

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

# THE CIVILIAN

VOL. V.

OCTOBER 4, 1912.

No. 12

## The Katipo.

### A Breeze From the Antipodes.

It is unlikely that many of the readers of *The Civilian* have heard of the Katipo. It is not an engine of destruction as the appearance of the word might suggest. On the contrary it is an instrument designed for the purpose of promoting the co-operation and protecting the interests of an important body of civil servants within the British Empire.

*The Civilian* has a long list of exchanges dealing with civil service affairs the world over. There has now for the first time made its appearance the Katipo, the organ of the Post and Telegraph Officers' Association of New Zealand. Coming from a state admittedly the foremost in social and economic reform movements and experiments, it is but natural to expect something a little out of the ordinary. Members of all organizations of the Canadian service will be directly interested in a brief review of the copy of the Katipo now to hand, and individual members of the service will find an interest both direct and indirect.

The Katipo reports the annual convention or conference of the association. The meetings of the conference extended over seven days. An immense number of resolutions were presented relating to every imaginable subject in the administration of the department. The government of New Zealand evidently welcomes the suggestions of the conferences which are the result of splendid organization and an immense amount of interest and study of many problems. An undoubted evidence of the appreciation

of the government of the aid and advice of the conference is apparent in the following incident at the conference which indicates an example the Canadian government could with great advantage follow:—

The Chairman expressed to the Secretary the thanks of the delegates for the leave granted to enable them to attend the Conference, and for the concessions in respect of railway fares; also for the promise given to grant extended leave or special leave later on to enable the delegates to interview the Postmaster-General.

The Secretary said he was glad to do anything he could to meet the Association's wishes.

The unlimited scope of the discussion of the conference will appeal to the delegates to the federation meeting shortly to be held in Ottawa. The following resolutions will illustrate this point and also indicate the freedom from discretionary limitations so common to the deliberations of Canadian bodies of public servants:—

*Inspection of High Tension Wires:*—That where high tension wires are strung (by arrangement) on Departmental poles this Conference is of opinion that the insulation should be regularly tested.

*Acting Appointments:*—That acting appointments are viewed with disapproval, Conference urges that permanent appointments should be made without delay.

The question of classification is dealt with fully and the necessity of "designation in accordance with duties." The following resolution exemplifies:—

*Expansion of the Service:*—That it is desirable that the creation of executive posi-

tions should keep pace with the increase of business.

The attitude of the New Zealanders on the subject of examinations will be of interest apart from possible differences of opinion thereupon. On this point the resolution reads:—

*Examinations:*—That all examinations other than those for promotion and those in actual work performed be abolished.

Preferential treatment of those already in the service is demanded. Applied to Canada this involves the suspension of the system of appointments by political patronage in both Inside and Outside services; opportunities for the Third Division and abating the use of Section 21 in the Ottawa service:—

*Appointment of Outsiders:*—That before new positions arising in the service are offered to outsiders, members of the service be given an opportunity of showing their qualifications.

New Zealand as well as Canada has the "C. S. Commission" and the "Woman" question. The following resolutions bear on these important questions:—

"That the forthcoming Civil Service Commission report be watched carefully for anything with a retrograde tendency likely to effect the interests of officers of the Post and Telegraph Service."

*Employment of Women:*—That this Conference enters an emphatic protest against the apparently growing practice of appointing women to positions such as counter clerks, telegraphists, and clerks to officers-in-charge, at present being held by men, or to positions where the work and responsibility warrants the appointment of men.

The following expresses the attitude of the association regarding annual leave:—

"That in the opinion of this Conference the scale of annual leave most acceptable to the officers of the Department is as follows":—

Up to 10 years' service, 14 actual working days.

Up to 15 years' service, 18 actual working days.

Over 15 years' service, 24 actual working days.

During the conference a banquet, attended by 300 persons, was held, the chief guest being Sir Joseph Ward, ex-Postmaster General, who was held largely responsible for the efficient state of the service. One of the compliments paid Sir Joseph was that his instructions to his officers in regard to salaries and classification was "to err on the liberal side." It has not been so in the Postal service in Canada.

Always progressive the New Zealanders provide an example which has an important bearing on the status of *The Civilian* in the Canadian service. The *Katipo* is owned and operated by the Postal and Telegraph Association. The operation of the *Katipo* entails a heavy loss which is met by the funds of the association. There is also the question of editorship and the following resolution deals with this subject:—

(1) "That the present system of employing an editor who is an officer of the Department is not conducive to the best interests of the Association, and that the management of the "*Katipo*" be instructed to secure the services of an outside editor."

The *Katipo*, bringing this fresh inspiring breeze from the Antipodes, is a welcome addition to the exchange list of *The Civilian*.

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## GOVERNMENT INSURANCE.

Those who have an insurance policy under the C. S. Insurance Act which has been finally paid up will do well to present or mail their policies to the offices of the Insurance Department in order to have a certificate added that premiums are paid. This is a precaution not a legal necessity. As is well known government records are not kept in fire-proof vaults and all questions or complications in case of fire would be avoided by taking the action indicated.

## CO-OPERATIVE NEWS.

Of interest to civil servants who are susceptible to the co-operative idea are the movements appearing here and there to reduce the cost of living. In New York city so oppressive has become the load of living expenses that the Fire, Police and Post Office Departments are conferring with a view to forming a huge purchasing company. The particulars of the organization are interesting but not superior for instance to that of the society doing business in Ottawa at the corner of O'Connor and Slater streets, and which may be the basic system of that larger measure some day to be incorporated throughout the service all over Canada. The New York plan is one that should be installed in each of the large centres of the Dominion under one federal organization. As it may be of interest in this connection, a short extract from the New York "Chief" dealing with plans for distribution is appended.

**Maximum Efficiency and Economy.**

A central receiving and distributing depot to be established in Manhattan for handling a general line of groceries, fruits and vegetables, where all goods will be received and deliveries made direct therefrom to the buyer's home. The goods to be handled by three eight hour shifts each, the last shift putting up the vegetables which come in that night, and all perishable goods to be handled through or in cooled rooms. This will assure minimum expense, the least waste and the goods delivered to the homes in the freshest possible condition. It is equivalent to the individual buying at car lot prices and having the goods delivered to the home at a nominal cost.

The city to be divided into districts, according to the density of business and orders sent in direct to the company or through order agencies to be established throughout the city, once a week or oftener, according to vol-

ume of business in each, and deliveries with same frequency. Delivery orders not to be taken for less than \$1 total and to be paid for when ordered. The goods to be delivered the day after the order is received at the headquarters.

The company is to issue a trade paper or market circular from time to time containing prices of all articles offered. Any changes in the meantime to be announced through the daily newspapers, to be selected. Orders from outside the city to be accepted at the regular prices plus an approximate cost for shipment packing.

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**REQUISITIONAL.**

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

O. M. HUBBARD in *The Civilian* (England.)

First of Divisions, Uncontrolled,  
Lord of our store-consuming line,  
Relax those awful hands that hold  
Dominion over tape and twine:  
Warden of Stores, we're using yet  
What we can get, what we can get.

Our piled-up stationery flies,  
Our envelopes and forms depart,  
And though we often sacrifice  
The fifteen-pence we had to start,  
Warden of Stores, we're using yet  
What we can get, what we can get.

Old hoards, oft drawn on, melt away,  
From desks and presses sinks our store.  
Lo, all our stock of yesterday  
Is lost as well as gone before:  
Warden of Stores, we're using yet,  
What we can get, what we can get.

If mad with want of forms we loose  
Wild tongues that hold not thee in awe,  
Such outeries as Collectors use,  
Or First Class Clerks, above thy law,  
Warden of Stores, bear with us yet,  
Though we forget, though we forget.

For requisitions sent in vain,  
And urgent supplications penned,  
For simple faith that asked again,  
And asking, thought that thou wouldst  
send,  
For foolish hope and frantic word  
Thy mercy on thy Service, Lord.

