

THE CIVILIAN

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No. 19

SURVEY WORK IN THE GREAT WEST.

The wealth of Canada's wheat fields has been so extensively advertised to the world, and the wonderful growth of western population within the last few years has been so much written about that the ordinary stay-at-home citizen who has never travelled over the great transcontinental railway lines and learned at first hand of the development and possibilities of the Great West has come to regard conditions there as similar to those in the older provinces. But the day of the pioneer in Western Canada is not yet past. There are immense areas which still offer splendid opportunities to the landseeker, the timber cruiser and the prospector.

The new settler must be either preceded or very soon followed by the Dominion land surveyor. About forty years ago surveys of lands controlled by the Department of the Interior were commenced in the vicinity of Winnipeg, and to-day an area has been subdivided, available for sale, lease, or settlement, over twice as large as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. This year alone over five million acres will be surveyed, an area equal to that portion of Ontario lying east of a line from Belleville to Pembroke. The work is not done, of course, in a single block, but in districts widely separated where the demand justifies it. At present seventy-seven survey parties are in the field for the topographical surveys branch of the Department of Interior, each in charge of a Dominion land surveyor. About 1,200 men and an equal number of horses are employed and a very complete organization of the year's campaign is necessary to keep up with the constant demand for surveyed land. Each succeeding year the farmer encroaches on the domain of the fur trader and often the race is between the surveyor and the settler. One follows the other as trade follows the flag, but so well has the trend of settlement been fore-

seen, that it is only in exceptional cases and in remote localities that squatters have to settle on unsurveyed land with the attendant risk of an insecure title.

The west has earned a world-wide reputation as the land of boundless prairie, but there is not a prairie stretch of any extent that is not now marked with the iron stakes of the Dominion land surveyor. The last to be subdivided was that known as Grande Prairie in the Peace River country. But the west has more than prairie; its timbered areas are several times larger than the prairie portions, and those who are acquainted with pioneer conditions in the eastern provinces can testify that fertility of the soil is not confined to the prairie alone.

The men who planned and developed the Dominion system of surveys devised and carried out a scheme which combined simplicity, accuracy and economy. Care was taken to make a proper start and then to build up a network of governing lines on which subsequent subdivision could be based. This was a distinct departure from the old patchwork systems, which allowed errors of survey to accumulate until the whole work was vitiated. Such haphazard methods

were easy to carry out, but as the surveys extended the errors multiplied and they inevitably resulted, soon or later, in confusing complications, overlapping of claims and litigation between land owners. Besides, if a survey monument disappeared during the lapse of years the work of replacing it was difficult and costly. These defects were largely avoided in the western system by providing for a series of governing lines on which the fabric of subdivision could be built. This enabled checks to be made at convenient intervals and ensured a proper degree of accuracy. If mistakes must occur they could be localized and their effect largely eliminated.

The surveyors who are entrusted with the laying out of the governing lines have the most difficult work because of the long distances from outfitting centres and the lack of transportation facilities. They must make their own roads into districts which are far from the railways and carry in provisions for several months. Progress is impeded by streams, lakes, muskegs and forests. In some instances they may be fortunate enough to reach the starting points of their season's work by taking advantage of some of the great inland waterways with which Canada is so well provided. Two surveyors who are working this year in northern Manitoba travelled with their parties by boat from Selkirk across the whole length of Lake Winnipeg, the trip to Norway House occupying only two days. This provided an easy and inexpensive method of reaching a very large area of unsurveyed territory. But at Norway House the difficulties of transport only commenced. From that point the parties struck out into what is practically an unexplored country, one going north to survey the principal meridian towards the projected Hudson Bay Railway, and the other running a base line west towards Le Pas.

It is not always, however, that a

surveyor is able to commence his season's work within a few days after leaving the railroad. In one case last year a surveyor who was employed to run the fourth meridian to Lake Athabaska had to travel by trail and river a distance of 450 miles from Edmonton to reach his field of labor. When returning he came over the winter trail by way of Prince Albert, a distance of 400 miles, to reach the railroad. Two months in all were occupied in travelling to and from the work.

Each of the four western provinces is provided with its quota of surveyors working under instructions from the Surveyor General of Dominion Lands. In Manitoba, townships are being subdivided between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, and preparations are being made by running base lines and meridians to extend subdivision northerly as far as the Churchill River and the Hudson Bay railway. In Saskatchewan the lands north of Prince Albert and Battleford are being laid out for settlement.

In Alberta the chief scene of activity is in the Peace River district. In that locality alone about 45 townships will be subdivided into quarter sections during the present summer. These, if placed together, would be equivalent to a block of land over forty miles long and forty miles wide and will provide over 6,400 homesteads of 160 acres each. In the "Peace River Block," a tract of land containing three and one-half millions of acres conveyed by the province of British Columbia to the Dominion, surveys are being made in the vicinity of Fort St. John and Hudson's Hope.

Another surveyor is subdividing lands in the vicinity of North Vermilion, on the Peace river, a distance of about 700 miles by road from Edmonton. The surveyor in charge at North Vermilion transported his party of men and horses by means of

scows from Peace River Crossing, a distance of 280 miles, the trip occupying six days. Another party is engaged beyond the northern boundary of Alberta in making settlement surveys at Fort Providence and other points along the great Mackenzie river.

In British Columbia several surveyors are employed in keeping up with the demands for agricultural and timber lands in the fertile valleys and along the forest slopes of the Fraser, the Thompson and the Columbia rivers. These lands lie in what is known as the "railway belt," a strip of land twenty miles on each side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The far Yukon has not yet ceased to be the land of promise and for some years surveys have been carried on west of Whitehorse for the purpose of connecting the several mining districts. This year these surveys are being continued towards the Klaune district, which is the scene of considerable mining activity. Base lines are being run along many of the creeks in the central portion of the territory where discoveries have been made, hundreds of claims staked and operations in placer mining commenced. In the Stewart and McQuesten valleys a great deal of interest is centred at present and a triangulation survey is being made so that reliable topographical maps of the district may be prepared.

Scattered throughout all the west the surveyors' camp fires serve as beacon lights to settlement and the survey land marks planted over the prairies and far into the northern forests are as welcome sign posts to the traveller and homeseeker. And while there are millions of acres of surveyed territory capable of producing abundant crops and still untouched by the plough, the greatest promise of future expansion undoubtedly lies in the fertile lands over which the surveyor's transit and chain have yet to pass.

PATRIOTIC FUND

Complete statement of contribution of one day's pay to the Canadian Patriotic Fund by the Inside Division of the Civil Service:—

Department.	No. of Signatures.	Amount.
Agriculture	225	\$ 782 41
Archives, Public	49	174 43
Auditor General's office	92	340 98
Civil Service Commission staff	12	42 70
Conservation Commission	32	128 49
Customs	276	1,152 50
External Affairs	8	35 60
Finance	94	285 68
Fisheries	31	133 71
Governor General's Secretary's office	8	22 15
House of Commons staff	106	593 28
Indian Affairs	86	327 84
Inland Revenue	60	259 29
Insurance	17	72 37
Interior	762	2,515 31
Justice (incl. Supreme and Exch. Cts.)	49	244 11
Labour	31	100 16
Library of Parliament.	16	78 59
Marine	121	443 00
Militia and Defence ..	136	434 77
Mines and Geological Survey	191	799 48
Naval Service	66	204 81
Post Office Department.	592	1,517 72
Privy Council office ..	20	101 13
Public Printing and Stationery	41	153 03
Public Works	282	1,126 86
Railway Commission staff	73	299 27
Railways and Canals..	97	410 50
R. N. W. Mounted Police	11	55 27
Secretary of State	55	192 39
Senate staff	36	172 43
Trade and Commerce..	65	234 81
Totals	3,740	\$13,435 07

Of the above amount \$436.54 was contributed by 219 temporary employees.

