

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

# THE CIVILIAN

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## How Matters Stand.

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The civil service is in an unsettled and unsatisfactory state at the present moment.

We have the Act of 1908, which undertook to apply the so-called merit system to the inside service at Ottawa. Quite part from the details of that measure — and there are not a few that demand attention — there remains the extending of the principle which it embodies over the rest of the service. Why should not this important question receive the immediate and serious consideration of the government? Surely it is an important question. Of course there are other and great questions before the government at the present time, but is it not a mistake to think that any question however great should cast into shadow one which admittedly lies at the root of efficient administration? Is it not a mistake to say that the naval question or what not should make the civil service question wait? To deal with the latter only means the organization of forces which the government can always command in plenty.

Then there is the superannuation question—a part of and yet distinct from that above referred to. It is so technical in essence and its application is so independent of all other considerations that it might well be handed over at once to the Departmental experts who must deal with it in the careful and constructive way that is demanded.

There is also the matter of the revision of salary scales all round which the ever steady advancing cost of living brings nearer as a pressing necessity every day.

There are other matters in plenty that might be suggested. They all recall the fact that we have a commission on the civil service at work, whose report will doubtless have weight when these issues come to be decided by the government. But the commission seems not to be dealing with civil service theory of late. Might not an interim report, seeing that the session already looms on the horizon, be a good thing for the commission to consider, in view of the all important nature of those subjects to which we have referred, and the fact that time is needed by the government for their deliberation.

### ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

Royal Commissions on the civil service seem to be the order of the day. Canada, New Zealand and South Africa have inquiries of the kind under way; so has Great Britain, and the British government now hands over the great Indian service to a similar process of investigation.

The terms of reference are as follows:—"To examine and report upon the following matters in connection with the Indian Civil Service, and other civil services, Imperial and Provincial:—

(1) The methods of recruitment and the system of training and probation;

(2) The conditions of service, salary, leave, and pension;

(3) Such limitations as still exist in the employment of non-Europeans, and the working of the existing system of divisions of services into Imperial and Provincial;

And generally to consider the requirements of the Public Service, and to recommend such changes as may seem expedient."

The Commission will be constituted as follows:—

The Right Hon. Lord Islington, K.C.M.G. (Chairman).

The Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P.

Sir Murray Hammick, K.C.S.I.; C.I.E., Indian Civil Service.

Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.I.E., Member of the Council of India.

Sir Valentine Chirol.

Frank George Sly, Esq., C.S.I., Indian Civil Service.

Mahadey Bhaskar Chaubal, Esq., C.S.I., Member of the Governor of Bombay's Executive Council.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale, Esq., C. I. E., Member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

Walter Culley Madge, Esq., C.I.E., Member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

Abdur Rahim, Esq., Judge of the Madras High Court.

James Ramsay Macdonald, Esq., M.P.

Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher, Esq., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

The Minister termed it "a very difficult, arduous and lengthened investigation."

It is expected that the Commission will spend three months in India, commencing in December, and then, after sitting for a few months in London, will pay a second visit of three months' duration to India.

The *Civilian* (London, Eng.) discusses the situation in India with which the Commission will deal in the following interesting passage:

"It is expected that the position as regards the methods of recruitment for the Indian Civil Service will receive the greatest attention; but whether the Commission will adopt the long-suggested reform of simultaneous examinations in London and India is doubtful. It is admitted practically on all hands that reform is timely; the disadvantages of Indian students here, the need for the further promotion of higher education in India and the inequality in status as between the native Indian Civil Servant and the imported British official suggest themselves at once as the problems upon which the Commissioners will be engaged \* \* \* The present system results, on the whole, in keeping Indians out of the higher branches of the Service no matter the advances made by Indians in the less impressive provincial administrations. \* \* \* The rapid assimilation in India of Oriental idealism with Western materialism deserves to be studied. India is advancing rapidly, politically and economically, and it is as well that it should be admitted, that there is a growing spirit of nationality in India which is the direct product of British rule. To admit the progress of Indian Nationalism is not necessarily to imply a belief in the near approach of the British evacuation

of India. The warmest friend of Indian Nationalism can find nothing in the present political progress of India to accuse Downing Street of a short-sighted bureaucracy. On the contrary, the changes introduced by Lord Morley, and continued and developed by his successor, tend to show that gradual evolution means peace and health to the Nationalist body politic. For it is a complex India that we have undertaken to govern. Though many in this country will not agree, Lord Crewe's assertion that nothing whatever in the teachings of history makes the dream of complete self-government for India even remotely probable, will stand the test of many generations yet, even if we cannot look further ahead."

The *Civil Service Gazette* (England) says:

"Among the questions to be considered will be the possibility of holding simultaneous examinations in England and India, in order that Indian candidates may compete with English without incurring the heavy expenditure entailed by a journey to England. If this reform is thought desirable, it is certain that an increasing number of educated Indians will compete for posts in the India Civil Service, and though this would lessen the chances of British candidates, it would strengthen our hold on India, and at the same time give educated Indians a better opportunity of participating in the government of their native land.

"Education is becoming more general in India, and the Indian is becoming more alive to his responsibilities. East and West can never be one, but each can teach the other something, and, as a Bengalee writer has said, 'East and West must meet at the altar of humanity.'"

## WANDERINGS OF A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

By *Vagrant*.

### NO. IV.

I crossed back into the auld Province of Nova Scotia (if this is not a paradox). What impressed me in Cape Breton was that the usual claim that all the large families are in the Province of Quebec is not justified. I heard of one household here (one of whom is a Senator) in which there were 18 sons. One day, in my rounds, I took mid-day dinner at the house of a widow who told me that she had 9 boys living, of whom two were clergymen and one a lawyer. I remarked that she had contributed well to the professions, when she replied: "Aw, weel; that is nawthing; over in that little hoose yonder there were nine boys, and of them five were preachers, two were doctors and two lawyers." And such was the fact. There seemed a veritable desire for higher education.

Passing along, one observed several points of interest. On a beautiful point opposite Baddeck could be seen the magnificent residence of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who lives there in the summer with his deaf mute wife,—who is the 'Lady Bountiful' of the whole countryside. Nearby, is the cottage of George Kennan, the celebrated Siberian traveller. Further down the Lake I found the birth-place of the Cape Breton giant, McAkill, who stood 7 feet, 9 inches, and who died from injuries received in lifting an anchor.

While I was in the neighborhood, an annual institution of much interest was in progress among the Scotch residents,—the 'Sacrament' or common service, which lasts five or six days, and to which people come from very long distances. The well known American writer,

Charles Dudley Warner, describes it very well in his interesting little brochure entitled 'Baddeck; and that sort of thing.'

There is a record of one of the gatherings, at which a very eloquent man, Rev. Peter Maclean, officiated, at which there were 10,000 persons present.

The great Mecca of the Cape Bretoner, as well as of the 'Islander' is the 'Boston States.' I met one yeoman of an inquisitive mind, who interrogated me as to my travels. I then asked him as to his wanderings. He replied: "I hae not travelled far, but my eldest brother Hughie has been as far as Turo; (Truro) and my cousin Dugald has been to the Boston States; as for myself, I have been to Gabarus and the Big Intervale." I never found out exactly where the B. I. was.

Loyalty to the Crown is deeply imbued in the Highland Scot, and everywhere were to be seen decorations for the coming visit of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught. I venture to say that in no other portion of the Dominion did our Governor General receive more heartfelt demonstrations from the populace.

