

THE CIVILIAN

VOL. III.

DECEMBER 30th, 1910

No. 18

A New Year's Announcement.

The Civilian has always been frank in supposing that the service at large has an interest in its internal economy and method of management. We desire, for an additional reason, in this our closing issue of the year, to lay before our readers certain plans and ideas we are entertaining for the year that is dawning.

The Civilian began with a staff of four,—all editors; but for the past year its affairs have been very largely in the hands of two,—an editor and a business manager. Now that it is over, we do not mind saying that it has been a strenuous time, for *The Civilian* was not exactly light on its feet when the year began. We are not prepared to say that we have made all that was possible of the opportunity. Still we have achieved one thing — we know now that a civil service journal may be a feasible proposition financially. *The Civilian* is no longer in the position of wondering whether or how long it can last. Under proper conditions it can last forever.

Let no one suppose that there lurks anything of self-satisfaction in this last remark. We hasten to say that we regard the present situation merely as a foundation to build upon. *The Civilian* has got to be a bigger, better paper. And it is going to be. And the question is, how to make it so.

The answer to this question suggested by *The Civilian* itself, out of the depths of its experience and out of its knowledge of the field to be covered, is: by enlisting men in its service. If the further question arises, on what basis? we answer as follows:

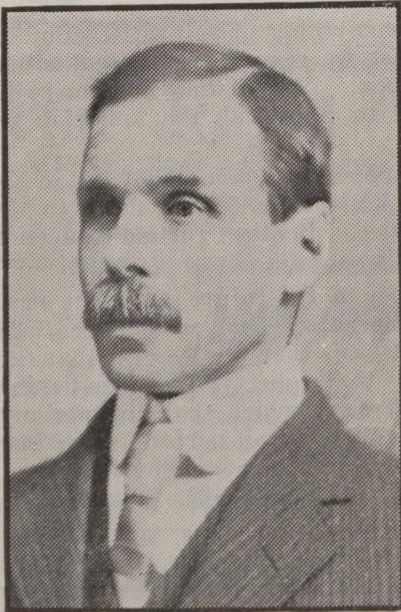
We take it that the civil service paper of the future, as in the past, is to be edited and controlled by civil servants. That, we believe, to be the safest form it can assume. On that basis then we suggest that this paper become to all intents and purposes the property of a large flexible quasi-cooperative organization of civil servants, which shall include anyone and everyone who can demonstrate that he can perform some *bona fide* service to the paper, whether in the business or contributing line.

The present management offer themselves as trustees to this larger scheme, which amounts to nothing more nor less than a call for practical assistance. They never have regarded themselves as a close corporation, though during the experimental stage which has lasted up to the present they could not very well press upon anyone an invitation to share in a possible defeat. But now they feel certain that the first need of the paper is the active participation in its work of a sufficient number of their fellow civil servants, and that once granted such assistance nothing will prevent *The Civilian* from achieving a pronounced success. This work cannot be done gratuitously, and it need not. The journal should pay those who make it, in proportion to what each has done to make it — printers, managers, circulation clerks, editors, contributors *pro rata*. Like several journals and magazines of our acquaintance, devoted to causes, (e.g., *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, sup-

ported in chief by the staff in Economics of Harvard University) it may be conducted on the basis of an amateur co-operative paper having its *raison d'être* in the fact that in this day and age the civil service of Canada must have an organ, and that as to the character of that organ civil servants are themselves the best judges.

Will any reader, therefore, who feels that he has the opportunity to serve this paper in an active way get into touch with its managers? We have work on hand for a score—all of it work that will be reflected at once in the improvement of the paper. And will every reader of ours understand that this paper is, in a way of speaking, his own,—that he can make it literally his own to the extent to which he will do anything for it,—and that if he has a suggestion to offer as to its policy or management he can count on its consideration in a spirit not only of cordiality but of fraternal recognition.

A Civil Servant for Mayor of Ottawa.



It is definitely announced that Alderman A. E. Caron will enter the mayoralty contest of the present year in Ottawa.

So far as *The Civilian* knows, this is the first time the civil service of Ottawa has had the opportunity of supporting a member of its own body in a campaign for the highest municipal honours.

Mr. Caron brings to the contest an experience of two years in the council, in which he has demonstrated time and again his capacity for affairs. As appealing more directly to his fellow civil servants, he has been from the first beginnings of the C. S. Association, now in its fourth year, a keen worker on its committees, and for the last two years an officer. He is at present the first Vice-President of the Association. All know his record in connection with the coal and ice businesses and

amount of time and labour he has given to the common cause. No civil servant could appeal for the support of his fellow employees on a better basis of desert.

Another civil servant offering himself for important municipal honours in the Capital is Controller Hinchey, who is a candidate again for the Board of Control. Ald. H. S. Campbell has been returned by acclamation.

