

THE CIVILIAN

VOL. VIII.

JULY 23, 1915.

No. 7

Patronage in the Civil Service

The people who think the war will give "backstairs influence" its death blow are living in a fool's Paradise. The war has been in progress nearly twelve months, and to-day "backstair influence" is as prevalent as it was in the "piping times of peace," and as the functions of the State are increasing, it is only reasonable to suppose that "backstair influence" will increase with them. Or, rather, it will increase if its opponents do not bestir themselves, and make quite plain to His Majesty's Ministers and His Majesty's Opposition their determination to put up a strenuous fight on behalf of a clean and wholesome Civil Service.

"Backstair influence" or "patronage" appointments can never be clean and wholesome, and all the time "backstair influence" or "patronage" appointments are made, the Civil Service of the State will remain unclean and unwholesome. "Patronage" according to the dictionary compiler, means "special countenance or support," and presumably the many Civil Servants who have secured appointments in the Civil Service without first having their qualifications tested by the Civil Service Commissioners have been in the happy position of being blessed with the "special countenance or support" of people who know how and when to pull the strings. "Special countenance or support" is doubtless good for individuals, as it is the means of securing for them positions they would not obtain if they were called upon to compete in the examination-room against their fellows;

but it is not good for the State, and it is not good for the men and women who know their powers, and who are not afraid of the obstacles set up by the Civil Service Commissioners. "Patronage" is also prejudicial to the interests of the existing Civil Servants, as a "patronage" appointment is almost certain to be followed by a "patronage" promotion, and a "patronage" promotion is, of course, an act of injustice to the Civil Servant who is not able to command "special countenance or support."

Where "patronage" is allowed to exist, the Civil Servant without powerful friends is invariably a non-starter. He joins the Service in a subordinate capacity, and, no matter how good his capabilities, he remains at the bottom of the ladder, and obeys the orders of, and, in many cases, does the work of, the "patronage" man, who climbs to the top. The Civil Servant who enters the Service through the legitimate channel would not be human if he did not feel aggrieved when he finds a "patronage" man leading him in the race for promotion. He would not mind if the "patronage" man started from the scratch mark; but he naturally objects when he finds that the "patronage" man's handicap is only limited by the influence of his powerful friends.

In the Civil Service a "patronage" man who enjoys the "special countenance or support" of an influential person such as a Minister of State may become anything. He may become a Parliamentary Under Secre-

tary of State, or a Commissioner of Something, or he may be sent abroad to draw a salary which may be as high as that of his Ministerial "patron" at home. Of course, some "patronage" men never get out of the rut; but it is quite safe to say that two-thirds of the men who enjoy "special countenance or support" have a distinct advantage over the ordinary Civil Servant. Everything is in their favor. Their promotion cannot be stopped because their percentage of marks was only just high enough to secure their admission to the Service, and all the time their "patron" is able to "pull the strings" they are practically sure of being well ahead of those of their colleagues who gained admission to the Service after satisfying the Civil Service Commissioners that they were qualified for the posts they sought. The average Civil Servant finds promotion slow enough at all times; but its slowness is intensified a hundred-fold when it is his misfortune to be serving in a department in which a large number of "patronage" men are employed.

As the functions of the State are increasing, it is quite likely that an attempt will be made to bring still more "patronage" men into the Service. This must be prevented at all costs. The Civil Servants must protest, and the public must protest. Public opinion is the most powerful factor in our national life, and when it is on the side of justice and right it is a factor that no Government can afford to disregard. When members of local public bodies give snug posts to their friends and relatives, local public opinion makes itself felt, and the members of the offending local public bodies discover that they are the servants and not the masters of the public. If the general public fully realized to what extent "patronage" prevailed in the Civil Service of the State, the voice of public opinion would be heard in protest. If

public opinion is to make itself heard it must be educated, and it must be educated by the Civil Servants. If the desire to make further "patronage" appointments exists, it must be nipped in the bud. The nation is fighting for its life, it is spending nearly two millions a day, and it cannot afford to pay high salaries to incompetent men. The new Civil Servants must be competent men, and they must prove their worth before appointment. It may be necessary to suspend or considerably modify the ordinary examinations; but the qualifications of every man seeking a post in the Civil Service must in some way be tested by the Civil Service Commissioners, and no man must be appointed simply because he has the "special countenance or support" of influential men in the social or political world. — *Civil Service Gazette, London.*

COME ON!

I lie awake in bed at night and hear steps
on the street,
But well I know they are not made by my
boy's sturdy feet,
For when he walked he whistled some gay,
medodious song,
Whose notes woke distant echoes as he
bravely marched along.

But now he's over there in France with
comrades brave and true;
And, listen, they are calling; yes' calling,
boys, for you.
O answer to their calling: "Come on!
Come on!! Come on!!!
You husky boys from Canada—we need
you, every one.

"There never was a time, since human life
began,
When duty urged more strongly each one
to play the man.
Wake up, Johnny, wake up; you've got
'your bit to do.'
We're going to pull the Kaiser down—come
on and see us through."

—Garrett O'Connor.
(Ry. P.O., Bridgeburg).

The Roll of Honour.

Men of the Public Service of Canada who are Fighting for the Empire.

TWENTY-FIFTH LIST.

- E. A. Wilkinson, Dominion Police, Esquimalt, 16th Battalion, C.E.F., (transferred to Royal Ordnance Corps).
 V. D. Thompson, Post Office, Toronto, 2nd Queen's Own Rifles.
 M. O. Samwell, Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Bicycle Corps.
 Qr. Mr. Sergt. C. E. Bleakney, Ottawa, Railways and Canals, 5th P.L.D.G.
 M. Hutchison, Customs, Winnipeg, 79th Cameron Highlanders.
 Edward Dunsmore, Railway Commission, Ottawa, 38th Battalion, C.E.F.
 Pipe Major Donald McDonald, Dept. of Mines, Ottawa, 42nd Battalion, C.E.F.
 M. W. Musgrave, Railway Mail Clerk, Ottawa.
 A. T. Ganong, Railway Mail Clerk, St. John, N.B.
 W. T. Atkinson, Mail Transfer Agent, St. John, N.B.
 S. M. Belford, Railway Mail Clerk, Saskatoon.
 A. N. Wettson, Railway Mail Clerk, Saskatoon.
 W. H. Watson, Railway Mail Clerk, Toronto.
 T. W. Bennett, Railway Mail Clerk, Vancouver.
 J. E. Mitchell, Railway Mail Clerk, Vancouver.
 H. F. P. Tate, Railway Mail Clerk, Vancouver.
 D. M. Dargie, Railway Mail Clerk, Vancouver.
 S. Jackson, Mail Transfer Agent, Winnipeg.
 H. J. Currie, Railway Mail Clerk, Winnipeg.
 C. Kettles, Post Office Dept., Ottawa.
 C. T. C. Blaney, Post Office Dept., Ottawa.
 Staff-Sergt. C. A. Hall, Census, Trade and Commerce, Army Medical Corps.
 Miss A. H. McNichol, Money Order Exchange Office, Ottawa (Nurse).
 O. E. Pipes, Letter Carrier, Amherst, N.S.
 C. W. Tubbs, Letter Carrier, Brandon.
 E. W. Stewart, Letter Carrier, Brandon.
 G. E. Armstrong, Letter Carrier, Brandon.
 H. N. Rooth, Letter Carrier, Calgary.
 E. W. Neale, Letter Carrier, Calgary.
 W. J. Tregallus, Post Office, Calgary.
 J. A. W. Durrant, Letter Carrier, Calgary.
 H. R. A. Clark, Post Office, Calgary.
 J. H. Hetherington, Post Office, Edmonton.
 R. S. Hardisty, Post Office, Edmonton.
 E. Smalian, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 W. M. Stanley, Post Office, Edmonton.
 E. H. Pallister, Post Office, Edmonton.
 F. P. Stone, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 A. W. Britton, Post Office, Edmonton.
 W. H. Belcher, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 W. Gilson, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 H. Hobbs, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 W. F. Poulton, Letter Carrier, Edmonton.
 Reuben White, Letter Carrier, Galt.
 W. A. McKenn, Letter Carrier, Guelph.
 J. W. Dolby, Post Office, Guelph.
 W. H. Hilton, Letter Carrier, Halifax.
 Major Alvin Ripley, Postmaster, Lethbridge.
 G. S. Martin, Post Office, London.
 James Lauder, Letter Carrier, Medicine Hat.
 M. E. Lynch, Money Order Exchange Office, Ottawa.
 A. C. A. Graham, Money Order Exchange Office, Ottawa.
 W. W. Hall, Post Office, Peterborough.
 S. L. Coffe, Post Office, Peterborough.