After visiting the Bras d'or Lake district I journeyed by motor car to the beautiful Margaree country, famous for its salmon fishing. I saw the home of Senator McInnes, afterwards Lieut. Governor of British Columbia; also the birthplace of the new Archbishop of Toronto (according to press reports) Rev. Dr. McNeill; and last, but not least, I met an old gentleman who confided to me that he was the father of the world famous beauty specialist, Madame Yale, who has visited Ottawa and lectured in the Russel theatre on more than one occasion. Truly, the 'bluenoses' are a versatile people.

In an obscure little village in Cumberland County I met two young men, each rather remarkable

in his way, but neither of whom will probably ever be heard of in the great outside world. One had the gift of avoirdupois and the other that of grey matter. The first was the station agent at this wayside spot, and noticing that he was pretty large, I asked him his age and weight. He told me that he was 28 years old and weighed 450 pounds. I said 'You mean 350.' 'No,' he answered, 'I mean 450.' I intimated to him that at that rate he might easily weigh six or seven hundred by the time he was fifty. He answered that this was his great dread. He had a special chair built to hold him. His height was very deceptive. He informed me that he was 6 feet 3½ inches in his stockings. 'I can still dance a little' he said, smilingly.

The second young man was a veritable electrical wizard. He was running a little candy and fruit store. After I had had a lemon sour he asked me if I would like to see his Marconi apparatus in the rear. I acquiesced and he escorted me to a back room where he had installed all the paraphernalia of a wireless station. In the yard was a very tall mast. He told me that on the night of the 'Titanic' disaster he "gathered up" all the news, which he retailed round the village, to be met on all sides with incredulity. Next day the papers corroborated him. I asked him what commercial advantage it was to him and he replied that it was merely an item of expense. Frequently when he became interested in any piece of news which was 'going through' he would 'butt in' to make some inquiry, and was promptly told by the company to 'keep off.' It was indeed an interesting hobby.

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**Need Obvious.** — Lady: "No, I don't want no brushes nor no laces." Pedlar: "Here you are, madam! Grammar for beginners — only sixpence!"

### CIVIL SERVICE UNIONS.

The question of Civil Service Unions received a sharp discussion last week in the United States Senate. It occurred during a debate on an amendment to the Post-Office Appropriation bill allowing postal employees to join labor organizations. The amendment was voted down. Senator Smith of South Carolina championed the employees.

The fight started when Senator Root asked with considerable heat: "Does the Senator from South Carolina believe that these employees should have the right to strike?"

"Yes," shouted Mr. Smith.

"Then," said Senator Root, "the next question shall be if the naval employees have the right, and then the military employees, and then the question will be, have we a government?"

Senator Smith urged that Congress, by refusing to allow the postal employees to join the American Federation of Labor, was seeking by a "cowardly subterfuge" to do what it dared not do directly. "The American Federation of Labor," he said, "is organized under the laws of the United States. Senators who oppose this amendment say in effect that there is an organization in the United States which unfits a man for Governmental employment."

Senator Crawford of South Dakota then brought up the question of the Industrial Workers of the World, whose methods he characterized as methods of warfare. "Is the head of a department," he asked, "to have no power of discipline over men who belong to this body?"

"If there is any organization," said Senator Smith, "detrimental to the body politic, we ought to stamp it out by legislation. But let us by law say which are pernicious and which are not, and not leave that decision to the head of a department. I agree with the Senator that there may be Anarchists and

lawbreakers in labor organizations, but the American Federation is a body recognized by the Federal statutes."

Senator Reed of Missouri, in offering another amendment pointed out that the danger from strikes of Government employees was greatly exaggerated. He said that the mechanics employed by the navy belonged to unions, as did the pressmen and the stereotypers of the Government Printing Office.

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### PRESENTATION TO MR. HUNT.

Mr. George A. Hunt, of the savings bank branch, post office department, having been superannuated on account of ill-health, the members of the office staff presented him with a beautiful morris chair, accompanied by their good wishes for his welfare. Mr. Hunt has been a faithful and efficient servant of the department for over 26 years. He was held in high esteem and his departure is regretted. He has removed to Cowansville, Que., where he will reside. His friends all wish him prosperity in his new home.

**Politeness that Paid.**—"That doctor is a polite man. He always sees his patients out right to the door." "Yes, he once had a magnificent fur coat stolen!"

\* \* \*

Hogarth was once engaged by a miserly man to paint for his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. Having been urged to undertake the work at a very low price—forty pounds—he painted the canvas red all over. "But where are the Israelites?" asked the miserly man when shown the work. "They have all gone across!" replied Hogarth. "Where are the Egyptians, then?" "Oh, they are all drowned!"

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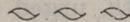
Communications on any subject of interest to  
the Civil Service are invited and will re-  
ceive careful consideration.

Ottawa, Aug. 23, 1912

## FIRE ESCAPES.

Employees of the Auditor-General's Office and of the Department of Trade and Commerce whose offices are in the old Harris & Campbell building are greatly pleased that the Department of Public Works has commenced the erection of a fire escape on the Queen street side of that structure. This has long been regarded as the most dangerous office-building used by the Government. It is three stories in height, the interior is of wooden construction and the contents are largely of an inflammable character. Part of the building is used as government carpenter and plumbers' shops while the corridors of the part used as offices are lined with wooden shelving and crowded with paper filing-cases. Given a little start, a fire would be very difficult to extinguish

without heavy loss. There are no fire-walls, fire-doors or elevators and access to or exit from the upper floors is possible only by way of one flimsy, winding, wooden stairway. On these upper floors there are about thirty-five clerks, many of them women. A fire might cut off their escape by the stairs in a very brief time,—in fact before they were aware of the outbreak. Fire Chief Graham regards the building as a most dangerous one and a committee of the Civil Service Association having such matters in hand has long been agitating for improved conditions. It is hoped that the fire escape now being erected will be followed by other new ones on other buildings. This is not the only place where such a safeguard is needed, though in no other case was the danger from neglect so great.



## A PHASE OF POST-OFFICE WORK.

The Postmaster-General of the United States states that Americans were swindled through the post during the fiscal year ended June 30 last of no less a sum than \$10,000,000, or \$50,000,000 in excess of the previous year. The cute Yankee is as easy to hoodwink as any, one good reason advanced being that the average man in both the United States and Canada is on the look-out for "something for nothing," and falls an easy victim to the glowing personal letter offering an investment which will give him a 100 per cent. return on his money within a few months, etc. It has been proved that lists of the names of such "investors" have been sold by one fraudulent manipulator to another for several thousands of dollars—such is the value placed by swindlers upon a good field of easy victims. The figures given above show only the amount intercepted by the Post Office officials, and give

no indication of the vast sums thrown away by the purchasers of gold bricks, mining stocks, fake remedies, worthless lands, and so forth. According to the United States Post Office figures, 1,063 of those who are alleged to have operated these fraudulent schemes were arrested by the Post Office inspectors. They included persons in all walks of life—merchants, mechanics, politicians, professional men, paupers, and millionaires. During the year 452 persons were convicted and sentenced, and there are 571 cases awaiting final disposition. Orders to the inspectors to collect evidence that warrants the criminal prosecution of the swindlers are gradually building a wall of protection against such frauds around the people, of which they stand in great need.

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### INADEQUATE SALARIES.

(From the *Victoria Colonist*.)