WALTER TODD,
Ex-Secretary Civil Service
Association of Ottawa.

January 4th, 1915.

"Been to the theatre this week?"
"Yes." "What did you see?" "A black velvet bow, some tortoiseshell combs, a couple of plumes, a chiffon knot, and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen!"

C. M. G. BESTOWED ON TWO DEPUTY MINISTERS.

Two Deputy Ministers,—Eugene Fiset, of the Department of Militia and Defence, and George J. Desbarats, of the Department of the Naval Service,—were honoured by the King on New Year's Day, being made Companions of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Surgeon General Fiset, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence since December 22, 1906, is distinguished both as a civil official and as a soldier. He is a veteran of the South African war, and was present during the operations in the Orange Free State and at Paardeburg and at other actions during the campaign. He was mentioned three times in the despatches and in addition to the Queen's Medal with four clasps, was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and decorated in person by Lord Minto, then Governor General of Canada. He served as P. M. O. with the Coronation contingent in 1902, and was then mentioned favorably by the late Lord Roberts. He was appointed honorary surgeon to the Governor General in 1905. Surgeon Major General Fiset qualified in his course at London and Paris. He was born at Rimouski, Que., on March 15, 1874.

George J. Desbarats, a son of a former King's Printer for Canada, was born at Quebec on January 27, 1861. He is a graduate of Laval University. In May, 1898, he married Lillian, a daughter of the late Sir R. W. Scott. For several years he was an engineer in the Government employ on various works. In 1909 he was appointed Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and in June, 1910, was appointed Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

OUR BOYS AT WAR.

Fourteen members of the staff of Regina Post Office have enlisted for active service. Several others would also have enrolled were it not that the office staff would be so depleted as to impair its efficiency. The men who remain at home are giving a day's pay each month to the Patriotic Fund, and will continue to do so until peace is declared and for one month longer. For December the Post Office Clerks contributed \$122.65 and the latter carriers \$100.75.

Three Civil Servants in the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve, who made the voyage to the Arctic ports of Russia on the ice-breaker "Earl Grey," have received new assignments. Stephen Angwin (Victoria, B.C., Post Office), goes to the Canadian Government steamer "Margaret"; L. N. Milward (Land Titles Office, Moose Jaw), goes to H. M. S. "Shearwater" at Esquimalt, and Reuben Herrod (Railway Mail Service, Moose Jaw), is attached to the accountant's staff at Halifax dockyard.

The staff of the Niagara Falls Post Office made a substantial contribution to the Patriotic Fund of that city.

John R. Munro, of the Census and Statistics Branch, Department of Trade and Commerce, senior Major of the 5th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, has been appointed to the command of the mounted regiment for active service now being recruited in Ottawa, and will rank as Lieutenant-Colonel.

MISTAKES.

An authority claims that business men, office men, clerks, make twenty-five mistakes in every one hundred transactions.

These mistakes are not necessarily serious errors, but they are mistakes of more or less importance.

How many mistakes have you made today? I mean, little and big. Now think over every transaction carefully, and you will be surprised.



SURG. MAJ.-GEN. EUGENE FISET,
C. M. G., M. D., D. S. O.
Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence.

C. M. G. RESTORED ON TWO DEPUTY MINISTERS

OUR BOYS AT WAR

Two Deputy Ministers—Eugene Faet, of the Department of Agriculture and Defense, and George J. Desbarats, of the Department of Naval Service, were made Companions of the Order of St. George.

Surgeon-General... Minister of... December 22... both as a... der. He... African war... the operation... State and... other actions... He was... Despatches... Queen's Med... awarded the... Order and... Lord Minister... of Canada... with the... 1902, and was... sibly by the... was appointed... the Governor... gear Major General... is his course at... He was born at... March 15, 1874.

George J. Desbarats, former King's Printer, was born at... 1874. He was... ally in... Lillian, a daughter of... W. Scott. For... an engineer in the... play on various... was appointed Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and in June, 1914, was appointed Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

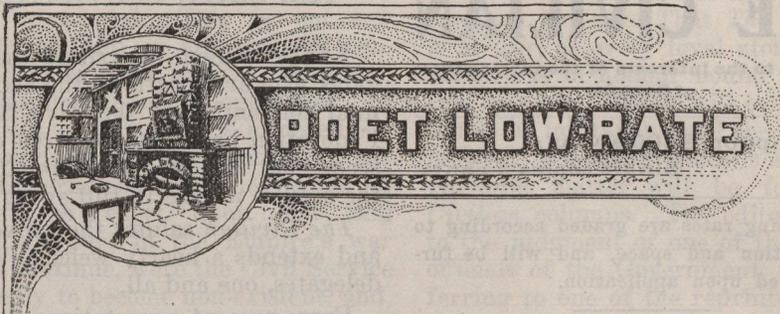
Fourteen members of the staff of Regina Post Office have enlisted for service. Several others would have done so if it were not that they would be so deplored for inefficiency. The men who are giving a... to the Patri... continue to do... and for one... December, the... contributed... carriers

the Royal... who made... parts of... Earl... assign... Victoria... the Canal... Mar... and... St. J... and... ed to the... desk... Falls Post... carrying... of that... Causes and... partment of... senior Major... course, he... appointed to... more... may being recruit... and will... as...

... and... of that... Causes and... partment of... senior Major... course, he... appointed to... more... may being recruit... and will... as...



GEORGE JOSEPH DESBARATS, C. M. G., C. E., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.



Ambitions.

When I was a boy, I used to long
To write a popular ragtime song,
To be an actor, a thief or clown,
Or else the mayor of my little town.

But now that I've been in the world
a bit,
And seen the heartaches and pain of
it,

The thing that I think the more
worth while,
Is to bring to a drooping mouth a
smile.

When I was a boy, I used to crave
To be a Pirate, and in my cave
To hoard up treasure, make leaves
my bed,
And have a reward placed on my
head.

But now that I've been in the world
some years,
And heard the trials, and seen the
tears,

I think an ambition, high and grand,
Is to lend to a burdened soul a hand.

When I was a boy, a mother's plea,
Or a pent-up sigh, meant naught to
me,
I longed to lay hands on a baseball
bat,
And swat the family tabby cat.

But now that I've been in the world
so long,
And seen the struggle, the right and
wrong,
The one thing uppermost in my
mind,
Is to be considerate, staunch and
kind.

The main ambitions of Youth, are
these,
To think of one's self and do as you
please,
But the more I wander a-down life's
road
I think of the other pilgrim's load.

BELGIUM.

