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JUNE 2nd, 1911

No. 3

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THE CIVILIAN

A fortnightly journal devoted to the interests of the Civil Service of Canada.

NEMO SIBI VIVIT.

FEATURES:

The Royal North West Mounted Police.

Editorials.

Holiday Echoes-by Silas Wegg.

Superannuation.

Personals, Appointments, Promotions, Etc

Correspondence.

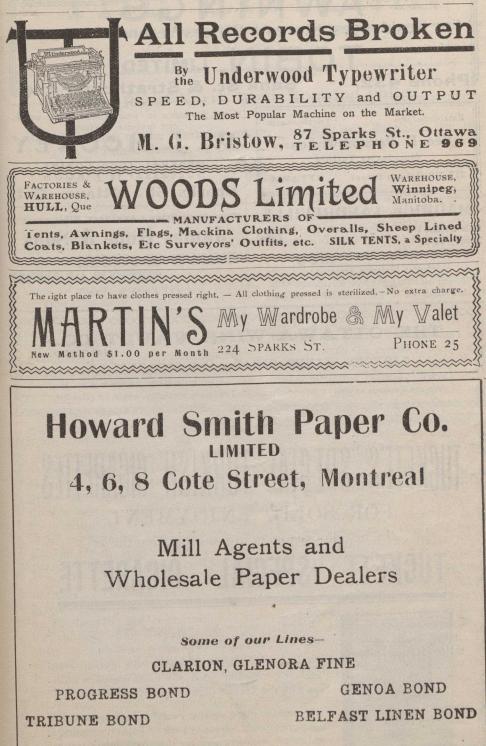
Athletics.

Come Out, Ma Colleen, Claire.

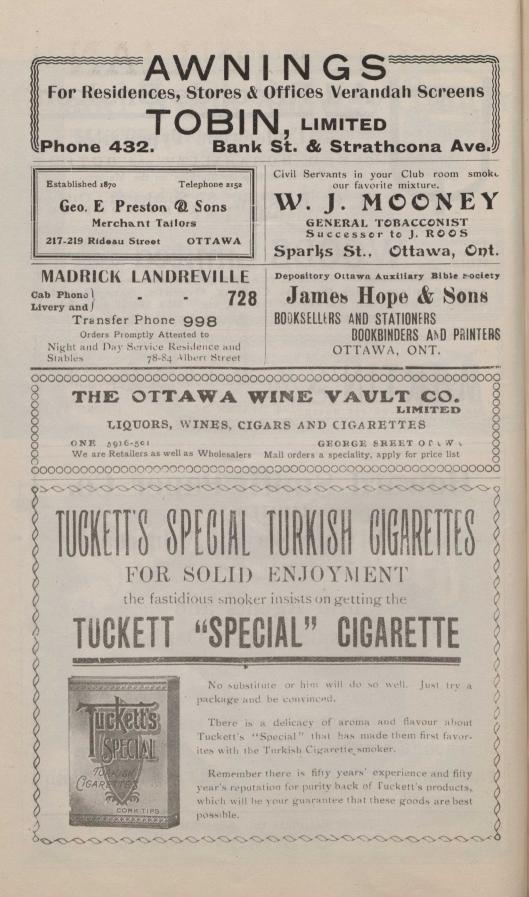
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VOL. IV.

JUNE 2nd, 1911

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The Royal North West Mounted Police.

Sketch of One of the Most Interesting and Efficient Branches in the Public Service of Canada, or of Any Country.

By M. H. C.

In the pageantry with which George V. will in a few days' time be invested as King of the United Kingdom and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, a notable part will be taken by representatives of what is from many points of view the most remarkable of the Departments of the Canadian government - the Royal North West Mounted Police. But four of the men originally picked for this distinguished service will not be there. To tell the reason will perhaps be the most effective way possible of describing the nature of the duty which is fulfilled by this splendid branch of our service.

On April 18 Lieut.-Col. White, comptroller of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, received from Regina, the headquarters of the force in the west, a telegram announcing the finding of the bodies of four members who on December 22 last set out from Fort McPherson for Dawson, and whose whereabouts up to that time had been a complete mystery. The members of the illfated expedition were Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald and Constables Carter, Kinney and Taylor. The inspector, who was a man of dogged determination and rugged constitution, had an experience covering a period of ten years in the Arctic circle and knew the ground up there as few men did. The three con-stables were also experienced travellers in the frozen regions of the north, so when the party failed to

arrive at Dawson at the expected time little anxiety was felt. It was generally supposed that the hardy Fitzgerald and his little band could weather anything. But as the days passed and there was no sign of the approach of the travellers the headquarters of the force at Dawson began to feel uneasy. At length when the men became forty days overdue a searching party was sent out from Dawson with the result that the dead bodies of Kinney and Taylor were found 35 miles from Fort McPherson and the bodies of Fitzgerald and Carter 25 miles from the Fort. The men had perished almost in sight of their goal. Under the snow, some weeks ago, the relief force from Dawson dug out some charred sticks. fur-lined coats, and deerskin moccasins, frozen stiff; fur mitts scattered, for a freezing man has no use for mitts; bones and hides of huskie dogs-all the men couldn't eat before they started to cash in.

According to the diaries of the four men, kept up to the last minutes of their lives, they had been unable to find the Peel River pass through the Rockies and had floundered around in the snow for some days until most of their provisions were gone. Then they had turned and headed back for Fort McPherson, 250 miles to the rear. When the little food left to them had given out, they began to kill their dogs, and after fifteen malamutes had been sacrificed, they even chewed buckskin thongs and harness. It was hunger that mastered them in the end, not lack of grit. And it is interesting to note that the two men who lasted longest were the man who had family ties and the man who felt responsible for his detachment.

Possibly the most pathetic note in the tragedy is the fact that all four men had been picked for the detachment which will represent the "Riders of the Plains" in the coronation parade in London. As it is, four other redcoats have been detached from duty at various little isolated log-cabin posts scattered over prairie and mountainous terrain, and sent to ride after the unknown master whose word they carry into the fastnesses of his vast territories up beyond the place where the "frozen fifties dip to the north."

There will be no particular amount of mourning over the men who died. Their names may be read out in the barrack-square at Regina, after the pitifully brief report from the district commander has been filed with the commissioner. A record will be entered against their namess — ''starved to death on patrol.'' Inspector Fitzgerald and Constables Kinney, Taylor and Carter, will have joined the long roll of the Mounted Police who have perished doing their duty.

History of the Force.

The history of the Northwest Mounted Police is the history of settlement in the great West, and of the movements into the North. In the thirty-nine years since the first band of the "riders of the plains" went across country to the site of Fort Walsh, to the day that Inspector Fitzgerald and his three rough riders ate dog and died on the trail from Macpherson to Dawson, the primitive story of all the great population movements in the West has been traced. Tragedies like that on the Peel have been remarkably rare. The efficiency of the greatest police force in the world in a land so hard to police in the face of such desperate

odds of population, distance, and climate has always been a marvel. The tragedy of the Peel will bring home to the minds of comfortable Canadians, both in the East and the West, the immense and peculiar debt which civilization in Canada owes to the men who went on patrol, broncho or police van, dog-team or kyak, raft or on foot to keep the law, to be magistrates and detectives, mailcarriers and road-breakers in the name of the king.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police were organized in 1873, in response to an urgent need for an efficient body of a semi-military character to patrol the enormcus area of the Northwestern Territories, at that time beginning to attract settlement, with all its attending train of troubles brought by whiskey-traders, trappers, stockraisers, bad Indians, and the like. They started with a force of abcut three hundred men, mobilized in six divisions, A, B, C, D, E, and F, and by the summer of 1874 were already in action.