Our attention has been drawn to the case of a Dominion government official, in a position of considerable responsibility, who has to live as best he can on a salary of \$85 a month. We shall not be more specific than this, and we assume that there are other cases of equal hardship. We do not believe the people of Canada wish their public servants to be kept on starvation salaries. It is very desirable that public offices should be filled by competent men, and that such men have no inducement to remain in a position if they are not paid enough to give a decent living, requires no argument. There is no use in saying that officials who think they are ill-paid have only to resign, and that there are plenty of others ready to take their places. In the first place, the government ought not to make the public service attractive only to cheap men. In the next place it is grossly unfair to a member of the

civil service to tell him to get out, if he cannot live decently on his salary. A young man enters the public service with salary enough for a boy. He keeps on expecting preferment, which comes in the course of time, perhaps. He gets old enough to think of marriage, and if he yields to that not unnatural desire of mankind, he sentences himself and his wife to a life of constant struggle, unless he is one of the lucky minority who fill the higher offices. If children come, his condition becomes worse. Perhaps at 35 he finds himself with a wife and three children, who must be housed and clothed respectably. He gets about the same pay as the man who sweeps the streets. He finds the struggle a hard one. Suppose he resigns. His position is difficult, for he has been trained in a narrow official groove that does not fit into any part of the mechanism of general business. Public servants ought to be paid what their services are worth, not what others will take the jobs for. This country is rich enough to give those who work for it enough salary to enable them to live decently.

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### A Necessary Interruption.

Mr. Murphy, a contractor, having made a great deal of money, purchased a handsome motor-car, and one day Mrs. Murphy invited Mrs. Clancy to have a ride in it. "Whatever you do, Mrs. Clancy, don't talk to the 'shofer' at all," she said—"not a word or a whisper to him, for it takes his mind off what he is doing!" They started out at a rapid pace, and the chauffeur steered the car first round one corner and then another in such a way that the vehicle appeared to be on only two wheels. Mrs. Clancy touched the chauffeur on the back to arrest his attention. "Mr. Shofer, I beg your pardon!" she said. "I was told not to speak to you at all; but let me tell you that Mrs. Murphy hasn't been in the car for the last ten minutes!"

## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### Egg Shells et Cetera.

When I opened my newspaper the other night and was greeted by the words, "Scientists Advise Egg Shells as a Health Diet," my thoughts flew back to the old town where I was born and to Contrary Dick. He was baptized Richard Burns, but everyone in the town called him just Contrary Dick, or Contrary for short, with the accent on the second syllable as in the rhyme about Mary the aesthetic gardener.

I do not know that Dick ever advocated the use of egg shells as a diet, but it was an oversight on his part if he did not. It was in his way of thinking, for his system of philosophy, as his nickname would denote, was based on the primary principle that the common notions of mankind were all astray.

There are certain contrary or pseudo-contrary opinions that the majority of people have and which weak-minded people love to parade as their own special paradoxes. For example, how often you hear someone say, "O, the skin is the best part of the potato," or again, to remain in the field of edibles, "Give me the old-fashioned oatmeal every time." These are the people who are just eccentric enough to profess a preference for the dandelion over all other flowers. This is a pardonable weakness. But Contrary Dick was not of that school. His dissent was not an affectation but an affliction. He had to be heterodox or die. He believed things, not from the old rule, because they were impossible, but because they were unbelievable. A

little girl defined an infidel as one who believed everything that was not in the Bible. Contrary Dick went the infidel one better, for he tried to believe everything that wasn't so.

And so, when I read about the scientists and their egg-shell diet I thought of Dick and regretted that he was not alive to become the great expounder of the egg-shell doctrine, for he was not so perverse that he abandoned a theory because others had evolved or embraced it. All he required was that there should be an unrespectable minority on his side. He never aimed to convert people, just to confound them.

But how he would have gloried in these egg-shells. The scientists, according to the newspapers, assert merely "that egg-shells taken in proper form strengthen human vitality, add weight to the body, destroy injurious bacilli, nourish the brains, strengthen the heart, prevent inflammation and lend courage and energy to the human being." This is no more than Peruna will do for one. Dick would have seen all these advantages and more, but he would have heightened all the benefits by showing up the injurious effects of the whites and the yolks of the eggs.

It would be at Jones's General Store, the same being also the Post Office, that Dick would open the battle "even for an egg shell." Jones, the General-Store-Keeper and Post-master, would himself stand as defender of the old dietary faith and would uphold the whites and yolks against the shells with many



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plausible arguments, all to be driven into the corner before the scorn of Contrary Dick. Jones would argue that nature packs the good things to be used within the egg-shells even as he, Jones, put sugar in bags for his customers and does not expect his customers to eat the bags. There would be some timid applause for Jones then, but Contrary would leap from his seat and point his finger at the grocer.

"Do you think," he would explain, "that Nature is a mere store-keeper who has a vegetable counter for men to haggle over? The great rolling fields are mere packages to Jones in which Nature puts potatoes for us till we need them. Pretty wasteful of her wrapping paper, eh?"

"Anyway," Jones would retort, "we don't eat the fields but the spuds."

"And I suppose," Dick would come back, "we eat the plum stones because they are inside the plus and throw the rest away!"

Jones would grow cautious of analogy then and resort to an appeal to the Fathers.

"Whoever heard of anyone eating egg shells?" he would ask.

"And whoever heard of chewing tobacco before the discovery of America?" would be Contrary Dick's rejoinder.

Thus the battle would have proceeded until Dick had all his opponents silenced. Then he would tell how ruinous to health was the boiled egg as we knew it, how fatal was scrambled eggs, what a foe to the progress of the human race the omelet was.

Sam Thompson, who never entered the discussion until the rest had been floored, would then ask if Queen Elizabeth ate egg shells. This was a reference, considered subtle in those days, to Dick's theory that Her Majesty wrote the Shakesperian plays. The crowd would roar with laughter at this sally, but Dick

would retort that he might give some of his time to talking about food with people who had stomachs but he would be blown if he would discuss books with people who did not have brains. Sam Thompson would be quiet after this, and Dick would let his case rest on that rebuke, which would be more highly rated at the grocery than his arguments.

You may be a-weary of these recollections of what would have happened back in Jonesville in Contrary Dick's day had he known about the egg-shell doctrines, but I could not help thinking about him in that connection. Dick is dead, but there are many of the egg-shell faith alive. There is Black, for instance, who insists that work in the Civil Service is not the important thing but the examinations you pass to get into the service. Throw away the yolks, says he, and live on the shells. Again we have Digby, of the Audit Office, who lives and will die in the belief that the public works and the administration of justice in this land are undertaken just that the accounts for them may be checked. Probably I may be an egg-shell man and not know it. Each one of us, for some reason or the other, breaks away at times from the majority on some point. In Contrary Dick's case the breaking away was habitual. In the case of Black and Digby it is due to lack of perspective in their views of the world. We have spoken already of those who are somewhat eccentric, safely so, through affectation. I am not conscious of any perverse views or theories in my possession, but, with that exception, I can say confidently that twelve people out of every dozen have some crochets which make them akin to Contrary Dick and the egg-shell heretics.

P.S.—I find that I have a literal egg-shell disciple in my own household, for I found the youngest Wegg this morning, my back being turned.

for a moment, stuffing egg-shells into his mouth and decorating his dress with the yolk. We are taught to look for great things out of the mouths of babes, and with much reason, for they manage to put a great deal therein.

