and the Co-operative Store.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:—

In the discussion as to the membership of the Civil Service Co-operative Association, it seems to me that some of your correspondents are missing the point.

* * *

What is a Co-operative Association—that is, how does it usually come to exist, and what distinguishes it fundamentally from other organizations for business purposes?

The answer to this question would be something as follows: A number of persons are more or less closely associated. The Association may be of this, that or the other character; they may be members of the same profession, trade, church, economic class, or what not. Finding themselves thus associated, usually on a trade or economic footing, the thought occurs to them: why not use this connection as a basis for a business enterprise—to buy goods cheaply, to borrow money on fair terms, or such like. If it is a store, each agrees to help stock it, to patronize it, and to share profits according to the extent of his patronage. If it is a loaning association, each puts in a sum, and they use the lump in turn, as necessity drives, at a charge that meets expenses. They usually know a good deal about each other; they are interested in each other; they trust each other; they are a sort of family, especially when they are beginning. Even when they extend enormously, as in England, and become nation-wide, they still call themselves “the state within the state.”

In other words Co-operation is the capitalization of sentiment — of the willingness to join with one's fellows and to give individual effort towards

a common enterprise. The great antitype is the joint stock company, which builds on money contributions alone, and in which the individuality of the member is no more a factor of operation than is that of the man in the moon.

This does not mean that co-operation is “sentimental.” Co-operative trading, like other trading, measures its success by dividends. But it does mean that co-operation is a distinct method—that its motive power and that of an ordinary company are as different as are steam and electricity in mechanics.

The theory that the dividend is the great unifier in a co-operative business is fallacious. The hope of a dividend is the mainspring of all commercial enterprise, but that the dividend is a means as well as the end itself is true only in a sense. The dividend acts only by reaction, on the principle that nothing succeeds like success. It is the flywheel of the machine, not the steam that starts and drives. The steam of a joint stock concern is capital; of a co-operative concern, homogeneity and loyalty in the membership.

* * *

To apply this:

We were told that our store needed more trade, — that delivery expenses were out of proportion, and that more members and more patronage were required to restore the balance. And at once the solution was proposed, that the best if not the only way to secure this was to open the membership forthwith to the general public, the argument being added that the public already contributed more than half of the store's business, that the public had asked for admission, and that the public in general presented better material for recruiting under the

co-operative banner than did the civil service.

With this as a solution, thus offered, I was in disagreement, because it seemed to me to be based on a misapprehension both as to facts and principles, and to obscure a simpler and better way out. First as to some of the misinterpreted facts:

(1) It was not "the public" that contributed that item of more than half to the sales of last year; the item in question was merely the neighbourhood trade which a store situated as ours can command. It would decline if not vanish were the store moved to New Edinburgh, though its place doubtless would be taken by a similar item contributed by New Edinburgh constituents. It would remain if the store became joint stock tomorrow. The point is, that this will always be a feature, non-co-operative and large or small, of our annual statement no matter what our constitution, and that you cannot base an argument as to membership on a phenomenon which is merely the reflection of a certain business stand and a certain quality of service that happens to suit the convenience of certain people. These people are, in short, "corner grocery" supporters, not representatives of a co-operative public. They might join the store if the way were open, but how would this increase sales,—which is what our "solution" must do.

(2) It was not "the public" that asked for admission; it was the Trades and Labour Council—a very significant difference, to which I will advert again in a moment.

* * *

Coming to questions of principle, the truth is that what was wanted last year was not extensive but intensive cultivation of our membership—not the constitution tinkerer but the organizer. The emphasis was wrongly placed by our last year's directorate (not the members) at the annual meeting. The store had achiev-

ed a very respectable success; it had done so without anything in the way of thorough and systematic organization; and yet the dominant note was one of criticism of our clientell as co-operative material. Now it is futile to argue on so abstract a question as the human quality of any class in the community; personally I think such distinctions are negligible for practical purposes; but in any case I would deny that the store is up to the present entitled to assert that it has asked the service for bread and been given a stone. It is a pity the early history of this organization were not better known, and that the splendid opportunity that is at our door were not fully appreciated.

To be definite: what I mean by "organization" is some such action as the following (I am only a private in the ranks, but this will be taken in good part). Let there be formed a committee of six or eight on co-operative organization in the service. Let this committee plan in detail a survey of the Government employees in Ottawa, building by building. Let them enlist the machinery of the Civil Service Association, which has made a standing offer of good-will to the Co-operative Association, and let them add to this as the situation demands. As a sample of the sort of end to be achieved, let me say that I would be willing, if asked by such a committee, to become responsible for my own building, which has forty or fifty clerks, and to supply a written report on each to the directors. With the service once covered, room by room in this way, and a series of "responsibles" appointed, a canvasser of the right sort should be able in a couple of weeks in every three or four months, I feel sure, to bring in a constant stream of support. The Trades and Labour Council are doing something like this through the individual unions of the city, and that is why their approach to us was so important. I am not a prophet, but I will venture to predict that in the

working out it will be found that the best outside support will come from the Trades and Labour Council. And why? Simply because the Council will bring to the Co-operative movement the backing of a class and of previously existing organization machinery. Why not realize that the same sort of chance exists in the service? Letters to *The Civilian*, editorials in *The Civilian*, circulars, and "appeals" generally, are not *organization*; they are *advertising*,—all excellent, but not in themselves the thing needful.

But it may be asked: Why take all this trouble to arouse class interest? Simply because, though it seems a hard way, it is really the easiest way to work up a co-operative business. There is no royal road to this end. You can, of course, start a co-operative store as a lawyer hangs out his shingle, but experience has proved, even in England where the public is thoroughly educated on co-operation, that the quickest results are achieved where the store has its root in some class consciousness which may be worked for what it may be worth. Here in Canada where the public is essentially individualistic, where not one in ten has even the crudest notion of co-operation, it is folly to throw yourself on the public to the neglecting of a "fraternal" opportunity. Every co-operative success proves it. Can you show me one that does not? This is not "narrowness" or "exclusiveness"; it is practical business sense, and those co-operators who do not realize it and work upon it are the sentimentalists. For the truth is that co-operative success depends first and last on the quality of your membership, and quality can only be attained by effort, and effort is easiest within a more or less definite area. I would not for one instant say that co-operation is not universal in its applicability, but I do believe that it is shortsighted to think that the civil service store can gain the needful trade only by losing its present identity.

There is another point. We are talking a lot at the moment of branch stores and expansion in general. Now, if there is one thing that stands out prominently in the history of co-operation it is that expansion without efficiency in the organization is disastrous. I believe our directors appreciate this, and that the present is the time par excellence when the machinery of our store should be brought into the smoothest running order, when nothing "sloppy" either in thinking on the part of the directorate or in practice in the details of the store management as a co-operative concern should be left. To accomplish this, nothing would be so effective as some such vigorous campaign of education among the members and the service as that above outlined.

* * *

The way that has been chosen by the Co-operative Association as a result of the recent meetings, is the way of good generalship. As I understand our position now, we do not admit that the throwing open of our membership is our only or even our best weapon for the up-building of our business. We are not banking on "the public." To the labour organizations we are saying that though we admit their ability to help us materially, we think it reasonable they should show that their support is real before asking us to deviate from the path we originally elected to follow, and to weaken even slightly our power to rally our own body,—a view in which they have cordially acquiesced. As a member of the Committee which discussed the matter with the Council's representatives, I would like to testify to the all-round alertness with regard to things co-operative that the Trades and Labour committee possess.

This is an inordinately long letter, but it is allowed to go on the ground that we cannot at this stage have too much discussion of these basic conditions.

R. H. COATS.

Co-operative Store Policy Outlined by a Director.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :

The letter of "Co-op." in your last issue seems to call for some reply and discussion re the aims of the Civil Service Store, and a calm consideration of the facts of the situation.

The facts are, that the store has been successfully operated for over two years, and that at the last annual meeting the directors felt warranted in declaring a small dividend. The achievement of this success is, however, due to the patronage of the general public, who gave the store over fifty per cent. of its income, who practically derive no benefit from dividends as yet, and who patronise the store because of its convenience.