Yes, you will revive and flourish,
'Fore the violets bloom again;
You can never, never perish,
For your sons are truly men.
They resist the cruel invader,
And attack with zest the raider
Who has dared to breathe the air
That has made you free and fair.
Royal Belgium! Though you feel
Prussian force and iron-clad heel,

Do not fear,
Keep up cheer!
They who plunder and oppress,
Strut about in warlike dress,
See the writing on the wall,
Know their might-right soon must fall,
Know they'll take their homeward track
With stout freemen at their back.

Do not fear,
Keep up cheer,
Welcome in the glad New Year.

DUNCAN W. JOHNSON.
Dominion Parks Branch, New Years, 1915.

THE CIVILIAN

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of Canada.

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THE EDITORS,
THE CIVILIAN,
P. O. Box 484, Ottawa.

Ottawa, Jan. 8, 1915

SIR ROBERT BORDEN IN HALIFAX PLATFORM.

A thorough and complete re-formation of the laws relating to the Civil Service should be put into effect, so that future appointments shall be made by an independent commission acting upon the report of examiners after competitive examination. I am convinced that we shall perform a great public duty by establishing in this country that system which prevails in Great Britain, under which a member of Parliament has practically no voice in or control over any appointment to the Civil Service.

To use the power of filling positions in the public service as a reward for party service and without regard to the character and capacity of the individual selected is a gross breach of a solemn public trust. A private trustee so dishonouring his office would be subject to punishment by the criminal law.

THE SIXTH CONVENTION.

At the moment of writing the delegates who are to attend the sixth annual convention of the Civil Service Federation have not appeared on the scene, but ere *The Civilian* appears the session will be in full swing.

The Civilian salutes the convention and extends a hearty welcome to the delegates, one and all.

From present expectations the convention will contain delegates representing 8,000 or more Civil Servants. The membership is about double of that of December, 1913, an indication of the great interest that has been aroused, and an eager appreciation of the consideration and time that the Government is disposed to give to Civil Service problems, as illustrated in the Honourable Mr. White's two important bills.

Not to preach a sermon, but in order to make a very necessary suggestion, may we be allowed to remark that business should not be as usual, but better than usual. The circumstances are exceptional; let the means taken to confront those circumstances be exceptional. Let every moment be utilized. If there be a time for jollification, this special time does not seem to be that opportunity. Let every one give an account of his stewardship for the past year. Those who held positions of responsibility, have they taken a course in respiration or perspiration? Have the officers performed their duties? If not, let them step aside and make way for those who will do so. Have the delegates and various secretaries replied promptly to all the communications from the secretary-treasurer, and the convenors of the various committees? If not, can they explain why they are a drag-anchor instead of a favourable breeze to the progress of the Federation ship? This is to be a strenuous game if performance be the measure of success.

There should be no doubt about the

introduction of the bills. They *have been* introduced. This is *not* new legislation, and, in any case, as mentioned in our last number, Civil Service legislation is war legislation. An excellent opportunity is afforded, by the way, for the Federation to ask the Government and the people of Canada to reflect upon how long Canada's part in the Empire's war could continue, were the Civil Service suddenly to become non-existent, and, moreover, to consider how much more efficiently the war can be maintained with an efficient service than with an inefficient one.

The work of this Federation will never be concluded. The ramifications of the task are so intricate that but a portion of it can receive proper attention, especially with the machinery as it is. Therefore, it is necessary that no officer of the executive be elected unless he shows evidence of being a live wire. In the United States there is a great ethically-organized body of public-spirited men championing the great cause of merit. In Canada there is no such body, and the duty seems to rest with this Federation. Heretofore the Federation has been afraid to open its mouth, except inferentially, regarding the abuses of the spoils system, although the Prime Minister has given them the cue in the great Civil Service plank in the Halifax platform. What we desire is a little more red blood. The president should show the way and direct the thought of the convention into channels that lead somewhere. If the Civil Service Commission is not reorganized, and if the merit system is not extended to the Outside Service, the Federation will have to be asked if it has faithfully done its part.

* * *

The Civilian has been criticised for devoting considerable space, during the past few months, to patriotic verses, some of which had previously appeared in other publications. In

answer to such fault-finders, the editors can but say: That *The Civilian* is at war, as every loyal atom of the Empire is in honour bound to be at this time, and that it will continue to flaunt its militancy until the last shot is fired. Whenever space is available patriotic matter will be found in *Civilian* columns. The editors defer to the judgment of one of the higher officials of the Government, who, referring to one of the reprinted selections, said: "Such poems as that cannot be printed too often."

REGINA POST OFFICE HOCKEY CLUB.

(Contributed.)

The Regina Post Office Hockey Club team played the first match of the season on Dec. 23rd at Pense, and were successful in winning to the tune of 11-5. The game was fast in the extreme, and was hotly contested throughout. At the end of the first half the score stood at 4-2 in favour of the Regina boys. The Pense team came back strong in the second half, but they only succeeded in notching three goals to the Post Office seven, thus sending the total up to 11-5 in favour of the latter team. Miller, for the Post Office, did some grand work in goal, and some of his saves were brilliant. The team certainly is in better shape than last year, and a good season is expected. The return game with Pense will be played in Regina after New Years.

"Any government that is not electrified with the spirit of humanity is a cold, lifeless, tyrannical parasitic thing. Good government should spring out of the hearts of the people. Liberty in its widest sense should be their sweet privilege."—Elbert Hubbard.

INHERITS A HISTORY.

The new Ottawa Civil Service Regiment, recruited to a strength of four hundred men, and anxiously awaiting organization by military authorities, is the successor to several similar corps. The history of Civil Service military movements goes back to 1862, when the Government of Canada was located at Quebec. In that year the Civil Servants organized a splendid corps, which came to Ottawa when the Government removed to the new Capital. In 1866 the corps became a regiment, but, owing to weaknesses of organization, for which the Government alone was responsible, its existence in that form was short. Another corps soon came into existence, and continued until the regiment of Governor General's Foot Guards was formed. Civil Servants were the main organizers of that regiment, and have ever been one of the mainstays of it, as well as of every other militia corps in Ottawa. The history of the activities of Civil Servants as soldiers is fully related in the Special Issue of *The Civilian*, a book which no Civil Servant who has any true *esprit de corps* will be without.

THE POSTAL CORPS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

The following tribute to the Canadian Postal Corps, from the pen of C. Beresford Topp, war correspondent, will be pleasant reading for the friends of the boys from the Post Office Department who compose that unit of the expeditionary force. Mr. Topp says:—

“Another unit that deserves the thanks of everyone in camp is the Postal Corps. Ever since the arrival of the contingent in England it has been giving an extremely satisfactory service, though during the first week Lieut. Murray and his staff had to work until the small hours of

the morning in order that the men should get their letters without delay. A base post office has now been established in Salisbury, and here the mails are sorted and sent to the field post offices, where they are distributed to the different units.”

The Postal Corps is unique in that it is the only unit composed wholly of Civil Servants, of men of one department and of men who are following the same line of work in war as they do in times of peace.

THE PROBLEM OF EFFICIENCY RATING.