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## OBITUARY.

### Robert Errol Bouchette.

Robert Errol Bouchette, F.R.S.C., clerk of the parliamentary library, and one of the best known and most prominent men in literary and parliamentary circles, died last week at a local hospital from typhoid fever.

The late Mr. Bouchette was in his forty-ninth year, and had been ill only a very short time. He was a son of the late R. S. M. Bouchette, Canadian commissioner of customs, late of Lindsay, and a grandson of Col. Joseph Bouchette, Canada's noted geographer. He was born June 2, 1863, and received his education in the Quebec seminary and the university of Laval. In 1891 he married Miss Alice Pacaud, youngest daughter of the late Hon. E. L. Pacaud, K.C., M.L.C., after which he successfully practiced his profession in Quebec and subsequently in Montreal.

From 1898 to 1900 he engaged as private secretary to Sir H. Joly de Lotbiniere, minister of the inland revenue department. Early in 1900 he was appointed to his late position in the library of parliament. For many years he was actively connected with the Canadian Press, as editor and correspondent. Besides being editor of *L'Electeur*, Quebec, the late Mr. Bouchette contributed considerably to papers and magazines and was also favorably known as a public lecturer. He was author of his father's memoirs of "Robert Loze" an economic novel, and of the following works on economics "Em-

parons - nous de *L'Industrie*," "*L'Evolution Economique*," "*Etudes Sociales et Economique*," and many other scholarly works.

The late Mr. Bouchette was a member of the Le Dix club of Ottawa, secretary of the French section of the Royal society of Canada, and a councillor of the Canadian Landmarks association. He is survived by a wife and three sons, and two daughters to whom the members of the service offer their deepest sympathy.

### A. J. Butler.

After an illness of two weeks, Mr. J. Albert Butler, aged 41 years, son of the late Hon. Jas. Butler of Halifax, died at a local hospital of typhoid fever. He was born at Halifax, and received his early education there. After graduating from the High School he went to Fordham University, U.S., where he received the degree of B.A. He came to Ottawa about four years ago, and has been employed in the interior department. He was a popular member of the Civil Service Lawn Bowling Club. He is survived by his mother, three brothers and two sisters.

'Al' Butler was popular with a host of Halifax acquaintances in the service here. In his days of affluence his hand was 'open' to everyone.

### Mrs. Katherine Spencer.

Mrs. Katherine Spencer, wife of J. H. Methot, customs officer at Myncaster, B.C., died in the hospital after an illness of four days. She had been in poor health for four years. The deceased lady had been a resident of Greenwood and Myncaster for eleven years. She is survived by her husband and two children. She was born in Owen Sound, Ontario, and was a daughter of the late George Spencer, who for many years was police magistrate at Owen Sound.

## The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### *The Race for the Cup.*

Echoing shouts and cheers and party cries arose from shore and stream; and on they came, those battling seven, bright in the various colours for which they strove against the turquoise tide. Fourteen polished blades flashed swiftly in the sunlight and the blue, and fourteen bronzed and supple arms moved mightily to win, the while seven pairs of eyes shot rival glances and then looked ahead over the reach of sparkling river that lay between them and the victorious or inglorious end.

The *Water Lily* with the Commodore and the Regatta Committee on board was following the race. Victor Vanderbilt, in the crimson of Harvard, was paddling well away to starboard of the launch; Weatherbee, in yellow-and-black, had second place to port; and between him and the launch, in the light blue of old Cam., was Jimmy Carew.

The marine glass trembled a bit in my hands as I saw that the yellow-and-black was forging to the front with a quick, strong stroke; and now the crowd along the course took up a week-old cry, and the island shores echoed but one name.

"Weatherbee! Weatherbee! Weatherbee wins!"

I sprang up, my old red "basswood" vibrating as though charged with the thrilling frenzy of my blood, and I flung at that hero-worshipping crowd a name I knew.

"Carew! Carew! Jimmy Carew!"

Well, there's something in a name, after all. The cry of it, loud as Stentor's voice, through a megaphone, and the heart in the cry, touched Jimmy's pride, and spurred him on as the whisper of a well-known voice of the paddock and the course spurs the game thoroughbred to the noble effort that wins. Jimmy, racing from the knee, leaned far forward in his slim craft as he strained anew, and with a mighty, matchless effort, that made spectators stare, while canoeing men leaped up and cheered him on, he went by Weatherbee and took his water, a full length to the good, throwing his rival in a grim glance the challenge of that lead.

Then men and girls on shore and river waved handkerchief and hand. The air was shivered again with shouts and cries from treble to bass. For a new knight at the last hour had entered the lists. An Ivanhoe had come. *This* was some race!

"Carew! Weatherbee! Weatherbee! Carew! Carew wins!"

"Five here on Carew!" shouted a red-faced man in a shabby skiff. "Ten here on Carew! Twenty on the light blue at two to one!"

"Don't hedge, Billy! Stick to your yellow streak o' lightnin'!" said a fat man in the stern of the shabby skiff.

"Carew?" muttered Brown of Fisherville. "Him in light blue? That's Charley Stevens, I say!"

Suddenly, from the press of craft along the shore, a light skiff, rowed by a long-armed man, skimmed across the course. His head was bent low as he rowed. It did not rise, chin up, with the finish of the sweep. But through my lenses I saw under the soft hat of the rower a pair of dark glasses and a pale, set face, as the bent head was turned swiftly and a reckoning glance was flashed along the course. An official, paddling madly, hailed the obtruder with dire threats. The Regatta Committee, leaning over the brass port rail of the launch, cried maledictions and shook impotent fists. Algernon Chumley Potts, alias A. Mutt, seemed to lose his head, and with it, for the moment, an oar. His skiff—Giggs' Number Seven—lost way and drifted across the course of the canoes. It had been nervily planned, it was adroitly done. Jimmy, dashing on, had either to alter his course to avoid the skiff, or lose way at the risk of mixing blades with Weatherbee. So Jimmy went three points to starboard, toward the launch, to cross the skiff's bow; while Weatherbee swept right on, past the stern of the skiff, and without having had to alter his course a hair's breadth, was once more in the lead, while A. C. Potts, victorious, rowed swiftly down stream.

"Weatherbee! Weatherbee! Weatherbee wins!"

"Sure thing!" chirruped the fat man in the shabby skiff. "What's the odds now, Billy, on the light blue?"

I shook my clenched hands at the whole river, and raved. Had the turn of that knavish trick put out the fire of Jimmy's zeal? Not so. For he strained as grandly as before. Inch by inch he drew up; but it was only inch by inch now. The hard work of the morning was telling at last, and he was tiring. But had he spent all his speed? Not yet! Paddling to starboard of Weatherbee, Jimmy was on his rival's quarter now. Weatherbee, his face doubly dark, and flashing a glance of positive hate, leaned forward, as "Otto! Otto!" in a woman's clear voice spurred him on. Still faster

whirled his blades, and Jimmy gained no more.

"Otto-waw! Otto-waw!" I bawled through the megaphone, taking a syllabic cue from the clear mellifluous voice. But now for Jimmy there seemed to be no magic in a name, not even that of home.