At the annual meeting, when the question of membership was discussed, it was realized that if the store was to pay larger dividends, an enlargement of its membership must be made. The point of cleavage is as to how far this enlargement shall go. There are two parties with different policies;—one which I shall call the half-open party, who are willing to let in, as full members, the relatives of civil servants, and as subscribers the general public on conditions; and the wide-open party which favors the immediate admittance to full partnership of all who may care to join the movement. The result has been a compromise, and the gauntlet has been thrown down, alike to the civil service and the general public, challenging the former to rally in larger numbers to the enlargement of the store's business and thus retain control—if "control" has any virtue per se in true co-operation;—and the latter to gain equality of control by patronising the store to a greater extent than the service does. The civil service has a heavy handicap on the public, who have to start from "scratch."

Another factor in the situation is that the Allied Trades Association has been considering the starting of co-operative stores in Ottawa, and, while it may be true that former co-operative ventures in this city have been uniformly unsuccessful, it does not follow that everyone started hereafter shall prove a failure. Two co-operative concerns virtually in competition would not be good policy, and the Civil Service store membership was wise in sanctioning the extension of privileges even conditionally to all citizens who believe in practical co-operation.

The whole question at issue being an immediate increase of patronage to ensure larger dividends, in my opinion any citizen with the co-operative instinct should be welcomed on equal terms with civil servants. The directors of the store seem to me to be quite justified in thinking that we now have in the membership all civil servants who have the gumption to co-operate, and those who have been waiting to see whether the store "paid" before joining are really entitled to very little consideration, when we have true co-operators knocking at our doors who do not belong to the elect.

Mr. McNeill's word was, that if the service really valued "control" of the store (which he does not) now was the time to show it by joining at once. I trust this explanation will dispose of Co-Op.'s misconception of Mr. McNeill's "threat," and of the "strenuous methods" to which Co-Op. alludes, which were eminently constitutional. — HERBERT T. OWENS, Director, C. S. Store.

A Hen With One Chick.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :

I have read your editorial urging the civil service to rally to the support of the Civil Service Co-operative Association, as well as Mr. McNeill's letter in reference thereto and Co-Op.'s reply, and I am at a loss to see wherein Mr. McNeill has

deserved the charge that is laid against him. From the first and all the time, as many of us know, Mr. McNeill has been a constructive and lifting force in the interest of the Co-operative Association. It is not to be expected that everyone, even though enthusiastic for a cause, will see alike as to the best course to pursue, but when the time comes for action the recommendations of those of greatest experience are surely the safest to follow.

In view of Mr. McNeill's foresight and guidance in the apple growing industry alone, it ill becomes Co-op. to say nasty things about him. By applying the principles of co-operation, Mr. McNeill, along with others, saved this industry from ruin, and placed it in the front rank of rural pursuits. In having available the counsel and help of such a man, the Ottawa Co-operative Store is very fortunate.

So far as I am able to judge from the letter of Mr. McNeill, his anxiety is to increase the value of the co-operative store to the civil servant. It requires no argument to convince anyone of intelligence that increased business means increased profits. To have made a dividend is well but to increase this and thereby still further lower the cost of household necessities by doing a larger trade is much better. So far as I can see the only use the store is to the service is to help reduce the cost of living and it seems childish to fear a movement that means expansion.

The Civil Service Association did a useful thing in organizing the Co-operative Society but time has shown that for adequate expansion a wider field of co-operators than the service affords is required. This is an extremely practical age and level headed people will treat with little consideration a business that is hampered with sentiment. This is shown to be true in every progressive country and is strikingly exemplified in Denmark from which

every other country may take lessons on matters of co-operation.

A short time ago it was my privilege as the secretary of a commission, to investigate at first hand co-operation as applied to agriculture in Denmark. I might have expected to find a great national organization controlling the affairs of all the various branches of co-operative effort but no such thing exists.

At first the farmers wanted to develop the manufacture of and commerce in butter and they formed a co-operative association to aid them. A few years later the same men desired to foster the bacon industry but they were too wise to depend on the parent organization and they established a separate society. A little later these same people wanted to make the most of their eggs and built up a co-operative egg society. All this led up to more generous feeding of the cows, the hogs and the fowl and more feed was needed than the home farms produced. This led to the organizing of an entirely separate body with branches all over the country to buy feeding stuff from abroad and distribute them as cheaply as possible. No, the Danes have no use for sentiment in business and the success of their agriculture has proved their wisdom. To do business is their first consideration and the success to which they have attained through co-operation in making their people prosperous is a tribute to their wisdom.

By all means let us "boost" but let us be wise enough to boost in the direction where there is some hope of reducing the cost of living for the civil servant. The fear that appears to possess the mind of Co-op. is like that of the hen with one chick that is the busiest member of the barnyard and in the autumn has added only one bird to the flock. — J. B. SPENCER.

This department will be continued in the next number.

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position and space, and will be fur-
nished upon application.

Ottawa, Aug. 9, 1913

WHAT A PITY!

Much comment has been caused by the special regulations made, in some branches of the Government service in Ottawa, regarding leave of absence on the 24th of June and the 12th of July. On the former date, French-Canadians were given a holiday with pay; on the latter the members of the Orange Order were similarly favoured. The matter of the injury done to those employees who are not identified with either of these bodies and have, consequently, been allowed no extra holiday, is a small one compared with the glaring folly of introducing this new racial-religious division into the civil service. The great work of Canadian statesmen for a century and a half has been to weld the differing elements of the people into one homogenous whole. "French," "English," "Catholic," "Protestant" are all distinctions inferior, from the national point of view, to the all-embracing "Canadian." The best interests,—the very existence,—of Canada depend on this fusion. All Government and political leaders who have claimed to be great Canadians have sought to further the movement, yet now we witness a great retrograde step, for the public servants, at the seat of government are invited,—offered holidays as an inducement,—to divide themselves into more or less antagonistic parties. What a pity!

IMPERIAL CHANCELLORS AND THE THIRD DIVISION.

In regard to those members of the Third Division of the Ottawa service who were in the service prior to Sept. 1st, 1908, and who passed the examination prescribing for that day and generation, there is an absolute and incontrovertible grievance, measured in the scales of ordinary justice. We get many of our precedents from Great Britain, where the spirit of fair-play is not inscribed in a constitution, but is in the atmosphere of its public life. Like the dicta of Roman Jurisprudentes, the pronouncements of the great men of London's parliament gradually acquire almost legal authority.

Mr. Goshen, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:—

"In the case of public officers who are enabled to allege that in their reasonable expectation, grounded on the rules of public service existing when they entered the service, they had been disappointed through the Acts of Government, there was, he admitted, a grievance."

Mr. Goshen, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:—

"With regard to officers engaged in the service, one fact is quite clear, namely, that rigid good faith must be kept with them, and they should have no reason to complain that the terms upon which they entered have been altered to their detriment."

We would ask the Government and the Civil Service Commissioners two questions:—Does the principle enunciated in the foregoing quotations apply to those servants of the Crown of long standing, who, having passed the old promotion examination, are barricaded in the Third Division by the new law of September, 1908? Are not these great Chancellors of Britain worthy umpires to settle a question of ordinary justice?

The Civilian commends the utterances of these two great authorities to the members of the Third Division whose standing in the service has been prejudiced, with the hope that they may make good use of them.

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.*A Memorial to one of Canada's Greatest Servants.*

Officials of the Geological Survey and Mines branches of the Department of Mines took a leading part in the direction and entertainment of the travelling members of the International Geological Congress. A party of the visiting scientists were in Ottawa on August 1st and were entertained at the Central Experimental Farm and at the Victoria Memorial Museum. The Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden was among those who welcomed them to the Capital.