## Where the Shoe Pinches Worst.

On the authority of the government itself, viz., the official record of prices maintained in the Department of Labour, the pressure of the enhanced cost of living was never so great and so universal as at the present time. The last Annual Report on Prices issued by that Department in March, 1912, in which conditions during the calendar year 1911 were dealt with, opens with the following statement:

“Wholesale prices in Canada reached during 1911 a general level higher probably than in any previous year within the present generation. The detailed statistical record of the Department of Labour on the subject goes back to 1890; within that period prices have only once approached a high point comparable with that of the past year, viz., in 1907. . . . It is safe to say that prices have been higher in Canada in the year just past than at any time since 1882-4, or possibly since 1872-3.”

It is since the publication of this statement, however, that the most extraordinary conditions have arisen. The Department's index number for 1911, the period under review above, was 127.2, compared with 124.0 in 1910, these numbers being percentages of average prices prevailing during the decade of 1890-9. An examination by months, however, is still more significant. In June, 1911, the index number stood at 126.1. From that point it rose to 129.4 in December, from which it climbed steadily during the first half of the present year to 136.9 in June, 1912. There has been a recession of about three points since, but no signs of a decided break, and it is probably safe to say that the general level of wholesale prices is at the present moment much higher than in the previous history of the Dominion. When retail prices are considered, the same results are shown; in fact, during 1911, retail prices, which are a most accurate index of the cost of living, advanced approximately 7%, though wholesale prices advanced only about 3%.

It remains to be added that in the opinion of the most competent economists the present high level of prices will not only be maintained but will be intensified, being due to causes that are permanent in their influence. Professor Irving Fisher, of the University of Yale, ends an elaborate investigation and analysis of the present prices situation in the September, 1912, issue of “The American Economic Review,” with the following words: “Whatever the mutual adjustments of prices levels between countries by international trade and the redistribution of the stocks of gold, I believe the world as a whole is destined to see for many years to come a rapidly rising tide of prices.”

Apart, however, from the future, the situation at present demands that the government follow the example of almost every important employer of labour throughout the Dominion during the past three years, and adjust the general scale of remuneration to conditions which are so important in their bearing on the welfare and efficiency of their servants.

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### VACANCIES IN CIVIL SERVICE.

The Canada Gazette contains notice of a number of vacancies in the civil service. They include positions for six temporary male clerks for the special census staff, at a salary of \$75 per month. Five of these clerks are re-

quired for operating, sorting and tabulating machines. They should be intelligent men, possessed of a good education, capable of sorting and verifying cards with accuracy and rapidity, and of noting immediately when a machine is not working correctly. The sixth clerk, in addition

## “A People’s Movement.”

The growth of the patronage system in democratic government is a curious inconsistency. It is almost beyond belief that in a democracy the offices should be regarded as regal perquisites of the party in power and that the incumbents should hold their offices in feudal allegiance to their overlords. Perhaps it is the price we have had to pay in the development of responsible party government.

But the people do not intend to pay this price any longer. A new spirit is abroad, or rather, the same spirit which in the beginning of the United States inveigled against the king because “he has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.” As Mr. Justice Hughes a few months ago said, before the U. S. National Assembly of Civil Service Commissioners, “The people of this country are absolutely tired of having public offices and public business used as a means for personal reward and for making a great camp so that one party may fight another on election day. They are absolutely sick of that whole thing.” — *Good Government*.

to having a good general education, should be a mechanic, with an electrical and mechanical training, and with some knowledge of the operation and repair of compiling and adding machines.

Application forms properly filled in, must be filed in the office of the Civil Service Commission, not later than the 7th day of October.

### For Outside Service.

The civil service examinations, preliminary and qualifying, for the outside division of the civil service, will be held under the direction of the Civil Service Commission on Tuesday, the 12th day of November, 1912, and following days throughout Canada.

### Competitive Examination.

A general competitive examination under the direction of the Civil Service Commission will be held on Monday, the 11th day of November, 1912, and following days throughout Canada. Such examination will have reference to the following positions to be filled during the period from the

1st January to the 30th June, 1913, in the inside division of the civil service, viz.:

75 clerkships (for men) in Subdivision B of the Third Division. Initial salary \$500 per annum.

5 clerkships (for women) in Subdivision B of the Third Division. Initial salary \$500 per annum.

15 positions as stenographer and typist (for men) in Subdivision B of the Third Division. Initial salary \$500 per annum.

40 positions as stenographer and typist (for women) in Subdivision B of the Third Division. Initial salary \$500 per annum.

40 clerkships (for men) in Subdivision B of the Second Division. Initial salary \$800 per annum. In the case of five of these clerkships the persons to be appointed must, in addition to being successful in the regular examination, possess a knowledge of stenography and typewriting.

Applications from intending candidates must be filed on or before the 15th day of October next.

# THE CIVILIAN

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

Ottawa, Oct. 4, 1912

## LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

The Editors of *The Civilian* have rarely had before them such valuable subject matter for editorial comment as is afforded them to-day in the opening article of this issue. New Zealand, the young, virile giant of the Southern Seas arrives on the scene and shows us the way to do it.

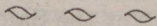
The point most palpable and exemplifying to the Canadian service and which should be thoroughly absorbed and digested, especially by the executive of the federation, is the close confidential relationship existing between the government and the service in New Zealand. In the first place the government grants special leave to delegates to attend the annual, or any special conferences; and also allows railway passes to all such. Moreover the government assists the service by allowing the Deputy-Head of the Department to discuss their many resolu-

tions and subject them to a process of elimination. These are most practical evidences of the government's desire to make use of the committees of the service as advisory boards in order to promote efficiency in the public service. This is true democracy. It is as it should be, or otherwise the time spent in interviewing Premiers and Ministers is a waste of time on both sides. We in Canada have not arrived at, though perhaps we may be slowly progressing towards, such a high plane of co-operation between government and service.

Let the Federation of Canada take a leaf out of the book of wisdom of our brethren in New Zealand, and allow *The Civilian* to venture a suggestion in this respect. The next memorial to government should, as a preface, contain an exposition as to the valuable work which may be performed by the larger organizations of the service in the way of collecting evidence from every field of public service, formulating opinion thereupon, and presenting an undiluted statement of the deductions to the Premier in annual address. There are many commissions reporting on civil service subjects but the Premier will find he has the best commission in the service itself, if he will but countenance and encourage it to speak its mind. The federation stands in great need of some candid passport to the fairyland of confidential status in the councils of the government such as exists in New Zealand. At the present time the operations of the federation are confined within narrow boundaries and its best efforts are frustrated through fear of the ghost of "discretionary limitations."

The short account we have been able to take from the Katipo in our first article, of the part played by the service in New Zealand in an advisory capacity to the government is brief and necessarily incom-

plete. There is a phase, however, of the conditions, which, as it relates to *The Civilian* should interest our readers. The *Katipo*, the organ of the association formed by the members of the department which operates the postal, telegraph and telephone services, is owned and operated by that association. The *Katipo* is operated at a loss of over \$500 as appears from the financial statement, the deficit being met by the ordinary revenue of the association. That is to say the subscription to the *Katipo* is included in the membership fee. *The Civilian* on the other hand is being conducted privately by civil servants who would rejoice to hand over to the federation, responsibilities initiated from the highest motives and carried on always with a sense of pleasure, but now becoming a heavier burden than can effectively be borne. Like many departments of the service *The Civilian* requires re-organization. With advertising rates set for a 500 circulation these rates remain though the circulation has increased by five times; the printers' charges being increased thereby. We hope the day is not far distant when the representative civil service organization will follow the example of New Zealand and carry on *The Civilian* as an important part of its machinery for more efficiently informing and educating the service.



#### SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

The death of Sir Richard Cartwright leaves a gap in the ranks of the public men of Canada which can never be filled. He was a partisan, and one of the fiercest and most implacable fighters that the political arena has ever known. And yet, even in the days of his bitterest denunciation of his fellow-partisans of the other side, the sheer ability of the man commanded attention and respect. As an orator, whether in

parliament or on the platform, while he may not have been greater than others of the great men of his time, he had a style which made him unique.