The Customs Appraisers' Association of the Dominion of Canada.

Some issues back, *The Civilian* reported the organization of an Association with the above title. Active steps are now being taken to get all officers eligible into the association. The following circular, sent out during the past fortnight, not only explains again the aims and objects of the association, but address a strong personal appeal to each and every officer to take part in a worthy movement:

Toronto, Dec. 3, 1910.

Dear Sir:

We desire respectfully to inform you that such an Association has been organized here, in Toronto, with the above as its name and title. While local in its formation, we totally disclaim any idea of giving it a local significance, but, on the contrary, of making it useful and beneficial to every Appraising Officer throughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will clearly be seen by a careful study of the aims and objects of the Association that its scope is wide and general and appeals to the good-will and intelligence of every Appraiser in the Dominion.

The following are the objects of the Association:

“The Moral, Social and Intellectual advancement of its members.

“The promotion of efficiency in the Public Service, and of mutual confidence and co-operation to that end.

“The maintenance of unswerving loyalty to constituted authority and of uniform courtesy to the Public.

“The discussion of debateable questions in Customs, Law and Regulations.

“The procuring and keeping for reference and use such technical and other books and apparatus as will assist its members in the discharge of their official duties.

“And all such other aims and objects as may be in the best interests of the Public Service and of the Association.”

In this connection, it is well to bear in mind that the Appraisers' Association, being a Dominion Institution, members representing any Port in the Dominion shall be eligible to be elected to office at its annual meetings.

This is the principle and ground on which we make our appeal to you, solicit your membership and hearty co-operation.

The annual fee is placed at the minimum of One Dollar (\$1.00).

Already, our membership extends to Vancouver, and many letters of encouragement and sympathy have been received from Appraisers of other Ports.

So far, as the knowledge of the existence of our Appraisers' Association appeared to be somewhat limited, it was deemed advisable to adopt the excellent motto of the “Civilian,” viz.: *nemo sibi vivit* — “No one lives for himself,” in making this personal appeal to each and every Appraising Officer at every Port in the Dominion, as an evidence of our sincere solicitude for the welfare of each and all, irrespective of any one port or locality.

Your kindly acknowledgement of this appeal will be appreciated and, thanking you in advance for your practical sympathy and membership,

We have the honour to remain on behalf and in pursuance of the cordial and unanimous Resolution of our Association.

Faithfully yours,

E. W. MILLER, ALEX. PATTERSON, D. GARROW, ROBERT CUTHBERT,
President. Vice-President Secretary,
and Chairman. Office, 211 Avenue Road.

List of Customs' Appraisers of the Dominion.

In order to assist in the practical work of the movement, and to show at a glance its potential scope, *The Civilian* has compiled the following list of the Customs Appraisers of the Dominion, all of whom are eligible for membership. The names are arranged by localities alphabetically under the several Provinces:

Ontario.

J. A. Eddy, Appraiser, Brantford.
 F. T. Pattison, Appraiser, Bridgeburg.
 D. R. Gibson, Asst. Appraiser, Hamilton.
 Alex. McLaughlin, Appraiser, Hamilton.
 Geo. Shambrook, Asst. Appraiser, Hamilton.
 F. G. Woolcott, Asst. Appraiser, Hamilton.
 Thos. Driver, Appraiser, Kingston.
 J. Ferguson, Appraiser, London.
 A. Sharp, Appraiser, London.
 Geo. Tyler, Asst. Appraiser, London.
 W. M. Arnold, Asst. Appraiser, Ottawa.
 W. J. Fairbairn, Appraiser, Ottawa.
 P. Mullin, Asst. Appraiser, Ottawa.
 J. R. K. Bristol, Chief Dominion Appraiser, Ottawa, Ont.
 J. C. Boughner, Chief Dominion Appraiser, Ottawa, Ont.
 G. A. Begg, Appraiser, St. Catharines.
 Robt. Bain, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 A. M. Cameron, Appraiser, Toronto.
 Robt. Cuthbert, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 J. J. Davidson, Appraiser, Toronto.
 Chas. Elliott, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 D. P. Garrow, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 J. A. Gibbons, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 E. W. Miller, Dominion Appraiser, Toronto.
 Thos. Mitchell, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 M. F. Mogan, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 John McKay, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 Alex. Patterson, Appraiser, Toronto.
 W. Pearson, Asst. Appraiser, Toronto.
 Jas. Ryan, Appraiser, Toronto.
 Jas. Sinclair, Appraiser, Toronto.
 John Head, Appraiser, Toronto.

Quebec.

J. F. Alexander, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 M. Barsolou, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 A. Bourassa, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 J. C. O. Briere, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 J. Z. Corbeil, Appraiser, Montreal.
 T. J. Dawson, Appraiser, Montreal.
 J. B. Desbois, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 F. R. Deschamps, Appraiser, Montreal.
 E. Donahue, Appraiser, Montreal.
 Jno. Dodd, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 W. Drysdale, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 H. Hamel, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 F. Langon, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 J. A. Lavoie, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 D. J. Lemieux, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.