I sat down, sprang up, sat down again, then came once more to my feet, like a jumping jack. My coat lay at my feet, and I kicked it forward viciously, for my frenzy and despair had to get some physical vent. Something fell from a pocket as the coat sprawled in a heap at the bow. It was the crumpled copy of the *Limestone Snorer*, appropriated from the Athenian House for clippings for my log. I had an inspiration now—another tip from 'Otto's' girl. I might not cry her name, perhaps—but—

"Remember the girl at Rome, Jimmy!" I roared through the 'phone. "*The Cup for her!*"

The men about me laughed. The girls clapped their hands. Good girls! But Weatherbee shot a savage glance my way; for jaded Jimmy, spurred at last, drew up again.

"Wil-low-bee!" screamed White, nearby, as he waved his wide-brimmed hat. He was thinking of his wagered ten.

I plumped down again, and crushed the crumpled *Snorer* into a ball. I was not thinking of my wagered wine at the *Inn* that night. I saw, in flashing perspective, Gannanock Lake, Lost Bay, Long Lake and Red Horse, white-capped before the bow, and my fevered face, burning from excitement and the sun, seemed fanned by a tireless, tiring head wind. I wanted to tell that crazy crowd of those twenty miles of driving work; and I glared about, for the white yacht had run up along the fringe of craft, a woman with red-gold hair was calling "Otto! Otto!" again, and waving a snowy diamond-flashing hand; the lusty voice of a man at her side was thundering "Go it, Weatherbee, old chap!" through funnelled palms; and half the crowd, seeming to get their cue from the white yacht, had taken up that name once more.

"Hell!" shouted Brown of Fisherville. "Look at the noo man comin' up! Look at the guy in red!"

Vanderbilt! Out of the field of five scattered to starboard of the launch sped the New York crack. He was two lengths behind Weatherbee and Jim, but game to the core he aimed to pull them down. Yard by yard he widened the gap between him and the faltering four; and foot by foot he narrowed the seemingly hopeless lead of the battling two. His beautiful, bronzed arms worked like machinery; his shining blades whirled as if to swift music; he and his paddle seemed a part of his rushing craft; and that, too, was like a thing of life. The onlookers' allegiance, and rightly, turn-

ed to him. His name was passed along, and now it filled the air.

"Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt wins!"

"Good little old Noo Yawk!" piped the fat man in the stern of the shabby skiff. "Didn't y' back th' yellow-an'-black, Billy, against the field?"

And what a fateful cry that new name was! Weatherbee, with a smile of scornful confidence shaping his mouth, his glance on the blue of the finish line, the Cup itself in sight, was startled and perplexed. He looked back. His glance, over his shoulder, crossed the nose of Jimmy's craft, stealing along his beam. Weatherbee missed a stroke, his spoon blade dragged, and in his haste to recover he caught a crab. His canoe lost way; and once more, with a last great effort, the light blue of old Cambridge went flashing to the fore!

A swell from a big, blundering yacht had rolled obliquely in. It caught Jimmy's long, lean craft on the quarter. The stern shifted over the swell. In a moment Weatherbee's course was changed, it seemed by the accident of the wave. In the next moment it appeared that his bow could not fail to strike Jimmy's craft. Forgetful of all rules, it was on my tongue to shout a warning word, when there came a shrill, sharp sound from the high bank.

*It was the Morse 'D,' that whistle-blown danger call!*

Jimmy's glance swerved not from the sparkling blue of the finish line, now just beyond. Instinctively, perhaps, he felt the "danger," and with two mighty strokes he seemed to have swept clear. But as his rival's bow swung over the swell Weatherbee himself went headlong into the rolling blue, his craft capsized; and to the tune of two pistol shots, quick-following as the dots of the Morse 'D,' mad cheers and the shrill whistling of yachts, the crimson and the blue swept over the finish line.

But which had won?

## CHAPTER XXV.

### *The Crimson and the Blue.*

I was for the moment between the fires of a burning desire to hear the winner's name and a consuming curiosity to see Giggs; and as I took a stroke towards the Judges' float, with an eagle eye on the little man from Rome, he gave a lusty shout and sprang down the bank to the beach, while muslined girls, with screams, made way for his precipitate descent.

"There's our man!" he roared, as he hopped nimbly into a skiff, at the bow oars of which sat a 'husky' whose face, it seemed to my memory, I had glimpsed in Rome. "There's Potts! 'E's 'ad the nerve to come up stream again! An' goin' it, too, dash 'im!" Giggs shed his coat faster

than any lightning-change artist single-handed in a first-class music hall could, and seized the stroke oars. The big husky caught the stroke, and away they dashed in pursuit of Potts, whose temerity had impelled him to come up the river to learn the result of the race. The various craft in his course made way for Potts now, and cheered him on as the race began.

"This 'ere's the Constable o' Rome!" panted Giggs for my ear, as his copper-tipped oars flashed by me. "An' I've got a warrant out for Potts!" he bawled. "We'll nab 'im now, Bob, if we 'ave to chase 'im to——" The name of the place of Potts' possible destiny faded incoherently toward its celestial pole as Giggs strained anew and my old red basswood rocked in the skiff's swelling wake; but the quarry was certainly leading the way to it, as he was heading due south.

As I turned, then, to find Jimmy—who was already with young Vanderbilt surrounded by scores of craft—I found myself sandwiched between White of the wide-brimmed tile and Brown of Fisherville, the latter joyously reminding me that I held the stakes of a bet he had won.

"You *haven't* won!" protested White. "You wagered that a fellow you called Stevens would win."

"You bet that Weatherbee would win, and I took you!" retorted the indignant Brown. "And Weatherbee lost, so I win."

"Weatherbee is entering a protest now, and if it is sustained I win," said White. "And if it isn't sustained, the bet's off, because that chap in light blue isn't Stevens. He's Carew. The stake-holder here called him Carew, and——"

"Carew nix!" cut in Brown, scornfully. "He's Charley Stevens, I say. And it don't matter if he won or Vanderbilt won, so long as Weatherbee's lost. You'll have to mix a dash of Weatherbee's colour in your name, young fellow, if that's the kind of a sport you are! Anyway, the stake-holder decides."

I said that if Weatherbee's protest was to be considered, decision as to the ultimate destiny of the stakes would have to be deferred until the Regatta Committee's decision was announced and the winner bulletined. I gave each of them my card, with *The Inn* scrawled on it, lest the assumed consideration by the Committee of the protest should postpone until a late hour the posting or announcing of the winner's name, and then I broke away.

"That man in light blue is Stevens all right, and don't you forget it!" hollered Brown, with a grin. "Here he comes, and I'll ask him to prove it!" And Brown dashed off to intercept Jimmy, now coming toward me.

"Stevens your grandmother!" said Jimmy; and Brown, with a hard stare, rubbed

his sunburned nose, and rowed on perplexed, followed by White wearing a superior if anxious look.

"Can't say yet who's won," Jimmy said briskly, as our bows lapped. "Some say Vanderbilt and some Carew, but the Judges are mute. They took a snapshot of the finish and have rushed the plate over to the camp for development. It was a close thing, and if the boy from *good* little old New York takes the plum, I'll be the first to give him the hand. We beat Weatherbee, *that's* the point. But he's entered a protest, claiming I fouled him near the finish, and he was scrawling his black charges just now for the gentlemen in blue. And he has it in for Giggs too, I hear, for blowing that blessed Morse 'D.' So the Committee won't post the winner until the protest has been heard and the photograph of the finish seen. Now, Hal, cut across to the camp, and get into racing duds! All our entries are good, by the grace of the special permission of the Regatta Committee, though Weatherbee fought hard enough against it. Algeron Potts alias A. Mutt had primed him well. The double-blade tandem half mile is next on the card. Vanderbilt isn't entered as he hasn't a club-mate here; but Weatherbee has with a scratch, so you and I can chase after first place with a vim! Here's Weatherbee coming along to rag me again, I suppose, about that wretched locket!"