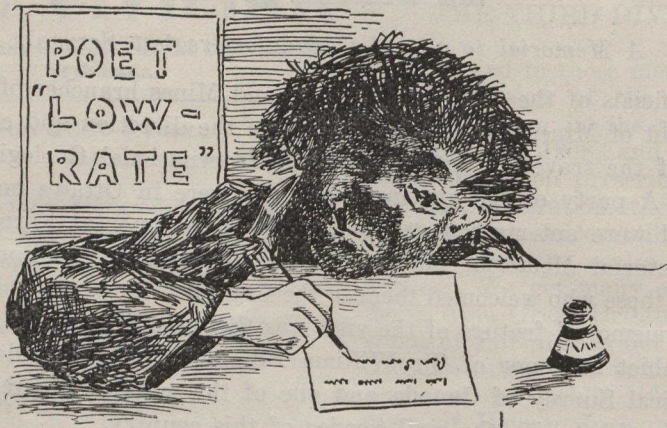
A memorial feature of the visit was the unveiling, at the Museum, of a tablet in honor of Sir William Edmond Logan, founder of the Geological Survey of Canada and one of the most distinguished men ever identified with the civil service of this country.

William Logan was born in Montreal in 1798, of a family from Stirling, Scotland, who had, however, emigrated to the States before the Revolution and came to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists. He was educated in Montreal and Edinburgh and entered commercial life in his native city. The mysteries of geology and mineralogy always fascinated him and a position in mining enterprise at Swansea, Wales, gave him the opportunity his abilities required. Soon his discoveries as to the origin of coal brought his name before the scientific world. In 1841 he was engaged in investigations of the coal areas of Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia.

The government of Canada had long considered the need of a geological survey of the country and finally appointed Logan to conduct the work and appropriated \$7,500 for its expense. With this slender support and a meagre staff the great work was undertaken on May 1st, 1843. In 1845 a grant of \$10,000 per year for five years was made and from that time the Geological Survey of Canada has been a growing and great organization.

Noteworthy achievements brought many medals, degrees and fellowships in learned societies to Director Logan. In 1851 he was in charge of the Canadian geological exhibit at the London exposition, in 1855 he was in Paris in the same capacity. There he received the Grand Gold Medal of Honor and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. Next year saw him the recipient of the Wollaston Palladium Medal and Knighted by Queen Victoria.

His genius for geological research was not more remarkable than the stern restraint which he always exercised in making his findings and reports absolutely in accord with known facts and free from the influence of enthusiasm. Increasing honors and growing appreciation and admiration of his work continued to mark his career until 1875, when he died at Llechryd, in Wales, and was laid to rest in its secluded churchyard.



WHEN SOL BEAMS DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

I swear that this dingbusted heat
 Has raised ten spavins on my feet
 And nearly cooked my liver;
 I feel my system out of plumb
 Although I soak it well with rum
 And douse it in the river.
 My skin has peeled and rolled away,
 My brains have almost turned to whey,
 My appetite has vanished;
 I'd like to see Old Sol, the swine,
 For once or twice forget to shine,
 Or from this earth be banished.
 My temper's always on the blink—
 If I sit down and try to think,
 My think-tank's always addled;
 In summertime, my poor old frame
 Is shaky, and my legs are lame—
 With ills I'm always saddled.
 Yet, Gentle Reader, what's all this
 Compared with all the things we'd miss
 If Sol gave up his sizzle?
 We'd have no summer luscious greens,
 We'd have no melons, prunes or beans,
 The wheat would be a fizzle.
 Up where the Esquimau is King
 They grow no cucumbers—by Jing:
 No squashes—no dill pickles;
 Sea-horse and scalloped Polar Bear
 And griddled whale is all their fare—
 No fruit their palate tickles.
 No, Geraldine: Instead of heat
 They know but forty kinds of sleet,
 Not one of them perspires;
 They never taste the luscious pear,
 Frogs-legs,—sweet corn or Belgian Hare,
 Or those things one admires.
 So let Old Sol pursue his way,
 His is not such a lengthy stay,
 And he performs his duties;
 Just look around and see the spud—
 The juicy plum, as red as blood—
 You must admit they're beauties.

E'en though you feel just like a lake
 With perspiration,—stay awake
 At night awhile, and ponder
 About the things Old Sol brings you,
 The radish, peach, and berry blue,
 So cuss-words do not squander.
 Just dance around awhile and sing
 And howl aloud and say "By Jing,
 By Holysmoke and Thunder;
 Although I feel as hot as Hell
 I must admit with raucous yell,
The Fruit Crop is a Wonder."

SARTOR RESARTUS.

(A Little Girl's Reply to "Risqué Garb and Risqué Rhyme," in *The Civilian* of July 25th, 1913.)

Little man, if I could find
 That the motive of your mind
 Which inspired your risqué rhyme
 Was in some degree sublime,—
 Some expression of your heart
 Not expressly to be smart;

If your purpose seemed to me
 Censure in sincerity,
 That plain virtue might alone
 For your verses' vice atone,
 Which is plainly, as I see,
 Metrical immodesty.

But no hint of hand I find
 Caustic chiefly to be kind;
 In no line is kindness keen,
 Since the motive lies between.
 Coarse may be the grain and chaff,
 If the sower raise a Laugh.

If a little girl must be
 Sport for his pop-gunnery,
 If the mail-clad poet's wit
 Male-clad follies cannot hit,
 Chivalry might still, forsooth,
 Point his goose's quill with Truth.

And the truth is, little man,
Not till now, since Dress began,
Have the clothes of womankind
Simply, sensibly combined
All that now they do embrace:
Comfort, freedom, health and grace.

Slipped the shackles are at last
Of the bondage of the past;
Compress corsage, weighty skirt
Dragged, perforce, in dust and dirt,—
Every overdressing ache
Borne for man's convention's sake.

Women have outgrown the stage
Of their great-grandmothers' age,
When a maiden blushed to see—
(Conscious of her prudery)—
In the presence of her beaux,
Half an inch of home-spun hose!

Beauty walks abroad today
Linked with Nature, in the play
Of each free and lissome limb;
Naught immodest is to him
Who, with an untroubled mind,
Only beauty seeks to find.

Little man, it is your sex
Who their own conventions vex.
When they strut less nakedly,
Posing, by the summer sea,
For our glances, on the beach,—
You may be ordained to preach.

In your philanthropic "throes"
You would take us to the "shows,"
Where Miss Décolletée in tights
Male propriety delights,
Or Miss Gauzy Barefoot dances
In the light of first-row glances.

Unlined "flannels"; ditto "sack";
Zephyr shirt on brawny back;
B.V.D's, (perhaps); a belt;
Silk socks; pumps; a two-ounce "felt"
Tops the haberdasher's tale.
This your brave "warm weather mail"!

O, my "belted" summer knight!
In your modest armor dight,
When at little girls again
Rough you ride with poet's pen,
Bear this line en souvenance:
HONNI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

YOUNG BLOOD.

By Lloyd Roberts.

They took me from forests and they put me in the town,
They bid me learn the wisdom the wise men have laid down;
To put by my childish ways
And forget my Golden Days,
With my feet upon the ladder that runs up to high renown.

So I would not hear the voices that were calling day and night,
And I would not see the visions that were ever in my sight;
But I mingled with the throngs,
Heard their curses and their songs,
And watched the brimming glasses lift to catch the yellow light.

But I was not meant to wander where the wild things never came,
Where the night-time was like day-time and the seasons were the same;
Where the city's sullen roar
Ever surged against my door,
And the only peace was battle and the only goal was fame.

For my blood pulsed hot within me and the prize seemed wondrous small,
And my soul cried out for freedom in a world beyond a wall;
Oh, fame can well be sung
By those no longer young,
By wisdom, age and learning, but youth transcends them all.

So I'll let the spring of life well up and drown the empty quest,
And I'll watch the stars more bright than fame gleam red along the crest;
And taste the driving rain
Between my lips again,
And know that to the blood of youth the open road is best!

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

How I Got the Hook.