THE TIGHTWAD.

There's a type of festive stranger
 I regret to say I know
 Who loves to gloat and ponder
 O'er his little stack of "dough";
 He likes to hear it jingle
 As he toddles down the street,
 He has never yet been known to stand
 A single chap a treat.
 "Old Gotrox" youngsters call him
 As they see him wander by,
 He'd as soon go spend a dollar
 As he'd pluck out his right eye;
 No one yet has ever known him
 Lend a soul a helping hand,—
 Lordy! what a reputation,
 Isn't it superb and grand?
 He sits up in his garret
 And he counts it o'er by night,
 He fondles it with pleasure
 Till the break of morning's light;
 He gluts himself with victuals
 Whilst his friends are in the ditch,
 Every time he sees a nickle
 He gets forty kinds of itch.
 He sees his brothers striving
 In the busy marts of trade
 To buy their wives a pickle
 Or their kids some lemonade,
 Yet he hoards his filthy lucre
 With his mean and shrivelled hand,—
 He's a type of twisted outlook
 That I do not understand.
 If a beggar comes a-knocking
 At his hand-carved oaken door,
 Begging for the crumbs that litter
 Half his birdseye maple floor,
 He will drive him from his portals
 With his appetite aflame,
 Not a morsel would he offer
 To this beggar man who came.
 In his neat and trim four-wheeler
 Round about the town he rides,
 Whilst hunger's rats are gnawing
 Other starving folks' insides;
 And as he sprawls at leisure
 In his soft and padded chair,
 Not a thought comes o'er him stealing
 Of the other folks' despair.
 He's a monster and a blackguard
 As he wallows at his ease,

With his hairy ears turned deafly
 To his needy brother's pleas;
 As he lies there like a drunkard
 In his poisoned, rotten mood
 Whilst the starving folks are weeping
 For a little bit of food.
 May the god he makes of money
 And the love he makes of wealth
 Tear his calloused heart asunder
 And deprive him of his health;
 May the curse of all the legions
 And the curse of Heaven crash
 O'er the death-bed of the reptile
 Who sells everything for cash.

Low-Rate.

o

AFTER LANGEMARK.

There's a story that men shall utter,
 When the strife of the world is old;
 When Hate has passed from the earth at last,
 And the heated guns grow cold.
 And the heart of a great Dominion
 Will swell with a mighty pride,
 When the scroll of Fame will bear her name,
 And show how her sons have died.

From the peace of the vasty prairies,
 They went to the strife of War;
 From the scented rains of the free-born plains,
 To the land where the Shadows are.
 And long will the world remember,
 Thro' the peace of the years to be,
 How dearly bought was the prize they sought
 In the cause of Liberty.

Oh men of the lake and river,
 Oh sons of the plain and pine,
 Proud Valor crowned, with a fame renowned,
 Your brave, unbroken line.
 We read, but our lips are silent—
 We strive, but we strive in vain,
 To voice the praise your deeds now raise
 Beyond the tongues of men!

—Jack Cadden.

THE CIVILIAN

Devoted to the interests of the Civil Service
of Canada.

Subscription \$1.00 a year;
Single copies 5 cents.

Advertising rates are graded according to
position and space, and will be fur-
nished upon application.

Subscriptions, MSS intended for publica-
tion, and all other communications
should be addressed to

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

Ottawa, July 23, 1915.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN IN HALIFAX PLATFORM.

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

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

OUR BOYS

Previously reported:

Dead	19
Wounded	37
Prisoners	4

DEAD.

STANLEY M. COUCH.
SERGT. E. A. WILKINSON.
BARTRAND WILLIAM
GREENHALGH, May 24,
1915.

WOUNDED.

R. WALTER.
D. E. LOTHIAN.
BURDETTE HARMON.
L. R. P. STOCKWOOD.

IN HARD TIMES.

There is a spendthrift tendency in the human mind which shows itself in rather curious guise in the Civil Service in these days. The darkey who, having been unexpectedly rewarded with two dollars for a day's work, lay in the sun the next day consoled by the theory that he was putting in two days' work at a dollar a day, was the envy of his toiling companions. So we are apt to agree with those hard-times philosophers who regard a position in the Civil Service as a most advantageous thing for the person who holds it. In the fact of the hard times which has left many good men unemployed, has cut down the salaries of many others, and has driven still others to some queer shifts to eke out a living, the civil servant, with his steady work and steady pay is regarded as one to be congratulated and—but for the Commandment—envied.

If the civil servant's position were one to be held for a time and exchanged for a better should better be offered, this would be very well. But, as a matter of plain fact, the civil servant—with exceptions, of course, but

these only prove the rule—has his position not only for bad times but for good.

Take the imaginary cases of two men of equal qualifications and equally desirous now of entering the Civil Service. Only one can be given a place. The one chosen feels glad and the other sorry. So far so good.

Hard times, especially when reinforced by war, last for long, but they do not last forever. By the time the next boom is on, the civil servant will have been pounded and worn into his place and will be unfit for any outside employment. His savings will be small, or perhaps, so to say, they may be on the wrong side of the ledger. The other man will have lived somehow, and may even have prospered, for fortunes are made in bad times as well as in good—even a plague means prosperity for somebody.

Under good-time conditions, the non-civil servant will find open to him all the opportunities of a wonderful world—for with all the new inventions and methods of the years just ahead of us the production of wealth will be unimaginably great. On the other hand the civil servant will be a mere cog in the governmental machine at the centre of the great mechanism of economic and social development. He will look out through impassable barriers upon opportunities easily available to others.

It is simply a question of the average as against the factors that make up the average. We of the Civil Service are protected from the dangers of life. But, on the other hand, we must agree to be debarred from its opportunities.

The practical point involved is this: There is no infallible guide in fixing for us the conditions of work and wages. The danger at this time is that we shall allow those conditions to be fixed with a view solely to the advantageousness of our present hard-times position. It would be equally unfair, of course, to have in mind only the

other extreme. There is a line of justice and reason in this whole matter, and that is what is to be sought. But let us show more intelligence and honest self-regard than to sell our lives for wages that are fitting only for a few of our younger years.

ORGANIZATION.

The National Federation of Post Office Clerks in the United States attribute to organization in numerical strength the fact that they have achieved results during the past eight years. Finding the political ear deaf to reasonable appeals, the Post Office clerks affiliated in 1907 with the American Federation of Labour. The pleas of the Post Office officials received a more appreciative reception from the politicians when voiced by many tongues instead of by a few. Consequently legislative progress was made since 1907, such as:

- (1) Higher salary classification law.
- (2) Eight-hour law.
- (3) Restoration of the right of petition.
- (4) Weekly rest law.
- (5) Compensation for injury law.

Under modern Democracy ordinary civilians have to fight to obtain rights as strenuously as John Hampton had to fight against Autocracy to defeat wrongs. Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights and the Bill of Rights are said to have established British liberty, freedom, etc. Not so. Under the popular system of government rights and liberties are recognized by many of our political representatives only when the arguments in favour of same are advanced by a preponderating number of voices or votes. God speed the day when a political leader will arise who will place the telescope to his blind eye, and refuse to see the signals of electoral strategy. In the meantime there is but one thing to do,—organization and yet more or-

ganization until politicians are convinced by force of numbers that Patronage or *Pot-ronage* must be abolished, and the public service governed as to appointments and promotions under the merit system administered by an independent commission unhampered in its operation, and judged in the final analysis wholly by the fixed laws of equity and not at all utilized for party advantage.

THE SUPERANNUATION REPORT.

The publication in our last issue of the report of the Executive of the Ottawa Civil Service Association on the Superannuation question seems to have been productive of some rather severe criticisms, which in the opinion of *The Civilian*, are hardly warranted as they seem to be based upon a misunderstanding of the intentions of the Executive. The idea seems to prevail in some quarters that the Executive suggests that their proposed bill should be compulsorily applied to the present Service, in the same way that the White Bill will apply to all appointed after it comes into force. We venture to suggest that a careful perusal of the report will show such an idea to be entirely erroneous. For instance, the second paragraph on page 142 recognizes the right given under the White Bill to members of the present Service to elect to come under the provisions of that bill, and the last paragraph on the same page shows clearly that the coming under the provisions of the proposed bill is a purely voluntary act on the part of any employee.

In considering the question the Executive were confronted with the fact that the White Bill made absolutely no provision for the retirement of some 12,000 to 15,000 employees in the public service, and a very inadequate and far from satisfactory provision for a great number of those subscribing to the Retirement Fund.