I cut across to camp and hurried into racing silks; and I took my place in the bow of Jimmy's racing craft quivering with eagerness to measure blades with Weatherbee and his scratch mate and to share with Jimmy the keen delight of administering to the ireful "tiger" the bitter pill of a second defeat.

From the word "Go!" that spurred eight straining crews over the line we and the Weatherbee pair leaped to the front, and the field that had known us knew us no more. We were many places apart; but ere we had gone a furlong the two canoes, as if wickedly attracted each to the other, had drawn perilously close. The news of the Weatherbee-Carew Cup episode had spread up and down the river as hot and fast as a prairie fire, and factions now took up their separate cries. It was blade by blade for half the way; and then, while the river rang with the hoarse din of "Weatherbee! Carew!" we flashed them the challenge to a finish hard and fast, and with a quickened, strenuous stroke, went by them for a length. And then—*snap!* A muscle strained and seemed to break in my left arm; a twinge shot to my shoulder; and I saw the nose of the Weatherbee boat come creeping, creeping up, tiger-fashion, as I glanced to the left, and I grated my teeth in pain and rage.

"Stick to it, old fellow!" growled

Jim; and I felt the bow lift under his huge superhuman strokes. He was playing the Strong Man role again, but he had blood and Weatherbee in his eye. "Put everything you've got into your right!" The bow of the Weatherbee boat slipped back. I heard Weatherbee swear at his mate,—a bad thing for a captain to do just then. Jimmy strained mightily again. We shot suddenly to port, we had their water, and we raced over the finish line with Weatherbee and Co. gone all awash in our rocking wake, and Victor Vanderbilt filling the clear air with college cries—the vocabulary of Harvard and of Yale—as the crimson-shirted Apollonian boy stood up in his craft and funnelled his delight through a megaphone.

Of the rest of that glorious day there is nothing to tell save a succession of victories for the Crimson and the Blue. Never did knights of sport enter the lists more merrily than did Vanderbilt and Carew. Van won the upset event; Jimmy harvested the gunwale race; and the Crimson boy scored again by copping the hurry-skurry, though Jimmy's strong swimming was in a class with Vanderbilt's sprint, and the spectators got a sensational run. Never was the tiger, yellow and black indeed, and thirsting for revenge, better than third place. And when, in the culminating and crowning feat of arms—the fiercest, wildest, wickedest, goriest tilting tournament that ever gladdened the eye of man, and in which the Committee blissfully let all rules and precedents go by the board,—when in that consummative combat Weatherbee got his *coup de grace* and went to *Waterloo*, as it were, by the way of a resistless and relentless punch on the jaw from the lance of his rival knight, Sir James Carew, that tumbled him headlong into the blue river,—my cup of unholy but delectable joy was so full that the biggest saucer out of Crockerydom or China wouldn't have been wide enough to hold the overflow.

\* \* \*

But now, the game over, the Regatta Committee summoned us to its presence in Officers' Row. *Weatherbee's protest* was on the card. We were going to be up against the Trial in the Tent. The canvas Court Supreme looked quite judicatory, it being a veritable tribunal since the numerical strength of the Judges—the Committee—was three; while it obtained somewhat the

air of a court-martial from each triumvir's uniform of blue.

Weatherbee was the last to arrive, and he came with a scowl. Disappointment deepened it when his glance failed to discover Potts, for whom he had evidently been searching in vain. But he was not to be outdone.

"I don't see that fellow Giggs," he said to the Committee in a truculent tone.

"The Commodore himself in his launch has gone in search of Giggs," said the Chairman, suavely. "When last seen Giggs, in company with a village constable, was in pursuit of a certain Mr. Potts, alias Mr. A. Mutt, to recover a stolen skiff. Potts alias Mutt is the man who interfered on the course to-day in the race for the Cup, and we would like to see him too."

"I know nothing of Potts!" averred Weatherbee, in a rage. "But I know all about that fellow Giggs! And if Potts stole a skiff, and Giggs went after him, the round-up ought to materialize if it's true that *it takes a thief to catch a thief!*"

I started and stared; and, remembering Giggs' intense dislike for Weatherbee as expressed at Rome, wondered what was coming now. Then I glanced at Jimmy, and saw that his straight look at Weatherbee was curiously cold, ironical and hard.

(To be continued.)

### A Voter at Least.

Aunt Spinsterly—I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of our sex, Mamie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote?

Mamie—I don't go quite so far as that, auntie; but I believe that every woman should have a voter!—McCall's Magazine.

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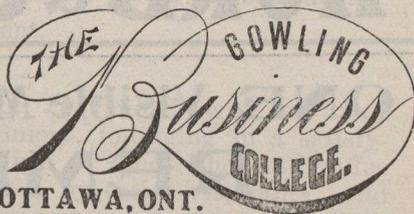
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## "On the Trail of the Red Letter."

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across the continent.

### Chicago

We come into the La Salle Street Station at Chicago fifteen minutes ahead of time, and then begins for our Minnesota storage car, bearing among a hundred others the red-tagged pouch with the Red Letter safely locked within, a game of follow-my-leader across what seems like half of Chicago. Obediently tailing a switch engine, we back and fill, run scuttering down devious tracks through constellations of red and green and white switch lights, slip between black lines of waiting freight cars, clatter over frogs and switches, and finally pull up in the Union Station. We have saved by this strategic maneuver the labor, expense, and delay of shifting the mails our car carries to screen wagons, and driving them through the crowded city streets from station to station. The pouches and sacks are now piled on trucks, whisked across to the waiting train on another track, and piled into the car on the "Chi. & Minn." R. P. O. line. In a little over an hour the train pulls out, and I and the Red Letter are off on the second stretch of our journey, to Milwaukee. We have said good-by to "our" Mr. Gardner, and been taken under the wing of Mr. Simmons, a thick-set, amiable, modest-looking post-office inspector, with an extraordinary capacity for holding his tongue.

### Milwaukee—and a Brief Parting

It usually is an hour and three-quarters run to Milwaukee, but to-night everything seems against us (including the block signals), and our train, a crack flyer, loiters along until our schedule time has been nearly doubled. I spend the time

getting acquainted with my new companions, indulging in a satisfying lunch of sandwiches and coffee provided by their hospitality, and extracting reminiscences of the Railway Mail Service. In due course the red-tagged pouch, marked, you will remember, "Chi. & Minn. No. 1," is unlocked and emptied on the table. The package with the Red Letter on its top is shot into a pouch labeled "Milw. Dis.," otherwise "Milwaukee Distribution," and locked away ready for next move. In the black early hours the new pouch which contains our letter is put off at Milwaukee, and piled into a screen wagon (just like hundreds that you have seen in the city streets). On the front seat with the driver we rattle noisily through deserted streets to the back door of the post-office. A solitary clerk lugs the pouch in, unlocks it, and throws our package into still another pouch hanging on the pouching-rack and marked "Milw. Lane. & Gal. No. 1." There the Red Letter will rest until five o'clock in the morning, so I hurry off to a hotel for the luxury of two or three hours' sleep in a real bed. This is the first time I have been separated from the Red Letter but I know it will not move till I return, so there is no danger of losing it—if I don't oversleep.