The title of this sketch may suggest to some a gruesome tale of official persecution or editorial vengeance. The Sign of the Wooden Leg was not swinging in its place on Civilian street last week, but it is not of this that I write. Nor do I intend to unfold the woeful history of wrongs inflicted by an indifferent minister or a perverse commission. There are hooks and hooks, and the one whereby I hang this tale is the common hook of commerce obtainable at any hardware store for seven cents.

It is now eight years since I made my first effort to obtain this hook of which I speak. I had toiled for some ten years for the State and I thought that the hook was due to my official position. For those ten years I had toiled without a peg on which to hang my hat. I had toiled without complaint, for was I not thankful that I had a head on which to place my tile when the day's work was over, so thankful for that that I did not feel aggrieved over the lack of a hook on which to suspend it during office hours? But with an elevation in my status came pride. I felt that my hat was not being treated properly when I placed it in the waste paper basket in the morning. Sometimes, when a superior officer was on leave, I would use his hook, and the idea of a hook of my own with "S.W." inscribed plainly beneath it would tempt me to dreams of grandeur which the return of the hook-owner and my consequent debasement would change to fits of despair. The freshly painted shingle of the young lawyer or physician was

not more a thing of delight to them than the hook that I should have was to me.

My wishes became so strong at last that I asked the head of the room one day if he did not think that he could have another hook set in the wall for my use. He was a kind man when not otherwise engaged. He thought it could be arranged. He would make a memorandum of it. Accordingly he wrote a few lines, half in shorthand and half in long, on a sheet of paper, which he impaled on an old fashioned fyle (pronounced file). That was the beginning—act one, scene one, of the drama which extended over eight years.

Each morning for two months I came to the office with a thumping heart. Would I see my hook in its place when I entered the room? Would it be of brass, or copper, or iron? Would it be a single hook for hat alone or a combination hook with generous provision for my coat also? Thus I pondered, but each morning I had to stow my hat away in the waste paper basket.

After two months of alternate nights of hope and mornings of discouragement, I spoke again to the head of the room. He remembered my request. Yes, he had made a memorandum of it. Beastly things, memos were for busy people. One was so apt to overlook them. But he would attend to the matter at once. And I heard him dictate to the stenographer what sounded to me at first like a recommendation for my promotion, but it was merely an assurance to the Head of the Branch that Mr. Wegg was a fit and proper person

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to enjoy the privileges of an individual hook and that he (the head of the room) recommended that he (the Head of the Branch) should request the Deputy Minister to make requisition on the Department of Public Works for the installation of a hook in Room No. 23 in accordance with specifications to be furnished to the Department of Public Works by the head of the said room.

I felt that the worst was over, although I knew something of the delays in procedure. A week more, at least, and my hat would have a hook and home of its own. I let three weeks pass by without making any inquiries as to the progress made in the matter. Then I again approached the head of the room. He was rather annoyed on account of my persistence, but promised to investigate the case. He dictated another memorandum to the Head of the Branch "with reference to the memorandum of the 20th ult. regarding a recommendation that the Deputy Minister, etc., etc." He also advised me to have patience. Rome, he informed me, was not built in a day, and when he was a clerk in my position,—you know what he said without me telling it to you.

I learned to cultivate patience, a plant of slow growth watered with tears. The winter had come again. I knew this because it was during the winter that I had to double up my overcoat in the office and sit on it. I thought it was time to push my case. I did not go to the foot of the throne. I tackled the Chief of the Branch. He, too, was a kind man after his own way, and one who found that memoranda were beastly things apt to be overlooked. He sympathized with me and with my hat and with my overcoat. He assured me also that it had required time for the building of a city called Rome. And he dictated, in my presence, a recommendation to the Deputy Minister for a hook to be installed in Room 23 after specifications to be supplied by the head of the said room.

I will not tire you with all the ne-

gotiations which ensued. The Deputy Minister, a kind man who found that memoranda were beastly things certain to be overlooked, and who had authentic information about the building of Rome, remembered one day some three years after the opening of this story to send a requisition to the Department of Public Works for a hook for Room 23.

I had lost faith, but still had hope. I knew now what a requisition was. They come in battalions to the Public Works Department and the replies thereto issue forth like single spies. The Public Works Department is, in fact, like the lions' den, towards which you can see the tracks of many feet, but from which—ah, me—but still I dreamed.

It may be months, or years, or days. I kept no count, I took no note—but one day two stern-faced men entered Room 23 and asked if a hook was needed there. Did I leap from my chair to embrace them? Did I kiss them each on either cheek? No, I fainted. When I came to, I learned that they had gone, but that they would send a corps of surveyors to make plans for the hook as soon as some of the staff returned from the Georgian Bay.

And the surveyors did come, with transits and theodolites and other implements of their craft. They came, but the Sun had passed to the other side of the building, and they could not get "the Meridian elevation," or something like that, which was very important at any rate.

It rained for forty days after that, St. Swithin's feast having intervened. In the meantime my requisition was lost somewhere in the Devonian stratum of the Department. But my dream was too near fulfilment for me to call off the chase at that point. I enlisted the help of the Dominion Police, and managed to get the requisition just as it was going down for the third time. Then I coralled the surveyors, — and one night, when churchyards yawned and hell itself breathed forth contagion to the world

I entered Room 23 with a hammer concealed in my hip pocket and drove a temporary nail into the window casing near my desk. Thus it was I got the hook.

A COURAGEOUS DEPUTY MINISTER.

A well-known Ottawa civil servant is likely to be presented with the Royal Canadian Humane Association medal for life saving. Mr. G. J. Desbarats, deputy minister of Naval Affairs was the hero of a thrilling rescue from drowning at the swimming pool at Banff, when the party of the Hon. Mr. Hazen had stopped there during the recent western trip. A fifteen-year-old boy had got beyond his depth and was drowning when Mr. Desbarats, having just arrived upon the scene, plunged in with his clothes on and seized the imperilled lad. The boy, terrified beyond control, grasped Mr. Desbarats round the neck with such a grip that it was only by strenuous methods and a hard struggle that the rescuer reached shallow water with his burden. Both were completely exhausted.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Thomas L. Kilmartin, clerk in the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, was drowned in the Ottawa river off Woodroffe on Sunday, July 27th. Mr. Kilmartin had eaten a hearty dinner and went out in a rowboat with three friends to have a swim. He was first in the water and, being seized with cramp, sank before aid could reach him. The body was not recovered for an hour, when life was extinct. Deceased was in his twenty-second year. His father, two sisters and a brother survive,—the latter being Mr. Ambrose Kilmartin of the Interior Department. The funeral was held in Ottawa on the 29th.

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Woman's place in the world is undergoing a tremendous change. Opinion differs as to whether this is for the benefit of the future of the human race or not. Under this heading there has appeared reports of representations made to the government of the United Kingdom on behalf of "equal pay for equal work," regardless of sex. The ladies have advanced some strong arguments on this behalf, some of which will be presented in a future number. In the meantime the editor of this column thinks it well to reproduce a clipping from a London paper which was received from a subscriber with the request that it be published. It is presented to the women readers in the service with the hope that they will read it thoughtfully and with all due consideration for the Biological and Sociological problems involved. If any opinions are aroused, either favourable or adverse, to those expressed below, they will be published in this column. The clipping is as follows:—

A vigorous challenge to the higher education of women is flung down by Dr. M. S. Pembrey, the well-known biologist and lecturer in physiology at Guy's Hospital, in the new number of Science Progress. The old-fashioned view of women's place in nature, he declares, is the one supported by biological knowledge. The slur cast upon our Victorian mothers has not been properly resented. It is true that they did not glory in competing in mental and physical contests with men, but they could and did bear large and healthy families.

"The possession of a baby," he says, "is of more value to the State than a first-class certificate in classics or a silver trophy for sport." As the result of the higher education of women and their employment in posts which might be filled by men, we have late marriages, which are

bad for the health and morals of both sexes and bad for the State, as the family will be smaller and less vigorous.

"The so-called higher education of women," he asserts, "is not a good ideal for either woman, man or the State. Education at a university for three or four years makes a considerable demand upon the bodily, mental, and pecuniary resources of the woman, and there is little doubt that these would be more useful to all concerned if they were devoted to, or reserved for, marriage.