Public administrative officers seem utterly lacking in the faculty of discrimination when it comes to placing a fair and an accurate rating or estimate on the individual merit and efficiency of their subordinates. As a guide to department chiefs in making up their quarterly efficiency reports of their employees the Municipal Commission, through its first assistant chief examiner, Thomas C. Murray, devised a simple yet intelligent method of marking individual work. Briefly outlined, C stands for average, A and B are above the average, D and E below average. To obtain B an employee is assumed to stand out a little from most of his fellow workers by reason of his initiative, readiness to do more than is expected of him, or some other fine and unusual quality. A represents all this, plus. D and E indicate below, and far below, the average.—“The Chief,” (New York.)

ORGANIZING IN TORONTO.

Twenty-eight new civilian rifle associations have been organized in Toronto and accepted by the militia authorities. One is composed of members of the Harbour Commissioners' staff, and another of members of the Provincial Civil Service of Ontario.

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W. E. GOWLING, *President.*

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The Roll of Honour.

Today our Roll of Honour for the First Contingent alone passes the three hundred mark. In eleven lists *The Civilian* has given the names of more than three hundred civil employees of the Government of Canada who have responded to the Empire's call, and are now in the field of battle on the Continent, or on Salisbury Plain impatiently awaiting the word to be "up and at them." The roll for the First Contingent is not complete. The Civil Servants who have gone to the war would, if mobilized together, form a battalion superior in strength to the peace establishment of an ordinary Canadian regiment.

The Second Contingent roll is growing rapidly, and the Third Contingent roll is well started. A Civil Servant is to command the new cavalry regiment from Ottawa.

Herewith the publication of the Second Contingent roll is commenced. Many more names have been received than appear today. The list is long, and it is found necessary to reserve a portion of it for use in future issues.

ELEVENTH LIST.

First Contingent.

Lieut. R. McMahon, Customs, Vancouver, 6th Regiment, Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, transferred to 10th Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment.
 F. J. Crossfield, Post Office, Fort William, "B" Battery, R. C. H. A.
 Lieut.-Col. S. Maynard Rogers, Dominion Parks Branch, 43rd Regiment.
 Paul Humbert, Tobacco Division, Agriculture, French Reservist.

Second Contingent.

Capt. J. G. Parmelee, Trade and Commerce, No. 5 Co., Canadian Army Service Corps.
 Lieut. R. S. Raby, Railways and Canals, No. 5 Co., Canadian Army Service Corps.
 Lieut. Chas. Graham, Public Works, No. 5 Co., Canadian Army Service Corps.
 Horace Pritchard, Post Office, Niagara Falls, 44th Regiment.
 D. P. Stewart, Customs, Outside, Ottawa, 43rd Regiment.
 Alfred J. Smith, Immigration Branch, 43rd Regiment.
 W. Jones, Post Office clerk, Regina, 95th Saskatchewan Rifles.
 H. A. Smith, Post Office clerk, Regina, 95th Saskatchewan Rifles.
 L. E. Smith, Post Office, Regina, 95th Saskatchewan Rifles.
 J. Elsworth, Post Office, Regina, 95th Saskatchewan Rifles.
 S. C. Berridge, Post Office clerk, Brandon, 28th (Overseas) Battalion.
 H. R. Heaton, Post Office clerk, New Westminster, 104th Royal Fusiliers.
 G. S. Watts, Post Office clerk, Winnipeg, 27th (Overseas) Battalion.
 E. Lumbert, Post Office clerk, Winnipeg, 27th (Overseas) Battalion.
 W. B. Trenham, Post Office clerk, Winnipeg, 27th (Overseas) Battalion.
 Sergt. H. Lowery, Post Office clerk, Winnipeg, 27th (Overseas) Battalion.
 Sergt. R. Kent, Post Office clerk, Winnipeg, 27th (Overseas) Battalion.
 R. B. McCallum, Post Office clerk, Victoria, B.C., 30th (Overseas) Battalion.

ALBERTA RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS' ASSN.

CAPT. J. G. PARMELEE "WATCHED."

The regular meeting of the Alberta Mail Clerks' Association was held at Calgary on Dec. 18th. Those present were: President, Eason; Secretary, Ironside, and Messrs. Aitkens, P. D. Leslie, Chrysler, Bell, Kerr, Allen, MacIvor, Jarrott, Mason and others.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Correspondence from Vice-Pres. Poole, of Edmonton, Secretary of Manitoba Association, and Postal Clerks' Association of Calgary were read. Messrs. Kerr and Mason were appointed a committee to open and count the ballots, and the results were: President for 1915, E. G. Ironside; Vice-Pres. of Calgary, E. C. Allen; Secy.-Treas., P. D. Leslie; Vice-President of Edmonton, John Poole; Vice-Pres. Medicine Hat, O. T. Dean. It was moved by E. C. Bell, and seconded by others on all sides, that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Eason, the retiring President, for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Alberta Association.

It was moved by Secretary Ironside, seconded by Mr. Aitkens, that this Association join the Civil Service Federation of Canada, beginning with Jan. 1st, 1915. Carried. It was decided to send no delegate to Ottawa for the meeting of Jan. 7, 1915.

The Secretary reported being present at a committee meeting of the Postal Clerks and Letter Carriers when the "Second Annual Smoker" was planned to take place some evening of the last week of January next.

The amount of \$20, collected in November for the "Hard Times Fund," was ordered to be handed over to the Associated Charities.

E. G. IRONSIDE,
Secretary.

Capt. J. G. Parmelee, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, when home on Christmas leave from the mobilization camp in Toronto, was presented, by the staff of the Department in the West Block, with a handsome military wrist watch, suitably inscribed. On account of the holiday and Capt. Parmelee's short leave, the presentation had to be made privately. The donors have received a hearty expression of the recipient's thanks. Capt. Parmelee, who was an officer of No. 5 Co., C. A. S. C., is now Adjutant of the Divisional Supply Column.

MINE INSPECTOR KILLED ON DUTY.

Mines Inspector Evans lost his life while in the discharge of his duty at the Coal Creek mine in Fernie, B.C., on January 2nd. An explosion had occurred in the pit, and Evans, with mine officials, went down the shaft to investigate. All were overcome by gas. Evans could not be revived, but the lives of the others were saved.

SUCCESSFUL CO-OPERATION.

A co-operative enterprise, inaugurated by a well-known Civil Servant and participated in by about four hundred other Civil Servants and their friends, has been carried to a most successful conclusion. A consignment of goods valued at nearly \$900 was delivered at the homes of the co-operators at about fifty per cent. reduction from ruling market prices. Further, the goods prove to be of very superior grade,—a quality seldom equalled in the offerings of Ottawa shops.

A SOLDIER'S SEND-OFF BY ST. JOHN CUSTOMS.

(Contributed.)

The long room in the custom house at St. John, N.B., was all aglow with good cheer and patriotism on Thursday afternoon, December 24th. Lines of flags were stretched from corner to corner, and at the end of the room the Union Jack formed the background for a dais which was draped with the Canadian Ensign.

On this dais, at 4.30 p.m., the hero of the hour, E. N. Willis, of the staff, who has volunteered in the Army Service Corps, took his seat.

All his brother officers who were able to leave their duties for a short time were present.