It would be endless to tell of all the work they did. Suffice it to say that within a year they had made the name of their corps feared and respected throughout the country. A rising of Blackfeet, Cree, and Assiniboine Indians had been much feared by the Canadian authorities prior to the advent of the police; but before the constables had been in the field many months the immediate danger was averted.

The Indians, of course, furnished one of the first problems with which the police had to deal. Degenerating as they were under the influence of renegade whites and half-breeds whose main source of revenue was the illegal traffic in liquor, their own leaders were quick to recognize the salvation which the coming of the mounted police offered. At a subsequent treaty meeting, this feeling was well expressed by Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet: "If the police had not come to the country, where would we all be now? Bad men and whiskey were killing us so fast that very few, indeed, of us would have been left to-day. The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter." On one occasion this same Crowfoot was much incensed to have some of his braves arrested for disorder and taken off for trial before the court of the po-

words from a treaty speech of Button Chief, of the Blood tribe: "The Great Mother (Queen Victoria) sent Stamixotokon (Colonel Macleod) and the police to put an end to the traffic in fire-water. I can sleep now safely. Before the arrival of the police, when I laid my head down at ight, every sound frightened me; now I can sleep sound and am not afraid."

LAW IN A LAND OF OUTLAWS.

Yellow Stripes and Moccasins, Buffalo Coat and Sixty below Zero.

lice. Curiosity led him to follow and observe the proceedings. which were earefully interpreted to him. When it was all over, his comment was: "This is good medicine. There is no forked tongue here. When my people do wrong, I will bring them here to be tried." The view of the liquor traffic taken by the wiser among the Indians is well illusrtated by a few

Travel was Made Safe.

Up to their coming, it had been impossible for small parties of white men to travel through the Blackfeet country, but by the end of the year trappers reported that a woman could ride alone wherever she wished. They were always just with the Indians. This was one reason for their authority and ability to grip tense situations. The personal element, the make-up of individual men, must have had a great deal to do with their efficiency, too. Consider the inspector who sent an urgent dispatch to the commissioner at Regina, saying that inasmuch as he had a band of 3,000 Sioux braves to watch, he thought his command should be "increased to at least fifty men!"

The make-up of the corps, cosmopolitan, and varied in the extreme, has been one of its distinctive features. It was no common police The possibilities of exciteforce. ment and adventure, and, more than this. the romantic nature of the work, with its mixture of dare-deviltry, chances for primitive diplomacy and state-craft, combined to make the service attractive to many men who otherwise would be holding commissions in his majesty's line regiments. They would rather serve as ordinary constables and wear the flattopped forage-cap of the private than be subalterns with a border foray in India.

A man who was a member of the force has left this graphic description of his comrades:

"After having been some two months in the corps, I was able to form some idea of the class of comrades among whom my lot was cast. I discovered that they were truly 'all sorts and conditions of men.' Many I found, in various troops, were related to English families in good position. There were three men at Regina who had held commissions in the British service. There was also an ex-officer of militia, and one of volunteers. There was an ex-midshipman, son of the Governor of one of our small Colonial dependencies; a son of a majorgeneral, an ex-cadet of the Canadian Royal Military College at Kingston, a medical student from Dublin, two ex-troopers of the Scots Greys, a son of a captain in the line, an Oxford B.A., and several of the ubiquitous

natives of Scotland, comprised the mixture.

"In addition there were many Canadians belonging to families of influence, as well as several from the backwoods who had never seen the light till their fathers had hewed a way through the bush to a concession road. They were none the worse fellows on that account, though. Several of our men sported medals won in South Africa, Egypt, and Afghanistan. There was one, brother of a Yorkshire baronet, formerly an officer of a certain regiment of foot, who, as a contortionist and lion-comique, was the best amateur I ever knew. There was only an excircus clown from Dublin who could beat him. These two would give gratuitous performances nightly, using the barrack-room furniture as acrobatic 'properties' "

A Bluff That Succeeded.

It is narrated that when the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, stopped at Fort Macleod on a tour of inspection, the trooper assigned to him as orderly was his own nephew. There is a constable in the barracks at Regina who bears the name of one of the proudest families of the nobility of Denmark. Yet he makes a good policeman and does his work as efficiently as any of his comrades.

Many stories of the work of the police are illustrative of the things they have accomplished. One is at a loss where to begin. Perhaps no deed was more plucky than the bluff that Sergeant McDonald, in command at the Wood Mountain post, played on turbulent old Sitting Bull. One day the police had found the bodies of six scalped Salteaux Indians near the post. Upon investigation they discovered that the crime had been committed by Sitting Bull's Sioux. McDonald was setting forth to demand the surrender of the murderers, when Sitting Bull rode up to the post at the head of 500 yelling braves and forestalled the sergeant by arrogantly demanding the surrender of the surviving Salteaux.

To emphasize his demand, the chief leaped down from his pony and thrust the muzzle of his rifle into McDonald's stomach. But the po-He liceman was not frightened. calmly pushed the gun aside and told the chief and two of his followers to come inside for a "pow wow," first seeing to it that the chiefs stacked their arms in the yard outside the council-room. Then, by sheer force of personality, he browbeat them into ordering that the excited braves outside should be dispersed. When this had been done, McDonald explained the law on murder, and announced that, while they waited, he would send three men into the Indian camp to arrest the murderers. He dispatched the three constables, who pushed their way through howling masses of Sioux, sought out their men, handcuffed them, and carried them back to the post.

Then there is the story of how 200 sullen Crees, who had fled into the United States, were escorted to the line by a strong detachment of American cavalry, under orders to turn over their charges to a force of Northwest Mounted Police. The Americans were met by a corporal and two constables. The American officer in command surveyed them with amazement, as is related in "The Riders of the Plains," by A. L. Haydon.

"Where's your escort for these Indians?" he asked.

"We're here," answered the corporal.

"Yes, yes, I see. But where is your regiment?"

"I guess it's all right," said the corporal. "The other fellow's looking after the breakfast things."

"But are there only four of you, then?"

"That's so, colonel, but you see we wear the Queen's scarlet."

Three men once rode 120 miles in

a blinding snowstorm to arrest a horsethief in a settlement of eighty half-breeds, all of whom were "bad" and cheerfully ready to fight if they got a chance. But the three redcoats got their man and carried him back to justice. Their report was summed up in a few words. That is a way of the Northwest Mounted Police. "Constable J. A. W. O'Neill, on a patrol from Norway House to Keewatin for the purpose of arresting two Indians accused of murder. Time occupied, four months; distance travelled by dog train and canoes, 750 miles." That was all.

Kindness as Well as Bravery.