It is for others, however to speak of Cartwright the politician, *The Civilian* can speak only of Cartwright the administrator and founder of administrative systems.

Sir Richard Cartwright was known in the old days as Minister of Finance, and later, in the Laurier administration, as Minister of Trade and Commerce.

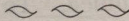
Those who have served under Sir Richard Cartwright speak of him in the highest terms as head of an administrative office. To the public he seemed unapproachable and, in personal matters, unsympathetic. But this was not true of those whose work it was his duty to direct. To the officers of the departments over which he presided he was as considerate as the limitations of our cabinet system of government permits any individual minister to be. He took pride in his department and strove to make it efficient by facilitating the work of every employee in it.

But Sir Richard Cartwright was more than an administrator. He realized that the one object in all the multifarious activities of government was the promotion of the public interest. And the work of government in solving the social problems of our time was not neglected by him. Though he strongly opposed all schemes of governmental benevolence as tending to the establishment of privileges which must in the end rest as a burden upon the public, he still believed that the machinery of government could be made to assist and encourage the spirit of self-help which, after all, is the great ameliorator of those social ills which arise from poverty and the fear of poverty.

The system of government annuities now in operation is the result



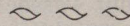
of Sir Richard Cartwright's efforts to solve the problem to which the greatest statesmen of the world are now giving so much attention. The annuities system is his monument. Whether that monument shall stand, more admired during the ages, or whether it shall crumble, is a matter for the future to make known. But at least its existence proves that the man desired to be remembered as one who, in seeking high office thought of the public welfare and as one whose sympathy was with the humblest of his fellow-citizens not in words only but in practical efforts to bring the benefits of government to their very doors.



#### SUPERANNUATION.

Superannuation is commonly regarded as an issue by itself. This is a mistake. Superannuation is bound up, root and branch, with the whole civil service problem. The one and only question that should be asked of a superannuation scheme is: Will this scheme result in a more efficient and more economical administration of the civil service. If the answer is "yes," then it is a good scheme and is worthy of consideration; if the answer is "no," then it is a bad scheme and should be rejected, no matter what other considerations can be urged in its favour. The question of cost, which is so frequently brought up, is neither here nor there. In any event, civil servants are thoroughly well aware that no matter how the plan of contributions is arranged on the surface, the cost in the final analysis will come out of themselves. The British plan, which is entirely supported by the Government, has been proved by a Commission to have been paid in full by the civil servants, that is indirectly, by depreciation in the salary scale. Therefore when civil servants advocate superannuation they are not asking something for nothing. They advocate superannua-

tion because they believe a civil service system which includes superannuation will represent a more satisfactory dispensation under which to work, that it will improve the tone of the service, attract a better class of men to it, and thus enhance the profession all round.



#### OUR SERIAL.

With the present issue of *The Civilian* we present the concluding chapters of the Miss-Adventures of Jimmy Carew. This, our first attempt to run a serial story, began in April last and has continued consecutively since. We hope the author's story has proven of interest to readers of *The Civilian*. It is difficult to obtain an opinion at large in a matter of this kind, but expressions of opinion favourable to the author and his work have been heard. *The Civilian* is heartily glad to have afforded an opportunity to a brother civil servant to practice the literary art, a talent for which we consider Mr. Rogers to be by nature endowed. The author is a man of attainments, energetically striving to improve his work so that the talent may not rust within the napkin. We wish Mr. Rogers every success in his future productions in the field of literature and art.

#### Not the Same.

A schoolmaster called at the home of a pupil whose absence had extended over a week and inquired of the lad's mother the reason of his absence. "Why," she said, "he's past his fourteenth year, and me and his father thinks he's had schooling enough." "Schooling enough?" said the schoolmaster. "Why, I didn't finish my education until I was twenty-three!" "Be that so?" said the mother. "But that lad of ours has got brains!"

## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### The Preserving Season.

We have reached the climax of that long season of the year known as Preserving Time. Mrs. Wegg has preserved everything near at hand with the exception of a bushel of potatoes and a pair of boots which I hid under my desk. I might have saved the boots without my caution, for she ran out of gem jars last week. Gem jars, I may say by way of definition, are glass things which housekeepers run out of. Also,—this time by way of advice,—when your wife runs out of gem jars you had better run out of the house.

I look forward now to a season of peace and prosperity and Washington pies. "The best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made." We have laid by stores against the seven lean months, having enough, I should think, for even the ten brethren should they come our way. The "putting up" is completed. There is where Mrs. Wegg shone. You should see me in the great "putting down" act hereafter.

I am glad to say that putting down preserves is less risky than taking them down. Every night for the last while or so Mrs. Wegg has asked me to take some filled jars down to the cold storage, which is so called because it is next door to the furnace. Our cellar stairs are of a precipitous nature. In fact they are cellar stairs. I slipped one night at the top of them, being the custodian at the time of two dozen jars of peaches. They were of the cling-

stone variety when I left the kitchen with them. They are free stones now. The cellar stairs were not injured in the least. When I came to, I was reminded by a spectator of the accident that I was "forever thinking of something else" and that my mind was never on the practical things of life, although for once I had descended from the abstract to the concrete, this last having a reference, I believe, to the cellar floor. I tried to make amends by telling the critical spectator that I still had one peach left. "And I have a lemon," said the critical spectator. Thus it is that preserving time has its hazards. If there were only gem jars enough, but there are not, one might be able to preserve one's peace of mind.

We should look upon this preserving season with larger eyes, however, than those that expand to match the stomach. During the summer and autumn months we are intent on preserving other things than fruits and vegetables against the winter. We take our vacations, which are times for preserving memories to last us through the balance of the year. Some, as we know, do not preserve many memories because they soon run out of gem jars. The gem jars for the preservation of memories are sometimes called brain cells. They cannot be "obtained at any grocer's." You have to manufacture your own and a great many of them are crossed with cracks and flaws, but there are some like the widow's cruse which never fail no odds how often drawn upon.

A good deal depends in the preservation of our summer memories on the preservative used. They should be done in sugar. Some people make pickles of their experiences, using the sharp vinegar of dissatisfaction in the process. Pickling should never be called preserving. In speaking of men we recognize the distinction wisely. There is a great difference between a well preserved man and a man who is well pickled. Do not put your thoughts in brine. It is well to add a pinch of salt of the Attic brand when they are served at the table, but thoughts that are kept in a salt solution are found to be of a coarsened fibre and hard to digest.

More important than the gem jars and the preservatives used are the things preserved. Memories are not like pies; you can eat them and have them too. And so it is not necessary when preserving memories, as it is often when preserving fruits, to decide the question whether we shall eat the choicer and can the meaner varieties, or vice versa. Yet often we come back from our vacations with nothing in our mental gem jars but spotted crab-apples when we might have them chock-a-block with strawberries and plums. We should be on our guard in preserving time against what Tennyson calls

“The little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.”

And then, strange to say, some folks adulterate their wholesome memories when they can well afford to have genuine fruit preserved for winter use. If a woman has a half-bushel of raspberries at hand she does not make a mixture of coal tar and hayseed to add to them. She puts up her own raspberries just because she cannot trust the canneries to give her pure fruits. Yet, in making up our mental preserves, we often add the coal-tar of falsehood to the pure fruits of fact. Then we serve the compound to ourselves at a later date

and wonder why our palates are going back on us.