R. J. Lunny, Appraiser, Montreal.
 S. B. Lytle, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 A. Magnan, Appraiser, Montreal.
 W. Murphy, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 J. Murphy, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 P. J. O'Neil, Appraiser, Montreal.
 E. O'Shea, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 R. Robidoux, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 F. L. Chevrier, Asst. Appraiser, Montreal.
 A. Gaumont, Appraiser, Quebec.
 H. Hannon, Asst. Appraiser, Quebec.
 S. C. Lacroix, Appraiser, Quebec.
 J. G. Waters, Asst. Appraiser, Quebec.
 D. McLeod, Appraiser, Sherbrooke.

New Brunswick.

H. G. Winter, Appraiser, Fredericton.
 J. S. Rayworth, Appraiser, Moncton.
 J. B. Daly, Appraiser, St. John.
 J. H. Hamilton, Appraiser, St. John.
 J. E. Whittaker, St. John.
 T. K. McGeachy, Appraiser, St. Stephen.

Nova Scotia.

C. E. Ratchford, Appraiser, Amherst.
 R. N. Beckwith, Appraiser, Halifax.
 C. H. McNellen, Asst. Appraiser, Halifax.
 J. W. Wallace, Asst. Appraiser, Halifax.
 S. T. McCurdy, Asst. Appraiser, New Glasgow.
 W. L. Campbell, Appraiser, Yarmouth.
 John Sproule, Appraiser, Brandon, Man.

Manitoba.

Thos. Bennie, Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 R. F. Eadie, Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 A. B. Rannard, Asst. Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 D. M. Telford, Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 D. W. Macdonald, Asst. Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 H. A. Wise, Appraiser, Winnipeg.
 A. J. Taylor, Asst. Appraiser, Winnipeg.

British Columbia.

J. F. McIntosh, Appraiser, Fernie.
 C. C. Eldridge, Appraiser, Vancouver.
 J. O. Le Cappellain, Appraiser, Vancouver.
 A. Brown, Asst. Appraiser, Vancouver.
 W. P. Winsley, Appraiser, Victoria.

Prince Edward Island.

F. H. Beer, Appraiser, Charlottetown.

Yukon Territory.

Alex. Forrest, Appraiser, Dawson.

A Superannation Petition.

It so happens that the movement for superannation now on foot throughout the civil service of Canada is progressing step by step with a similar movement among the employees of our great neighbour, the United States. It may, therefore, both interest and instruct the Canadian service to read the exact words of the petition which their brethren of the Republic are presenting to Congress early in the new year:

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned members of the civil service, with the permission of the heads of the executive departments, desire to bring the attention of your honourable body to the following facts:

The United States has in its classified civil service a body of public servants certain of whom in the ordinary course of life becomes superannuated each year after long service;

The greatest Republic on earth is practically the only civilized nation which makes no provision for the retirement of its superannuated civil employees;

Retirement systems have been recognized as just, reasonable, and economical, and adopted by many of the business corporations in the United States;

A commission appointed by the President, after devoting much time to investigation of the subject, reported in favor of retirement in the classified civil service;

The President and his Cabinet favor the principle of retirement as a sound and economical policy on the part of the Government, tending to increase the efficiency of the civil service.

In view of these facts the undersigned members of the civil service respectfully petition your honorable body to enact a retirement law based on an equitable contributory plan, such law to provide for an adequate retiring allowance based on average salary and length of service, and for the return of contributions, with interest, to persons leaving the service before reaching the age limit, or to their legal representatives in case of death.

It is apparent from the experience of other countries in granting civil pensions payable wholly from

the public funds that such policy ultimately results in an underpaid official force, and we believe that the establishment of a civil pension law in the United States would tend strongly to maintain the present low scale of salaries existing throughout the service, because the prospect of such a pension would be considered an essential part of the compensation. As such pension would only be received by the comparatively few employees who survive to the retiring age and also remain in the service to that age, it would be secured to those few at the expense of the great majority of the employees working for less than full compensation on the prospect of receiving a pension they are destined never to enjoy.

We further petition your honorable body to enact a uniform reclassification law under which salaries shall be based upon the character and quality of work performed by each employee.

The above petition was submitted to the members of the Cabinet for approval and was signed by them, as follows:

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH,
Secretary of the Treasury.

J. M. DICKINSON,
Secretary of War.

GEO. W. WICKERSHAM,
Attorney-General.

R. A. BALLINGER,
Secretary of the Interior.

CHARLES NAGEL,
Secy. of Commerce and Labor.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK,
Postmaster-General.

JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

P. C. KNOX,
Secretary of State.

G. VON L. MEYER,
Secretary of the Navy.

THE CIVILIAN

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

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

Ottawa, Dec. 30th, 1910

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

What is the supreme need of the movement towards better things for the civil service?

A good many will at once reply: a raise in salaries, superannuation, or some other boon of the powers that be.

The Civilian begs to differ. The crying need of the movement for better things is an awakening in the ranks of the service itself — an awakening to the consciousness that nothing comes without effort, that Providence itself helps only those who help themselves.

If we could once realize the truth that if this spirit of union were moved to assert itself all else would be added, the addition process would begin forthwith.

In simple English what the service needs most at the moment is men who will volunteer to take on some small duty for the common good.

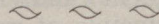
Let us particularize:

1. Take the question of class or local organization. It is ridiculous that in this day and age the number of these associations which are really effective throughout Canada could be counted on the fingers. Perhaps not on the fingers of one hand. Winnipeg, for example, has no association with its root in the service.

2. The Federation needs men. It is necessarily somewhat cumbersome and unwieldy, but it could give employment to many more than it can command at present.

3. The Civil Service Club needs support. Why can't you join it? Does the service intend to let this idea languish? If the club as at present does not suit you, lend your influence to make it what you want it.

We are all busy men,—but there are thousands of us. If in the new year, each of us gave a half an hour a month to work that would be for all, we would have a fund of energy to draw upon that would put us in the forefront as a class in the community.



AT IT AGAIN.

Our readers are invited to peruse on another page a fairly amusing sample of the heights to which a Canadian newspaper can rise when the subject is the civil service. It is from the *Kingston Standard*, and it purports to discuss the question of the garnishment of civil servants' salaries. In the course of a highly original explanation of the origin of this exemption, the *Standard* sets the service dead to rights as a characteristically thriftless, useless and unscrupulous fraternity. But the quaint statement is made at the close that the Kingston civil servants are a decent enough lot. In other words, in so far as the *Standard* knows anything about civil servants at first hand they are all right. We hate to seem to pluck any laurels from

the brows of our Kingston brethren, yet on behalf of the service at large we would like to assure the *Standard* that civil servants like every other class are much of a muchness and that the Vancouver and Halifax brand is very like that of Kingston. However, talk like this in the midst of the *Standard's* pleasantries is as Meredith says, "to raise the hand of piety in a salon of conversation."

Correspondence.

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

Another Joke.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

You often mention the silly attitude of the public towards the civil service, and I therefore pass on to you the concluding words of a letter I received recently from a friend of my youth. I have not heard from him before for fifteen years. He wanted me to send him some reports of an expert character, but felt in honour bound to finish with a joke about the service. Here are his remarkable concluding words:

"I suppose you are living now on the fat of the land, wondering why we fools allow it. Probably that farmers' deputation will warn you that graft must cease."

Yours, etc.,

A. R.

"Angels and Ministers of Grace Defend us!"

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

I can easily perceive that you are at the bottom of the business that has brought forward the Geoffrey Lawrence Powers' scheme to reform the civil service. You are very likely urged on by officials occupying the best positions and do not care a d— whether they are superannuated or not, because with 35 years' experience they can only fall on their legs. I have no more to say to you, but I now return your brochure and request that it be no longer sent me. It is paid for to March, 1911; that matters not. If sent after this notice I shall direct the Postmaster to have it at once stopped.

Your obedient servant,

From Across the Sea.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Can you, or some of your numerous read-

ers, give me some detailed particulars of the working of the Canadian Civil Service Federation?

The Home civil service may be able to learn something from the Colonial on the subject of unity.

I have noticed, with much pleasure, the increased size, importance, and interest of your bright journal.

With kindest regards and the season's greetings,

I am, yours faithfully,

W. J. L'AMIE,

Hon. Treas. of the National Excise Federation, Hon. Secy. of Yorkshire Branch, 5 Cromer Road, Leeds, England.

A Civil Servant Who Does Not Want Superannuation.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

There seems to be entire unanimity throughout the service to the effect that we want a superannuation scheme. But is it an educated unanimity? Do all of us understand exactly what we are doing when we cry in such perfect unison for this "boon"?

We hear much about the good example set the government by the large private corporations in giving pensions outright to their employees. A little closer analysis of that giving might help civil servants to understand why the establishment of a pension system by their employers is to the employee's disadvantage. Does any one believe that the Steel Corporation or the C.P.R. is run for philanthropic purposes? On the contrary, he should know that if the masters of those great industries prefer to give their employees pensions rather than impose on them a compulsory savings system, it is not because they love their employees more, but because they find it to the profit of the corporations to do so. The corporations look on pensions as a form of strike insurance. Through them they hold men who would otherwise strike for better wages or shorter hours, but who fear to do so because thereby they run the risk of forfeiting their pensions.