And inasmuch as the basic principle of the White Bill does not seem to be sufficiently elastic to permit of its covering such cases, except under all but prohibitive rates, the conclusion was reached to suggest the adoption of a simpler and less expensive system. This, however, was an alternative option to the White Bill. Under no circumstances was it intended to apply to anyone unless he elected to come under its provisions.

As regards the objection that the proposed bill makes no provision for widows' pensions, it could hardly be reasonably expected that such pensions could be provided for under the low contributory rates proposed. If widows' pensions are desired they must be paid for, and the result would be the raising of the rates of contribution practically to the same scale as those under the White Bill. Those who desire to have the benefit of the widows' pension can avail themselves of the White Bill, by electing to come under its provisions, such right being clearly recognized in the report.

We are satisfied that a reconsideration of the report in the light of the explanation given will have the effect of removing any objections which could only have arisen through misunderstanding as to the intentions of the Executive.

Inasmuch as the Department of Militia and Defence has practically abandoned the distinction between the Divisions, or so-called "Contingents" of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and is sending companies from "Third Contingent" battalions to reinforce battalions embodied nearly a year ago, *The Civilian* deems it wise to no longer divide the "Roll of Honour" on this basis. The plan of publication of names hereafter will be merely to give precedence, so far as is possible, to the names of men who are actually at the front over the names of those not yet on the firing line, and to publish lists of names of

men in combatant corps before those of non-combatants.

* * *

Some Western correspondents of *The Civilian* are giving a splendid news service in regard to civil servants enlisting for the war or having suffered wounds or death. There is suspicion that some of our Ontario and Eastern friends are not so vigilant. Who are the neglectful ones? Play up, brothers!

* * *

Your King and Country need you.

* * *

Do your bit,—and do it now.

* * *

Your sympathy for the cause is a good thing, all right, but an ocean of sympathy is not worth one man in the ranks or one bandage in a Red Cross box. Don't give sympathy alone,—back it up with something practical.

* * *

“By their works ye shall know

them,”—this is the acid test for Canadians to-day. Are your works such that you are willing to be known by them?

* * *

An inmate of a Western Canadian penitentiary exchanged the stripes for the khaki and has given his life for Canada on a bloody field in Flanders. When the last great roll is called, many a slothful slacker will be skulking behind the lines when the convict-hero, from the front rank, proudly answers “Here!”

“HUMOURS OF THE POST OFFICE.”

Editors of *The Civilian*:

Do you know anything of a work known as “Humours of the Post Office”? I have heard of it, and would like to know where it can be obtained.

INQUIRER.

Ottawa, July 18, 1915.

The Victrola is the ideal entertainer for summer cottage or camp

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT
A VARIETY OF MUSIC
THEY CAN OFFER

C. W. LINDSAY, LTD.

189 SPARKS STREET - - OTTAWA

WHEN BUYING
HARNESS, TRUNKS AND BAGS



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Samontagne Limited.

GET THE
ALLIGATOR
BRAND

BALMORAL BLOCK

338 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, Can. IT IS THE BEST

THE SUMMONS.

Britons, along the mighty world's highway,
 Waken and throng, from mart and field and glen;—
 Now looms that day of wrath, the world's dread day,
 Prophesied of old by ancient men;—
 Arise! Arise!

From every corner of the teeming earth,
 Answer and gather;—to her banners come;
 Throw down the duty or the dice of mirth,
 Responsive to the ominous battle drum:—
 Prepare! Prepare!

This is no hour for hesitating doubt,
 Self-interest's greed, or base ambition's dream:—
 The grim red wolves of earth's worst war are out,
 The iron menace and the balefire's gleam.
 Enlist! Enlist!

The arrogant Hun against our ancient coasts
 Would hurl his serried panoply of steel;
 Across the world are heard the despot's boasts,
 O'er Europe's lands his awful cohorts reel.
 Arise! Arise!

Waken, if e'er you woke to any cause:
 Now strikes your hour, to conquer or go down;
 To win for freedom, justice and God's laws,
 Or sink before the cruel despot's crown.
 Arise! Arise!

Go forth and battle as your fathers went,
 Who never let a great cause thunder down;
 Those wardens, wide, one each far continent,
 Of Britain's ancient honor and renown.
 Go forth! Go forth!

Go forth and fight; nor will you strive alone;
 Earth's valiant ones will battle by your side:—
 And strength of all that strength your cause shall own,
 The Lord of Hosts will in your vanguard ride;
 Toward earth's high doom.

—*Wilfred Campbell.*

WOUNDED, CARRIED WOUNDED

The limitations of space prevent the re-publication of a splendid story from the front, told by Captain Warden of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, and printed in a Vancouver newspaper. Captain Warden, who is now in a London hospital, was carried off the field at Ypres by Lieutenant Scharschmidt, of the same regiment. Scharschmidt (who, in civil life, is a Customs official in Van-

couver) had been wounded in the arm before Warden went down. Heavy shells and machine-gun fire were sweeping the field, but Scharschmidt got Warden on his back and carried him to the rear of the lines. Then both had to go to the dressing-station. "I don't know how the dickens he got me out," says Capt. Warden. It was one of the bravest acts of that day of heroic deeds. A brother of Lieut. Scharschmidt has now enlisted with the 62nd Battalion, C.E.F.

OUR DEAD AND WOUNDED.**R. WALTER.**

Private R. Walter, 2nd Battalion, wounded and a prisoner at Padeborn, is an Ottawa letter carrier who enlisted at the outbreak of war with the Governor-General's Foot Guards. He is recovering from his injury, which was a fractured leg, and expects to leave hospital soon. He is thirty-seven years of age.

PRIVATE D. E. LOTHIAN.

Private D. E. Lothian, wounded at St. Julien (Langemarck), is an officer of the outside service of the Department of Agriculture, being an inspector under the Destructive Insect and Pest Act. His father was formerly in the same department.

SAPPER BURDETTE HARMON.

Sapper Burdette W. Harmon, wounded five times, is assistant to the Inspector of Fish Hatcheries, Department of the Naval Service. He is twenty-seven years of age and has been a civil servant since 1912. His exploits at the front are more fully related elsewhere in this issue.

PRIVATE STANLEY M. COUCH.

Announcement is made of the death of Private Stanley Morrison Couch, who, in civil life, was messenger to the Deputy Minister of Public Works. No details are available. Private Couch was twenty-one years of age and had been in the Civil Service only a few months when the war broke out and he immediately enrolled for active service with the detachment from the 43rd Regiment.

PRIVATE L. R. P. STOCKWOOD.

Several weeks ago *The Civilian* reported that L. R. P. Stockwood, mail transfer agent, of Moose Jaw, was missing. News is now received that this Civil Service soldier has been wounded and is convalescing in a hospital in England.

PRIVATE B. W. GREENHALGH.

Private B. W. Greenhalgh, railway mail clerk of the Moose Jaw district, has been killed in action. The sad event occurred on May 24th and it is probable that the gallant fellow died in the great struggle at Festubert. Bertrand William Greenhalgh was not thirty years of age. He had been in the railway mail service for six years. Of him a comrade says: "Bertie was a real good fellow and always did his work well." He leaves a widow.

PRIVATE R. HARVEY.

Private R. Harvey, mail transfer agent of Moose Jaw, who went to the front at the outbreak of the war, has been missing since the middle of October. His wife, who is in England, has had no word of him since then and the War Office cannot locate him. Hope that he is alive has almost been abandoned.

PRESENTATION TO LIEUT. DAVIDSON.

Vice-President Jas. J. Mooney, of the Halifax Customs Association, is the latest respondent to the editors' appeal for news, and sends the following interesting item:

The Halifax Customs staff presented Lieut. B. F. Davidson, of the Customs Express Branch, with a wrist watch, sending it to Valcartier where he is at present on duty. Letters were exchanged in the connection as follows:

Halifax, N.S., July 1st, 1915.

Lieut. B. F. Davidson, 40th Battalion, C.E.F., Valcartier, P.Q.

Dear Sir and Brother Officer,—In token of the good feeling existing between yourself and your brother officers associated with you in H. M. Customs, this Port, we beg to present you with the accompanying gift on the occasion of your enlistment for overseas duty, in defence of King and Empire.

Trusting you may find it useful, and wishing you success and a safe return, we remain, yours truly,

(Sgd.) A. S. MITCHELL,
Collector.

Committee on behalf of the officers of this Port. (Sgd.) G. R. McLeod,
C. A. Collins, A. W. Webber.

Valcartier, P.Q., 8-7-15.

A. S. Mitchell, Esq., Collector of Customs, Halifax, N.S.

Sir,—Kindly convey to the committee and your staff my sincere thanks for their remembrance. It shall always remind me of the pleasant days we worked together, and I trust when this great struggle for the right is over, we I hope will meet again and continue as before. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) B. F. DAVIDSON,
Lt. D. Co'y,
40th Batt. C.E.F.