But, even after we have “put up” our memories, there is a danger to be on watch against, the danger of fermentation. “Look,” said Mrs. Wegg to me the other day, “my plums are beginning to work.” I was overjoyed at the news at first because there was a whole cellar-full of rubbish to be cleaned out, and I had a momentary picture of the regiments of jars on the cold storage shelves beginning to work on the jobs near at hand. But not so. Plums may work at times but the results for the outside world are not in proportion to the perspiration in evidence. Some of us may be plums. However, that is neither here nor there at present. Our memories often begin to work and must be done over or they are lost to us, or, worse than that, begin to infect the whole stock of preserves on hand, for there is a difference between mental gem jars and the glass kinds. Fermentation in one jar of plums cannot affect the plums in the other jars, but the mental gem jars, the brain cells, are not made of glass. When one memory begins to “work” it may burst its jar and spread into the jars where the other memories are kept until all the memories are leavened with the one leaven. The man with a persistent grievance is a man with one memory that has fermented and spread the bacilli throughout his whole stock of memories, so that nothing he recalls from the past is unrelated to this grievance of his. Poor fool, he should have kept a pot on his stove and have done over his preserves the moment they started to work.

As to how far the fermentation of memories may lead to poetic outbursts, etc., I do not intend to treat here. Fermentation, wisely managed, has its uses. The Scotch, or, is it the Irish, say that bread may be the staff of life but whiskey is life itself. I dare not put the question

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Proclaims  
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won for them the high repu-  
tation they have to-day.

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to experiment, so will leave it for more experienced folks to debate. If a man with a wooden leg cannot keep his balance on the cellar-stairs when carrying two baskets of newly-preserved peaches what would become of him if he had a bottle of the real stuff that had been "working" for ten years or so? This is a rhetorical question, demanding no answer.

P.S.—Young Silas has just asked me if a plumber puts up plums. I have told him No, my boy, he does not. He puts up prices. If anybody can tell me of a better answer to give him we will make a daffodil of it and share the proceeds,—that is, if the plumber does not see us first.

#### FORTIN—LETOURNEAU.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday morning, September 24, when Miss Henriette Letourneau, of St.-Antoine de Tilly, and Capt. Auguste Fortin, architect in the Public Works Dept., at Ottawa, were united in marriage. The church was a profusion of autumn flowers, the great altar being especially well decorated. The singing was done by the bride's friends. The ceremony

was performed by the Reverend D. Jobin, parish priest of St.-Epiphane. Dr. P. J. O. Lauriault, step-father of the bride, and Mr. S. Fortin, consulting-engineer, at Quebec, father of the groom, acted as witnesses.

After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the home of the bride's step-father where a wedding breakfast was served. They received many beautiful and costly presents from friends and relatives.

Capt. and Mrs. Fortin left on a two-weeks' honeymoon to Montreal, New York (via Champlain Lake), Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. On their return they will reside in Ottawa.

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## The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### *A Dinner at the Inn.*

And that was Jimmy's "little surprise." Giggs had told him in the Committee's tent of the Moores having left Rome per stage and Stop-and-Carry-One for the big St. Lawrence boat. And Jimmy had such simple, cheerful, soul-confiding faith that the little railway would stand by him and live up to its record by missing connections with the steamer that he planned his dinner-party in honour of the brown-eyed Bess and her Mamma; swearing Giggs to secrecy as far as I was concerned. But so far as I was concerned it was an interrogation point in my mind whether B. and her mater had really and truly intended to go by the big boat that night, and whether the love-smitten James believed they would even if they caught it. Mamma was some match-maker, and I had a pretty good idea of the way Bess would feel about it. *She* wasn't going to lose the chance of seeing Jimmy again. And goodness only knows what he had written her in that long love-lorn epistle from the Athenian House.

Well, Bessie, in some heavenly sort of blue chiffon gown, her eyes tenderly bright, her whole face radiant, her cheek abloom, was far more lovely than even my short dozen of lovely roses, which she now held. She gave me her other hand, with a word or two of girlish greeting frankly glad and warm; and then it was off to the wide balcony overlooking the moonlit tide on the arm of Sunny Jim, for her; and for me back to the Mission and the Mines going over that same old Vizzyvee Roman House verandah stunt with Mommer, Romeo's prospective mamma-in-law. *She* said, confirming my suspicion, and giving the whole dream of the morning away:

"We were so disappointed at missing the regatta, Mr. Brooks. Was there ever a more tormentingly tedious and tiresome apology for progress than travel by the Stop-and-Carry-One? Had it not been for the conversation of two Athenians in the car—one a photographer, with a swollen face, and the other a Dutch constable named Hans—we should have died of *ennui*. We gathered from their talk the details of your adventure of the previous evening at Athens with that unspeakable Mr. Potts. And I suffered from Mr. Potts in a less amusing way. There was a copy of the Brickville *Snooze* in the car, of this morning's issue, and Bessie insisted on reading for my delecta-

tion his fulsome and nauseating paragraphs about ourselves. I am afraid that Bessie's ideas of humor and mine do not agree. And then, on another page——"

What another page of the *Snooze* had disclosed I did not then learn. A page of another sort, shrill voiced, in blue and buttons, announced:

"The Commodore and members of the Regatta Committee of the A.C.A. and ladies!" And Sunny Jim, with the radiant Bessie in tow, blew in from the balcony and greeted his guests.

"Unavoidably detained, Carew, on the river," explained the Commodore. "A tilting tournament to the death was in progress, and the *Water Lily*—emblem of peace—intervened, and——"

"Mr. Victor Vanderbilt, of New York!" shrilled the curtailer of conversation at the door; and then we all went down to dine.

The Commodore, who was taking the blooming Bessie down, had entered into detail of the event which had detained the launch, when the whole procession came to a sudden stop on the broad stair.

"My dear Miss Moore!" exclaimed the Commodore. "It's a most extraordinary likeness! Most extraordinary!"

The Commodore's wife, on Jimmy's arm, gave a little gasp and a giggle; and the rest got the rubber habit quicker than an electric shock. Mamma tilted her classic chin as she adjusted her pince-nez; and Bessie's frank smile merged into a rippling laugh that broke the ice of propriety on the faces of the ladies on the upper stairs. The laugh ran up them faster than any bell-boy chasing for a tip; and well it might. For Charlie Stevens, purser of the *Fairy Queen*, had just stepped from the elevator and was regarding Jimmy with a slowly broadening grin.

Had it not been for a distinctive red bump on Stevens' brow, you couldn't have told them apart at first glance; no, nor second, either. It looked as though either must surely have been the reflection of the other in a big glass. And as we passed through the office, Andrews and Lime and others of the Red Horse party gossiping there bestowed appreciative grins; while guests who did not know stared from Jimmy to Stevens as our procession filed by, and pinched themselves. And the head waiter at the dining-room door—a dignified personage—seemed to be threatened with an apoplectic fit.

"From top to toe, even to the shirt and collar and tie!" said young Vanderbilt,

with his gay laugh. And Jimmy gave me a backward glance that spoke *his* mind.

"And he shaved off his moustache!" said Bessie to the Commodore. "How mean of him!"

The tables, snowy with fine fresh linen, scintillant with highly polished silver and cut glass, and brilliant with carnations — which told me in their language how Jimmy had fibbed about wanting roses for the table—were set by big windows opening upon the lawn running down to the river and upon which a string orchestra played. A little remote sat Stevens, Brown and White; and it wasn't long before the waiters began to get second-class as far as Stevens and Jimmy were concerned. There *were* differences between the two, of course; the differences of expression and mannerisms and poise. And Jimmy had the distinction of birth, if you will, as became the lineal descendant of an ancestor who had been barrow-knighted by His Sowskip King James the First. But the knights of the napkin and bill-of-fare couldn't be expected to comprehend such differences and distinctions at first, though they sailed by the bump on Stevens' brow pretty well after a while. But at the start Jimmy got things he hadn't ordered and didn't want; which was hard enough, considering that the menu ran too much to "a la" and too little to "ouf" for his taste.

"We were well above Dark Island," said the Commodore, resuming the deferred yarn, "when the man at the wheel put the launch sharply to starboard. We heard sharp cries, and recognized the musical note of our mutual friend Mr. Weatherbee's voice. His canoe drifted across our bow. We found Mr. Weatherbee in his favourite element, and endeavouring to upset another canoe, in which was a young gentleman whom I see at another table here."