After calling the gathering to order, Collector of Customs, Hon. A. T. Dunn, said:—

“Officers of the Customs and friends: We are gathered here this afternoon to do honour to one of our brothers who has answered the call of duty and has enlisted to fight and defend our King and Empire.

“While we feel somewhat grieved at losing our young friend (as I may say for myself I believe he was the making of a good and competent officer), yet I am sure we all feel proud of that brave and noble spirit which has prompted him to offer to go to the front.

“Mr. Willis, it gives me great pleasure on behalf of your brother officers to present you with this valuable timepiece and also \$25 in cash. When you strap this watch on your wrist, and when you look at its face, may it bring to memory the faces of the staff here at home, who will watch your every move and will be eager to hear of your every deed, whether it be great or small.”

After singing “He’s a Jolly Good Fellow,” by those assembled, Private Willis, in a few well chosen words, thanked all present for their kind re-

membrance, and also for the very kind words of the Collector. He promised he would do all in his power to uphold the credit and integrity of the Service.

Songs were sung by Officers John McKelvie, “Soldiers of the King”; John Royerson, “Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond,” and Wm. Wallace, “The Queen’s Brave Canadians.” Mr. Wallace’s song, both words and music, is of his own composition.

After three hearty cheers were given for Private Willis and the King, the gathering broke up by singing “Auld Lang Syne.”

The following inscription is on the inside of the watch:—

“Presented to
E. N. Willis
by
Customs Staff
1914.”

CANADA WILL SOON HAVE HER OWN CHARTS.

A complete Canadian issue of charts of the inland waters of Canada will shortly be published by the Naval Service Department. Heretofore this work has largely been done by the Admiralty, though the Government here also made charts based on its surveys. The plates which have been used by the British authorities have now been taken over, and will prevent much duplication of survey works which are now in progress on the Upper Lakes. The Department is operating two survey ships, La Canadienne on Lake Superior and the Bayfield on Lake Ontario. The latter surveys are practically finished and those on Lake Superior, Lake Huron and Georgian Bay well advanced.

To Dr. Johnson belongs “a good hater,” and to MacIntosh, in 1701, the phrase, often attributed to John Randolph, “Wise and masterly inactivity.”

A CIVIL SERVANT AT THE FRONT.

When the war broke out Paul Humbert was following the peaceful calling of a technical officer of the Tobacco Division of the Department of Agriculture. From the plots at the Central Experimental Farm, where the nicotiana is tested, to the fields of Eastern France, where men and armies are put to the final trial, was a quick trip for him. Now he is an officer of the 14th Regiment of the Line. Writing to an Ottawa friend, he tells of his experiences. He says:—

“November the 4th, 1914, 2 a.m.—The fatigue men have risen and are going from hut to hut in the forest, the “nigger village,” as we call it. “Turn out, the first section, the second section,” and so on. Candles are lighted, the men collect their equipment scattered in the straw, the blankets are rolled up and knapsacks strapped on amid the clatter of arms and the imprecations of those who cannot find their equipment in the dim light. At 2.30 the “assembly” blows. Under the clear, dark sky, one sees the sombre masses of the companies forming up. Again the bugle blows and we march off slowly.

Then for the toilsome march through the clearings and the woods; stumbling over ruts in the road and clods of earth. Now and then, a man falls into a hole made by a shell with a noise of clattering mess tin and tumbling iron ware; in the woods, we run against the trees and are slapped by the springing branches of the pines. A halt at the trenches of the second line, one kilometer distant from those of the first line, then we start again and, from three to five, move through the narrow approaches dug in the chalk leading to the first line of trenches.

The Outer Trench.

Arrived at last, we find there the companies which have kept guard for 48 sleepless hours, their uniforms white from rubbing against the narrow walls of the trenches and the

men exhausted from the nervous tension of their constant watch.

The men are distributed along the trench. I have 39 to hold 200 meters of front. At night, it takes our supports 45 minutes to reach us, and our orders are to hold our ground to the last man. We take our places, the knapsacks are laid down and the sentries posted. On our front, at a distance of from 150 to 600 meters, may be seen the white line of the enemies' trenches at the edge of a birch wood, one can distinguish the loop-holes and the forms of men showing as they work. Every head which is visible is shot at and from time to time German sharpshooters reply.

When Night Falls.

Night falls; the card games are finished and the soup is eaten; we prepare to begin watch. Before it is completely dark, I place a small post of four men in a cottage demolished by the German shells. It makes an important point of observation for us, and I have only one fear, that of finding the Prussians already in possession. We creep forward cautiously, careful not to crack the tree limbs or to vibrate the wires stretched among the trees which hide our shelters. The men crouch to the grass, searching the cleared space separating them from the German trenches. We listen closely, the slightest rustling of the leaves startles us and the more nervous imagine they see the shadows move and the Prussians advancing through the grass.

From 7 to 9 in the evening is the most dangerous time; the German trenches throw grenades and bombs, which burst with a frightful noise, throwing up rocks and earth, and deafening those nearby. At the discharge of the small mortar throwing them, everyone crouches in the trench with his head between his shoulders. Some seconds of anxious waiting, then something rolls over the rocks outside the trench and then the explosion. We raise our heads, no one hurt! We take our position again, shaking off the earth covering us and rubbing our throbbing ears.

The Passing of Night.

So passes the night, with some slight alarms, occasional shots and challenges of sentinels. Dawn comes to relieve us; one can see before him; there is no longer that threatening darkness, impenetrable to the sight and through which the enemy may be gliding. There comes that bluish light which precedes the dawn, the reflection from the white chalk and then the flush of the rising sun. The sky, more and more clear, appears among the dark pines. We see the meadows wet with dew and, through the light morning mist, the birch trees on our front and the trenches of the enemy.

"For day duty! One sentinel per squad!" (In place of half the force who are on watch at night.)

Relief at Last.

Such is life in our trenches, with the exhausting nights passed in the expectation of a sudden attack, with periods of calm and of anxiety. The day is sometimes brilliant. The birds sing amid the whistling of the bullets. In the bright sky, the aeroplanes hum, saluted by the German shells. Sometimes there is an outburst of artillery fire, followed by the heavy explosion of powerful shells which nothing can withstand. One sees a column of earth and debris

rise to the tree tops. It is a trench blown up. Some applaud and laugh. I cannot do so; I think of the human pulp which may be the result of that shell.

At last, the relief comes. Worn out and stupefied with watching, we leave our trenches and return to the village."

WHAT THE OUTSIDE SERVICE SAYS ABOUT US.

The Civilian herewith reproduces certain letters from members of the Outside Service:—

Kingsgate, B.C., Nov. 21st, 1914.

Editors of *The Civilian*:

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for renewal to my subscription, as I could not think to be without your valuable publication. I think you men of *The Civilian* deserve much credit from members of the Civil Service for the able manner you edit this journal, and your work should be much appreciated from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Yours truly,

A. J. CHISHOLM,
Sub-Collector of Customs.

Chatham, Ont., Dec. 1st, 1914.

Editors of *The Civilian*:

Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$6.00 for new subscriptions to the officers named below. We are all readers of the journal, and appreciate the efforts of the editors, and wish to mark our approval of the quality of the magazine.

Yours respectfully,

A. E. PIBHEY.

Lethbridge, Alta., Nov. 21st, 1914.