WAR-TIME SERVICE NEWS.

Recent events in Europe have deeply impressed the Indian public with the fact that India must play her part in the Empire's struggle. The Indian civil service of the United Provinces set a fine example recently by agreeing to give a percentage of their salaries to the war fund. Other provinces will likely emulate this patriotic offer.

The arbitrator in the claim of British postal employees for a war bonus has awarded increases amounting to from 50 to 75 cents a week to employees receiving under \$16 weekly. The awards will cost the Government a million pounds annually.

Several departments of the service in Ottawa have inaugurated a system of supplying newspapers to Canadian soldiers overseas. The numerous papers received are saved and, twice a week, made up in packages and shipped to the lonely boys in England and Flanders.

Another newspaper scheme in which Ottawa civil servants should co-operate is that of the Daughters of the Empire, who collect waste paper, sell it to pulp mills and use the proceeds in soldiers' aid work. Save old papers and 'phone Mrs. Crombie, Rideau 53, to arrange for collections.

Both the Supreme and Exchequer Court staffs have given money to provide a bed (\$50 each) in a Canadian military hospital in England.

Many Ottawans, on going to the country or seaside for their holidays, take a supply of Red Cross work with them. When enough workers are located in one summer resort, the Red Cross ships materials to them. There is always work waiting to be done at the Red Cross headquarters in the Union Bank building.

Clerks of the Savings Bank Branch, Post Office Department, have "adopted" four prisoners of war for six months.

Stenographers of the School Lands Branch, Department of the Interior, have "adopted" a prisoner of war for an indefinite period.

Are you doing your bit?

DOING THE GENEROUS.

Employees of the Manitoba Provincial Telephone Department who went to the front received allowances from their former employers until May 1, when they were stopped, probably in consequence of the change of Government. Announcement is now made that the new administration will restore the allowances until September next and pay arrears since May 1.

A MILITANT BISHOP.

Bishop Bidwell told the young men of his congregation at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, that every able-bodied man who shirked military duty at such a time as this should be ashamed of himself.

CAN'T KEEP HIM OUT.

When war was declared, last August, the British reservists in Canada who were called to the colours included Sam Taylor, a Vancouver letter carrier. While in the mobilization camp, Taylor received accidental injuries which caused him to be adjudged unfit for service and in December he was discharged. His recovery has been very complete and he has now donned the uniform again, enlisting with the 18th Company of the Canadian Army Medical Corps for service with the British Columbia Base Hospital overseas. Five other Vancouver carriers are in the same company,—Frank Moss, W. S. Chantrell, J. B. Metcalf, Percy H. Hole, and Robert Alexander Watson. All six are members of Branch No. 12, F.A. L.C., Mr. Metcalf being president.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERK KILLED IN AFRICA.

News has been received by his wife, in Niagara Falls, of the death in battle in German East Africa, of John W. Bottomley. Deceased was a railway mail clerk and went to England with the First Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Before the Canadians crossed the Channel, Lieut. Bottomley ceased to be connected with the contingent. He secured a military engagement with the British force operating in British East Africa and while fighting there was killed in action, June 23, 1915.

One more Canadian who has made the supreme sacrifice for the Empire lies beneath the sand in the wilds of the Dark Continent.

A SOLDIER'S REFLECTIONS.

Lance-Corporal William Gordon Currie, 10th Battalion (formerly of the 32nd), the Winnipeg railway mail clerk whose wounding was previously noted in *The Civilian*, writes from the

hospital in France where he and his brother are lying, to another brother in Winnipeg:

“Dick and I are quite comfy here, ‘side by each’ as a friend says, in a base hospital. We are only very slightly wounded. Dick’s head is scored slightly by a bullet, and I have a small bayonet cut in my right hand. We are not suffering and it is so peaceful here. God has been very good to us, and we have also the knowledge that we have done our duty, and have done it much better than we ever dreamed we could. Many, many of our boys have been killed in the charge, but we took the trenches. I don’t want to write anything about it, for it would only distress you and make you more anxious about us. It must be hard for you at home, but it is doing us good and giving us a character and a true religion that we never could learn only in such a time of stress. We want for nothing here. Remember me to all my friends. Will write them later. All we want to do is to rest and sleep.”

THE 24TH OF MAY AT FESTU-BERT.

Sergt. L. S. Hobday, 5th Battalion, C.E.F., formerly in the Winnipeg Post Office, writes to T. T. Bower, assistant postmaster:

“Just a line to let you know that I have up to the present escaped the attentions of the Huns. Have experienced several narrow squeaks, but a miss is as good as a mile. At Ypres I managed to emerge without a scratch, although badly dosed with gas and rather shaken up as the result of being thrown some distance by the concussion of a bursting shell.

“I shall never forget this fight, as I saw red properly. For 12 days we neither washed nor shaved, took our boots or clothes off, and for 40 hours went without food or water, scrapping all the time. Our casualties were very heavy. Duthoit, of the Winnipeg

Post Office, was wounded here, and is, I believe, in the hospital at present, somewhere in England. McVicar came through all right, also Mr. Gow.

"Our battalion celebrated the 24th of May by a bayonet charge at a place called Festubert and gained the objective and held on to it, although subjected to intense artillery fire. We suffered severely in killed and wound-

ed, losing some 13 officers and 350 rank and file. The Huns whose toes we turned up more than equalled this number, so from a military point of view the ground we gained is, I suppose, termed a brilliant success.

"I cannot say that it is a very nice feeling to go charging over open ground in the teeth of a heavy fire, and have your chums crumple up on

THE BEST METHOD

"About five years ago I purchased a set of your French Method and found it the most useful of any method I have ever seen."

REV. G. C. FOLEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Courses by mail in Latin, French, German, Spanish. Students the world over.

L'ACADEMIE DE BRISAY, 414 BANK ST. - OTTAWA

BEAL BROS., Limited,

Harness and Horse Collar Mfrs
SADDLERY HARDWARE
Shoe Leather and Findings.

52 Wellington Street E., TORONTO, ONT.

Consolidated Optical Co., Ltd.
TORONTO, ONT.

Scientific Instrument Makers to the Dominion Government.

Transits, Levels, Range Finders, Heliographs, Telescopes, Binoculars and Weather Instruments.

ROBERT CRAIG
SADDLER & HARNESS MAKER
By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Governor General.
Trunks and Valises Repaired.

Phone 6141.
408 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.

REGAL SHOES
CANADIAN MADE FOR CANADIAN TRADE
REGAL SHOE-CO. Ltd.,
102 ATANTIC AVENUE, TORONTO.



KING'S OWN SERGE

SEMI-READY TAILORED SERGE SUITS, \$20.

Positively the finest value ever offered in a bench-tailored Suit, finished to exact measure in an hour.

We tailor Suits to Order in four days, SPECIAL giving you the same service as a ORDERS Custom Tailor at \$10.00 less money on a good Suit of imported English Woollens. A choice of 300 imported patterns and 30 different designs. Dress Suits, \$25.00 and \$30.00.


BEAMENT & JOHNSON
OTTAWA.
500 Semi-ready Stores in Canada



VARSAITY
EYE GLASSES WITH KRYPTOK INVISIBLE BIFOCAL LENSES

Distinctive and appropriate where individual appearance counts

THE OTTAWA OPTICAL PARLORS
J. H. deSILBERG - EXCLUSIVE OPTOMETRIST
119 SPARKS STREET 'Phone Queen 2845



each side of you, but once you get started to run you see nothing but red and absolutely don't care what happens.

"We are all aching to get back to Canada, but until Mr. Hun throws up the sponge, are quite as anxious and content to remain here and do our little bit."

FIVE WOUNDS,—FOUGHT ON.

No story of a civil servant at the front excels in thrilling interest that of Burdette W. Harmon, of the Department of the Naval Service, who, after being wounded, continued his work and, when wounded five times, went alone to the dressing station. He is with the Engineers of the First Division, C.E.F. Leonard Allen, of the same company, tells the story in a letter home. He says, in part:

"We made an attack, taking three lines of trenches, but losing them again. Our company lost fourteen that night, including our captain (Captain Morrison) who was killed. We are now back resting, but it does not seem the same. My bed-mate, B. W. Harmon, of Ottawa, was wounded. He went out first with the bomb throwers to superintend the building of barricades at the end of the lines as they were taken. He was back in 45 minutes. He had five bullets in him.

"I was in the first line trench when I saw a bloody-looking object coming along the trench, waving his arms like a madman with excitement, and I recognized his voice at once. It was Harmon, so I made him sit down a minute before sending him back to the dressing station and he told me his story. Here it is in his own words:

HARMON'S STORY.