"A sort of king of the castle game," Bessie said.

"Precisely. And the king was doing very well, in spite of the rascal being perforce the 'coolest' man. The king was whacking the rascal over the head with a single-blade. As we ran up Weatherbee swam off to his canoe, and we took the other gentleman in tow. He was quite wrought up, but we gathered the details of Mr. Carew's preceding bout with Weatherbee."

"Mr. Carew hasn't said a word about it!" said Bessie, with a glance of reproach at James.

"He is essentially a modest man," the Chairman of the Committee said.

"Yet, while Othello was very brave, remember how he won Desdemona's heart," said the Commodore's wife.

"Black art," said Victor Vanderbilt.

"And *we* don't live in the dark ages," said Mamma, who didn't like anyway the comparison of her prospective son-in-law with a *Moor* (without an "e"), even if he

were as black as one. And just then the Red Horse party arrived.

"Wouldn't have wanted to wait a minute more!" Andrews said. "Wasn't half as hungry even in Red Horse!" He caught my eye, nodded, and telegraphed the head waiter, who presently came to Jimmy and then to me.

"Certainly!" I said. "I won wine from Captain Andrews when you won the Cup. I hope everybody will 'smile' their appreciation of Jimmy's winnings and mine."

"Can't understand what became of Weatherbee," Andrews said. "Gannon and the Duchess should have taken out a warrant when they undertook to look him up."

"Perhaps he lost his appetite with the protest and the Cup," suggested Lime.

"Well, if I were the Duchess I wouldn't let my appetite suffer through him," Andrews said.

Meantime young White was enlightening his party concerning the belated Weatherbee. He said:

"Potts had no sooner dashed for the shore, and Carew paddled off after dumping Weatherbee out, don't you know, than Weatherbee turned at me and said he would send me to the bottom if I didn't promise to keep mum."

"Well, Potts has put himself into a peck o' trouble, too!" said Stevens, with a grin. "He's in the lock-up now." And I saw the gentle Bessie start and flush and pale.

"Talking of the dark ages," said Vanderbilt, "I saw a New York dispatch in a paper here this evening of the death of a namesake of yours, Carew; a literary celebrity, and an authority on prehistoric writings and that sort of thing. No distant connection, I suppose?"

"He was my brother," said Jimmy, gently.

"O, I say!" said Vanderbilt, with genuine grief in his face. "I hope I haven't put my foot in it, old chap!"

"Not at all, old fellow!" said Jimmy, with a kindly smile. "I got the news to-day, but I had expected it for some time. His life had been on a very slender thread for some months, and he passed quietly away in Colorado, where my sister had taken him in the forlorn hope of restoring his health. Knowing how hopeless his case was, and how, notwithstanding the fortitude of patience which he exercised, he must have welcomed the end, the news of poor old Owen's passing could not come altogether as sad news to me."

It was a nice little speech, calculated to make Vanderbilt and everybody else at our table quite at ease and comfortable and almost glad on poor old Owen's account. But I read between Jimmy's lines, and saw his double-play. He didn't want the *title* to leak out. Mamma, though, was wise. She gave a barely perceptible start, and the colour rose faintly in her placid cheek. *She*



remembered what I had told her on the verandah of the Roman House, and was thinking of the *baronetcy* now. However, I couldn't help her any. But young Vanderbilt did,—quite unconsciously, of course. He said:

"He was the author of 'Origin of American Periwinkles on the Pyramids' and 'Puzzle Picture Faces on the War-Map of the Sphinx,' I think the paper said."

"What?" exclaimed the Commodore. "Sir Owen Carew, Baronet, the famous Egyptologist and savant? Then *you* are Sir—that is—er—er—of course unless—ahem!"

"I'm afraid I am!" said Jimmy, with a laugh. And Mamma thanked the Commodore with her eyes.

But in spite of Jimmy's laugh, and the ease with which everybody seemed to get into conversational line again, to say nothing of the sparkle of Andrews' wine and the infectious quality of the chatter of his party and Stevens' 'big, breezy laughter,' Jimmy didn't effervesce. His democratic spirit was ruffled, perhaps, by the waiters Sir Jamesing him now at every turn. They could tell Jimmy and Stevens apart now all right; for Jimmy had a tittle, you see. *That was their tip.* And Bessie didn't seem to be her bright self. I supposed she was piqued because Jimmy hadn't told her about the episode on the river with Weatherbee and of his brother's passing, and that she was depressed by the news Stevens had imparted regarding the fate of Algernon Cholmondeley Potts. But the opportune happened, and turned her thought another way.

The stately head waiter came down the room, and following him the well-groomed, keen-faced Gannon, and a woman with red-gold hair in a shimmering pongee gown of soft leaf green and gold. Mamma, with the faintest tinge of colour again in her smooth cheek, readjusted her pince-nez once more; Stevens looked, with a reminiscent and appreciative eye; and Sir James and Bessie exchanged a smile full of meaning—to themselves.

For the lady in green and gold was Miss Helen Blazer,—the 'Duchess of Downeast.' The 'girl in the locket' had 'arrived'—at last.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### *The Lady in the Locket.*

She was quite as handsome as the exquisite likeness in miniature had led one to expect to find the life-size original to be. She was deliciously beautiful and exhilaratingly alive. She was, in brief, all that Joe Plante's tongue, not less faithful than the brush, had painted her; and she was now at once the cynosure of many eyes.

"Both Mr. Weatherbee!" she said

breezily, with a musical laugh, in reply to Andrews' humorously grave inquiry. "Really, I'm half starved, Captain Andrews, on his account! And the only satisfaction I can derive from the situation is that another trusting member of my sex appeared to have troubles of her own, whatever they were. Mr. Gannon and I left a pale, rather good-looking, light-haired girl nervously pacing the lawn, with her gaze glued on this dining-room."

Mr. Stevens gave a perceptible start, and looked with mingled diffidence and apprehension toward the lawn.

"I think she was hungry, too, that's all," Gannon said. "She had on a flamboyant beacon of a hat, and was probably signalling some belated lover out on the river with it to let him know there wouldn't be anything left to eat if he didn't hurry up."

"Had her eye on Andrews, then, I guess," said Lime.

"And after Mr. Gannon and I had patrolled the lawn and the river bank for an hour, with aching voids, what do you think we learned?" continued Miss Blazer. "Why, we gathered from a bell-boy that the precious object of our concern must have purposely avoided our anxious eyes, as he had reached the *Inn* dripping wet by the side entrance and gone up to 'change!'"

"And you never saw a man in such an outrageous temper as Weatherbee was in when I went up to his room and told him the Duchess and I had let our dinner wait on his account," Gannon said. "He seemed ready to take my head off."

"Naturally," said Andrews. "He's only human, after all. And he's been rather disposed to take off people's heads, this evening, I've heard."

"He'll be rather hard to manage as a husband, I'm afraid," said Lime.

"Well, I haven't yet assumed the responsibility of managing any man," the Duchess averred. "A man is only on trial when engaged, and if he doesn't exhibit an agreeable and tractable disposition his fiancée should let other women have a chance to try him out." She ran the glance of her blue eyes around our table, until it fell on Sir James as his own for a moment was lifted past the Commodore's wife on his right. The Duchess's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly over a look of innocent surprise. Then she flashed him a bright smile of recognition, and an expression of displeasure and doubt flickered over Mamma's academic face. Mamma hadn't seemed able to keep her critical glance off the golden-haired beauty. Jimmy, seeing everything, and internally amused, returned a knightly inclination of his dark head and a little smile, and the nature of his salute seemed to puzzle the beautiful blonde. Her glance travelled beyond Sir James and Stevens' own met it half way. Stevens had his grin all ready, for he had been watching, too, and he nodded



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now and grinned still more. The Duchess laid down her fork. She had had a flashing view of Jimmy on the river, and Stevens she had met in Red Horse Lake, but to see the original—done with a blue ribbon—and the blue carbon copy *together* was confusing at least to the eye.