Editors of *The Civilian*:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 as per account enclosed. The office would feel lost if this little "Civil Service assistant" did not turn up on time, and we look forward to its arrival.

F. D. SHAW.

WITH THE SECOND CONTIN- GENT.

(By a Civil Servant.)

II.

Thank Heaven! The second inoculation is now a thing of the past, and we shall get no more jabs of the kind, excepting vaccination! *That* pleasure (?) is yet to come.

Things are going very well indeed, and the Colonel seems pleased, which is one of—if not *the*—best sign of progress in the right direction. Route marches of 18, 12 and 10 miles are a common occurrence, as are marches to the Barrielfield ranges for target practice. Rifles have been served out, but only for drill and target practice, as the overworked Ross rifle factory has not yet completed the huge order for this contingent. The present *cri de guerre* is “DISCIPLINE,” and MORE OF IT! The bonds of military regulations are tightening their grasp, and the result is increased efficiency. Heavy sentences are being dealt out to those who infringe the King’s regulations, which are as the laws of the Medes and the Persians—immutable. Every night at 8 p.m. there is a class for officers and another for non-commissioned officers, which lasts an hour, and is of a surety some training for qualifying in one’s rank. Think of this, you luxurious 9 a.m. Civil Servants, who can lie in your bed till 8 a.m., and who leave your desk at 5. Six a.m. to 4 p.m. and 8 to 9 p.m.—9 working hours a day, and the rest to one’s self to do a bit of reading up and amuse one’s self!

Well—“H” Company is pretty fit, thanks to the efficient non-commissioned officers. Corp. Bernard has been appointed Paymaster-Sergeant of the Battalion and is consequently attached to the H.Q. staff. He says he has a strenuous job, with but himself to assist the Paymaster. Corp. “Herb.” Mainguy has been promoted to the rank of Lance-Sergeant, and it

is hoped that he will be a full sergeant shortly, as the “Lance” does not get the pay, although he does the rank of a sergeant. “Alf.” Smith, late of the Immigration Branch, is now a corporal in the “Drums”—the technical name for the bugler section. He is sure one fine bugler.

Boots—and better ones—is a cry that is going up! The present ones have good uppers, but the soles are Goodyear-sewn instead of having a screw-sole, and consequently will not stand hard usage. More have been issued, and it is hoped that they will be better than the last issue. Belts are now always worn outside great coats, which conveys the impression that one is a sack tied in the middle, but “horders is horders,” and we must obey. Sergeants are now wearing side arms (bayonets) on all occasions.

Photographs, and excellent ones at that, have been taken of the battalion in quarter-column, and also of the individual companies.

Frank McGee is now back in “H” Company again. As I said in my former article, he was appointed to the command of the Cyclist Platoon, but was again transferred back to the bhoys’ delight. What Frank doesn’t know he bluffs at magnificently, which is a most enviable quality to possess. Talking about Civil Servants, the monacle of a certain officer fell into his plate of soup at mess dinner the other night, and he called upon the Divine Aid in the matter!!

Dame Rumour had it that we shall go to Egypt, but she is a fickle jade—think of Bill Hughes’ regiment not going to the front! Unthinkable, by gad! He (B. H.) says that the more highly we are disciplined here the shorter time will we have to stay in training in the Old Land, and he is perfectly right. Both the colonel and the adjutant (Captain Hemming) are digging in like smoke, and making everybody—officers, non-coms., and Tommies—work hard to become a

credit to the Empire and to Canada.

We get entertainments now every little while, some regimental and others complimentary. These serve as valuable aids to while away the few spare moments that we have. There is also a Militia Y. M. C. A. in Ontario Hall, which is largely patronized by Tommy Atkins. Some excellent talent among the men is being brought to light by degrees, and it is very pleasing to see how the fellows do their best to make regimental concerts a success. The officers patronize them, too, and Arthur Black's fine bass voice has been heard to advantage here.

Also a Customer.

Johnny had been very excited at school all morning, and finally burst out with—

"We have a baby girl at our house, teacher; Dr. Moore brought her."

Immediately another small hand was frantically waved in the air, and a little voice piped: "We take off of him, too, Miss Brown!"

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CO-OPERATIVE NOTES.

Each for all and all for each.

Mr. George Keen, Honourary Secretary of the Co-operative Union of Canada, and editor of "The Canadian Co-operator," will speak at the People's Forum, Imperial Theatre, Ottawa, on Sunday evening next, 10th instant. His address will be on "The Co-operative Movement." Mr. Keen is the best authority upon co-operation in Canada, and has unselfishly devoted the best years of his life to its propaganda. He will be well worth hearing.

* * *

While in Ottawa, Mr. Keen will confer with the Board of Directors of the Civil Service Co-operative Association upon matters of local and general interest.

* * *

The Board of Directors and employed staff of the Ottawa stores held an enjoyable supper and conference at the King's Daughters' Guild on the 19th instant. Those participating were Messrs. W. W. Edgar, who presided in the absence of President McLeish; Geo. W. Dawson, E. D. Eddy, E. Viens, H. T. Owens, J. H. Kelly, Geo. Bracewell, J. R. Wilkinson and H. Hyde.

* * *

The Christmas trade done at both stores was very gratifying. Nine months of the fiscal year have passed, and the sales for this period amount to \$47,778, a considerable advance over the corresponding period last year.

"What a graceful dancer your daughter is," breathed the insinuating youth.

"Sir," replied the alert mother, "I want you to understand that my daughter dances only the latest dances. She learned several years after gracefulness went out of style."—Washington "Star."

WESBLOCK.

(By Harry McDonald Walters.)

A Review.

Editorial folk, as well as writers generally, are given to speculation about the men and women before whom their work must pass for judgment. It is a game all who write must forever be playing, with or without their volition. It will readily be understood that this game has insidious fascinations. One can theorize and argue indefinitely as to the probable popularity of certain material with "our readers," or—here is where the pitfall lies—as to the nature of "our readers" themselves. The task of appealing successfully to 100,000 people with 100,000 different tastes seems so appalling that, willy nilly, the mind tends to visualise one type, the multiply it by 100,000, and to say such are our readers.

We must remember, then, that the public is made up of individual units, who are all different, and who are human. Let us offer them human literature to read.

In "Wesblock," Mr. Walters has given us a book brimfull of human interest. It partakes of a peculiar interest, strongly appealing to one's human sympathies. It is a strangely unusual work—without plot—boasting neither hero nor heroine—purged of all mad pyrotechnic love scenes—yet possessing a spell strong enough to prevent the reader from laying aside the volume until the last page has been read.

As in his preface, the author so truly states "Outwardly a book, it is not a book in the ordinary sense. It is only an artless yarn." But it is an "artless yarn" given us in such an interesting manner as is only possible by one who has experienced all its situations, failures and successes. In reading it one almost feels the guilt of an eavesdropper, so astoundingly human is the story that it seems as if one had heard a conversation in which the author were baring the secrets of his whole life. From the hour of his birth to his final position among the various ruts of the Civil Service, through all those episodes so dear to the heart of a young

man, the reckless gambling, the seductive demi-mondane, the alluring bucket-shop, and the final happy marriage, Mr. Walters takes us with the confidence of an intimate. It is the story of a man's life, an ordinary man's life, and we are inclined to think the author's, delicately veiled with improvised names and places.