"I was to have had a party of fifteen men, but when I got over to the enemy's first line I had only a sergeant of infantry with me. So I went along with the sergeant, helping and

throwing the bombs we had until the sergeant's head was blown off with a piece of shell. Then I went on alone. A Major Smith came up to me and shouted, did I want any help? I said I did, so he came along with me. We worked our way along until the major was shot dead, then I got all the bombs and went alone, bombing my way as far as I could. By that time their whole batteries were opening up on this trench, so I was turned back to where I had left thirty men building a barricade. I had asked them if they could hold it when I left them, and they said they could, but when I got back to it, they were gone—most of them dead.

"The trench was full of dead—that is where there was any trench left. It had been shelled by our batteries until it was almost level with the ground. I crawled into a dugout and found two wounded Canadians and a dead German there. I lay down there until the shelling seemed to get a little easier. I had three wounds then, but was still going strong. So I hopped out of the dugout and then heard the order to retreat. I was mad clean through, so got up and made a bolt for the crater, crawled back to this line and here I am."

FOUR HUNDRED KILLED.

"I asked him how deep the crater was," continues Leonard Allen, "and he said about 60 feet deep. This crater was where we had a mine and blew it up beneath the enemy's trench, killing about 400. He wouldn't let me touch him or send a man back with him—a mile and a half through trenches packed with men—to the dressing station, but walked himself and I found out from the doctor afterwards that he had two bullets in one leg, one in his side, one in the back and a cut down his cheek, and also two fingers on his left hand pretty badly smashed. The doctor said that his fingers were the worst and would take some time to heal. He would not let them take a German helmet

that he had strapped to his waist for a souvenir."

THE MAN WHO DID NOT GO.

The following tale appeared in the latest issue of the Youth's Companion of Boston, Mass.:

He had the bearing of a veteran and was of the proper age. Instinctively the younger man had thought of him as one who had fought on one side or the other in the Civil War. The younger man was a keen student of American history, and never neglected an opportunity to get first-hand information from a veteran.

Under his guidance, the conversation came round to the Peninsular campaign. The tactics of the generals and their personalities were discussed. At first the older man merely answered questions, but later he took the lead in the conversation himself. The knowledge of the history of the war that he showed was remarkable. He quoted from the memoirs of the commanders. He criticized the conclusions of historians. He could speak with knowledge of every campaign and of almost every battle.

Finally he looked at his watch. "I can spare you only a few moments longer," he said. "I have an engagement, and I make it a rule not to be late."

The younger man expressed his gratitude for the brilliant talk he had listened to. Then he said:

"You have not told me of your own part in the war. What was your regiment? What rank did you hold? What battles did you see?"

He regretted the questions the instant they were out of his mouth, for the older man's face grew suddenly sad. He answered almost in a whisper:

"I took no part in it at all. It has been my grief for fifty years. I ought to have gone. I was of an age to go. Men about me went, but I—I stayed away. I was not a coward; it was be-

cause they said I was too rich to go. I had money and have it still. I was an heir, and I was told that it was my duty to stay and look after the property. Curse the property! It was an awful thing to waste my chance to be a man, for the sake of property. I have had other chances that I hope I have not wasted, but that was the great chance of my youth, and I wasted that. You are young, and most of your chances are before you. I hope you will never see your country in a real war, but there are wars of peace. Get into one of them. A man is most a man when he is fighting for what he believes. Find a war and fight in it."

CO-OPERATIVE NOTES.

Boosting the Capital of the Ottawa Stores.

The campaign for additional capital for the Civil Service Co-operative Association is meeting with gratifying success. Although several of the larger departments have not yet been canvassed, the financial situation has been improved at the time of going to press to the extent of over one thousand dollars. Many of the debenture holders have converted their holdings under the previous 5 per cent issue into the new issue at 6 per cent, and from all indications practically the whole of the previous issue will be merged in the new. The new debentures will date from August 1st next, and it is the intention that interest coupons will be attached to each debenture. The missionary work accomplished is a valuable byproduct of the campaign and is making the association friends.

* * *

Coal.

Nearly 500 tons of coal have been sold so far at a considerable saving to the purchasers. The prices for coal up to August 15th are: Egg and stove, \$7.55; chestnut, \$7.80. The associa-

tion believes that it is selling the best quality of coal on the market.

* * *

British Co-operative Trade.

The Canadian Co-operator in its last issue gives statistics of British co-operative trade for the year 1914. The aggregate trade of 1,506 societies amounted to \$692,360,125, an increase of \$42,185,655 over the year 1913. The share capital increased from \$205,596,865 to \$217,422,965. The net profits were \$76,020,490, an increase of \$4,718,420. It will be noted that the co-operative trade of Great Britain is four or five times larger than the normal federal revenue of Canada. The annual co-operative trade of Canada is now around the million and a half mark.

INLAND REVENUE EXAMS.

Names and addresses of successful candidates at the recent special class excise examination are as follows:

McPherson, E. A., Prescott; Johnston, E. J. A., Toronto; Dunbar, G. E., Toronto; Cook, W. J., Belleville; Morgan, E. J., Vancouver; Deeley, F., Vancouver; Ballentine, A., Hamilton; McNally, E., Prescott; Boyd, J. F. S., Hamilton; Gauvin, L. E., St. Hyacinthe; Longtin, H., Montreal; Hanlon, J. R., Guelph; Granton, C., Prescott; Simpson, G., Vancouver; Elliott, W. J., Hamilton; Sutherland, W., Vancouver; Chilver, F. W., Vancouver; Uffelmann, A., Guelph; Oliver, J. T., Toronto; Lamoureux, J. A., Montreal.

TORONTO CUSTOMS NEWS.

Mr. W. E. Meredith has been granted two months leave of absence, owing to illness. Mr. Meredith has been a loyal and faithful member of the staff since 1886, and while "not so young as he useter be" he still has a lot of vitality in him. It is the earnest wish of all the staff that his release from

active duty may restore him to health and strength.

The members of the staff showed their appreciation of Mr. John H. Morrel, on the occasion of his marriage, by presenting him with a purse of gold. John stands deservedly high in the estimation of all the boys on the staff.

C. S. COMMISSION OF CANADA.

The Civil Service Commissioners advertize the following position:

A technical clerk for temporary employment in the Topographical Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior, at a salary at the rate of \$1,200 per annum.

Application forms, properly filled in, must be filed in the office of the Civil Service Commission not later than the 2nd day of August next.

WM. FORAN,
Secretary.

NOTICE TO RECREATION CLUB MEMBERS.

All excursions of the Women's Ottawa Civil Service Recreation Club are cancelled until September first. Watch these columns for notice of the fall program of the Club.

VANCOUVER FEDERATED ASSOCIATION OF LETTER CARRIERS.

From Robert Wight, secretary of the Vancouver Branch of Letter Carriers' Association, comes the following item of news:

In view of the granting of the Saturday half holiday to the letter carriers of the Dominion, during the months of July and August of each year, it was decided by the above branch to celebrate the first half day

in the form of a picnic and sports. A most enjoyable time was spent at Bowen Island, about one hour and a quarter's sail from Vancouver, at which there was an attendance of about 250 carriers and their families and friends, on Saturday, July 3rd.

Leaving Vancouver by the 2 o'clock boat the party arrived at the grounds about 3.15 p.m. and immediately proceeded to have some photographs taken of the attendance, after which operation sports were proceeded with on a large scale, with an interval for tea. The return trip was started at 8.15 p.m., arriving in Vancouver about 9.20 p.m., a tired but happy lot, and pleased at the successful inauguration of the Saturday half holiday. The programme consisted of 15 events. The officials were: Starter, E. D. Manders; judge, Victor A. Bourne; entertainment committee, Messrs. Buck, Bourne, Derrick, Davidson, Knowles, Rivett, Manders, Cook.

PROFESSOR LINDEMAN.

Mr. Einar Lindeman, M.E., has resigned his position in the Mines Branch, Department of Mines, to accept an appointment as Professor of Mining Engineering and Surveying at the Filipstad Mining School, Filipstad, Sweden, and sails from New York on July 24th.

Mr. Lindeman, who is a graduate of the Royal Technical High School of Stockholm, spent some months on the iron ore ranges of Michigan and joined the staff of the Mines Branch in 1906. He has since been engaged in the examination and study of Canadian iron ore deposits and the results of his work have been given to the public in a series of valuable reports and maps. He has recently been serving on a special committee of the Department appointed to report generally upon the iron industry in Canada.

Mr. Lindeman's departure was

made the occasion of a very enjoyable dinner at the Russell on Thursday, the 15th inst., when his confreres, who greatly regret his leaving, wished him God speed and success in his new work.