"Wine, please! Mr. Gannon, my famished state has affected my sight, I think," Miss Blazer said, with feigned tragedy in her voice and air.

"Wine is credited with creating the effect you have in mind," said Lime, as a waiter filled the Duchess's glass.

"I was afraid for a moment that too much fasting had had the effect upon me usually attributed to too much of this," said Gannon, as he sipped his wine. And his glance, keen and amused, drank in the details of identity in Sir James's and Stevens' features, form and dress.

"That's Mr. Stevens, of course, transmitting all the smiles," Andrews advised. "The other is the winner of the Trophy Cup, Sir James Carew. Baronet, too," he added, for the Duchess's and Gannon's ear.

"Mamma and I were sitting in the stage outside of the Athenian House, while the driver went inside," Bessie was explaining to Sir James. "The clerk came out and gave me your letter. I opened it, and you may imagine my surprise on learning of Miss Aggie Patterson's behaviour." There was a lull in the talk at the Brown-of-Fisherville table, and Mr. Stevens, hearing the name of the 'acting boss' of the Athenian House, looked suddenly interested. "I began to read your caustic account of Miss Patterson aloud, to Mamma," continued Bessie, "and, furious as I felt, I could not help laughing. Suddenly I looked up, feeling some one's eye boring into me, and there was Miss Aggie Patterson herself, leaning over the balcony, all ears. She had heard every word, I suppose, for her face was a flame. 'I'll take action for libel!' she said, quivering. 'I won't have any man think I'll let him write such things about me!' 'How dared you open my letter?' I said. 'I deny it!' she retorted. 'Your face does not,' I said. 'What of the wintergreen paste in the office pot?' She glared then, and rushed away, and we heard her abusing the clerk for having dared to take charge of your letter and give it to me without her consent. If I had been that clerk I believe I would have knocked Miss Aggie Patterson's head off!"

"My Dear!" said Mamma.

"Did I say 'block,' Mamma? You know you were angry yourself. You said—"

"It couldn't have been a circumstance to what I said!" broke in the diplomatic Jimmy with a laugh. In spite of the latest styles of fall trouble that Fate seemed to be cutting out for him on the lost locket pattern against the time that Weatherbee should turn up and get *his* share, Sir James was Sunny Jim again. He now began to un-

load his little cargo of surprises. He expressed the hope that Captain Andrews and his party would do him the honour of drinking his wine, and he sent a like bid to Brown, and to Stevens one of the Gannanock photographer's proofs.

And just then, at a word from the Commodore, the august head waiter, with spectacular effect, bore in the Trophy Cup, big, and beautifully bright, for the head waiter himself had repolished it with a chamois skin; and as he set it down, shining on its ebony base, we made a great clapping of hands, in which the other tables joined, and to the tune of that applause Weatherbee came down the brilliantly lighted room.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### *A Bunch of Surprises.*

Weatherbee's weather eye was on the Cup, into which the head waiter himself was decanting a magnum of Sir James's champagne, and a mighty green starboard lamp it was, for he had seen the head waiter bearing the Cup in, and the applause was still echoing in his ear. Then his gaze fell savagely upon young Mr. White, whose interested eye was on the photographer's proof in Stevens' hand. Stevens broke into the Stevens-Carew 'big, breezy laugh,' and Weatherbee started, for Jimmy's laugh filled his other ear; and the Red Horse party roared. Weatherbee stared from Stevens to Jimmy and back again. His startled and troubled look travelled over the faces at our board, and it met the calm and curious eyes of Miss Bessie Moore. He started, as if stung, for beside her sat young Vanderbilt with a broad smile. But beyond was the Duchess of Downeast, and when he encountered *her* questioning clear blue orb he passed a hand across his bronzed brow.

"Seeing things?" she remarked sweetly, with a rippling laugh.

"I had to go back to camp," he mumbled irrelevantly, as a waiter drew out a chair.

"But you didn't get as far as Dark Island, eh?" said Andrews, with a broad smile.

"What d'you mean?" Weatherbee snapped. His shifting glare included Jimmy and the Chairman of the Regatta Committee and young White.

"Just heard that you must have met with a little accident, that's all," said Andrews pleasantly. "A bell-boy said you came in wet."

"A bell-buoy with a *u*," said the Duchess.

"A clumsy fool on the river ran into me!" retorted Weatherbee, unsmiling over the Duchess's pleasant little pun. "That's all!" He applied himself to the wine.

"I should say that you had had enough of tilting tournaments for one day," the Duchess pursued blandly. "By the way, Otto," she continued, as Weatherbee met the general smile with a lowering look, "please

tell me one thing truly. Is this your advertisement?" She laid a bit of paper down, and Weatherbee's narrowed gaze covered it dourly. "I found it in a local paper, and clipped it out, you know."

"Yes, it's mine."

"But you have recovered the locket?"

"No, I haven't, but it won't be long before I have!" He shot a hot look Jimmyward. "The Law may be a little slow, perhaps, but——"

"The Law, my dear fellow?" murmured Gannon.

"Yes!" he cried shrilly, losing command altogether of himself, and springing up. He nodded fiercely toward Sir James. "That gentleman found my locket, but has declined to admit it, and I've had a search warrant issued to-night——"

"O, I say!" Andrews interposed. "You mustn't make a scene, you know!"

"Pardon me!" said Jimmy, as he rose. "Perhaps, in the circumstances, the ladies will permit me a word in this way." Weatherbee, a hand on the back of his chair, glared but was silent. In the big, bright room you could have heard the littlest cough drop. "Had Mr. Weatherbee approached me in a less offensive manner on my arrival at the canoe camp to-day," Jimmy went on, in a deep but quiet tone that seemed in itself to smooth things out, "I would have told him what, in deference to Miss Blazer and in view of all the past and present peculiar circumstances, I have to tell him now. I found the locket, at Johnnie's Falls, as Mr. Weatherbee was informed by Mr. Potts, alias A. Mutt, and like Mr. Weatherbee I had the great misfortune to lose it too." I don't think Mamma liked that. She construed it as a compliment to the good looks of the Duchess, and Her Grace frankly smiled with a steadfast and admiring blue eye on Sir James. But Bessie didn't seem to mind, which was a good thing I opined for her future happiness. A jealous woman gets a large share of the misery that she creates. It's a sort of a moral boomerang in her case. Besides, jealousy has been said to be Vanity in its meanest development, and Bessie wasn't vain. But meantime Weatherbee's ready sneer was a study in expression. Jimmy went on:

"I firmly believe that the locket was appropriated from my clothes last night in the Athenian House. But I could get no real clue, and this morning I posted up an advertisement there, offering as Mr. Weatherbee had done a handsome reward. But that advertisement was promptly removed by Miss Patterson, the 'acting boss' of the hotel, of whom, if gossip told the truth, Mr. Weatherbee must have pleasanter recollections than I." Mr. Weatherbee shot a glance that was a very dagger of dislike, surprise and chagrin, and as Gannon's quiet and exasperating laughter filled Jimmy's pause he broke into angry speech. But the

Duchess's merry, mellifluous laughter stung him into silence, and he sat down.

"Spring it!" the Duchess said to Gannon, with a smile. "The psychological moment has arrived." And the lawyer, smooth and debonair, stood up, while Jimmy, in company with the rest of us, stared his expectancy and surprise.

"You are quite right, Sir James," Gannon said. "The locket never left the Athenian House until some time after you left there. Mr. Brooks gave us a hint when he parted from us in Red Horse Lake that we could get news of the locket at the hotel in Athens, and on our arrival there I proceeded to extract it from the clerk. From Mr. Fred Bangs we learned all about your strenuous session with Miss Patterson the night before."

"And all about the olive-green trousers, too," Andrews said. Whereat Mr. Stevens emitted one large-size Rooseveltian roar, and Jimmy himself joined in.