Scanty as the force has always been, its members have performed notable service of various kinds. Their aid in preventing and extinguishing forest fires alone has probably far exceeded the cost of their maintenance. They have frequently rendered service as mail-carriers. House-to-house visitations are made among sparsely distributed settlers, and sickness or trouble of any kind always receives the necessary aid. Special patrol work taking any member of the force into comparatively unknown territory is followed by detailed reports, through which a large amount of useful data has been accumulated. We might add still other lines of usefulness, but it is better simply to say that any member of the Northwest Mounted Police who is true to the well-established traditions of his force is ready at all times for any service which the call of duty or humanity requires. Police service in the Canadian Northwest is not a calling in which a coward could hold his place for a single month. It takes genuine courage for three men to go two days' travel into the wilderness, pick a desperate horsethief out from among a band of eighty half-breeds and take him away for punishment, with chances for ambuscade almost every mile of the way, but there is nothing unusual in such a feat as

that. On one occasion Constable Pedley was detailed alone to convey a raving maniac from Fort Chipewyan to Fort Saskatchewan, a fivehundred-mile journey, in the dead of winter. At one time, during a terrible gale, he was obliged to lash himself and the madman together to a tree for several hours. One is not surprised to learn that the successful accomplishmen of his task was followed by a spell of insanity on his part, though he afterward recovered.

After all, the keynote of the mounted police is struck in the story of the youngster, barely more than a recruit, who was sent across snowcovered prairies to hunt horses that had strayed toward Pendant d'Oreille. He was overtaken by a blizzard, and several weeks later, when the snows had melted, a searchparty found his body. In his pocket was his notebook, on a leaf of which he had scribbled:

"Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push on. Have done my best."

"Am trying to push on. Have done my best." That is the motto of the mounted police. "Maintiens le droit" are the words that encircle the buffalo head on the coat of arms, but sanctioned though they are by colleges of heralds and the traditions of centuries, they lack the stirring force of the dying message of the young constable who had failed, knew he had failed, and knew, too, that he had done his best.

Here is another instance — of a different sort — the succinct report of a man stationed in one of the typical frontier settlements of the Northwestern country: ,

"On the 17th inst., I, Corporal Hogg, was called on to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'cowboy Jack.' was carrying a gun and pointed it at me against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally, I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor, Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun, there'd be another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honor to report."

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the prefex "Royal" has been borne by the corps only since 1904, when it was conferred upon them by King Edward, at the behest of the Earl of Minto, Governor-General, and in recognition of their services. To be a "royal" command is the ambition of every organization under the British flag.

There are now 649 men in the force, charged with maintaining law and order in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Yukon Territory, and the Northwest Territories; but it is hoped that before long the effective strength can be increased to 1,000 men. Fully that number is needed to cover the country within the jurisdiction of the constables.

"The Riders of the Plains."

Those who would follow at greater length the fortunes of this gallant force may do so in "The Riders of the Plains," being an account of Adventures and Romance with the Northwest Mounted Police, 1873-1910, by A. L. Haydon, illustrated with photographs, maps, and diagrams, and published by A. C. Mc-Clurg & Co. A reviewer of this volume in the New York Post concludes as follows:

"One feels inclined to call this volume urgently to the attention of those responsible for the police administration of cities like Chicago and New York. To get into the New York police force, from the head down, something of the genuine efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police, something of its freedom from collusion with the crime which it is employed to check, its inaccessibility to paralyzing political complications, and its sympathetic spirit of helpfulness to those who are under its jurisdiction — how much loftier a task this would be for the Mayor of a great city than to burn his midnight oil in the endeavor to keep the force as it is from subjecting a few comparatively innocent citizens to the annoyance of arrest for trivial offences. Give us the larger, fundamental reform, and the other would immediately follow as one of its unimportant by-products."

The Staff at Headquarters.

The Headquarters management of the force is vested in a staff of ten. Col. Frederick White, C.M.G., is Comptroller and Deputy Head of the Department, and Mr. Laurence Fortescue, I.S.I., is Assistant Comptroller and Accountant. The clerical staff is made up of Messrs. du Plessis, Bishop, Gravel, Joyce and Stevens.

DEATH OF DR. R. W. ELLS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C., Etc.

In the death of Dr. Ells the Geological Survey of Canada loses one of its oldest and best known members. The loss to Canadian geological science will be the more felt in that he was one of the few remaining veterans whose service in the investigation of the problems of Canadian geology dates back to the beginnings of the systematic mapping of the country under Sir William Logan, the organizer of the Survey and its first Director.

Dr. Ells was born at Cornwallis, N.S., July 26th, 1845. After making a brilliant record during his educational years at Acadia University, N.S., and at McGill University, Montreal, Dr. Ells joined the staff of the Survey in May, 1872, and his active participation in its work ceased only when having left his office in the morning he was suddenly stricken with the sickness which after a very short period terminated in his decease.

During his thirty-nine years of service Dr. Ells had acquired a very wide and intimate personal knowledge of the geology and mineral resources of the country, especially of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and the Eastern part of Ontario, and had made investigations in the N. W. Territories and in Newfoundland, etc., and the loss to the profession of one of his wide experience, mature judgment and sterling qualities. will be greatly felt. Amongst his colleagues of the Survey staff his genial and hearty presence will be keenly missed.

A NOTEWORTHY PROMOTION.

A recent Order-in-Council recorded the promotion of Mr. J. E. Rourke to Division IA, with the title of Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Rourke had been Acting Comptroller for a year prior to his permanent appointment to the office, and he had been connected with the responsible work of the Currency Branch since he entered the service in 1893.

The promotion of Mr. Rourke is a just compliment to the energy and ability he has displayed in his official life. This is the third instance in the Finance Department in recent years of men chosen from the ranks of the service to fill the highest positions in the gift of the government, the other two being T. C. Boville, Deputy Minister, and John Fraser, Auditor General.

Mr. Rourke was born in St. Martins, N.B., Dec. 4th, 1873. He entered the Asst. Receiver General's office at St. John, January 10th, 1894, and was transferred to the Finance Dept., January 1st, 1903.

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THE EDITORS,

THE CIVILIAN,

P. O. Bcx 484, Ottawa

Communications on any subject of interest to the Civil Service are invited and will receive careful consideration.

Ottawa, June 2nd, 1911

THE KING'S CUSTOMS.

The Civilian is in receipt of "The King's Customs," a history in two volumes of the Department of Customs of the United Kingdom. The work is by H. Atton and H. H. Holland, two employees of the British

Department. First and last it is, notwithstanding some inevitable dryness born of the subject, a most interesting book. From the working historian's standpoint it is perhaps the most useful publication of the year. Civil servants, however, may be permitted a secondary and sentimental interest in what the work represents. Here are two ordinary civil servants who in the spare time of three years have recorded and condensed every notable customs enactment from the time of the first Edward to the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria. The various ancient struggles between King and Commons for the power of the purse are narrated in lively style. Admirable summaries are given of the working of the old protective laws. Extremely racy, too, are the excerpts from the "domestic" memoranda of the Department, while the extracts from the confidential records of ancient smuggling are worthy of separate review. As we have run through these pages the wish has been constant that a similar record might be undertaken for Canada whose present Customs law (if we may speak without "verifying the reference") dates from the Constitution Act of 1791, and whose customs history, of course, goes back

In Harmony is Strength.