### Across Wisconsin

The night clerk at the hotel does not forget me, and I get back to the post-office in plenty of time to see the pouch "locked out" and to ride with it again to the station. As we board the train, we, the Red Letter and I, are on our third R. P. O. line, the Milwaukee, Lancaster, and Galena, which runs over the Chicago

and Northwestern Railway from Milwaukee through Madison down into the southwestern corner of the State. We are still nearly two hundred miles from our destination, but I begin to feel that we are getting warm, as the Red Letter, freed from its package, is at last filliped into a box in the letter case marked "Mt. Hope." There it stays a little while, receiving now and then a companion letter until there is a very respectable bunch in the box, when we remember that Mount Hope is a village of only a few hundred people.

As we speed (more or less across Wisconsin, I find employment again for my newly acquired accomplishment of distribution. The second clerk (we are on a small R. P. O. line now, and the score of clerks of No. 35 have dwindled to two) receives me cheerfully at the paper rack and lets me amuse myself as much as I will. Most of the sacks before me are "directs," and it doesn't take a great deal of time to get the hang of the few that represent other R. P. O. lines. Only once in a while my friend, the clerk, sighs ostentatiously and wonders whimsically how many errors will come back to him in the following days as a result of this trip. For, you see, they keep very close account of the accuracy of each man's work in the Railway Mail Service. Every package of letters that a clerk ties out and every pouch or sack that he locks out or ties out carries a slip with his name and the date; and any clerk distributing that package or that pouch or sack and finding any letter or paper therein that ought not to be there must record that fact on the back of the slip and turn it in. In due course, after his superiors have made a note of it, the original clerk gets his slip back as a reminder of his mistake and a gentle warning to sin no more. I don't how many delinquencies of mine will be returned to plague my partner at the paper rack, but I hope they may be few and I'm sure he will be forgiving.

The Red Letter, as the Mount Hope box is "tied out," is dropped into a pouch, which at Madison, where we have time for a bit of breakfast, is transferred to another R. P. O. car, which goes on by the same line. In the new car the package is taken out and put into a pouch for Fennimore. At 11:07 we alight at Fennimore and watch the pouch, marked like each of its predecessors with the red tag, trundled down the street on a hand-cart to the post-office. The postmaster takes out our package, puts it into a pouch for Mount Hope, transfers the red tag and lays the pouch aside ready for the stage.

### A Stage Ride

The twelve-mile journey by stage in the afternoon with the red-tagged pouch beneath the driver's feet, is uneventful. Half-way to Mount Hope we stop at Mount Ida, a tiny village perched on the top of a hill. The pouch is carried into the general store, a little framework of homemade letter-boxes at the back of which, between the vinegar barrel and the stack of brooms, reveals it as the post-office. The pouch is unlocked and the Mount Ida mail taken out, and, after listening for a few minutes to the grumblings of the storekeeper-postmaster at the several regulations of "those fellers at Washington," we start off again. The stage line, from a post-office point of view, is a "star route," over which the mail is carried regularly between Fennimore on the railway and Mount Ida and Mount Hope inland under contract between the department and the owner of the line. The primary purpose of a star route is to carry closed pouches of mail between post-offices, but the star route carrier also delivers mail to residents along his route.

### Mount Hope

In mid-afternoon we reach Mount Hope and deposit the pouch at the post-office. The postmistress, a plea-

sant widow lady, who, with her husband while he lived, has held the office for thirty years, receives us graciously. But the arrival of the Red Letter and the Red Letter pilgrims creates little of that flutter of excitement which the pilgrim's unsophisticated city mind had led him to expect. The inhabitants seem to take it as a matter of course, though I discover in the course of an evening at the village store that the aspect of the enterprise which attracts comment was not its unusualness, but what seems to the village folk the hare-brained extravagance of the periodical that planned it.

Once more a red-tagged pouch is opened, the package with the Red Letter extracted, and the string cut. The Red Letter is solemnly "back stamped" with the date and hour of its receipt, and passed over to the table of the rural carrier to await his return. Two hours later the carrier comes in from his long round, and, after supper, sorts out his mail, the Red Letter among it, for the next day.

### The Rural Carrier.

At noon the next day, in a light wagon drawn by as nice a pair of roadsters as the heart of man could desire, we sat out, the carrier and I, to take the Red Letter on the last stage of its journey. The horses are fresh and willing, but the route is twenty-seven miles long, and Wisconsin roads, in the spring of the year, are covered with a thick and sticky coating of mud. All the afternoon we jog through the mud, winding over the rolling hills, up and down the valleys, and along the banks of pleasant streams. Every quarter-mile or so we stop at one of the familiar tin letter-boxes beside the road, lift the cover and drop in, now a couple of letters, now a copy of the weekly paper from the county seat, very often a farming journal, a household magazine, or a story paper. At some of the boxes we hardly more than pause, for one or the other

of us can lift the cover and deposit a piece of mail or two almost without stopping the horses. In one box we find several postal cards, ready written and addressed, with the requisite pennies beside them to pay for stamps; in another a couple of dimes, for which we leave ten two-cent stamps.

As we approach one farm-house the farmer comes out with an addressed envelope, some money, and a filled-out blank in his hand. He wants to buy a money order to be sent to Chicago to pay, he confides to us, for a rocking-chair which he is buying from a mail-order house. The carrier makes him out a receipt, takes the money and the letter, and when we get back he will purchase the money order from the postmistress and send it on its way to Chicago. Thus much we have already done for the farmer—made it easy for him to send money safely and quickly from his front doorstep wherever he will.

### The Red Letter is Delivered.

Our pack of letters dwindles steadily, but it is not until well toward sundown that we reach the Red Letter. We have swept around almost a full circle and are within a mile or two of the village again, when we stop at a prosperous-looking farm-house. This time we wait until the man of the house, attracted by our unusual delay at the post-box, comes out to meet us. Then, seventy-one hours after I dropped it into the chute in New York, I have the pleasure of delivering into the hands of Mr. Morse himself the Red Letter.

Two Scots boys of strict Free Church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had been furtively to a circus. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been once in the pit at the theatre and twice in the Established Kirk!"

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## THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EXERCISE.

Civil servants lead a sedentary life (many of them at least) and the following notes on the physiology of exercise may be considered to apply to them with special aptness:

It is a widely recognised law that "Function makes structure," or, in other words, that activity is the precursor of development. The development of any tissue or organ is dependent on its activity, and its efficient development on its efficient activity. Inactivity or excessive activity is followed first by cessation of development and then by atrophy.

Complete inactivity is found only in death.

Now the object of physical exercise is to encourage and maintain the highest and most equable development of the body.

### Effects of Exercise on Joints and Bones.

"Muscles act on articulations. The duly exercised joint has a good covering of cartilage, powerful ligaments, and well developed bony parts. The joint which has long been kept at rest has wasted ligaments, a thinned cartilage, and bones of smaller proportions.

"The bone of a muscular individual is stronger, firmer, denser, than that of a feeble individual. It is actually larger, and the so-called muscular surfaces and ridges are more conspicuously marked." — *Treeves*.

### Effects of Exercise on the Nervous System.

Sir Frederick Treeves also writes: "Just as muscles increase in size with use and waste with disuse, so the whole nerve apparatus concerned in movement is structurally improved by systematic exercise. The

athletic man has better developed nerves and more elaborate organisation of his spinal cord and of certain parts of his brain, than the individual whose muscular system is imperfectly formed."