Instead of being sought, pensions should be regarded with disfavor by workingmen, because they mean lower wages and lessened independence, and their leaders should teach the laborers of the country to insist on employers paying them adequate wages in the first place, and then administering, in place of pensions, thrift funds, based on compulsory savings.

The fact that a pension robs the beneficiary of his independence is the only sound argument that can be adduced in favor of the pension for the army and navy — for military discipline, which is necessary and desirable in the army and the navy is secured at the price of individual independence. Does the civil employee, however, who

craves a pension from the government want to be subject to military discipline in his work? If the employee objects to a compulsory savings scheme as dictatorial and paternalistic, he will find on analysis that the straight pension is much more so.

The chief mischief of the pension is that it means salaries below the current market price. This has been proved to be the fact beyond all question of a doubt by the history of pension schemes in other countries. A pension system may be established in the beginning, as it was in England, as a pure gratuity, but it comes in time to be taken into account in fixing salaries. The pensionable employee in England has been proved to receive less compensation than the non-pensionable. Not all employees live to pensionable age; in fact, statistics show that only one out of seven in the English service lives and remains in the service to pensionable age. During the years that the pensionable employee is working for less than the market wages his family has just so much less to live on than they would have were he a non-pensionable employee, and if he dies or leaves the service before reaching pensionable age his family in most cases has absolutely no return for all those years of deprivation. Under a compulsory savings scheme the tendency would be to effect an increase in his salary in the first place, and in case of death or separation from the service a full return of his savings to his family.

I think these facts are worthy of presentation to the service at the present time.

Yours truly,
RETIREMENT FUND.

C. S. Insurance.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :

The beginning of another Association year seems an opportune time to again bring to the attention of your readers the question of Civil Service Insurance Extension. The movement began, it will be recalled, at the last Annual Convention of the Civil Service Federation. It was inspired by a reference (made in a report to the Senate by Senator Power) to the apathy shown by the civil service generally in the matter of Government Insurance. At that time only 400 out of 8,000 civil servants had availed themselves of the benefits of this insurance. In view of the fact that this might later on have some bearing on the question of Superannuation, a campaign of education on Government Insurance was instituted, and although the results have not been as satisfactory as they might have been, there have been some results. Up to date about 100 new policies have been taken out, representing nearly \$200,000. This response, though small in comparison with what might it might have been up to the present, is nevertheless encouraging as it

shows that a large number of civil servants from coast to coast are evidently thinking of this important question and their responsibility in the matter. Why should not every civil servant give this some earnest thought right now and help along what is unquestionably a boon to the service at large. In this material age we must make material provision for the future, and Government Insurance affords every one the opportunity of making such provision at rates that are, to say the least, more than reasonable. The low rate required by the Government, and the easy payment plan allowed, bring it within the reach of all. A post card to the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa will bring the details promptly to any one who wishes to take advantage of what is considered to be a most liberal Insurance Policy.

Sincerely yours,
ALEX. M. MACMILLAN,
Secretary Federation Committee on Insurance.
Ottawa, Dec. 24, 1910.

Le Club.

M. le Rédacteur, *Le Civilian*, "Organe des Créchards."

Voilà donc que notre petit chez-nous, notre Club de Ronds de Cuir, est bel et bien ouvert, et ça marche, surtout le soir de l'ouverture officielle, le 7 de ce mois.

Certainement que je suis un des membres, et je vous dis que nous avons un comité composé de bons diables; par exemple, l'autre soir, vous auriez dû voir Georges se trotter, du soubassement au grenier, pour assurer le confort des invités; le grand Wensley ne s'est pas ménagé au début, mais vous savez, il en a long et pesant à porter; Pierre, Billy et le K. P. avaient chacun une crowd, et les deux nouveaux élus de l'exécutif, Frank et Mac, se débattaient comme des démons pour démontrer leur dévouement et prouver qu'ils appréciaient l'honneur d'avoir été invités aux délibérations du conseil des Grands.

Ah! j'oubliais de mentionner Lambert, un dévoué aussi, qui nous avait racollé des musiciens, des chanteurs et quelques autres "Bloods." Encore un autre, pas du comité, c'est notre oncle Sam; ça, par exemple, c'est un vieux sport, il a toujours des tickets, même entre-le dix et le quinze du mois.

Les plus sages sont partis vers minuit, mais d'autres sont restés un peu plus tard, et je plaide coupable d'avoir été de la bunch. C'est bien excusable, n'est-ce pas? Il faut bien se connaître, alors on s'amuse et l'on conçoit que nous sommes à la même crèche. La portion d'un chacun peut bien différer, mais qu'est-ce que ça fait, quand on se connaît, on divise.

Je voulais simplement dire que nous nous étions amusés en grand et me voilà qui impose sur votre bonté, si toutefois vous en avez assez pour publier ceci.