"I proceeded to find Miss Patterson," Gannon continued, when the laughter died down, "to endeavour to convince her of my own conviction and to extract the locket from her. But she had saved me trouble there. She had meantime been making herself particularly disagreeable to Miss Blazer in the parlor of the hotel. She had voluntarily produced the locket, which she said had been 'found' in the hotel under a bureau by one of the maids in sweeping, in a room which had been occupied by one of Miss Blazer's 'numerous admirers,' where she intimated it had been carelessly left no doubt to indicate the serious nature of his affection and the value which he had attached to the miniature. But when I imparted to Miss Patterson that I had obtained the facts from the clerk, we felt sorry for him. Miss Blazer meantime retained the locket, which Miss Patterson demanded back, saying that she herself would return it to its owner. It was my good fortune to be able in a professional way to impress Miss Patterson, and we left without accident, though what happened to Mr. Bangs, the clerk, I can only conjecture from what we heard." The lawyer slipped a hand inside his coat. "The proof," he said with a smile, as he held the locket up, and the light flashed on the gold, for all to see.

Weatherbee started up.

"Give it to me!" he snapped, holding out a grasping hand.

Gannon gave him a cool and curious, sort of measuring look. Then he turned toward the Duchess on his right with a questioning gaze and a slow little smile, as he looked down at her and into her smiling blue eyes.

"By the way, Mr. Stevens," Jimmy said, "do you recognize Miss Patterson herself, in spite of the 'face' she is making in the photograph when I snapped her on the old

Athenian bridge? 'Two years ago this very summer at Alexandria Bay, and all that? Mr. Weatherbee, whose episode at Athens is of more recent date than yours, will have a keener eye for Miss Patterson's patent charms. And, by the way, Mr. Weatherbee, I have another picture that should be of interest to you. It is one of our friend Mr. Potts, alias A. Mutt, and shows him in the condition to which he reduced himself in his effort yesterday morning to separate himself from my society on Blood Rock.'

"Otto," said the Duchess, "I think your flight through Red Horse Lake and your marked avoidance of our society there and on the river here to-day has been amply explained. For apart from the locket, I myself had an experience of Miss Aggie Patterson's 'patent charms'. And since, in addition to your carelessness in losing my miniature you have shewn such a decided predilection for *brunettes*, you cannot possibly be supposed to have any further interest in the original of the lady in the locket. In any case, I think that any man so careless as to lose such a work of art as my miniature deserves to lose the original too. What do you say, Mr. Gannon? I appeal to you, as a lawyer and a criminal one. Would it not be a crime to be so careless as to lose a miniature—"

"Of Her Grace the Duchess of Down-east," Andrews gravely put in, as the waiter poured him out more wine.

"Painted by the cleverest portrait painter of New York, and worth I don't know how much," said Her Grace.

"Priceless!" said Lime.

"Criminal indeed!" Gannon said, with a stern look at Otto.

"Then I leave the case in your hands," the Duchess said, and sipped her wine.

"But Gannon's client should logically be the criminal!" protested Lime.

"And he'd get him off, like he did Rube Fuller of Blood Rock fame," said a pretty girl of the party, with a smile at the clean-cut Gannon.

"Wouldn't accept his brief!" Gannon said.

"Duchess, there isn't an extenuating circumstance. Otto should receive the severest sentence in the power of the law to impose."

"Marriage?" suggested Andrews.

"The Duchess must be the judge," Gannon said, "and I think she should make it—eternal banishment." He turned toward the Duchess on his right with a questioning look and his slow little smile.

"No," she said, putting a white hand on his sleeve as he held the locket toward her. "As my legal adviser I leave the case entirely in your hands."

But Weatherbee, neither laughter nor badinage proof, had banished himself. With a scowl and a growl he had fled from the laughter and the light, knocking over a

waiter who was bringing Jimmy a package which had just been left at the office by a boy for 'instant delivery,' the boy had said.

"Instant delivery?" echoed Sir James. He tore off a cover of the paper wrapper. "By Jove!" he said, with a laugh. "Instant delivery is good! It must be those roses you ordered, Brooks, hours ago." He handed the parcel to the waiter with a word to set it aside.

"Too bad!" I said. "American Beauties, too!"

"Oh, my favourite flower! Don't put them away," Bessie said.

"Put them in the Cup, Miss Moore, as a token of our best wishes that the victory of the winner to-day may be a perennial bloomer, too," said the generous Vanderbilt, gaily.

"Happy thought, truly sportsmanlike, and happily expressed," the Commodore said. "Steeped in wine, at the hand of a rose, they should be a happy augury indeed." And Jimmy, who didn't care for bouquets for *himself*, called the parcel back.

"Why, confound you, Brooks!" he cried. And then Stevens' roar almost drowned the general laugh, in which even Mamma joined. And I felt that had Weatherbee remained he might have joined in it and been converted against his will to Good Humor, by the success of my little joke on Jim. For the body of the box fell away, leaving in Jimmy's brown hand the ubiquitous olive-greens, as they beautifully unrolled and exhibited their tattered seat.

"He said he would put in lots of green," I murmured.

"Hock 'em up!" advised Stevens; and roared again.

"That's so. Put 'em in soak," said Andrews, joining in the roar.

"Steeped in wine," capped Gannon, "they might be evergreen, you know."

"Or perhaps," I murmured, "you might like to send them back to that little dotted-muslin girl near Lost Bay whose cows took them for a new kind of patent feed, or to that little black-eyed Frenchwoman that you thought might mend them, but—"

"Here, waiter!" Jimmy 'buted' in. "Take 'em and chuck 'em in the river, please! That ought to settle them!" And the waiter, with a bow, bore the olive-greens away; while the orchestra on the lawn, which had an inspired leader, and had been playing 'When the roses bloom again beside the river,' switched off into a tune that young Vanderbilt remarked, audibly, reminded him of a song he used to know entitled 'He called them his high-water pants.'

"I think," said the Commodore, concluding a neat little speech, in which he proposed the host's health, "that the events of the past few days in which Sir James Carew and Mr. Brooks have participated

should make a capital yarn; and if Sir James can be as entertaining with his pen as he has proved himself to be by wit and blade, I am sure the world of aquatics and all lovers of amateur sport and the open air, as well as of romance, if I may be permitted the freedom of that expression, would welcome his entry into the literary field."

A blush of proper embarrassment glowed through Jimmy's tan. "Brooks has rolled the nautical log of late, and should therefore be specially qualified to affect the open literary air," he said. "So that, while veracity is my predominant virtue, as well as his, I must resign the honour of the narratory task to him."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### *And in Conclusion.*

Late that night Jimmy, Andrews and Gannon secured the release of Potts on bail. And next day, by purchase and persuasion, they had all the charges against him withdrawn. Jimmy bought him a railway ticket, and furnished him 'the necessary' for an extended trip to the West, where Jimmy firmly believes Algernon Cholmondeley will make good. But few guessed, and fewer knew, that in collaboration with Jimmy's beneficence was the womanly tenderness of Bessie Moore—the future Lady Carew.

\* \* \*

You can't be a Government clerk at Otawa and an English baronet at the same time without putting Society or the Service on the rocks, as my friend Silas says. At least, Jimmy said he didn't know that it had ever been successfully worked, and he didn't feel like making the experiment, because he hadn't any special grudge against the Service. So he Long-distanced his resignation, and the Minister himself answered the phone, all the boys in the office being outside looking at a Labour parade, and said that if Sir James would stay he would give him a new typewriter and see what he could do in the way of a little raise, and he hoped Sir James would have lunch with him at the Club some time. The vision of a real live English baronet taking the cover off an Underwood every morning and picking the non-filling-ribbon ink out of the type with a pin, appealed to Jimmy, and had him going for a while. And he said he liked the idea of a "raise" just to see how it would feel to get one. But Duty called, he said, across the sea to manage a pretty nice little estate, and an old baronial hall, in leafy Devon, so he put temptation from him and declined. He said it hurt him to have to do that, because the Minister seemed to feel really bad about it. But he said to me that even if he could remain in the Service he didn't see how he could conscientiously accept a raise, because he figur-

ed out that as Sir James Carew he would be worth *at least* a hundred a year *less* as a clerk; though the title-loving wives of some of the Upper Class clerks in the Service who entertained mightn't look at it that way. Jimmy is very conscientious, except in the trifling matter of eggs; and *there* you had better be at breakfast on time. Don't count on Jimmy's conscience, or you won't get any eggs. I just throw you out this tip in a casual way, in case you may be visiting the Carew Castle at any time.