WIVES AS SECRETARIES.

"There is no evidence that the middle-aged intellectual woman makes a better wife or mother. The indications are all the other way. The woman who is married for her services as a cheap secretary or assistant in her husband's intellectual pursuits is as much degraded as the wife who is valued only as a cheap housekeeper and cook."

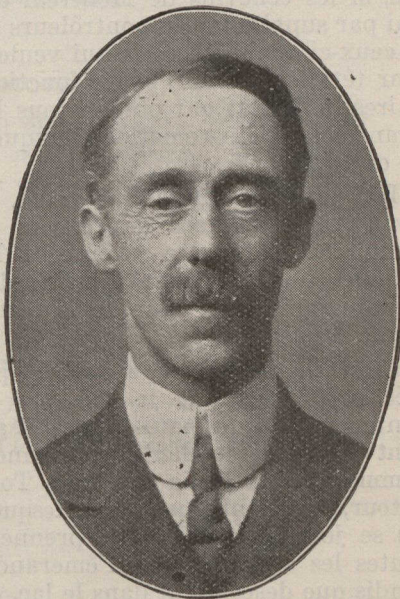
OTTAWA CIVIL SERVANT.

There is in the Immigration Branch of the Department of the Interior, a very popular official named Thomas Bernard Willans, whose portrait appears above. He is a first cousin of the Premier of England, the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Mr. Willans' mother and Mr. Asquith's father having been brother and sister.

Mr. Willans is a very modest, unassuming gentleman, who has been connected with the Immigration Branch for nearly seven years. He is one of the Travelling Inspectors and has done very efficient work, particularly in the inspection of arrivals coming via Portland, Maine, during the winter.

Mr. Willans came to Canada nearly 26 years ago. He was born at Rochdale, in the county of Lancashire, England; which village produced such famous men as John Bright and Richard Cobden.

On coming to Canada, Mr. Willans started as an ordinary homesteader, going through the arduous life incident to such settlers. However, he 'proved up' and obtained his patent. Before becoming a regular member of the Immigration



THOMAS BERNARD WILLANS.
Inspector of Immigration.

staff, Mr. Willans delivered for the Department, a series of forty lectures in Great Britain, setting forth the advantages of Canada. He is married and has one daughter. He resides in Ottawa during the winter, and at Meach's Lake in the summer, although of course his duties require him to be away from home a great portion of the time.

Notwithstanding his retiring disposition Mr. Willans has a host of friends throughout Canada, to whom his unvarying affability has endeared him.

EN VACANCES.

A l'heure où j'envoie cette lettre à mes amis du "Civilian", je suis loin du service civil, de ses joies et de ses déboires, de ses sautes de satisfaction et de ses mauvaises surprises qui abattent.

Depuis dix jours je n'ai pas ouvert un journal. J'ignore donc s'il existe encore des Turcs et des Bulgares, si Mexico est sous la domination du gouvernement ou des révolutionnaires, si les échevins de Montréal ont fini par supplanter les contrôleurs ou si ceux-ci ont mâté ceux qui veulent leur tête, et surtout, si les fonctionnaires de l'Etat ont obtenu tous les avancements et promotions auxquels ils ont droit.

Ici, point de bureau de poste, et pour que ces lignes imprégnées de sapin et de fougère atteignent les lecteurs de notre revue, il me faudra une longue course pour les remettre à une diligence.

C'est de peine et de misère que j'écris, distrait que je suis par la contemplation des eaux bleues et argent du lac Tremblant, qui somnole comme un bon génie au repos. Tout autour, les montagnes, dans lesquelles se joue un soleil d'or, prennent toutes les nuances de l'émeraude, tandis que descendant dans le lac, en pentes douces et multifformes, elles s'y baignent en s'y admirant. On dirait la bague de la fiancée d'un dieu des bois, un diamant étincelant couronné par un chapelet de pierres vertes dans un écrin de soie d'azur.

Et ce magnifique lac Tremblant, combien de fois ne me suis-je pas levé aux premiers chants des oiseaux pour aller y surprendre dans leurs ébats les truites orgueilleuses et vaillantes. Il n'est pas un pêcheur — un vrai — qui n'ait entendu vanter les eaux poissonneuses de ces incomparables lacs parsemés dans les Laurentides, dans ces superbes régions du Nord, où le célèbre et excellent curé de Saint-Jérôme, Mgr Labelle, a laissé un souvenir qui ne se fanera jamais.

La truite — et quel pêcheur n'a frémi à ce seul nom! — elle fourmille dans ces lacs. N'allez pas croire, toutefois, que le dernier des mortels n'a qu'à jeter sa ligne à l'eau pour y voir accroché un poisson frétilant, sautillant, faisant mille cabrioles au bout de l'hameçon perfide. Abondantes sont les truites, moins nombreux, cependant, sont les bons pêcheurs et une belle pêche n'appartient qu'aux valeureux et aux patients. Elle sied bien à l'homme, la modestie. Je tairai donc mes exploits dans le lac Tremblant. Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Ce qui fait le bonheur de l'un fait le malheur de l'autre, dit-on souvent. Et chacun, à tort ou à raison, est libre de prendre son plaisir comme il l'entend et là où il le trouve. Me blâmera-t-on si j'avoue ne rien connaître de plus agréable que de fuir la civilisation, s'enfoncer dans la profondeur des bois, s'arrêter sur les bords d'un lac, oublier durant quelques semaines toutes les exigences de la vie sociale.

Dormir à la belle étoile ou sous la tente, faire sa bouillotte en plein air, vivre de sa chasse ou de sa pêche, et rêver, le soir, quand dans l'infinie quiétude du jour qui s'en va, on contemple les flambeaux de Dieu qui s'allument dans l'espace, quoi de plus grand?

Que l'homme alors se trouve infime dans cet enveloppant et impressionnant silence de la nature épanouie dans la sereine splendeur de la nuit!

Et plus il se sent petit, plus il est grand en se rapprochant de Celui dont la main invisible met tout en mouvement.

Rodolphe GIRARD.

A clergyman was examining a class of small boys in Sunday-school. "Can any of you tell me what is the meaning of divers diseases?" he asked. Two small boys began, in an undertone, to compare notes. Presently one of them looked up. "Please, sir," he said, "it's water on the brain!"

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Personals.

The following list includes changes in the personnel of the service from April 1st to June 30th, 1913, as far as obtainable.

Appointments.

Agriculture Dept.:—Clyde Leavitt, Div. 1A, Chief Forester; A. J. Logsdail, Div. 2A, Exper. Farms; Geo. E. Parham, Supt. Exper. Farm, Invermere, B.C.; Miss Gladys Vipond, Div. 3B, Miss F. K. Shore, Div. 3B, A. L. Allan, Div. 3B, K. MacBrien, Div. 3B, Seed Branch; Wylie Baird, Supt. Exper. Farm, Nappan, N.S.; Fred. C. Elford, Div. 1B, Exper. Farms Bch.

Customs Dept.:—A. R. Wellington, Port Arthur, prev. officer; Alex. Watson, Woodstock; A. N. Smith, W. C. Eagan, C. H. Price, R. H. Teale, Bridgeburg, prev. officers; R. L. Henry, Windsor, prev. officer; W. H. Stephenson, Prescott, prev. officer.

The following have been confirmed in their positions as sub-collectors at the outports indicated:—Benj. Hill, Boissevain; Levi Stockton, Souris; P. R. Baker, Crystal City; Aug. Kerham, Burdett; D. R. Ware, Medicine Hat; D. G. Horn, Red Deer; J. B. Sanborn, Vermilion; T. C. Rubbra, Wetaskiwan; J. F. Parrish, Caraston; W. G. P. Roch, Maple Creek; John Banks, Swift Current; H. C. Williamson, Wood Mountain; W. H. Beale, Prince Albert; E. St. G. Hodson, Rosethern; V. M. Scribner, Ocean Falls; H. C. Flewin, Fort Simpson; A. E. Boyer, Kelowna.