There is one lesson which civil servants in their organized capacity cannot learn too soon — a lesson which it is only necessary to preach because collective action is recent in the service. The whole success of organization lies in the degree of unanimity the service can present on the various questions that confront it. A difference on a very small point can block progress and bedevil the hard work of years — if it be advertised and magnified. In a body like the civil service made up of thousands it is impossible that all should at all times see exactly alike. But that is no reason whatever for merely factional disagreements. Let all our questions be fought out behind closed doors as vigorously as may be. But when the doors are opened let us present a united face and front to the public. If we can't do this we might as well go out of business as a class with a purpose in view. a century and more still earlier. It would be a most entertaining volume, and in these days of fiscal controversy most valuable and timely. It should be done by a civil servant.

Civilian Portraits.

Mr. W. B. Rogers.

Mr. William Brown Rogers, Postmaster of Toronto, whose portrait appears herewith, was born in that city in 1852.

He entered his father's business

which was that of furniture manufacturing, at an early age, and continued in same until his appointment to his present position on March 3!st, 1908.

Mr. Rogers was elected by acclamation in 1891 as a member of the Public School Board.

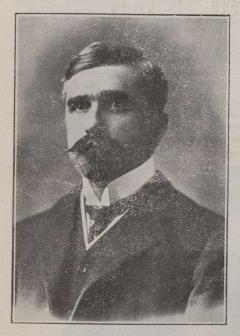
He was also President of the Retai' Merchants Association for four years, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Manufacturers Association for two years.

At the Provincial elections of 1898 and 1902 Mr. Rogers was an unsuccessful candidate in South Toronto in opposition to Hon. J. J. Foy, the present Attorney-General of Ontario.

MR. WILLIAM B. ROGERS.

Senator Roy.

Senator Philippe Roy, M.D., recently appointed High Commissioner for Canada in France, was born in Montmagny Co., Quebec, in 1868. He was educated at Laval Univer-



HON. P. ROY.

sity, and took the degree of M.D. He went West to practice and settled in Edmonton, where he married Miss Helen Young in 1899. Besides his practice, Dr. Roy engaged in journalism and commerce. He was called to the Senate of Canada in 1906, and was then the youngest Senator in Canada. He resigned in April last on receiving the appointment of High Commissioner to France in succession to the late Hon. Hector Fabre. The new High Commissioner is a Roman Catholic, and is most popular with all classes and races.

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Mr. Peter Connolly.

Mr. Peter Connolly, whose portrait accompanies this notice, is one of our oldest civil servants. We congratulate him on his recent promotion to the responsible position of Superintendent of the House of Commons, made vacant by the retirement of Mr. L. A. Dubé.

Mr Connolly was born in Quebec City in 1847, and entered the Government service in 1867. He has always enjoyed the confidence of those in authority over him. He acted as personal attendant upon the following ministers:

In 1885 with Sir Leonard Tilly on an official trip to England.

In 1894 with Sir John Thompson at Paris.

In 1897 with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Queen's Jubilee.

In 1900 with Hon. W. S. Fielding at King Edward's Coronation.

In addition Mr. Connolly went on



MR. PETER CONNOLLY.

several trips to Washington with Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. E. E. Foster, and was with the former during his campaign tour of Canada in 1896.

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At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Megg."

Holiday Echoes.

Some years ago our "good friend the Calendar'' played us a low-down trick. Victoria Day and Ascension Day coincided,—there was an occultation, and no clerk in the service regarded the event as of good omen. This year there was a con-Junction of these ceremonial planets, affording us a tandem festival. The Church and State combined to prove that the old mathematical formula, one plus one equals two, is a fallacy as far as holidays is concerned. Two holidays taken together can be spent as cheaply as one, and they equal at least four taken at odd points of the year.

The twin days just past were especially welcome. The long weeks since Easter had whetted the appetite for recreation, and, while we would have gladly taken one day off to rest like men, we had two days off and we scampered away from our desks like boys.

There were some who pretended to be serious over the occasion, and bought seeds and bulbs as a preliminary to a campaign on "the stubborn glebe" of Rockliffe and the Gatineau Valley. I was one of these, but I filled my pipe and offered sweet incense to Jupiter Pluvius when the tempest broke over us on the evening of the 23rd. The muckier grew my garden plot the younger I became. I did not regret the occasional showers that came on the 24th to make the assurance of the impracticaiblity of agricultural experiments double sure. Radishes do not need holiday sun so much as I do. Turnips can grow in office hours; I can't. The rain did not drown the worms. I had two good hours by the brookside, although a string of chub was all I brought home as a souvenir of my visit. Hot and crisp from the broiler they tasted as sweet as Hong Lee's "brook trout" at thirty cents a plate.

And then there was a stroll along springy roads which give life to your boots so that you can imagine yourself the man who walks through the back pages of the magazines on Dunlop's rubber heels. A few buttercups are here, waiting for their sweethearts, the daisies. But the dandelions are the imperial flowers now. They dominate the countryside.

I would name the dandelion as our national flower, only it is so cosmopolitan that there might be protests from abroad. The maple leaf lacks the vim that should belong to this nation's emblem. Nova Scotia's trailing arbutus saves its perfume for Acadia, and Quebec fleur-de-lis is, historically at any rate, an importation. But the dandelion, however royal it looks at the zenith of its bloom, is a democrat, so much so that it is often called a weed. By waysides, in lawns, amid the exotic blooms of the garden, on Parliament Hill and by the curbstones of the city, it rears its astral head confident and victorious over its enemies. And so I would say, adopting Wordsworth's lines,-

"Thou, I think

Shouldst be my country's emblem, and shouldst wink,

Bright star! with laughter on her banners, drest In thy fresh beauty.''

I sometimes try my hand at writing verses as you know. My stroll among the dandelions led me to put some thoughts in rhythmic order which I offer to you here as part of the holiday record. The theology of these lines is old, yet unfamiliar to the writer of them himself for one during most of the year, for it is easier to think of the world about us as the result of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms'' than as a revelation of "a power that makes for righteousness." However, this is how I saw things yesterday. Tomorrow I may be an atheist again with my eye on the supplementary estimates.

I walked by lanes where dandelions Dotted the wayside grass with stars More bright than even ruddy Mars, Who holds the heavens in defiance.

I saw them by the hundreds growing, And wondered as I saw them grow, Why He who bids them come and go So careful is. It is His sowing.

His reaping, and His hand that guideth The life-stream through the winter days. Men pass them by and go their ways, But He in flower and root abideth.

They grow because it is His pleasure To line the lanes and heavens with

stars. He grants all good; there are no bars Unto His mercy, and no measure.

With the rapidity of this marvelous summer's growth, the dandelion stars are resolving themselves, as I write, back into a nebular state, and the silvery star dust is being blown about by the winds as by some cosmic breath. Next summer there will be a new heaven wrought in the meadows, but it will come out of the ruins of the firmament now merging into chaos. The moral for us,-oh, yes, we must have a moral,-the moral for us is that even the civil service reorganization for which we are striving will spring from the dandelion dust of human nature.