It throws a true light upon those parts of the Civil Service with which "Wesblock" was connected and is familiar, and tells us in an entertaining and breezy style of the almost insurmountable obstacles encountered in a world where "pull and patronage" transplant "merit." One buys a daily paper because one must know what events are passing; one may buy a weekly edition possibly for the same reason, but in the matter of a volume one can have but two reasons, according to the nature of the volume, a desire for knowledge or entertainment. In "Wesblock" Mr. Walters has succeeded in giving two hours' solid entertainment, a feat not always accomplished by authors with much wider reputation. For the reader it is both time and money well expended, and *The Civilian* wishes its brother Civil Servant all the success which we feel confident is in store for the author.

Shorthand Blunders.

A volume could be filled with amusing stories of shorthand mistakes, the greater number of them due to mistaken vowels. For instance, "This day is big with fate," was transcribed, "This day is big with fat," while "Do not indulge in spite," came out, "Do not indulge in spit," and "A house of many gables" was transcribed into "A house of many gabbles."

The use of the wrong vowel may have the most amusing result, as in the phrase, "Man, know thyself," which was once converted, in the report of a sermon, into "Man, gnaw thyself." To misplace a vowel is, in shorthand, the easiest thing in the world. T. A. Reed, the well-known reporter, tells of a pupil who by this means turned "mighty acts" into "mighty cats," and another report of a sermon was spoiled by the advice, "Return a blow with an axe," instead of "a kiss."

THE OTTAWA CIVIL SERVICE CORPS.

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The Struggle.

The climb is hard, the way is steep,
The path is rough and hard to keep,
The goal is far, and foes deride
The traveler on every side;
Yet, day by day, and night by night,
We nearer draw until the height,
Until at last the dawning sun
Shines on the prizes nobly won;
And all the strife, and vain regret,
By which the journey was beset
Forgotten lie amid the haze
Of fast receding yesterdays.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

SOME LIE.

One of our Surveyors, who returned
lately, had the good fortune to pick up
the following information while amongst
the people who roam over the hills and
swap stories.

Indian folk-lore, while most interesting,
is often characterized by a highly improb-
able mythology. The writer thus des-
cribes:—

SOME LIE.

There was an old Indian dame,
A squaw who was Tied Bull by name,
Made good use of her time
And had managed to climb
To the heights of real yarn telling fame.

She told this one about a young beaver
To each tenderfoot who'd believe her
The town would a been wrecked
But for its intellect
In a stunt it pulled off up de reever.

The beaver on its estimation
Built a dam at a high elevation
Here the town got its power
By the kilowatt hour
With a flume to the high pressure station.

'Twas the Moon of Bright Nights or about
then
A spring flood got up in the mountain
The worst in some years
And tall were the fears
When it burst all around like a fountain.

It washed down a camp and its drive
Of big timber, two thousand to five
Where the beaver dammed bogs
Water rose and the logs
By the hundreds began to arrive.

'Twas readily seen from the first
If those logs rushed the dam it would burst
The town and its all
Would go straight to the wall
Then the beaver prepared for the worst.

He went down the chutes for a surf ride
Then along came a sort of a neap tide
He made the logs jam
Miles away from the dam
And diverted the flood to the seaside.

If all of this story is so
Maybe the beaver could show
What "azimuths" are
And efficiency par
To some water-power men who don't know.

H. M. NELSON.

Correspondence.

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

An Open Letter.

Ottawa, Dec. 23, 1914.

To Mr. _____

St. Germain-en-Laye, P.Q.

Dear Sir,—For some weeks I have meditated writing you about the 18 dozen fresh eggs you sold me in the market.

After discovering the shell game you played on me, I devoted much time and thought to the possible means of disposing of these antiquities.

First I thought of having them gently placed in the swill pail, then I thought of the swill-man's pigs, and concluded that no self-respecting pig should be presented with those eggs.

Then I bethought me of my friend the curator of the museum. I went and saw him, taking with me a few specimens. My friend examined them carefully and pronounced them genuine specimens of the oviparous product of some prehistoric hens. Then I offered to present them to the museum—the whole lot of them. He was very grateful, but explained to me that while they would have no use for the whole 17 dozen, they would be glad to get, say, half a dozen. Relieved, to some small extent, I consulted him about the disposal of the balance, and he suggested that they might be sent to General Joffre for use against the Germans, for, said he, the explosion of a few of these shells in German trenches would prove more deadly than lyddite or turpenite. Then I hid me to the express office and explained my mission. The clerk at the wicket regarded me with a sort of mournful compassion, then informed me that express companies were not allowed to carry high ex-

plosives. I expostulated with him, and told him these shells were only dangerous when broken. He replied that express companies broke most anything, and he was obdurate. So I sorrowfully sought my friend B—, and he said he thought the proper thing to do was to return them to you at your stand on the market—one at a time—and he thought if my aim was good that, perhaps, that might be a very effective way of disposing of them. I have thought that out, but it does not fully commend itself to me, as your innocent neighbors in the market would suffer; but I have a neighbour whose back yard adjoins mine, and with whom I am not on very friendly terms. So if you will kindly call at my house and stand by his fence I shall return them to you in the way suggested by my friend—and if my aim is not accurate enough to prevent a few falling on the other side of the fence there will yet be enough to strike you with the conviction of either their great antiquity or of the diseased condition of the hen that laid them.

Yours truly,
A. SEMPLE.

PROPOSED GRADED HOLIDAYS.

Editors of *The Civilian*:

1 to 15 years	3 weeks.
15 to 20 years	4 weeks.
20 to 25 years	5 weeks.
25 to 30 years	6 weeks.
30 years and upwards	7 weeks.

The experience of the British Service has shown that the adoption of the graded holiday system did not interfere with the proper working of the Departments, or necessitate additional staff, and this will be recognized when it is realized that only a comparatively small proportion of officials would eventually attain the length of service rendering them eligible for lengthy leave, while the privilege would be there which all Civil Servants could look forward to, without feeling that the

time might come when they would be compelled to go, with hat in one hand and a medical certificate in the other, to obtain a needed rest, which, while benefitting them, would be in the interests of increased efficiency.

The above proposed grading is a week less than exists in the British Service, where the principle of recognition of long and honourable service obtains, whereas in the Canadian Civil Service the man with long and faithful service to his credit has no more privileges, under the law, at present than the young and untried clerk just entered.

This condition is not only humiliating, but is not good business, and not in accord with the policy of first-class business institutions, and the British Government recognizes that the graded holiday system is of even more advantage to the Government than to the Civil Servant, and that the former is more than compensated for the privilege by the increased efficiency and improved mental and physical condition of that most valuable class of Civil Servants, the experienced ones, whose knowledge of departmental affairs increases with length of service.

It will be seen from the above that a graded holiday system would be in the interests of efficiency, and would benefit the Government even more than Civil Servants.

Provision should be made in the Civil Service Act for the above system of graded holidays, or Section 40 of the proposed new Bill No. 217 should be amended so that yearly leave of absence may be granted under regulations which the Governor-in-Council may make. This would give Council the power, later on, to institute a system of graded holidays.