Promotions.

Agriculture Dept.:—W. T. Macoun to Div. 1A; Roy S. Hamer to Div. 1B. The following to Div. 1B:—C. H. L. Sharman, A. E. Moore, A. E. Powell, T. C. Evans, S. Hadwen. The following to Div. 2A:—T. F. Astle, W. A. Fraser, A. B. Wickware, V. Fortier, M. C. O'Hanly, C. G. Brown, J. F. Bergoend, A. Nowlan, D. D. Gray, O. C. White, F. E. Buck, F. W. Patterson, J. G. Bouchard, C. G. Rogers. The following to Div. 3A—

J. H. LaRocque, Miss M. Dewar, Mrs. J. G. Bonneville, Miss B. J. Langford, Miss A. Kier, Miss M. St. Germain, Mrs. S. Hunter, Miss J. Fisher, Miss J. M. Kilburn, Miss L. Reardon, Miss E. Bartlett, Mrs. T. Mahon, Miss L. Brown, H. G. Clarke, Mrs. A. H. Hubbell, Miss M. A. Hanlon, Miss R. Ralston, Miss H. Hill, Miss L. Mohr, Miss B. M. Kilburn, Miss M. A. Prentiss.

Customs:—O. J. McShane to asst. appraiser; W. A. Neal to prev. off., N. Portal; F. P. Colter to prev. off., Fredericton; H. M. Baker to prev. off., Summerside; J. H. Blackley to asst. appraiser, Halifax; J. C. Barton to prev. off., Vancouver; D. A. Bird to prev. off., Belleville. The following to the rank of senior clerks:—R. C. Maxwell, R. W. Trythall, C. A. Whitehead, Vancouver; A. Calderwood, G. F. D. Simpson, Victoria; F. D. Patterson, Calgary; L. O. Lamoureux, John E. Lee, John Rea, Edmonton; E. deB. Peake, Charlottetown; J. C. Creelman, Truro. The following from messengers to preventive officers, Toronto:—Herbert Bee, T. D. Elson, C. E. May, F. J. Glionna, W. J. McCallum, W. F. O'Brien. Bouchette Anderson to prev. off., Toronto; D. Patterson, Pictou, to prev. off.; N. E. Hall, R. D. Kennedy, P. J. Power, Halifax, to prev. officers; G. Dean, J. J. Haygarth, Hamilton, to prev. officers; J. H. McLeod, Prince Rupert, to collector.

Resignations.

Agriculture Dept.:—Miss F. G. Ker, Experimental Farms; Miss L. Mohr, Patent Branch; R. Robertson, Supt. Exper. Farm, Nappan, N.S.

Customs Dept.:—J. E. Bigelow, Canning; T. J. Williams, Calgary; H. S. Blanchard, J. McIlroy, Winnipeg; J. C. O. Briere, Montreal; D. Coristine, Osoyoos, B.C.; Pierre Paradis, Montreal; Thos. N. Hay, Toronto; N. S. Marshall, Big Muddy, Sask.; F. L. Kincaid, Board of Customs; Jos. Q. Maunsell, Inside Service; Elmo J. Fraser, Coutts, Alta.; A. Roy Morrison, Toronto; L. J. Cyr, Edmunston,

N.B.; Chas. Mallory, Rondeau, Ont.; Geod. McHaffie, Toronto; P. F. Boyle, London; A. E. Harrison, Calgary; Alex. Nickle, Montreal; Hugh Leahy, Prescott; John E. Potts, Toronto; J. P. Vroom, sub. coll., Wadena, B.C.

Superannuations.

John Murphy, Customs, Prescott.

Transfers.

Customs Dept. :—Gordon H. Pickel, from Rock Island to Sherbrooke, P.Q.; Stephen H. Waggoner, from Montreal to Inside Service (Div. 2B); J. G. Hamilton, from Emerson to Winnipeg; W. M. Goodin, from Board of Customs to sub. coll., Rock Island; Geo. H. Cook, from Inside to Outside Service, Quebec; Emile Barrette, from messenger, Inside Service, to prev. off., Outside Service, Ottawa; W. J. Fraser, from Inside to Outside Service, Ottawa; Chas. E. Lafontaine, from Inside to Board of Customs; Frank H. Blake, from Inside to Outside, Board of Customs; Fred E. Hare, from Port of Toronto to General Inspection staff.

General.

Mr. J. H. Grisdale, agriculturist of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, has been touring Southern Manitoba to select a site for a new experimental farm in that region.

Mr. J. W. Borden has returned from a trip to the Old Country.

Mr. J. Obed Smith, superintendent of emigration from Great Britain and Europe to Canada, is at present on a visit to the Dominion which he so ably represents.

Mr. Richard Patching, of the Forestry Branch, Department of the Interior, received the sad news of the death of his mother at Chiswick, London, England.

Officials of many departments who have had to do with Mr. J. C. Shipman as foreman of the Parliamentary Room at the Printing Bureau, join in congratulating him on his well-earned promotion to a superior position.

Mr. Alex. Johnston, Deputy Min-

ister, Mr. J. G. McPhail, commissioner of lights, and Col. Anderson, chief engineer, all of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, have been down the Gulf of St. Lawrence on a lighthouse inspection trip.

M. C. Goodsir, lately Immigration Inspector at Niagara Falls, has purchased a dry goods business in that city.

Mr. W. A. Warne, chief statistician of the Department of Trade and Commerce, and Mrs. Warne, having toured the British Isles with the bowling team, are now on a trip to Switzerland.

Charlotte Dorothea, widow of the late Henry T. Fosbery of the Department of Finance, Ottawa, died in St. John, N.B., on July 28th, aged 69 years. The funeral was held in Ottawa on the 31st.

Miss M. M. McPherson, of the Finance Department, is spending her vacation at her home in New Glasgow, N.S.

Mr. Chas. Willox, of the Immigration Service, Niagara Falls, and Mrs. Willox, are holidaying in Muskoka.

Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, has returned from a trip to the Old Country.

Miss H. B. Splane, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, is camping with friends on Rideau Lake.

Dr. D. D. Wilson, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, is spending his vacation in Belleville.

Mr. James Dunnett, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, was married at Carleton Place, Ont., on July 30th, by Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair, to Jeannie M. Sutherland, daughter of the late W. D. Sutherland, of Dunedin, N.Z.

A young man who groundlessly prided himself on his wit met an eminent but hypersensitive artist who was famous for his modelling. "So you're the chap," he said, on being introduced, "who makes the mud heads?" "Not all of them!" the sculptor replied.

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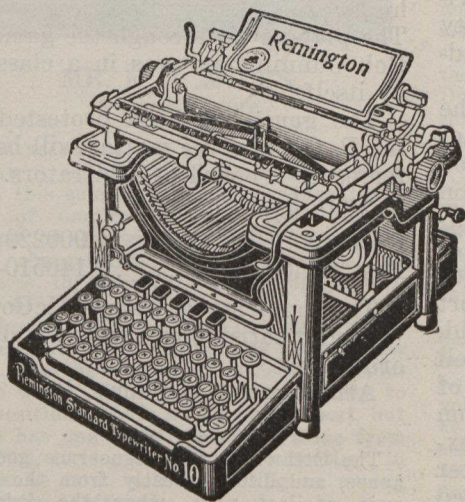
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Athletics.

C. S. Baseball in Old St. John.

Customs 13. Post Office 11.

Fog and rain failed to dampen the ardor of the athletes of the Government service and despite the inclement weather the picked ball tossers from the Customs and the Post Office battled for honors on the Marathons grounds Thursday afternoon, July 24th.:

His Majesty's Customs team flung to the breeze the banner of victory after six innings of strenuous ball in which the Post Office nine was vanquished by the score of 13 to 11.

All honor to the masterful heaving of the veteran Tilley, whose elusive benders completely mystified the doughty sluggers of the mail service. Honor and acclaim and the laurel crown to the old timer who again hurled his team to glory, notwithstanding the burden of a parabolic curve along the lines of the vest buttons. Strategy marked the course of events, and all the love of the days of balk and bang, together with the last word in inside stuff, was evident as the crafty and bloodthirsty rivals fought for victory on the sodden field.