True, you may root out the dandelions and plant cabbages, but the persistency of the former is a factor more to be reekoned with than the food value of the latter. Now, take your moral and run along home.

I did not spend all my precious hours with the dandelions and the fish. I sat and watched four men on the second afternoon setting a huge boulder in place to be the cornerstone of a barn. They were strong men and it was a pleasure to see them at work. I did not offer my help. It would have been presumptious to do so. They knew their tools. They would throw down their picks and take up their crowbars with the ease and precision of dentists, or as I would lav aside my black-ink pen to take up my red-ink pen.

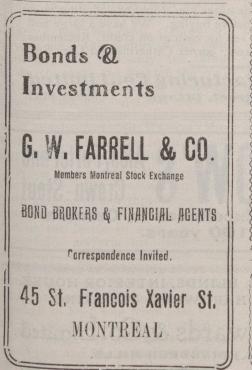
There was some discussion now and again about "purchases" and "cants" and "snubs," but on the whole the work went on without an open display of intellect, much as it does in other departments of life. The men were selected for the work as necessity and chance willed it. The owner of the farm, his son, his hired man and an expert who brought blocks and tackle and a horse-power machine, these were the dramatis personae. The last-named owed his pre-eminence, such as it was, to the possession of a capital invested in machinery. His knowledge of general principles was not much beyond that of his co-workers. His experience on other like jobs counted for all his little claim to be boss. He often deferred in judgment to the others, especially to the owner of the farm who was paying him five dollars a day. He was the only one who pulled his pipe at critical junctures.

How I longed to set the civil service reformers on them. "Here, you." I felt like saying to the farmer, "why is your son on this job? I charge you with nepotism and you had better get a dictionary and look that up pretty quick."

And to the hired man I was inclined to say: "Have you, sir, a certificate of qualification for this work? You can handle a shovel, I see, and can lay brown, knotty hards on a crowbar, but who was Archimedes? Come, now, before you put the burden of that tug on the pulleys, tell me what is meant by the conservation of energy and the differential coefficient."

I longed to grade that bucolic and capitalistic expert of the blocks and tackle as a "higher administrative and technical officer," his position was so ill-defined. There was a serious lack of authority, except of the authority of muscles over matter, and I am sure no one signed the book when he came to work.

Yet, the stone was put in place, and on my next holiday I expect to see a barn where yesterday I saw only beginnings.







SUPERANNUATION.

As personal experience is much preferable to hearsay when commenting on a matter of this kind, I will try to explain how Superannuation would affect a man in my position.

I passed the qualifying examination in 1896, and received an appointment in the railway mail service soon after. I had not given careful attention to the pay of railway mail clerks, but I had a liking for the post office service and concluded that the remuneration would be adequate. I had not noticed that pensions had been abolished in favor of the Retirement Fund, and was much disappointed as I had been a member of the G.T.R. Superannuation Fund, which would have permitted me to retire at the age of 55 with a pension. My commencing salary in the railway mail service was actually much lower than the salary I had resigned. However, having made the change of my own volition, there was only one thing to do: to make the best of the conditions existing, give the country good service, and hope and work for improved conditions, which came, very timely, from Sir William Mulock, and which are coming from our chief, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux.

When a man enters the service of the country and receives fair pay, with the certainty that there is a pension awaiting him when is too old or too feeble to work, he can cheerfully perform his daily work and care for his home, wife and children without worrying about the future or being tormented by the thought that he may not have saved enough to keep him when past work or be forced to become a burden to his children. If a man is earning good pay and has a small family, he can save a little, but the man with five, six or more children, each one of whom is going to cost him \$1,500 or more until he is self-supporting, cannot save very much for old

age until his family is reared and settled in life; and it is the duty of . a father to do a little more for his children than his father was able to do for him-thus is the world advanced. The man who cheerfully commerces life and its stern duties with some good woman, who denies himself a hundred small pleasures and triffing extravagances, wears celluloid collars, etc., in an effort to own a home and give his country a number of virtuous boys and girls to serve it in turn, and, at the same time is giving his best to his country by travelling long, dangerous, exacting journeys on wobbling, vibrating trains, taking meals at all hours, risking his life daily, learning 3,700 post offices by heart, passing several annual examinations, should not have to afflict himself with thoughts of how he is to support himself in his old age. His country should provide for him, for a life such as I picture has amply earned such provision.

This is how I feel personally on the Superannuation question, and my feelings are shared by many hundreds of fathers in the public service. Post office employees will be glad to know that their worthy chief, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, favors Superannuation. Surely we may hope that the other members of the government will also support it?

Great corporations like the C.P.R., G.T.R., banks and others give their employees free pensions, even though many of these employees receive higher pay than civil servants. Conductors on the B. and G. trains are paid \$135 per month, while engineers receive about \$150. Bridge conductors who have charge of freight trains crossing the International bridge earn \$120, while their brakemen earn \$90 or \$100, or more in some cases. Passenger brakemen earn \$75 or \$80, while a mail clerk commences with half this.

A railway mail clerk passes the Civil Service Exam., and then has

to memorize 3,700 post offices, learn his train schedule, rule book and postal guide, commences at \$400 per year and an average mileage of about \$200, and will not reach his maximum salary of \$1,200 for 141/. years, while many of the railway men I speak of can earn \$90 and \$100 per month almost at once on being employed. I know boys of 20 and 21 doing it; and their risks are not a particle greater than those taken every day by mail clerks. Men in charge of switching engines in Stratford yard are paid \$115 and \$120 per month. All these men, though now earning much more than mail clerks, but requiring much less qualifications, will receive free pensions. I am glad of it, and our people generally are glad to see great corporations taking care, as they should, of their faithful servants. Besides, all the disabilities under which civil servants (mostly in the outside service) labour, there is the fact that, politically, they are allowed very little voice in the affairs of the nation and are discouraged from entering into active part in municipal matters. For the first 141/2 years of a mail clerk's life his average salary is about \$76 per month and mileage. It will be seen that in the case of a man (like myself) with six children and a wife, there is not much per head to feed, clothe, educate, and save a little for insurance and old age or physical disability, which appears early, owing to the irregular lives which the clerks are forced to lead. I know all about the cost of maintaining a home, in an expensive epoch like this, for a family of eight; and I could tell a story of buying bargain clothes on certain Fridays and sordid economies that any faithful servant of a country should not have to practice.

But, after all, illustrations of this kind to show the necessity for Superannuation may not be needed, for the Hon Mr. Fielding gave a favourable reception on Thursday, April 20th, to the petition for the reestablishment of Superannuation presented by the Civil Service Federation.

If Hon. Mr. Fielding thinks well of Superannuation, it will reappear, for he is surely a clever Finance Minister and a great Canadian.

With the increase of salaries promised by the P.M.G. this season, and with the prospect of the Retirement Fund being abolished and Superannuation restored, the railway mail clerks have fair cause to be hopeful just now. Let us hope that everything will favour their reasonable hopes. The service was never more efficient and deserving of recognition. It is gratifying to know that the friends of the mail clerks in Parliament are many, quite regardless of politics.

Be hopeful, brothers, for the tendency of the age is to insure old age and helplessness against want and dependence; and the progressive government of our great and growing country will be found in the van of progress.