REA'S

Greatest January Sale

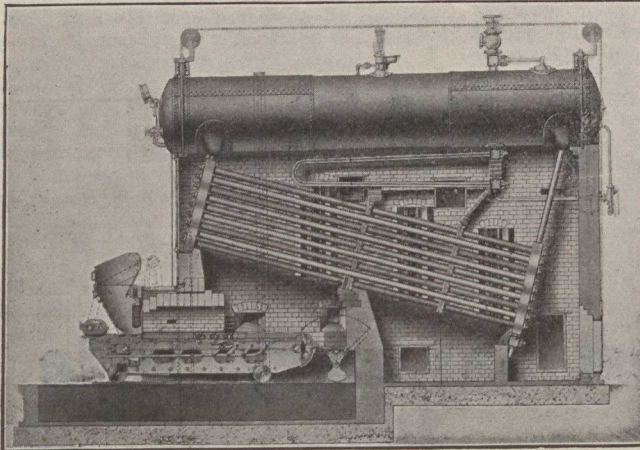
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S'il y a des gars dans la Crèche qui aiment à passer une belle soirée, près d'un bon feu, avec des bons camarades ou des revues littéraires et scientifiques, je leur conseillerais de signer une affiliation avant le 15 janvier prochain. On a une exemption de ces taxes, et après cette date, mes vieux, vous serez obligés de payer le plein prix.

GUS.

The Loan Association.

Ottawa, December 9, 1910.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :

Your editorial remarks in the "Civilian" of December 2nd on "The Loan and Savings Association" were apropos, and will bear, I think, some amplification.

Your sympathies very properly are with the unfortunates who lack financial aid. You did not, perhaps, quite do justice to the needs of another class, namely, the savers of small amounts, those who can only lay by a very small sum each pay day. Unless they can lay by something, they will probably soon be in the classes needing financial assistance; and our Civil Service Saving and Loan Association offers, I believe, better inducements than any other financial institution to the members of this class. This is as it should be, inasmuch as, if we can encourage methodical saving, there will be less need for occasional borrowing.

It might be well to make a further analysis of those who should get financial assistance. They may roughly be divided into two classes: first, those who can and will repay the amount borrowed, and second, those who cannot or will not repay the amount borrowed.

Admirable and all as is the organization of the C. S. S. & L. Association, it can do absolutely nothing for the relief of the second class; these must be turned over to some other organization, and it is the business of the Board of Credit of the C. S. S. & L. Association to exercise the utmost vigilance to see that not a single individual of this second class gets a loan. This is absolutely necessary in order that the Association may be able to do its legitimate business, the only work for which its organization fits it, namely, to assist the savers of small sums and the borrowers who can and will repay.

It would be the grossest breach of trust upon the part of the Board of Credit if it should grant a loan where there was any doubt about the loan being repaid, no matter how grave the necessities of those making the request.

-CO-OPERATOR.

RECEPTION AT CIVIL SERVICE CLUB.

A notable function was the reception given by the members of the Civil Service Club on Wednesday evening, December 7th, to their gentlemen friends. About 150 were present, and enjoyed themselves immensely. The President, G. S. Hutchinson, and Secretary, Mr. Wensley Thompson, received the guests informally, and the members of the committee were unceasing in their efforts to make everyone feel at home. Refreshments were served during the evening, while a splendid programme of music and recitations was carried out. The fine large English billiard table, recently installed, was well patronized. The only regret expressed was that the Club will shortly have to vacate its present abode as the Government intends to use the site in their new departmental building. However, the institution is fortunate in having secured another equally central club building, situated on Bank street, adjoining the Ottawa river, and directly opposite the Supreme Court Building. These new premises are considerably larger than the present ones, and the Club contemplates eventually having meals served to members. There may also be some rooms in which bachelor members may reside. As a result of the Reception there has been quite a large accession to the membership. With 4,000 Government officials in Ottawa, this Club should, and will, be one of the strongest institutions of the many in the Capital.

Another Reception will be held, this time in the new premises, on the afternoon and evening of New Year's Day. All friends of the Club, whether members of the civil service or not, are welcome.

A football player in Ottawa bears the name of Kilt. When the game gets warmed up he can be trusted to do a few Caledonia Springs.—Toronto News.

The Woman in the Service

By "Frea Cannaiad."

The After-Christmas Feeling.