APPRECIATION.

Words of appreciation are always welcome, particularly so when they are deserved. The editors of *The Civilian* have felt, lately, that they were giving the subscribers a pretty lively collection of Civil Service news and views in every issue, and therefore the following paragraph, taken from a letter dated in Montreal, July 15th, is pleasant reading:

"Let me congratulate you as a former journalist on your very interesting publication. I am sure that the members of the Civil Service will appreciate the principles you enunciate in your leading editorial of June 25th. The newsy gossip is also of interest to me as an old Ottawan, with many friends in the service."

NEWS WANTED.

The Civilian would be glad to have any further news regarding the following civil servants who have been referred to as "missing" but concerning whose fate nothing definite has been learned:

Quartermaster-Sergeant J. F. Blurton, 8th Battalion (90th Winnipeg Rifles). A Winnipeg Customs officer.

Private John Hastings. A Renfrew Post Office clerk.

Any reader having further knowledge of these men will confer a favour on all other readers by sending news to *The Civilian*.

The town of Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill, and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one on the next terrace.

WIRELESS IN THE FAR NORTH.

A wireless telegraph station will be established this summer at the western end of Hudson Straits. It will be an important factor in navigating those northern waters. This station will notify approaching ships regarding ice floes and open channels in the straits. An expedition will start shortly from Halifax and the station will be installed under the personal supervision of Wireless Superintendent Thompson of the Naval Service Department.

MAIL CLERK DROWNED.

Joseph Beaulieu, aged twenty-eight years, a railway mail clerk, of Montreal, was drowned in the River St. Lawrence at Quebec on the evening of July 8th, by falling from the deck of the steamer Pilot. The victim, who was taking mail to the C. P. R. Liner Metagama, was playfully tussling with another mail clerk named Cote, when he lost his balance and fell overboard in mid-stream. The alarm was immediately given and the steamer Pilot steered in a circular course in an effort to recover the drowning man, while a row boat was rushed with all possible despatch by anxious rowers from Champlain street, who were within fifty yards of the man struggling in the water when he sank for the third time.

It is reported that the davits holding the life boats on the S. S. Pilot would not respond to the efforts of the crew and as a result it was impossible to lower a life boat. The victim is a married man and leaves a wife and three children. He entered the railway mail service in 1907.

The inhabitants of Portugal are descendants of the Alains and the Visigoths, who settled in that country in the fourth century. The name "Portuguese" is derived from the original appellation of "Oporto."

Shingles from the Shack**FIDO.**

I had not expected Fido. So that his "appearance" upon my island shore one fine sunny morning was a distinct shock. He had come in after dark on the tide. He had apparently been tied before. But now that was behind him. Those with whom he had severed his diplomatic relations would hear no more the moaning of the tied. The soul of Fido was now doubtless singing a barkarolle, something Sirius,—a sort of dog-starling effort, so to speak. "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" may have been Fido's motto, and declaimed by him at all hours to a long-suffering community. And Fido had got 'em both at last.

Yes, Fido was quite dead. He lay there half ashore and altogether asleep. Requiescanem in pace. Which is dog latin, anyway. So calm! So composed; yes, he was all of that.

I more than saw that my Duty was to perform the last sad rites sine mora. Omit flowers. But I procrastinated. I breakfasted; and succeeded so successfully in forgetting Fido and Duty that I was reminded of them only on the way to town, when the car I was in ran over a dog of Fido's Imperial size and brought Fido back to me with a sort of electric shock.

I was at the moment talking to a pretty as well as practical widow. She was sorry about the dog our motor-man had Germassacred; because it held the car up, and she had an engagement at a Bargain Counter Sale. It was unfortunate. I tried to console her with the tale of Fido, and told her of my idea of giving him a naval funeral; towing him into mid-stream and giving him a single ticket to sea by the rapid route. She said:

"Tut! It would be insanitary and unhygienic. Moreover, it might prove expensive. There's a fine of fifty

dog bones if you're caught in such a case. It's your duty to the community, of which I'm a member, to bury the dog. Dig a hole—"

"A cave!" I protested.

"Well, a cave; or else cave canem. May as well make it a cave, as usually three or four bodies of the Canine Order hit that island in the spring. Moreover, if a caveat doesn't get you and you get away with your naval funeral idea, remember that somebody else will likely have to do the proper thing in the end. Some poor widow, perhaps."

"Who wished him on to me?" I murmured.

"Fate and the cross current," she said. "Have a heart."

"Say no more," I said.

But I did not return to the shack that night. Business or the Bright Lights—the difference is a detail, as any other business man will tell you—detained me. And it was forty-eight hours ere I saw my island home again.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home," sang Byron. But out of the dark Fido hailed me in a silent, indisputable way all his own. Executing a flank windward movement I reflected that here was a perfectly reliable watch-dog, whose keep would be quite nominal. But I did not decide to detain Fido longer on that account.

No, I settled that the matter of parting with my faithful friend should brook no further delay. Fortified by three or four fingers of Scotch and a brunette cigar, I set about my task as a law-abiding citizen at daybreak. Nothing gives me more gratification than honest labour. But unable to find a man to do the job, I found a superannuated spade. Alas! the island shore was shorely rock. I could make no impression, and I needed a cave. I

decided in desperation to follow my original plan. . . .

Well, the worst was over. Fido was now a really well connected dog. He could trace his descent back over a long (clothes) line. And obedient at the end of five or six yards of it, he followed my boat without barking, without protest. Some dogs, lassoed that way, hang back and are unreasonable. But Fido came right along. I did not have to even whistle for him. And at last in midstream I severed the line close to the boat; and with a sort of colossal dignity Fido floated into the rapids.

I was about to row away, with the consciousness of duty to myself if not to the community in general, and widows in particular well done, when I observed Fido locate and lie firmly upon a large, flat rock.

He seemed to have taken up his position for the summer, or as long as he might last, anyway. Swearing, but none too softly, I ran the rapids, and with an oar started Fido again upon his dubious rapid career. He chose another rock. Ejected from this, he drifted with resignation upon the garden shore of a village widow, neither young nor pretty, but some practical. She had been watching me through spectacles from the sombre depths of an old fashioned sun-bonnet; and now she came down the garden walk, a lean, angular figure in dingy black, and halting within a more or less suggestive distance of Fido, began to say things.

(To be continued.)

KITH AND KIN.

Private Walter Alexander, 2nd Battalion, son of F. J. Alexander, of the Department of the Naval Service, is now officially reported as missing.

Private Cornelius Rankin, 10th Battalion (formerly Fort Garry Horse), dead of wounds, was a brother of Thomas J. Rankin of the office of the Auditor-General.

Business
Man's Lunch,
Full course
SPECIAL
50c

Murphy-Gamble Limited

Smoking
Room
annexed
to
Tea Room

Business Hours:
8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Phone: Queen
6-2-0-1.

NEW OPENINGS OF WHITE CORDUROY COATS

It will be pleasant reading for those who have been waiting for the expected consignment of White Corduroy Velvet Coats to learn that these much-sought-after garments have arrived, so that those who want to wear them en suite with a Velvet Skirt or as a Separate Coat can do so to their utmost satisfaction. They are priced at **\$12.50**

New Blazer Coats
Extra Special \$19.50

There is a decided air of novelty about the new Blazer Coats in Striped and Tartan Lambskin Cloth, the checks and stripes appearing on the surface of the fabric much like Shadow Cloth. They are so decidedly new and so varied that they possess distinction with a difference.

The price is **\$19.50**

New Shetland Blazers
Extra Special \$2.25

The new Shetland Blazers have also come to hand in two-tone stripes of White and Orange, White and Black, White and Scarlet, White and Sky, White and Rose, White and Copenhagen, and White and Hunter's Green. They are light in weight and have a clinging softness that is decidedly comfortable.

Wonderful value at **\$2.25**

Pure
Spring
Water
used in
Tea Room
Kitchen

Murphy-Gamble Limited

Pure
Spring
Water
supplied on
Tea Room
Tables



“Fitwell”

—\$4.00—

Here You Are!

The most comfortable as well as the most stylish shoe sold.

Wears as well as any \$5.00 shoe and only **\$4.00** costs you

Fitwell shoes are made on 50 different styles and all leathers.

The **2 MACS** Ltd.

Outfitters for Men and Boys

Always
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
Use Eddy's
Matches

Toute la bonté et la vertu du Raisin est concentrée dans le Cognac.

PELLISSON

Le Cognac par Excellence.

Le déguster une fois, c'est l'adopter pour toujours.

Pourquoi ne pas demander le PELLISSON—vous êtes certain de consommer le plus pur et le plus agréable de tous les Brandy et il ne vous en coûte pas plus.