GARRETT Q'CONNOR. Bridgeburg, Ont.

Personals.

Appointments.

Dept. Agriculture: —A. E. Cameron, Vet. Inspector, Regina; J. B. Harrington, Vet. Inspector, Lacombe, Alta.; A. Lesperance, Vet. Inspector, Montreal; J. A. McLeish, Vet. Inspector, Prince Albert; J. H. George, Vet. Inspector, Regina; S. B. Fuller, Inspector meats, etc.; P. H. Moore to Supt. of Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B. C.; W. C. McKilican to Supt. of Experimental Farm, Brandon; H. S. Arkell to Div. 1B and Asst. Live Stock Commissioner.

C. S. Commission:-W. J. Paynter, messenger.

Customs Dept.:—W. V. T. Green, clerk, Vancouver; C. T. Hilton, asst. appraiser, Vancouver; A. J. Learn, prev. officer, Bridgeburg; Miles Bourke, prev. officer, North Bay; W. H. Green, prev. officer, St. John; A. E. Campbell, sub-coll., Trail, B. C.; M. J. MacMahon, prev. officer, Niagara Falls; P. J. A. Harvey, asst. appraiser, Montreal; W. C. Lewis, prev. officer, Truro,



SPARKS & ELGIN STS, - Geo. Kydd, Mgr. BANK & SOMERSET STS. - G. M. Todd, Mgr. YORK & DALHOUSIE STS., - J. G. Ogilvy, Mgr.

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Finance Dept .: - Wm. Kearns, Secy. Improvement Commission; Prof. Wm. Nicol, Prof. Wm. H. Ellis, Prof. A. Stansfield, Assay Commissioners, Royal Mint, Ottawa. Indian Affairs:—A. M. Tyson, inspector,

British Columbia.

Inland Revenue:-H. Fidler, excise officer, Calgary; V. Grandin, excise officer, Quebec.

Interior Dept .: -- Harty Hill to Div. 3B; Jules Schuller to Div. 3B; F. H. Peters, chief engineer Irrigation; H. Parry to Div. 2B Topo. Survey; J. H. Brigly to Div. 2B, Topo. Survey.

Labour Dept .:- Geo. P. Shields to Div. 3B.

Marine Dept.:-G. W. York, messenger; Paul Dufresne, messenger; J. N. Matellier, supt. Tadousac hatchery; B. Brault, resident engineer, Montreal.

Militia Dept .:- Wm. P. Potter, private secretary Div. 2B.

Naval Service:-A. E. Burrows to be surgeon.

Post Office:-J. F. Anderson, ry. mail service, Moose Jaw: A. L. Barclay, ry. mail service, Toronto: G. M. Thibodeau, ry. mail service, Halifax; H. B. Sears, ry. mail service, Vancouver; T. R. Snodgrass, S. & S., Brantford: Sorters: J. O. Aubry, J. A. Campeau, G. S. Martin, F. X. Brunet, H. Maranda, B. Kinsella, A. W. O'Hagan.

Promotions.

Dept. Agriculture:-J. H. Grisdale to Div. 1A and Director Experimental Farms; F. G. Mace to Div. 2A; H. W. Charlton to Div. 2A.

Customs Dept .: - G. Gauthier to asst. appraiser, Montreal; J. J. Tobin, messenger to clerk, Toronto.

Insurance Dept.:-G. D. Finlayson, W. H. Gilliland, A. N. MacTavish to Div. 2A.

Interior Dept .:- Otto Klotz to Div. 1A. Marine Dept .: - B. H. Fraser to Div. 1A; Commander H. Thompson to Div. 1B; J. E. McClenaghan to Div. 1B; B. F. Burnett to Div. 1B; J. McCharles to Div. 2A; J. J. Skelly to Div. 2A; W. J. Quinn to Div. 2A; J. A. Rodd to Div. 2A; H. E. Hawken to Div. 2A; G. O. Morisset to Div. 2A; N. Potvin to Div. 3A; C. L.

Amyot to Div. 3A; C. R. Carter to Div. 3A; T. A. Auclair to Div. 3A; A. C. Finlayson to Div. 2A.

Labour Department:-R. H. Coats to Div. 1B, from associate-editor to editor of The Labour Gazette.

Post Office:-W. G. Milligan to asst. in-spector; S. Traynor, Montreal, to Jr. 3rd; J. C. H. Barcelo, Montreal, to Jr. 3rd; C. Florence, Ottawa, to Sr. 2nd; J. M. Law, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; G. T. Cross, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; C. E. Parker, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; W. Bowler, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; R. J. Gregory, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; H. H. Barry, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; J. E. Bell, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; M. J. Egan, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; W. J. Moore, Toronto, to Jr. 3rd; J. Bracken, Montreal, to Jr. 3rd; W. J. Layter, Toronto, to Sr. 2nd; W. B. Cul-ross, Toronto, to Sr. 2nd; E. M. Stewart, Toronto, to Sr. 2nd; E. A. Macdonald, inspector of Halifax, to Jr. 2nd; L. Germain, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; H. Gagnon, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; H. Dupuis, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; J. J. Caisse, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; C. Bolte, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; V. Lemieux, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; E. R. Marquette, Montreal, to Jr. 2nd; R. E. Genge, Kingston, to Sr. 2nd; R. J. D'Arey, Kingston, to Sr. 2nd; W. J. Wells, Kingston, to Sr. 2nd; A. Lefebvre, Montreal, to 4th class; I. Poissant, Montreal, to 4th class; E. Aymong, Montreal, to 4th class; A. Learmonth, Vancouver, to 4th class; J. J. Robertson, Hamilton, to 4th class; R. F. Nash, Hamilton, to 4th class; L. J. Enright, Hamilton, to 4th class.

Transfers.

D. J. Halpin from Agriculture to Labour Dept.; J. L. Stiver from Inside Div. to Inspector Gas, Toronto; E. S. Forbes, Winnipeg, to Inside Division; J. G. Par-melee, from Outside Division to Div. 2A, Dept. Trade and Commerce.

Resignations.

Dept. Agriculture:--H. Groh, Central Experimental Farm; T. A. Sharpe, Ex-perimental Farm, Agassiz, B.C.; Jas. Murray, Experimental Farm, Brandon; Wm. Saunders, Director Experimental Farms.

Dept. Customs :-- D. R. Luckman, Amherstburg.

Indian Affairs:-T. E. Neelands, inspector, B.C.

Interior Dept .: - G. H. Whyte, Forestry Branch; L. J. Gleeson, Forestry Branch; Harvey Fitzsimmons, Ry. Lands Branch; A. R. Montgomery, Ry. Lands Branch; John Stewart, Chief Eng. of Irrigation; G. C. Webb, Topo, Survey; F. Wenger, Miss L. Johnson, School Lands.

Marine Dept .: - C. Sword, inspector, B. Columbia.

Mines Dept .: - F. H. McLaren, Geological Survey.