Here I sit the morning of the day after, a victim of the direst poverty—poverty of mind indeed. I have been away from home lately, and have returned to find my mental house swept and empty. The spirit of the times had taken possession of me, and has forced upon me strange habits of plain thinking and high living. Imagination seems to have departed never to return, and who is there among us who can say that it has been otherwise with her? Perhaps an artist could have better depicted this after-Christmas feeling. I would that it were in her hands. Would it have been joy struggling with disappointment for mastery? Or would it have been the plain blackness of a plain exhausted feeling? Perhaps a poet would have done great things, would have written an "Ode to Dejection" and have been done with it. She could have trusted to the dulling of our literary senses, for none of us would have known whether it were great or not. Yes, the spirit of the day has paralyzed all literary aspirations, all mental exercise—merely to read the newspaper has become a task or luxury. And without this great poverty—(poverty of mind, of course), with only one ray of consolation—this, that it is something pre-eminently feminine, something strictly our own. From some quarters as we travelled around with our sewing bags, there came sounds similar to those of amusement, but none of us had time to pause to look into the matter. We have followed each other closely in the race, and

have reached the desired haven—this. And what is this? Merely the physical weariness which makes something good appear a sham. We all had become possessed of the Christmas feeling, of the desire to do something to make the world about us happy. We have been trying to show our faith by our works, to express in some tangible way our feelings towards our fellowmen. We have been living more truly during the past few weeks than for many months before, and the whole trouble has been that in our zeal to carry out our ideal we have done too much, and have forgotten what it is. So sometimes we have seemed ridiculous even to ourselves; the after-Christmas feeling comes over us, as if it were something righteous rather than the other, which it bids us scorn.

So back to work again—to beaten paths, which had lost something of their monotony while the spirit was away. We will turn back to the lesser life, with this New Year's resolution, that the spirit of Christmas will remain with us throughout the year, will go with us where we go, will gladden the lives about us which we touch. And then when stripped of the exterior attributes which have made it seem a sham, it will become indeed a good, worthy of attainment.

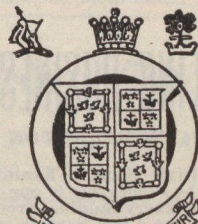
Held Up.—"Hands up!" exclaimed the Western train robber. "Gimme your money."

"Too late," replied the tourist. "I get off at the next station and I've already tipped the porter."—Philadelphia Record.



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of H. R. H
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on the Civil Service Examination for May proves the superiority of our courses. With one exception every candidate received an appointment in the Civil Service within four days after the results were published (June 18). One of our candidates in the Shorthand Division went right from our school without a single day's experience and headed the list of those who wrote from Ottawa and took third place in the Dominion. Another without a single day's office experience took the highest mark in Typewriting (99%) and still another caught fourth place in Subdivision B, 3rd Division. A most remarkable showing for inexperienced candidates, and is the best evidence of the High Grade teaching at Gowling's School.

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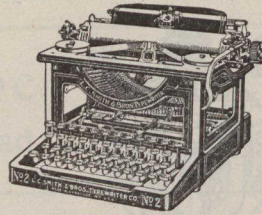
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Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

Astrea Redux, or Silas Comes Back.

The occasion of this heading, its why and wherefore and its *raison d'être*, to quote the Society Editress, is the apprehension, or shall I modestly say the misapprehension, which the last fortnight's heading gave rise to in the breasts of the readers of *The Civilian*. Tompkins, who is one of the millions, not to say thousands, who peruse this literary page came to me the other day and gaspingly inquired, "Are you not going to write for *The Civilian* any more?" I told him that I intended writing so long as a cent was left in *The Civilian* treasury. "O, I thought 'The Passing of Silas Wegg' was a hint of your exit. I considered it a *double entente*," he said, making visible efforts to swallow his tongue. I informed him that it was not a *double entente* and just saved my own tongue from the deadly aesop-hagus.

And so, my dear deluded friends, I have chosen the heading you see above. Tompkins, by the way, says that I should never refer to myself by name, but as The Author. I should have headed the last article, for instance, "The Passing of Author," but I indicated that my Lord Tennyson had pre-empted that title for one of his works and we poets never plagiarized mere titles from one another. Now for other, if lesser, things.

It is just a year ago to-day that I stood beside the door of this little inn and with a borrowed hatchet nailed the Sign of the Wooden Leg in place. The reason I used a borrowed hatchet was that I may now

say a year hence, "It is by the axe of another and not by own deeds that I am where I am," which potentially historic utterance I now start trundling down the turnpike of the ages. Keep your eye on it.

Thus, by easy stages, I come to a post-mortem discussion of the subject of Christmas gifts. The battle is over, the shouting and the tumult dies, the mistletoe has lost its spell, the stocking-toe resumed its ordinary prosaic functions,—and who won out?

Personally, I did very well. I expended, in cash, \$3.13 inclusive of postage, and received by way of spoil: one pair of saffron suspenders, decorated with old English letters wisely advising me to trust in the Lord; one new pipe, purchased at the Kettledrum I surmise; ten Post-Toasty cigars; one bedroom slipper; three artificial limb catalogues; and twenty-three permanent passes to the basement of the Woods Building. I make no detailed account of post cards and illuminated book marks.