E. J. S.

Ottawa, Dec. 17th, 1914.

A woman may have faith in her husband, but she seldom believes more than half he says.

No woman talks all the time. When she is doing up her hair her mouth is full of hairpins.

Personals.

John Mahar, of the Department of Militia and Defence, who has been confined to his home as the result of an accident, is recovering.

Stella Margaret, wife of J. Sydney Roe, Secretary to the Minister of Customs, died on the morning of December 27th. Mrs. Roe had been ill but a short time. She was a daughter of the late William Ore, of Quebec, and was born in that city in 1870. The remains were taken to Montreal for interment.

Frederick K. Hanright, Postmaster of Halifax, died on the morning of December 31st, after several weeks' illness. He leaves six children.

Mrs. W. O. Tremblay, wife of an old and well-known employee of the Department of Agriculture, and mother of L. Tremblay, of the Department of Public Works, died on January 2nd, aged eighty-four years.

Women's Column

EMERGENCY FUND.

Receipts Since Last Issue of Civilian.

Mines	\$ 3 00
Interior	34 43
Trade and Commerce	55
Secretary of State	1 20
Militia	5 00
Printing Bureau	12 84
Miss Robertson	50
Mr. McKnight	2 00
Mr. Fairweather	2 00
Mr. McKerracher	1 00
Miss Johnson	1 00
Mr. Grignon	8 50
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	72 02

Disbursements.

Coal, 1 ton	\$ 7 75
Wood, 2 loads	5 50
Salary of stenographer at Welfare Bureau, 2 weeks	10 00
Salary of assistant at Welfare Bureau, 2 weeks	10 00
Stove	8 50
Donation towards rent	10 00
Settlement House	10 00
Salvation Army	10 00

Victorian Order of Nurses	10 00
St. Vincent de Paul Society.....	10 00
Donation for food, 2 families	4 00
Donation Christmas Eve	1 00
Cards, etc., for catalogue	1 58
	98 33

The Emergency Committee wish to acknowledge with thanks special contributions from Mr. McKnight, Mr. Fairweather, Mr. Grignon, Mr. Grierson and Mr. McKerracher. These were nearly all given for special purposes, the carrying out of which was made possible through their assistance.

Contributions of clothing and bedding would be most gratefully received, since the call for these is urgent.

THE SONG OF THE PEAR TREE.

The other day among dispatches from the "front" there appeared an account of a young French soldier, whose continued heroism during the present war has caused his quick promotion from private to corporal, from corporal to lieutenant, and with his lieutenancy the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

The incident reminds me of a similar incident that occurred during the Napoleonic campaigns, and of a beautiful poem celebrating that incident by the French poet Paul Feval.

I cannot give you Monsieur Feval's impassioned verse. But here, if you will permit, is an adaptation in English prose:—

"At home in our village,
Sing he, he, he,
Sing she, she, she;
At home in our village
There was a pear tree."

—Old Catch.

I.

At the end of the village there was a large pear tree, which in spring looked like a milestone of flowers.

The farmer's house was on the other side of the road. It had a great stone gateway almost as imposing as the gateway of a castle.

The farmer's daughter was called Perrine. We were betrothed.

II.

She was sixteen years old. What roses she had in her cheeks. Roses as many as the blossoms on the pear tree.

And it was under the pear tree that I said to her: "Perrine, Perrine; name me our wedding day."

III.

Everything about her laughed. Her curls laughed as they played with the wind; her supple waist, her bare feet in their little wooden shoes, her hands stretching up to pull the hawthorn bough; her clear eyes, her white teeth between red lips; she was one laugh entire. And I loved her well.

"Our wedding day," said she, "shall be at harvest; that is if the emperor does not take you for a soldier."

IV.

When the conscription began I burned a candle before the Virgin, because the thought of going away from Perrine made my heart sick. Praise Mary! I drew luck. But Jean, my foster-brother, he must go. I found him weeping and crying: "My mother! My poor mother!"

V.

"Be comforted Jean; I am an orphan." He could scarcely believe me when I said: "I will go for you."

Perrine came to the pear tree. Her eyes were wet. I had never seen her weep before and her tears seemed to me more beautiful than her smiles.

She said: "You have done well and you are good; go my Pierre. I will wait."

VI.

Left, right; left, right, to the beating of the drums. Advance, march!

They marched like that in the first charge as far as Wagram. Steady Pierre! See, the enemy!

What I saw was a line of fire. Five hundred cannon roaring at once. The smoke got into my lungs. My feet slipped in blood. I was afraid and I looked back.

VII.

Behind was France and the village and the pear tree, covered now with autumn fruit. I shut my eyes and I saw Perrine there praying for me. Praise God! I would be brave! Advance, present, fire! Bayonets! "Ah! He has done well, that conscript. Thy name, boy?"

"Pierre, Sire."

"Pierre, I make you a brigadier."

VIII.

Brigadier! Perrine, my Perrine. Long live the feast of battles! To succeed in an army is nothing but to put one foot before the other. Right, left!

"You again, Pierre?"

"Yes, Majesty."

"There an epaulet!"

And oh, how many there were on the shoulders of the dead.

IX.

"Thanks, Sire!"

So they marched to Moscow—but no farther. It was a wilderness of snow with a way marked over it in corpses. Here the river. There the enemy. On one side the dead.

"Who pushed off the first boat?"

"I, Sire!"

"Always you, Captain!"

He gave me the cross from his bosom.

X.

Praise God! Perrine, my Perrine, you shall be proud of me. The campaign is over. I have my release. Ring the chimes, pull the bells for our wedding day. The way is long, but I come quickly. Over there on the other side of the hills, that is my country. I know the bells and I know what they say.

XI.

Yes, the bells ring. But the pear tree? The month of blossom is here and yet I do not see it. I catch no glimpse of milestone of flowers. Once one could see it a long, long way off. Can it be that it has fallen? Have they cut down the tree of my young dreams? See it has flowered, but

now all its blossomed branches lie withering on the grass.

XII.

"Why do they ring, Matthew?"

"For a wedding, Captain."

Matthew does not know me. A wedding. He is right.

The bridal procession enters the porch of the church. The bride is Perrine, my Perrine, laughing and more beautiful than ever. The bridegroom is my brother Jean.

XIII.

Around me the good people are saying:

"How they love each other!"

"But Pierre?" I ask.

"What Pierre?"

They have forgotten me.

XIV.

I fall on my knees in the grass at the back of the church. I pray for Perrine and I pray for Jean, the two I love.

When the mass is over I pick one blossom from the pear tree; one poor dead blossom and then I go on my way and I never look back. Praise God! They love each other; they will be happy.

XV.

"You again, Pierre?"

"Yes, Sire."

"You are twenty-two years old and you are a commander, you are decorated; if you will, you shall have a countess for your wife."

Pierre took from his bosom the blossom of the pear tree, the poor dead flower.

"Sire, my heart is like this. What I want is a post in the thick of the fight that I may die like a soldier."

XVI.

He had a post in the thick of the fight. And now at the end of the village, in the place where the pear tree stood, there is a grave, the grave of a colonel, dead at twenty-two years on a day of victory. And where the name should stand they have written just two words: Praise God!

FANFAN.