Post Office:-J. W. Audette, sorter, Ottawa; C. C. Umbach, ry. mail, Calgary; A. A. McLatchie, ry. mail, Calgary; W. R. Johnson, ry. mail, Moose Jaw; N. J. McNeill, ry. mail, Winnipeg; C. Nixon, clerk, London; G. A. Sheffield, clerk, Winnipeg; F. A. Burns, S. & S., Vancouver; A. E. Carlisle, clerk, Calgary; R. J. O'Connor, Inside Division; S. Bowman, clerk, Winnipeg; A. S. Mitchell, clerk, Edmon-ton; H. S. Woodhead, clerk, Winnipeg; A. R. Cringan, clerk, Winnipeg.

Superannuations.

- Frank Newby, Inland Revenue.
- Frank Newby, Inland Revenue.
 T. H. Bren⁺, Ry. Mail Service, Toronto.
 L. Guay, P. O., Quebec.
 T. G. Creighton, P. O., Palifax.
 J. Phillips, P. O., Hamilton.
 P. Phillips, P. O., London.
 Adam Scholes, P. O., Toronto.
 A. Ruthven, P. O., Windsor.
 T. Brennan, P. O., London.
 H. Wathen, P. G., St. John.
 J. Bradley, Inside Division, P.O.D.
 J. H. Fearnside, P. O., Hamilton;

- J. H. Fearnside, P. O., Hamilton:

General.

Mr. Augustus Power, K.C., of the Department of Justice, has been granted leave



AUGUSTUS POWER, K.C.

of absence on account of ill-health, and has left on a visit to members of his family in Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Power has for the long period of 37½ years been a member of the staff of the Department, and has given much appreciated service to every Minister of Justice since Confederation except two, or twelve in all. It would not be surprising if, at the expiration of his leave of absence, Mr. Power

were to retire from the public service. In that case, it is understod that no new appointment in his place is likely to be made, but that the duties performed by him will be assigned to other members of the staff.

Born.

EVERALL-At the Maternity Hospital, April 27, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Everall, of the Transcontinental Railway Commission, a daughter.

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.

Public Drinking Fountains.

To the Editors of The Civilian:

If during the past winter our sanitary conditions in Ottawa were bad, I find one thing very badly needed in this city during the summer months, viz., drinking fountains.

There are only two fountains known to me here, one in Major Hill Park, the other-a disgrace to the city-on By Ward Market. I have often asked myself why people who are so attentive to the health of others have allowed this latter most unsanitary and filthy fountain to remain on the market without asking someone to resign for cause. It is most disgusting to see thousands of men, women and children drinking out of the same old rusty tin cup.

We are horrified to think that there are a few cases of typhoid or smallpox in the city, and we order a general clean up; but we allow the most dangerous conditions to exist in a public market.

Are we not aware of the diseases that are communicated by a public drinking cup?

Tuberculosis, which we are fighting hard, is one of them, but the dreaded white plague is not the worst. There is one most terrible disease which is sometimes communicated that way for which there is no known radical cure, and it is one for which the victim's children will also have to suffer either young or old.

It is time that the Board of Health look after this particular fountain and instal not one but four or five cupless sanitary fountains around the market.

The one sanitary fountain in Major Hill is not enough. Every day we see large crowds of women and children in that park, they are naturally distributed all over, and it is a pity to see a poor woman with a baby in her arms forced to walk. the whole length of the park to allow her children to drink. Two or three at least should be put in.

The city should instal one at the City Hall and a few others around the city, so that the large number of visitors that visit this city every summer and who cannot afford a ricky or an ice cream soda every time they are thirsty could be relieved without having to beg a glass of water in some place or other.

There is not one fountain from Laurier bridge to the Exhibition grounds on the beautiful walk along the driveway, where thousands of women and children pass the hot afternoons. What is a park without drinking fountains? It is up to the Improvement Commission to make the driveway not only beautiful; they must also provide a little comfort.

I should like to see the papers generally take this matter up and push it along. GUSTAVE RICHARD.

Shakespeare mal à propos.

To the Editors of The Civilian:

I must lodge a complaint against the curriculum laid down for promotion of clerks from the Third to the Second Grade. In the Branch to which I have the honour to belong, the young men, who, the Dragon, in the shape of the test laid down by the Civil Service Commission, are utilizing their spare moments in brushing up their schoolboy knowledge. The effect of reading up so much classic literature as called for, has been that trite quotations are constantly being scribbled on official documents. For instance, in another Branch, a junior clerk asked, in wri ing, permission to address a superior officer. The reply, also in writing, was laconic and to the point, namely, "Speak." This paper, unfortunately, passed through the hands of one of the candidates for the approaching examination, who being struck with the Shakesperian character of the reply, added the words, "Thou mon-strous creature, speak!" The paper passed back to the clerk who had asked the Permission in the first instance, and who, apparently not being a lover of Shakespeare, failed to recognize the quotation from "Hamlet." Taking umbrage, he complained to the Deputy Minister that he had been called a "monster"!

Yours,

A. B.

Ottawa, 28th April, 1911.

The Civil Service Co-operative Supply Association.

To the Editors of The Civilian:

. With the announcement that the above

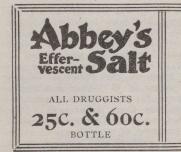
Association has sprung into life as a going concern there, has been launched another co-operative enterprise which promises greater possibilities than anything that civil servants have as yet undertaken or dreamed of. The co-operative store is now ready for business, the situation chosen being the corner of O'Connor and Slater streets, where for some years a prosperous business has been maintained. This site, it is believed, will be for a time suited to the purposes of a civil service store in that it is central and convenient to most civil servants who at some time during the day can drop in and make their purchases, if not possible to do so by 'phone. The Board of Directors have had considerable work to do in order that all arrangements may be complete, and the details of handling the expected business as thoroughly as possible. What is now desired is the generous co-operation of all members of the service. Let us make this effort in a profit-sharing business a success in every sense of the word. With the wise and careful management the Board are resolved to put into this cooperative scheme there must result splendid returns for all who patronize the store. It is up to you now, civil servants, to give unselfish and loyal support to the Board. It is your store as well as theirs. Come along now with your orders.

"ONE OF THE BOARD."

PRESENTATION TO COL. TOLLER.

The eve of the departure of Mr. Fielding for the coronation was marked by a pleasant incident in the Finance Department. Mr. Fielding called the staff to his room on Tuesday morning and presented Col. Toller, the late Comptroller of the Currency, with a piece of plate. Colonel Toller in his reply referred to the improved conditions in the service as compared with earlier days, especially as regards salary, and spoke of the necessity of a measure of superannuation.

The first civil service reform bill in the United States was signed by President Arthur, January 16, 1883. The whole United States civil service in 1883 consisted of 110,000 persons, and of these 14,000 were put under the civil service law. In 1910, the Federal civil service had grown to 384,000 positions, of which about 222,000 come under the competitive system.



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Athletics.

Every lover of golf in Canada was delighted at the success of Miss Dorothy Campbell of Hamilton, in the Old Country championships which were recently held at Port Rush, Ireland, when that young lady defeated all comers and won the title for the second time. May she long be able to defend it. It would be a grand day for Canada if a native-born daughter could go over and land the championship. But we claim Miss Campbell is a Canadian anyway.