Trifles were set aside and only the serious business of scoring was of moment, so that the men bothered not about uniforms, but appeared on the diamond garbed as fancy dieted and fancy went some at that.

The wizards in fielding were: For the Customs, Artie McHugh, short stop and Keith Barbour, left field, bringing to one's mind the well known and popular pictures of "Mutt and Jeff." While Lavigne on first and Coughlan in centre field excelled for the Post Office. The latter showed speed that would have added new laurels to "Ty" Cobb's fame. Once when a fast drive went out his way he fortunately saw it coming and turned and ran for the fence with the speed of a race horse, but

when he arrived there and turned around, the ball was nowhere in sight, having dropped in the grass when he was endeavouring to make a new running record. McLaughlin of the P. O. staff (not Ross of the Customs for he was conspicuous by his absence, being engaged at his summer home at McLaughlinville sporting in "Sunny Jim" his speedy water craft) played in left field and the feature of the game was when in the fourth inning he ran up the field a distance of thirty yards and with a flying leap in to the air nearly hauled down a foul ball. The Vancouver boots of fielder Quinlan were a noticeable feature, and the millmen's strike now on here faded away into utter insignificance compared to the strikes of Artie McHugh.

The base running of Keith Barbour might be compared to the advancement of the Street Railway Company to Kane's Corner. Generally speaking, the class of the baseball put up by both teams was of the big league order. A beautiful stop at the end of the 6th inning was made by Chas. Tilley and assisted by his backer "Lanky Bob" on second. The playing all through the game by Bob Cunningham was in a class all by itself.

The game has been protested by the P. O.'s and the matter will be referred to a board of arbitrators.

Score by innings:—

Customs	900220—13
Post Office	140510—11

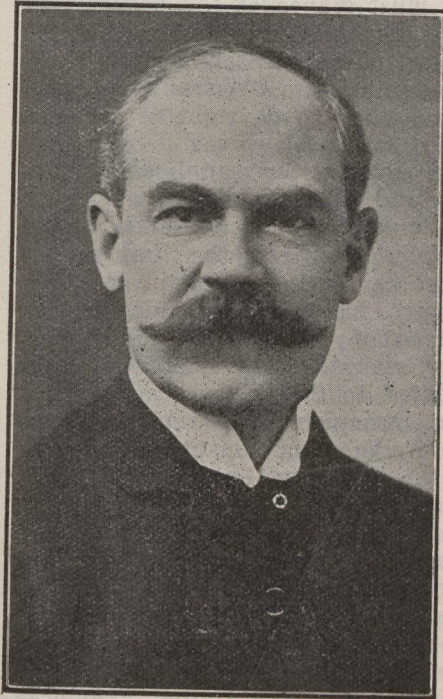
The umpiring of James McGowan was most satisfactory and of a classy order.

Attendance—"Dreamy."



The Ottawa C. S. League race goes on apace, and differs greatly from the walk over of last year, when the Printing Bureau went through the season without a defeat. Now, one day the P. O. team are on top; the next, Customs are leading, with one or two other nines distinctly in the running. This is what lends a fascination to the game. The standard of play

is distinctly rising. What could have been more enjoyable than the pitchers' battle in the match P. O. vs. Customs on July 31st in which the latter won 2-1? Each of these teams has defeated the other once. Now for the 'rubber'!



MR. E. A. MILES.
A Good Umpire.

The accompanying photo is that of Mr. Edwin A. Miles, who has on many occasions this summer filled the arduous position of umpire for the Civil Service League of Ottawa. Mr. Miles' work has been characterized by impartiality and firmness, together with a thorough knowledge of the game. These are the great desiderata, in any sport, but particularly in baseball, where the various plays follow each other in such rapid succession. Added to which Mr. Miles imparts dignity to the position. He is an all round sport, but if he has one other weakness, aside from baseball, it is probably motor boating, in which he is a well known figure among the river craftsmen.

Mr. Miles was originally a Torontonian, and has been in the Statistical Branch of the Customs Department since 1906.



On a recent occasion the writer journeyed out to Lansdowne Park to witness one

of the C. S. League. What was his surprise, to find a lacrosse match in progress. It had been three years since he had seen the game played, nevertheless he enjoyed it immensely. The play was fast and continuous and comparatively free from rough work. At the conclusion a veteran player, well known throughout Canada, said to him, with (almost) tears in his eyes, "That beat's all the baseball in the world."

Now that professional lacrosse seems to be on its last legs, it would not be surprising if the old game 'came back' revived and purified by its passage through the dark waters.



The following is the standing of the Civil Service League on Aug. 7:

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	P.C.
Customs	10	2	0	833
Census	8	2	0	800
Post Office	6	2	1	750
Bureau	5	3	0	625
West Block	4	4	1	500
Trans. Ry.	2	7	0	222
Immigration	2	9	0	181
Surveys	1	8	0	111



Various United States athletes, have from time to time been accused in English sporting circles of—to say the least—un-sportsmanlike actions, and 'sharp practice.' At the last English Marathon charges were made that glass had been strewn on the course to be covered by the English and South African 100 yard runners. Then there were the statements—afterwards verified—of patent telescopic sights on the rifles used at Seagirt against the British team. All will remember Lord Dunraven's vehement declarations as to shifting ballast in the America's cup races, which charges the New York Yacht Club threw out. But however justified the above charges were, the latest form of 'kick,' viz., that of British Lawn Tennis players against the new "star" McLoughlin of San Francisco, is not consistent with the traditional instinct of British sportsmanship on a broad scale.

It would appear that McLoughlin, who has been playing in first class tennis since he was fifteen years old—eight years—has, by continuous and untiring practice, developed a 'smashing' service which, when he gets it in, is simply unplayable. Of course it does not always come off; hence McLoughlin's defeat recently at Wimbledon, by both Wilding and Pierce, in the singles. But even if he won on every ball he served, there is no reason the 'smash' should be barred, as some experts in England advocate (as was done with the 'spot stroke' in billiards). This would be childish. What would be thought of barring a bowler in cricket because he had develop-

ed an unplayable 'break'? When the great Australian, Spaffarth, of 25 years ago, mowed down the English wickets simply by his speed, many thought the old game had reached its finish, but it didn't. So it will be with tennis.



Department of Interior—Rifle Association of Ottawa.

Scores for Saturday, 26th July, 1913:—

	900	1000	Tl.
A. W. Joanes	37	44	—81
J. M. Roberts	39	36	—75
W. R. Latimer	30	44	—74
W. A. Purdy	38	33	—71
A. McCracken	41	30	—71
J. H. Brigly	23	45	—68
A. A. Cohoon	32	36	—68
E. Turcotte	34	32	—66
J. J. Carr	28	36	—64
W. Thompson	9	41	—50
A. H. Flindt	20	30	—50
P. A. Wood	20	27	—47
J. H. Corry	21	24	—45
C. A. E. Clendinnen	24	15	—39
J. N. Ferguson	24	14	—38
A. E. Shore	10	26	—36
C. J. Wallis	21	12	—33
*F. D. Henderson	31	..	—31
*A. Braidwood	30	..	—30

*Did not shoot in 1,000 yard range.

First class spoon—A. W. Joanes.

Second class spoon—J. H. Corry.

Scores for Saturday, 2nd August:—

	200	500	600	Tl.
A. A. Cohoon	32	34	33	—99
W. R. Latimer	30	34	33	—97
E. Turcotte	31	31	34	—96
W. A. Purdy	30	34	31	—95
A. W. Joanes	31	32	31	—94
J. H. Brigly	32	31	31	—94
W. Thompson	31	33	30	—94
A. H. Flindt	31	33	27	—91
P. A. Wood	28	34	28	—90
J. H. Corry	30	25	32	—87
A. Braidwood	25	33	28	—86
J. J. Carr	29	28	26	—83
J. N. Ferguson	26	29	25	—80
C. J. Wallis	22	19	20	—61
J. DesLauriers	24	21	15	—60

First class Spoon—A. A. Cohoon.