“BUSINESS AS USUAL”

has made the attendance at

THE **GOWLING**
Business
COLLEGE.

OTTAWA, ONT

the best in its history. Why not take advantage of the dull times and prepare for the wave of prosperity that is bound to sweep over this great Canada of ours when the war is over?

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

H. G. W. BRAITHWAITE, *Principal.*

W. E. GOWLING, *President.*

Please Patronise Our Advertisers.



H.M.C.S. SUBMARINE C1, AT ESQUIMAULT.

Two civil servants in crew. On right, R. Herrod (Ry. M. Ser.), seaman gunner. On left, J. Addison (P. O. Insp.), torpedo coxswain.

FOR FREE ACTION BY CIVIL EMPLOYEES.

When the framers of the Constitution declared the right of free speech and action they failed to take into consideration the possible narrow interpretation that might be given to this declaration. Heads of departments are not prone to look with favor upon any attempts on the part of civil employees to obtain through legislative enactment better laws or better conditions of work. The head of an important department has publicly announced his antagonism to certain associations because they paid much attention to such affairs. In order to remedy such a condition there has been prepared for the Constitutional Convention by the Civil Service Forum an amendment which provides among other things:

"The right of any citizen of the State to appeal to the courts or the Legislature of the State for redress of grievances or enactment of proper laws shall not be denied or abridged on account of employment in the Civil Service of the State or subdivision thereof."—The Chief, New York.

THE ADMIRALTY.

Since the Admiralty is paid out of the same purse as are the readers of *The Civilian*, the following comment from the "C. S. Gazette," London, will be edifying:

It is due to Sir Henry Jackson that Hertzian waves were first used as a means of naval signalling, and he is famous also for his mastery of torpedo warfare, both on the theoretical and practical side. These attainments might not in themselves suffice for the all-important office Sir Henry now fills; but happily there is good reason to trust also in his knowledge of the principles of sea-warfare and in his knowledge of the principles of sea-warfare and in his administrative powers. He has been in his time in command of a cruiser squadron, Third Sea Lord, Controller of the Navy, and Chief of the War Staff. The nation may, therefore, entertain the highest hopes of the new Admiralty. Commenting upon the changes at the Admiralty, the "Morning Post" pays a great tribute to Lord Fisher, who "at the cost of retirement, has rendered his last and not the least of his services to the Navy by freeing the Admiralty once and for all from political interference.

In Italy the majority of the poorer class are noted for their general good health. This is to some extent attributed to the fact that the working people of Italy eat less meat than those of any European nation.

Personals.

The following list includes changes in the personnel of the Service during the month of June, 1915, as far as obtainable. Division (Div.) refers to Inside Service only:

Appointments.

Agriculture.—J. F. Mackey, Div. 2B. (sec. 21).

Customs.—R. G. Purdy, Asst. Appraiser, Saskatoon; A. D. Weddell, Sub. Col., Kelowna; F. R. Harmer, Prev. Off., Bd. of Customs; M. A. Bush, Prev. Off., C. H. Donohoe, Prev. Off., Vancouver.

External Aff.—Geo. H. Moule, Div. 3B.

Inland Revenue.—J. A. Laliberte, Div. 2A. (sec. 21); J. H. Baron, Food Insp., Ottawa; F. W. Forde, Excise Off., Ottawa.

Interior.—A. G. Douglas, Div. 2B. (sec. 21); G. V. Cameron, Div. 3B. (Sch. Lands).

Marine.—J. R. O'Malley, Div. 3B.

Naval Service.—D. Manson, Div. 2B.

Post Office:

R. W. Fanning, Messenger, Inside.

Mrs. C. B. Ireland, P. O. Insp., Montreal; J. A. Wood, P. O. Insp., Ottawa.

The following to Ry. Mail Service: C. E. Poulin, Leo Garneau, Montreal; G. Morrisette, J. P. Allaire, Quebec; H. E. Ross, London; S. A. Thompson, Toronto; R. H. Coldridge, H. F. Mills, Ira C. Robinson, Moose Jaw; S. R. Copp, E. R. Martin, Saskatoon; W. A. Kerr, F. W. Hitchcock, Vancouver; H. C. Moore, E. L. Crickmay, V. Komarnizki, D. B. Brydie, Calgary; W. S. Shilson, D. MacDougall, A. N. McLachlan, Winnipeg.

Secy. of State.—Oscar Coderre, Div. 1B. (sec. 21).

Trade and Com.—W. McL. Clarke, Sub. Trade Com.

Promotions.

Conservation Com.—Jno. A. MacDonald, Miss Helen A. Grange, to Div. 3A.

Inland Revenue.—Ludger Catellier, Div. 1B.

Insurance.—A. N. MacTavish, W. H. Gilliland, to Div. 1A.; R. W. Warwick, to Div. 1B.; Miss M. B. Kinsman, Miss P. J. Moyer, to Div. 3A.

Mines.—Jas. Hill, to Div. 2A.

Privy Council.—W. J. Wall, to Div. 2A.

Public Works.—Miss N. Lampman (Art Gallery), to Div. 3A.

Post Office.—J. Montgomery, St. John R.M.S., to Class 1A.

The following to Class 2A.: T. J. Buckley, T. F. Coughlan, J. L. Crowley, King Kerr, St. John; J. A. Provost, Quebec; J. W. Dyer, R. F. Hopkins, Halifax.

The following to Class 2B.: Miss E. L. Nagle, Miss B. Layeux, Miss K. Leamy, M. O. Exch.; R. E. Hall, R. O. St. George,

J. F. Cornwall, A. Hurtubise, Ottawa; Miss M. Slattery, M. O. Exch.; W. H. Weston, London; H. D. Talbot, C. E. Greaves, Jas. Cook, Edmonton; Hugh Thom, J. L. Flynn, W. G. Gordon, Toronto; J. N. O. Parent, J. L. O. Bilodeau, Quebec.

The following to Class 3A.: J. J. Duffy, A. V. Saunders, A. H. Murphy, Charlottetown; J. A. Knox, M. O. Exch.; Mrs. G. A. Lemay, M. O. Exch.; Miss M. A. Lavoie, Miss Emma Dallaire, P. O. I., Quebec; Edouard Flamand, Montreal; F. T. Fuller, S. S. Barker, Miss N. Porter, W. C. Rosson, W. K. Upton, Hugh Gibson, D. Denholm, J. Howarth, J. Rorison, J. D. McMillan, Saskatoon.

Transfers.

J. C. McNaughton, Inland Revenue, from Peterborough to Perth; Matthew Joyce, Ry. M. Service, from Edmonton to No. Battleford; P. J. Altman, Excise Off., Galt to Berlin; J. A. Daigneault, Ry. M. Ser., Quebec to Sherbrooke; Geo. C. Avery, P. O. D., Inside, to P. O. Insp., Ottawa; Miss E. B. Smith, P. O. D., Inside, to Ry. Lands, Interior; K. L. Haskett, Ry. M. Ser., Palmerston, to Guelph; J. McInnes, Ry. M. Ser., Moose Jaw, to Weyburn.

Superannuations.

H. H. Grant, Collector In. Revenue, Halifax; Alex. Murray, Ry. M. Ser., St. John; W. H. O'Regan, Ry. M. Serv., Montreal; G. G. Ardouin, Labour Dept.; M. J. Sheehan, Customs, Halifax; J. S. Brough, Timber and G. Beh., Interior.

Resignations.

Customs.—A. Bilodeau, Quebec; Miss M. G. Eastcott, Inside.

Finance.—Miss J. Tindale, Inside.

Interior.—Miss Eva H. Merrill (Inside); A. E. Boyer, Sub. Coll., Kelowna.

Insurance.—Miss M. P. Logan.

Indian Affairs.—Miss C. G. McDonald.

Justice.—G. H. Pownall (Inside).

Post Office.—Nap. Desrosiers, M. Durand, Montreal.

Public Works.—J. E. Hetu.

General.

Definite announcement has been received of the appointment of Hon. John E. Wilson, of St. John, as Deputy Receiver-General at St. John, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Robins announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Gwendoline L. R., to Lieutenant H. L. Mainguy, youngest son of Mr. P. Anstruther Mainguy. The marriage is to take place on August 2nd.

The merry month of weddings was marked by two of those highly interesting events in which members of the Vancouver Customs staffs were contracting parties. J. H. McClean, of the Record Room,

was united on June 1st to Marguerite Johnson, and on the 15th, Henry Dempster of the Long Room took as his bride Marie Macdonald.

Mr. J. P. Lunney, of the Immigration office, St. John, N.B., who has been temporarily at headquarters, left last week for Boston, where he will be stationed for some time. Mr. Lunney was very popular in Ottawa and will be much missed.