The Ottawa-Henley eight are pegging away on the water and getting into splendid shape for the great struggle which is before them. Every man will do his best to 'bring home the bacon,' and if they are defeated (which may the Fates forfend) their opponents will know that

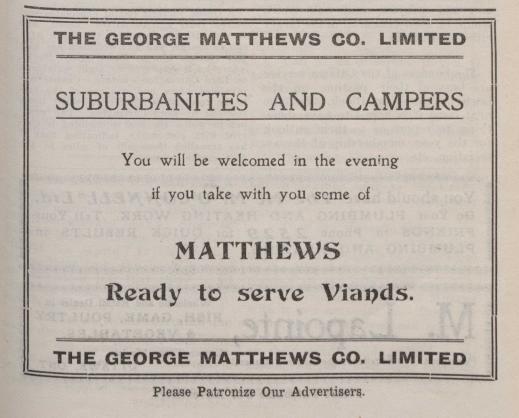
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they have been in a race. Several friends will accompany the crew to England, and altogether it will be Canada's year across the water.

~~

The visit of the Corinthian "soccer" football team of England to Canada this summer will do much for the game. It is some time since an Old Country club has toured America, and it is to be hoped that the attendance at these games will be sufficient to prevent any financial loss to the visitors. "Soccer" is a fine game, and Canada will profit by the lessons to be learned from the English experts.

The running races recently held at Montreal and Toronto have proven that the Miller anti-racing bill has not interfered greatly with the "sport of kings." It is about time that the Capital City of Canada joined the circuit. It was thought



last fall that Ottawa would have a meet this year. Come, gentlemen! It is not too late.

00

While hardly a branch of athletics, a new line of energy for our youth of both sexes-and a most commendable one-has been discovered in the shape of vegetable gardening. Mrs. William Parsons, of New York, has been experimenting with the boys and girls of that great city, with remarkable results. Jefferson park has been divided into 1,000 small plots, and 500 boys and an have equal number of girls been set to work — each with his and her own little piece of land. All sorts of vegetables are planted and looked after by these amateur farmers. So well has the idea taken that Miss Parsons, daughter of the promoter, has gone to London by request of philanthropists there, to initiate the youth of the Old Country into the scheme. It is indeed a grand project, and one which would be most beneficial in the larger cities of Canada.

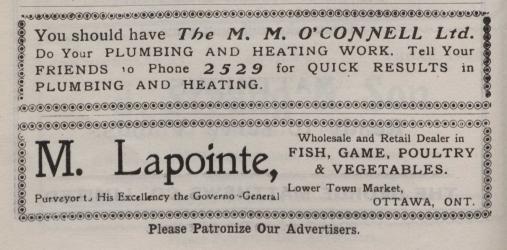
The bowlers of the Ottawa service are busy at their pastime on the lawn by the West Block. In the next issue it is hoped to have something to report as to their outlook for the year, membership of the association, etc.

00

The athletic meet which is to take place in England at the time of the Coronation is creating widespread interest. The Government of Canada views it as so important that it is paying the expenses of a team of representative athletes of all the different events. This is the first time in the history of our Dominion that such a subvention has been granted. These men will indeed constitute one of the best advertisements we could have in the old land. In the sprints, Lukeman will be able to hold his own, while in the long distance races Jack Tait of Toronto may be relied on to make a good showing. It is to be hoped that Gillis, the Vancouver policeman, may be sent, as his all-round ability will prove most effective in the weights and jumps. Gordon Johnstone, the crack swimmer of the Capital, should certainly go if at all possible.

ELEVEN YEARS IN POST.

A Queen Victoria box of chocolates sent eleven years ago to Alfred Cussell, who served with the Guards in the South African campaign, and was wounded, has only just reached him at Daws Hill, Bucks, where he is employed as night watchman on Lord Carrington's estate. Cussell was invalided home, and was one of the first to be received in the convalescent home founded by Lord Carrington. The wrapper in which the box is enclosed is covered with post-marks, indicating that it has travelled thousands of miles in the past eleven years.



COME OUT, MA COLLEEN, CLAIRE.

By Garrett O'Connor.

Come out, ma colleen Claire; come out, O come out! For cruel Winter's dead and joyous Spring's about. See! a golden oriole on yon tall, maple tree; Hark! the vesper-sparrow warbles, O so gloriously; Look! the quivering-sunbeams are dancing on the ground, And our old friend, the robin, fills the air with sweetest sound. Come out, my blue-eyed colleen bawn, O do come out; My youth's renewed, mayourneen, and I could dance and shout.

Come out, ma colleen dhas, and see the green things sprout. Behold! a gorgeous butterfly wantons all about. Come and bathe in sunlight, absent, O so long; Let the Spring things hear, aroon, your gay and childlike song. Joy and love and promise are everywhere, my sweet; E'en the grass is waking underneath our feet. Come out, my white-haired girleen; come out, come out, For Spring, the great life-giver, throws gifts to all without.

Ry. Mail Service, Bridgeburg, Ont., 1911.

Won't be Happy till he gets it.

(With apologies to Messrs. Pears.)

Poor little chap to be so cramped In that to which you've such aversion, No wonder that your soul is damped By long immersion!

In water far too hard to take The grateful ease you need so often, You want that saponaceous cake

Your bath to soften.

The bath itself, unless there's peace,

May find your strugglings soon urset it, But there's the soap, and you'll not cease Until you get it!

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of civil servants. Let the married man read the following from Edward Lear's "Story of Four Little Children Who Went Round the World" to his kiddies. At readings from this book there is an unwritten law that there is no laughing aloud, though laughing inside is permitted:

"Nothing particular occurred for some days after these events, except that as the travellers were passing a low tract of sand they perceived an unusual and gratifying spectaele. namely, a large number of crabs and crawfish—perhaps six or seven hundred—sitting by the waterside and endeavouring to disentangle a vast heap of pale pink worsted, which they moistened at intervals with a fluid composed of lavender-water and white-wine Negus.

"' 'Can we be of service to you, O crusty Crabbies?" said the Four Children.

"Thank you kindly,' said the Crabs, consecutively. 'We are trying to make some worsted Mittens, but do not know how.'

"'On which Violet, who was perfectly acquainted with the art of mitten-making, said to the Crabs, "Do your claws unscrew, or are they fixtures?"

" 'They are all made to unscrew,' said the Crabs, and forthwith they deposited a great pile of claws close to the boat, with which Violet uncombed all the pale pink worsted, and then made the loveliest Mittens with it you can imagine. These the Crabs, having resumed and screwed on their claws, placed cheerfully upon their wrists, and walked away rapidly on their hind legs, warbling songs with a silver voice and in a minor key."

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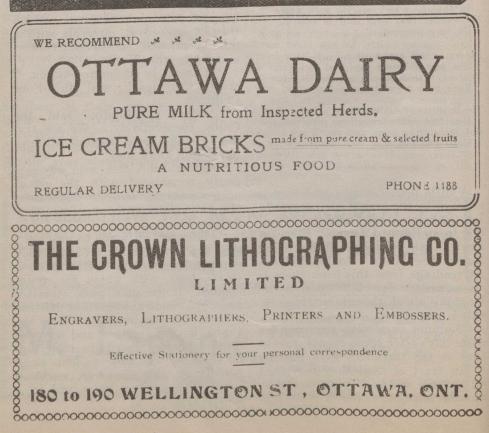
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