Second Class Spoon—J. H. Corry.

Natural History Series.

There's a bird in the Zoo called a Pelican,
Whose mouth holds more than his Belican;
He can hold in his beak
Enough food for a week,
But I do not see how in the Helican.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

By "Victor" in the Civil Service Gazette.

In order to understand the position of the civil servant in India, we must glance at the government of India and see something of the theory on which it is based. India is essentially an Oriental country, in which the Divine right of kings is still held. "A Deo rex, a Rege lex" is a motto strictly applicable to India, and well exemplified in the proceedings at the recent Delhi Durbar.

Since, however, the Emperor of India cannot be present in person, a deputy has to be provided in the person of the Viceroy and Governor-General. The nobleman appointed to this high office is Viceroy, inasmuch as he represents the Sovereign; but constitutionally he is the Governor-General in Council, and all acts of the government of India are performed by that entity. Under the government of India are the various provinces into which India is divided. These are Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, each having a Governor appointed from London; the Punjab, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, Behar and Orissa (Lower Bengal), and Burma, each having a Lieutenant-Governor, who is a Senior Indian Civil Servant appointed by the Governor-General; the North-West Frontier Province, Central Provinces, and Assam, each having a Chief Commissioner from the Service. Each Governor has an Executive Council composed of the senior officials in his province. In each province there is also a Legislative Council comprising official and non-official members.

The Indian Civil Servant has duties to perform which may be judicial, executive, administrative, or fiscal. Since revenue is

The Basis of all Things,

the last had better come first. The theory of Indian Government is that

all land belongs to the Emperor, and that consequently all rent is revenue due to government. Thus the first task of government is to fix and collect the land revenue. This involves cadastral surveys from time to time, and periodical settlements of the amount of revenue is to be collected. Each province is, therefore, divided into districts. Over each district is a fairly senior official styled the Collector. (The Collector must by no means be identified with the water-rate collector of suburban London.) Under the Collector are Assistant and deputy collectors. The young civilian starts as an assistant collector. He is generally appointed to one of the country (called *mo-fussil*) districts. Here he learns the A B C of revenue administration, a certain amount of law, and an Indian language. He also takes part in the proceedings in the Collector's Court, and acquires a certain familiarity with the procedure relating to land settlement, revenue appeals, and matters incidental thereto. A large part of its work is accomplished in the cold weather tours, which involve life in tents. This is very enjoyable, and brings him into intimate contact with the daily life of the people, and constitutes probably the most valuable experience he can acquire.

Soon the young man has a choice between the Judicial and the Executive branches. If he chooses the former, he becomes in time a District and Sessions Judge, and may eventually become a Puisne Judge of the High Court of his province. There has lately been a good deal of nonsense talked about the civilian Judges; but all who know India are aware that they form a very useful part of the Indian Bench—indispensable if justice is to be dispensed with common-sense and knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of the Indian peoples. The weak point about our Indian Courts is the tendency to al-

low straight justice to be overlaid with legal subtleties and technical quibbles. Probably this is the case everywhere; the lawyer—to paraphrase the famous saying about Dr. Busby—is a beast, but a necessary beast. In India, however, the peculiarities of

The Native Psychology

render the native most naïvely inclined to confide in the "straightness" of the Sahib and his justice. The civilian Judge, who has made a lifelong study of Indian ways, laws, languages, customs, and religions, is often able to discern the inner merits of a case, the validity of testimony, the credibility of witnesses, and the strength of hereditary predisposition or local tradition and habit. The barrister Judge, fresh imported from home, is ignorant of all this, and is only concerned with the rigid literal interpretation of the laws he is paid to administer. The judicious blending of these two elements on the High Court Bench is a safeguard against excess in either direction.

If the young civilian elects not to go in for the Judicial Branch, he will probably spend a few years as Assistant Collector, and will then be transferred to the head town of the district, or possibly of the province. Here he becomes acquainted with the routine of office and secretarial work.

Then he will be promoted to a Deputy Collectorship, and thence to be a Joint Magistrate. Finally he becomes a Collector. After that, promotion is more uncertain. If he is the darling of the gods, or a man of absolutely conspicuous ability, he will become a Commissioner, a member of the Revenue Board or of the Executive Council, or finally the Lieutenant-Governor of a province. Here we will leave him for the present.

Extract from the London Gazette of
Tuesday, 8th July, 1913.

Whitehall, July 2, 1913.

The King has been pleased to grant to the following retired members of His Majesty's Civil Service, not belonging to the administrative or clerical branches, the Imperial Service Medal, which was instituted by His late Majesty for the recognition of long and meritorious service:—

- Berrigan, Michael, Section Foreman, Department of Railways and Canals, Bedford, Prince Edward Island, Canada.
- Berry, Joseph Henry, Storeman, Department of Railways and Canals, Halifax, Canada.
- Burrows, William, Letter Carrier, Winnipeg, Canada.
- Cameron, George, Carpenter, Department of Railways and Canals, Halifax, Canada.
- Carter, Hazen, Blacksmith, Department of Railways and Canals, Moncton, Canada.
- Cummings, James Ross, Stationmaster, Department of Railways and Canals, Truro, Canada.
- Currie, James, Trackman, Department of Railways and Canals, Alberton, Prince Edward Island, Canada.
- Gagnon, Frederick, Section Foreman, Department of Railways and Canals, St. Simon, Canada.
- Grant, Charles, Machinist, Department of Railways and Canals, Moncton, Canada.
- Hopper, Patrick, Foreman Blacksmith, Department of Railways and Canals, Moncton, Canada.
- McDermott, James, Engineman, Department of Railways and Canals, Moncton, Canada.
- McDougall, Alexander, Crossing Watchman, Department of Railways and Canals, Antigonish, Canada.
- McKinnon, Hector, Checker, Department of Railways and Canals, Pictou, Canada.
- Noiles, George, Section Foreman, De-

partment of Railways and Canals, Pictou, Canada.

—*Canada Gazette.*

The Efficient Chief Graham.

Ottawa civil servants (and the public interest as well) have a good friend in Chief Graham of the city fire department. During his tenure of office he has accomplished much to improve the fire protection in government buildings. Automatic fire alarm systems, more fire extinguishers, more stand-pipes, more hose, more fire escapes and other changes for the better may be traced to his efforts. Still, he appreciates that conditions are far from ideal, and advocates further reforms and improvements. He has not hesitated to term some of the office buildings "fire-traps." Recently civil servants whose offices are in the Canadian and Woods buildings on Slater street were surprised to see the Chief quoted in a local paper as advocating fire drill for them. He would also like to see fire alarm systems installed in both buildings. Evidently the Chief thinks those structures are far from safe, but there are many others certainly more dangerous. It is certainly a duty of the Civil Service Association to keep up the agitation for safer buildings and better fire-fighting apparatus.

Our Lawn Bowlers in the Old Country.

Mr. R. R. Farrow, assistant commissioner of customs, was the first member of the touring Canadian lawn bowling team to return from the Old Country. Mr. Farrow was forced, by the pressure of his duties here, to sail for home before the tour was completed. The other members of the team are to be home this week. On the whole, the tour was a most successful one. Fresh from their voyage, without team-practice and unused to the fast English greens and the peculiarities of the British play, the rinks did not show up well on their first arrival in England, yet before they entered Wales they had pulled up to a score of five wins and six losses. In Wales they split even, winning two, losing two and drawing two matches. In Scotland, where they met very strong teams, they won seven and lost four matches. Ireland was the scene of their last contests. They lost the first of the Irish contests, then won the three remaining in succession. Their last win, over the "All-Ireland" team, was a notable one. Everywhere in the British Isles the Canadians were royally entertained. Mayors and civic corporations and such outstanding individuals as Sir Thos. Lipton and Harry Lauder joined in welcomes and entertainment. It was a grand tour, one to be long remembered.