Obituary.

The death occurred last week of Valleda St. Jean, wife of Louis Belanger, of the Department of Public Works. She was a daughter of the late Dr. St. Jean, M.P., and Mayor of Ottawa, and was first married to the late Emile Smith. Besides her husband she leaves two daughters.

Emma P. Wells, wife of R. M. Coulter, M.D., C.M.G., Deputy Postmaster-General, and daughter of the late J. P. Wells, M.P., of North York, Ont., died on July 8th. Interment took place at Aurora on July 10th.

William McDonald, Postmaster of North Bay from 1883 to 1908, died on July 9th from injuries received in an automobile accident at Callandar the previous evening. He was born at East Hawkeston, in 1838, and was one of the first settlers in North Bay, going there in 1883.

Thomas Westwick, a well known member of the Customs Department staff, died on July 11th, aged 74 years. He had been ailing, but was supposed to be regaining his usual vigor, and was at the office two days before his death. He leaves three sons and two daughters.

Marie Jeanne, wife of Victor Dubreuil, fair wage officer of the Department of Labour, was drowned in Governor's Bay on the evening of July 15th. She was in a canoe, in company with her nephew, when the frail craft was capsized by the swell from a launch. A passing soldier plunged in and saved the young man but Mrs. Dubreuil could not be reached before she went down to death.

THE UNALTERABLE EDICT.

Barnes: "Have you decided where you are going next summer for your holiday?"
 Seaton: "Why, we talked it over last night! I mentioned my preference, my son had his, and my daughter hers. We wrangled over it for an hour or more. Finally, when we were pretty much exhausted, my wife looked up in her quiet way and said she had decided on the place two months ago. Whereupon we adjourned without further debate!"

Athletics.

The Ottawa C. S. baseball series goes on apace and the contest is very close and interesting. The standing on July 17th was:

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Interior	6	1	.857
Printing Bureau	5	1	.833
Customs	6	2	.750
Post Office	2	6	.250
Naval Service	1	5	.166
Agriculture	1	5	.166
	* * *		

The Ottawa rink, composed of civil servants and skipped by R. R. Farrow, played well in the Ontario Lawn Bowling Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake, but brought home no prizes. After going seven rounds in one match and having a long lead, they were put out by a rare piece of unearned luck falling to their opponents. Mr. Farrow was elected second vice-president of the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association.

THE AMBITIOUS FROG.

In old Æsop's fables we read of a frog
 Who burst, like a bubble, in air
 While trying to show to his friends in the bog
 The size of an ox who'd been there;
 And the moral was drawn from this homely old tale
 That a man should take care what he tries,
 And plod on through life on a nice, modest scale,
 Since only contentment is wise.

But my heart goes out to that cocky young frog
 Whose life was so recklessly spent,
 Who burst into bits in the midst of his bog
 Because on ambition intent
 But though he was highly conceited, I know,
 I'm strong for his courage and gall,
 For it's better to burst in attempting to grow
 Than have no ambition at all!

—Berton Braley.

THE CARS
OF . **The Ottawa Electric Railway Company**

Run at frequent intervals between all parts of the City,
the Railway Depots, Exhibition Grounds,
Experimental Farm.

Also beautiful pleasure resorts

BRITANNIA-ON-THE-BAY and ROCKLIFFE PARK

Anglo-Saxon Tea

IN PACKAGES

Price and Quality Same as Before the War

AIREDALE

(REGISTERED).

Serges and Cheviots

BEST FOR EVERY CLIMATE. GUARANTEED TO WITHSTAND SUN, SEA OR AIR. At any Tailoring Shop.

JOHN M. GARLAND, SON & CO., LTD.

OTTAWA, CANADA

Sole Canadian Agents.

WE ARE EXPERTS ON CAMP EQUIPMENT

TRY OUR SILK TENTS, EIDERDOWN ROBES AND
CAMP FURNITURE. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
SURVEYOR'S SUPPLIES.

Mackenzie Limited 134 LYON ST.

PROMOTION IN THE SERVICE.

The people who charge the Civil Servants with lack of ambition do not understand what life in the Civil Service of the State really is. The average Civil Servant is full of ambition when he joins the Service; but he soon finds that his natural desire to get on does not find favour in the eyes of those set up in authority over him, and the result is he sinks into the rut, and in the course of a few months, unless he is a very exceptional or a very strong man, he parts company with ambition for ever. In the Civil Service a man's sphere of activity is limited.

Those who charge the Civil Servant with lack of ambition do not realize that the subordinate Civil Servant is kept down by his superiors. They do not understand the difficulties that beset his path, and they do not grasp the fact that the laws and regulations of the Service have been framed to kill ambition; and, therefore, when they hear the subordinate Civil Servant say it is impossible for him to rise above a certain position, they charge him with lack of ambition. If these people understood the true position of the subordinate Civil Servant they would not condemn him.

When the war is over, subordinate Civil Servants must make a bold bid for further outside support. They must take the public into their confidence. They must tell the public what their grievances really are, and in what way they could be redressed. They must ask the public, the House of Commons, and the press to help them, and in the future they must help themselves more than they have done in the past. Through the agency of the Civil Service Federation they must work for the establishment of a Court of Appeal. It would sweep away the abuses that are so rampant, and it would undoubtedly go a long way in the direction of

bridging the wide gulf between the Higher and Lower Divisions. At present transfers from the Lower to the Higher Division are rare, and when they are made merit is not always the chief consideration. Such transfers are sometimes due to "back-stair influence," and this is more especially the case with men who are brought into the Service without examination, and who, in the first instance, are placed in a subordinate position.

Civil Servants must keep out of the rut; they must become more ambitious; they must work for themselves; they must support the Civil Service Federation; and they must keep on the move until the authorities agree that a fair proportion of the higher posts shall be filled by promotion from the ranks.—*C. S. Gazette, London.*

THE VACANT RANKS.

(In a letter recently written to a friend in Ottawa, Sergt. Leonard Allen of the 1st Field Company, Canadian Engineers, C.E.F., sent a recruiting poem written by a Corporal in his section. The poem enclosed, he states, was written in a couple of hours by the Corporal, following an engagement.)

On the road to Tipperary,
There's a place that's vacant still,
There's a rifle lying silent
There's a uniform to fill.
True, at home they'll hate to lose you
But the march will soon begin,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

In the Morris chairs of Clubland
Are you there content to stay?
While the others guard your honor,
While the Germans boast "the day."
For your King and Country need you
And we want to count you in,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

Have you seen the lonely crosses
Boys who'll never more come home,
Will you idle while they're calling
Will you leave them there alone?
For they're calling, calling, calling,
And they want to hear you sing

On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

When from Mons they fought each footstep,
When their lips with pain were dumb,
'Twas the hope which held their trenches
Never doubting you would come.
Through the frozen hell of winter,
Midst the shrapnel's racking din
They have waited, never fearing,
You would join them in Berlin.

On the road to Tipperary,
There's a crimson debt to pay,
There's a land of awful darkness,
Patient faces, tired and gray.
Sobbing women, ruined girlhood
Strew the trail of Cultured Sin,
Can't you hear their call for vengeance?
Won't you join us to Berlin?

On the road to Tipperary
Sleep the boys whose day is done,
Don't you hear the voices calling
To complete their work begun.
There are ghostly fingers beck'ning,
There are victories yet to win,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary,
When the boys come home at last,
Won't you wish that you had listened
E're Old England's call had passed?
But the gate of manhood's open,
You, your part, can still begin,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

LOST—A BOY.

'Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him. Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his

prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home. Aye, the church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elder were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.—Author unknown.

MITTENS TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

The following pretty little war poem is from the French of Adrienne Cambry, a French volunteer nurse, and translated by G. V. Williams, of the "Daily Mail":

Soldier, Soldier, dear Unknown,
I wonder as I knit,
Will you be a corporal
Who will wear this mit?

Will you be a captain?
Tell him, Mitten, pray,
That in your simple meshes
I wove my heart to-day.

Wove it warm and throbbing,
O gallant soldier mine!
Praying that it strengthen
That strong right hand of thine.

Strong to strike, and swift to strike,
And drive the foe away,
Lay on, lay on, my Soldier,
Lay on, and win the day!

And if my little mitten
Be dyed a deeper red,
Its saffron turned to crimson
With blood in honor shed,

The radiance of that scarlet,
The glory of that stain,
Would make my little work box
Seem like a sacred fane!

So here's my little mitten,
Wool to keep you warm,
Kisses in its meshes
To keep you, dear, from harm.

When stewing prunes add a spoonful of marmalade to them. This gives a most delicious flavour.