We fooled around Gannanock for a day or two, during which Sir James discovered, through the local knowledge of Mr. Gannon, that there was a very fair jewelry establishment in the town, Gannon proving his own faith in the superior quality of its gems by buying his ring for the Duchess there. The two engagements were now "out"; and they made a very pretty little shopping party together,—the beautiful Duchess and the blooming Bessie, with the clean-cut, tall figures of Gannon and Sir James—a mighty fine-looking "four," with Gannon as pilot—bow oar, Number One.

We took the big boat down the river after dark. All the stars in the velvet void were out to see and twinkle and wink at us. The band was playing "My Hero" softly, as we slipped swiftly and smoothly down the wide starlit river, with the myriad lights of the Islands to our right, and Big Stave Island large and dark on our port side. Mamma, thank Heaven, was knitting in the saloon, and I was at peace with the world, smoking a cigarette as I leaned over the after rail of the upper deck, looking back at the lights of the receding town and thinking over all the crowding events of the past hundred hours. And as I looked *forward* into the shadows of a corner of the deck where the future Lady Carew and His Nibs were leaning over the rail very close together, I thought with a smile how swift the wings of Love may be, for here were Rescue and Meeting, Courtship and Quarrel and Make-up and Marriage-to-be all crowded into four delightful days. And a little bird came flying over through the dusk and perched on my shoulder and chirruped to me:

"I've just got a new record. Put in a fresh needle, for I think you'll like to get this. It's a dialogue, short and sweet." And as the disc began to swing around I listened, and heard:

"Jim, wasn't I *really* in danger when you saved me from the water, that day at Rome?"

"Of course you were, Girlie,—in danger of my wanting to have the right to save you from any danger in all the years to come. And you haven't escaped from it."

"O, I know *that!* And it's just lovely to hear you say it. Say it all over again."

So he said it all over again.

"And don't you see," he went on, "that

if I *saved* you, why of course you *must* have been in *danger*, Dear?"

She saw that he had the best of the argument, forgetting that he had talked otherwise at the time, so she replied in a perfectly relevant way:

"It all seems so wonderfully long ago, Jim! And it's *only four days!* And now tell me really and truly, Dear. *Where* was the first time you really loved and wanted me?"

And Jimmy replied with perfect truthfulness:

"The night you sent me away, down the steps of the Roman House." And she said:

"I'm so sorry! I'll never forgive myself—never! But you *have* forgiven me, *quite*, haven't you?"

So he forgave her again, but his style of forgiving was inaudible in a Record of Romance.

\* \* \*

It was only yesterday while I was at Jimmy's rooms, (where he is packing up, preparatory to his honeymoon to Devon) and where I was admiring the Trophy Cup, which now stood the piece de resistance in the centre of a score of other trophies of Jimmy's prowess,—that a maid ushered in an expressman with a box, addressed to *Sir James Carew, Bart*, and lettered *This Side Up With Care*.

It was a stout enough box, containing undoubtedly a wedding present, I surmised. And Sir James Carew, Bart, had to get a hammer and a chisel, and a regular combination carpenter's and burglar's outfit, before he could get next to the lining, which proved to be of zinc. And after that there was stout brown paper, and then more paper, and then some; and at last—Jimmy was in a perfect fever of impatience and curiosity by this time, and I felt that I was catching it—at last he came to the pearl, the prize package, within.

"*Hell!*" was all Jimmy said.

For 'it' was *the olive-green trousers*—again.

There was a nice, neatly-written little card attached to them, which read: "Found in the St. Lawrence River, somewhere between Gannanock and Ogdensburg. The finder, having no use for them, returns them to the owner, whose name is on the band."

"I see the fine Italian hand of Charles Stevens, with a dash of the Duchess's and Gannon's thrown in!" Jimmy said grimly, as he threw the olive-greens at me.

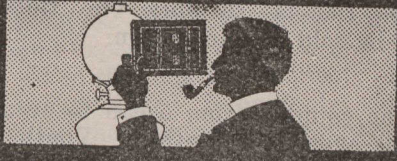
Jimmy said you couldn't lose those trousers, no matter how hard you tried to, and *he* wasn't going to try again. He said he was going to hang on to them now, so they couldn't be lost and sent back to him again by any one, though *may be* perversely they would get lost on account of his trying to hang on to them now. But he said he believed that nothing short of a Cataclysm—though he wasn't sure what a Cataclysm

was—or the Bottom of the Universe Falling Out, or Kingdom Come Has Come—could put those olive-greens out of business, he said. So he put them on a pair of wire stretchers, and hung them up, with a Beautiful London Roll, and underneath he placed the inscription:

*Always Turning Up At*

THE END.

"Why," said the young lady, who was watching a game of golf for the first time, "is the man with the club shouting 'fore'?" Her companion, another lady, answered, "I suppose that is the number of times he has missed the ball. And doesn't he seem annoyed over it too!"



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## *Athletics.*

The world's championship in baseball will this year be decided between the New York and Boston Clubs,—the former of the National League and the latter of the American. October 8th is the day for the commencement of the series. This year the management is using every effort to prevent the 'hold up' of last year, perpetuated by ticket 'scalpers.' It is a difficult problem, as it is almost impossible to prevent a few men securing a large block of tickets. All that is necessary is to hire a hundred or two of the 'unemployed' to stand in line and purchase tickets—as only one ticket will be sold to one person.

\* \* \*

The country from ocean to ocean is all agog over football. Youth is proverbially optimistic and at the opening of each succeeding season we find each club confident of landing the championship in the particular league to which it belongs. The air is filled with rumours that 'Bill' this or 'Tom' that has "at last been induced to get back into the game." etc. Charges and counter charges are hurled through the press of underhand action by one club or another in endeavoring to get some prominent player to desert his 'alma mater' for a rival team. Weight and speed are the great desiderata and without a fair measure of each, no team will have much chance of success.

Ottawa College this year have a high XIV.—while the City Club is likely to be up to average. The latest feature is the imported American trainer, several of whom have been engaged by various teams. While some of the older players of the Ottawa team of last year have retired, there is some very good new material. The 'coach' of this year, Dr. Galvin, is ruling the boys with a rod of iron. He is endeavouring to es-

tablish college regime, a difficult task with extra-mural players. Success to the doctor!

\* \* \*

The toll of death from aviation accidents grows daily larger. Of late it has been confined almost entirely to military 'experts,' at annual manoeuvres strange commentary that Wilbur Wright, who may be called the dean of the profession should die quietly in his bed from fever—although his brother almost lost his life in an accident two years ago. He escaped with a broken leg, while his companion Lieut. Sigsbee, U. S. A., was killed.

Notwithstanding all these fatalities numbering over 200 in the past 3 years, the sport goes merrily on. There is now talk of the formation of a regular aero ferry between England and France, over the channel. One can easily imagine some difficulty being experienced by the ferry operator in securing any life insurance.

\* \* \*

Eddie Durnan of Toronto, nephew of the immortal Hanlan, is at present in England training for his race with Barry for the world's championship. *The Civilian* fervently hopes that he will repeat history and bring back to Canada the glory she acquired when Hanlan defeated Elliot on the Thames in 1880. The race is to take place on October 14th. Lou Scholes, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, some years ago is training Durnan. If the latter wins, he will no doubt be heralded in the U. S. press as the "American champion" as was the case when his illustrious uncle gained the world's honours.

Jennie—Mr. Jones told Clara he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Don't you think I ought to ask him to call?

Fannie — No, dearie. Let him keep on thinking so.