### The Brain.

Again: "Moderate regular exercise, by stimulating the general circulation improves the circulation of the brain, and is therefore an aid to cerebral movements. It improves the health and physical strength, and so increases the capability of the individual for mental work, and for the physical strain incident upon mental concentration. By organising in the brain and spinal cord a series of muscular movements, by elaborating the powers of co-ordination, and by establishing automatism in a varied series of actions, a considerable amount of brain work is actually saved, and a number of actions are rendered independent of the direct action of the will."

The functioning of the nerve centres of the motor areas of the brain promotes their growth, establishes their cell structure, and allows of a storage of brain energy.

In the well-knit brain (i.e., the brain in which the mental faculties have developed in harmony with the maturing of its structure) the energy stored up in one area can be borrowed by other areas and utilised for various purposes. Thus while motor activity may most effectively serve to create a reserve of energy for the intellect to draw upon, motor activity in excess may make inroads on the intellectual reserve, to the point of depletion.

### Effects of Exercise on Nutrition.

To Summarise: Exercise may be regarded as the regulator of nutrition. By exercise the standard of nutritive activity in all the tissues of the body is raised, since it promotes a freer circulation, better aeration of the blood, and more complete absorption and assimilation of food elements.

## The Fortnight in Sport.

A Review, with comments, of the leading events in current Canadian Athletics.

By "Cashel Byron"

Everyone was pleased that the Ottawa eight secured second place at Toronto. The race was a hard one and all crews were fagged at the finish.

A new star has arisen in Biddle of the Don Club, Toronto, who captured the singles. Unfortunately, at the great international regatta at Peoria, Ill., his shell did not arrive and he did not start. The old reliable, Butler of the Argonauts, was there and walked away with the senior championship. Both these men should be entered for Henley next year.

\* \* \*

The golf championship of Canada was won by George Sargent of the Chevy Chase Club, Washington, D. C., from a large field of entries.

The contest at the Ottawa Golf Club for the Leveson-Gower Cup has now narrowed down to a tie between Messrs. F. C. McGee, A. Fraser and A. Chamberlain.

\* \* \*

The Ottawa Canoe Club had a gala day at their annual regatta on Saturday the 10th Aug. All the events were well contested.

The Ottawa Cricket Club returned from their Montreal trip, defeated but not disheartened. Their principal match, against All-Montreal should have been won, if catches early in the game had not been missed. The Ottawas were without two or three of their best players.

The match with the New York Veterans was played on Monday and Tuesday last on the home grounds and resulted in a win for the visitors by an inning and 36 runs.

This team however were defeated in Montreal by a combined Montreal XI. for whom Mr. E. S. Thompson contributed 102 runs in faultless style.

\* \* \*

On a fine Saturday afternoon it is difficult for one to know which events to patronize. Last Saturday two splendid fixtures were on the bill, viz., the Ottawa Canoe Club regatta and the lacrosse match between Cornwall and the Capitals.

The match was won by the Caps, who shut out their opponents 3—0. They now have a 'look in' for the championship.

\* \* \*

In baseball circles, Ottawa has practically won the pennant in the Canadian League for the reason that none of her opponents can possibly catch her.

In the Civil Service League some good games have been put up, but the Printing Bureau team is much too strong for the others, and have not, so far, lost a game. The Immigration Branch come second with 6 wins and 3 losses.

It seems to be Canada's year on the water. The champion yacht of the Great Lakes is now Mr. Gooderham's "Patricia" of Toronto. In a well contested series of 5 races she won 3. Congratulations to Mr. Gooderham and the Royal Lady after whom the fleet winged boat was named.

The Winnipeg crews are also to be congratulated on their victories at the Peoria regatta.

The two outstanding Canadian winners at the Olympia games were Goulding of Toronto, in the walk and Hodgson of Montreal in the swimming events. Each of these athletes received enthusiastic welcome on returning to his home city.

\* \* \*

Schwenger, of British Columbia, last year's winner of the Canadian Lawn Tennis championship, lost the event this season to a somewhat obscure San Francisco player. Our old friend Capt. Foulkes got into the semi-finals. The veteran is still playing good tennis.

\* \* \*

The Printing Bureau employees had a gala day in their annual picnic and sports on Saturday last, Aug. 17th at Chrysler.

The first train arrived at 10 a.m. and directly afterwards the fun commenced with a baseball game between A. Allard's team of veterans and W. Hague's youths. Some of the veterans, it was claimed, were playing during Col. By's regime, the nine being R. MacCready, T. Clancy, A. Mackell, T. Boucher, A. Venosse, J. Morin, R. Ray, A. Houle and A. Allard. Youths' nine comprised T. McGovern, M. O'Meara, L. Pelton, T. Mahoney, G. Shore, W. Kane, G. Balcom, L. Delaire and W. Hague. Mr. G. Grant and Mr. C. H. Parmelee were the officials. The veterans had the long end of the score with the result of four to two.

Other prize winners and contests were:

Hop, step and jump—J. Gleeson, H. McGovern, J. Baldwin.

Running long jump — J. Gleeson, W. Kane, P. Hickey.

100 yards dash—P. Hickey, J. Gleeson, W. Kane.

Girls' race (under 12)—C. Cottee, C. McCann, B. Raper.

Fat man's race—M. Rowan, C. Carnochan, J. Reny.

Married ladies' race—Mrs. Roxborough, Mrs. E. Raper, Mrs. E. Cottee.

Boys' race — D. McMillan, F. Clancy, R. Riendeau.

Men over 50 years, 100 yards—J. A. Murphy, Rob. Blakey, J. McCann, Frank Rae.

Young ladies' race—G. Waddell, A. Courtier, A. Briere.

Lovers' race—Miss R. Murphy and J. Gleeson, Miss Waddell and T. Mahoney, Miss W. Kane and A. Courtier.

Boys' race — S. Mahoney, F. Clancy, D. Mackell.

Throwing baseball—L. Pelton, M. Peachy, Alf. Pasch.

Putting 20 lb. shot—R. McCready, W. O'Rourke.

Prize waltz—Mrs. E. Raper and R. Short, Miss Thiverge and R. Ray.

Pedro contest — N. Monette, M. Rowan.

Consolation—E. J. Pearce.

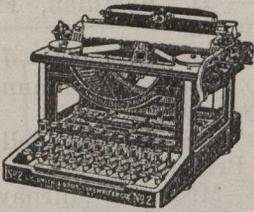
Comic song—Jos. O'Connor.

Prizes for the tombola can be secured from the committee by holders of the following numbers: 420, 278, 157, 42, 150, 127, 525, 241, 249, 546, 103, 98, 11, 506, 721, 129, 713, 115, 574, 250, 45, 271, 125, 217, 268, 732, 3, 239, 532, 524, 530, 550, 223, 528, 733, 173, 27, 202, 285, 230.

Among those who assisted toward the success of the affair were the Hon. W. J. Roche, who conceded the holiday to the bureau employees, and to the many contributors of prizes; also the various committees under the direction of K. Duffy, Jos. Casey, W. L. Allard, W. H. Kelly and the leader of the ladies' committee Miss Ida Crowle and the general officers: chairman, G. P. Ward, treasurer, D. A. Reny, secretary, F. J. O'Keefe.

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Wife: "My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog!" Husband: "Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time." Wife: "But it wasn't my pet that he killed; it was your spaniel." Husband: "Then he shall pay smartly for it!"



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