Silas, Jr., expended nothing and received two cars, three books, (not including Pilgrim's Progress), one sled, one Government Annuity deferred fifty-one years, and three doses of Castor Oil. The last two gifts, becoming effective only in the future, did not appeal to him as worth mentioning in his prayers on Christmas night.

Here you behold the bright side of Christmas. The Wegg household played for small stakes and made a fair showing in the summing up. But, oh, the chagrin and gnashing of teeth by some firesides on Christ-

mas morning! Tubbs expected his rich father-in-law to send him a cheque for a hundred at least. He got a photograph instead showing the affection the photographer discovered existing between this same father-in-law and his youthful second wife. Pinkham was sure his fellow trustees on the Church Board were going to present him with a gold watch. He had many hints and clues to guide him, but his dear fellow trustees asked for an audit instead. He had sadly misinterpreted their secrecy. Then, there was Binks, the false Binks his wife calls him. She was sure he was concealing a seal-skin coat in his desk upstairs, but Binks had joined the Queerfellows Lodge, and was only hiding his regalia in fear his wife should find it and give it to the maid for Sunday finery.

These are they who have dethroned old Santa Claus and put the Daughter of the Horseleech in his place on the Throne of Yule. They have set up the tables of the money changers and the seats of those who sell doves in the temple of St. Nicholas. I am no great hand at exegesis, but I venture a suggestion that the money changers were splitting up dollars into quarters for tips to those whom we are afraid to pass over, and the doves are symbolical of the gentle charities which this latter day Christmas spirit has made a thing of the market. Yes, Santa Claus, the jolly inexhaustible God of Supply, is in full retreat before the Daughter of the Horseleech, that thin and hungry Demon of Demand.

Sometime, not in this era of the collection plate and the subscription list, not in these days when the Christmas Levy is like the New Year Lance a struggle for recognition, but sometime I hope the Christmas of the Woolly Horse and the Squeaky Dog will return to us and make us children again, though just for a night. If only we elders should see the enormity of our crime, now that we

have converted the grand children's festival of the year into a game of grab, there might be hope of a speedy reclamation of the Day of the Babe born in a manger. In the meantime there is some comfort in the thought that there are youngsters enough in the world not old enough to catch us at our little tricks. It is no great shock to them when they find that Santa Claus is called Daddy the rest of the year, but dark must be that day when they find that Daddy is thinking more of what he will get in his own stocking than what he will put in theirs.

One other thing and I am done. I hope you gave the poor a good dinner on Christmas Day. See to it that you don't raise the price of meat on them during the cold days yet to come. A square meal given at Christmas will be entered to your credit in the Great Books, but a square deal given the whole year round will make Abou Ben Adhem look to those laurels he has worn for so many years despite the efforts of many multi-millionaires to die penniless in a wilderness of libraries with Standard Oil quoted slightly above par.

Says the British Civilian:

"For many months past our Colonial contemporary and namesake, the Canadian "Civilian" has been sustaining a promiscuous discussion on the subject of an attractive and appropriate design for the front cover of its pages. From the first, the publication has disregarded the sweet uses of advertisement in this connection, but its present appearance of neat frigidity has been deemed capable of improvement. It is possible that the covers of other accredited organs, even that of the Home Service, could be suitably adorned with the devices of allegory. Perhaps some readers blessed with a creative and artistic sense, even if with no capacity for draughtmanship, could suggest appropriate designs."

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

ALL DRUGGISTS
25c. & 60c.
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Headache, Bilioussness, Bad Stomach,
Weak Kidneys dull the brain. Brighten
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If you want the **DOW'S** Ales, Porter and
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The Fortnight in Sport.

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

By "Casbel Byron"

The great strike of the professional hockey players, which has been agitating the athletic world of Central Canada for the past month has come and gone. A settlement has been reached without the invocation of the Lemieux Act. The executive committees of the various clubs became convinced, after several years' bitter experience, that a \$5,000 aggregate salary list was about all the game could stand—and live. After a protracted "lock-out" the majority of the players capitulated, and nearly all the old standbys will be seen on the ice again. All this augurs well for the ultimate success of amateur hockey. Truly this sport has obtained a great hold on the youth of our country. Everywhere one sees the veriest tots armed with hockey sticks making for the nearest sheet of ice. Even the churches have their hockey leagues and these prove good feeders for the best senior clubs. What is hard to understand is why the girls in our public schools have not a league also. The game is just as beneficial to them and can be played without any undue roughness. There is now talk of an international hockey league, with teams in New York, Pittsburg and other American cities. It would be an expensive scheme, and would tend to strengthen the professional aspect of the game. It would, however, probably produce a high-class article of hockey from the spectators' standpoint.

One of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived is now touring the United

States and Canada, in the person of George Hackenschmidt—familiarily known as "the Russian Lion." In the last ten years he has practically been unbeatable, if one eliminates the illegal contest he had two years ago in Chicago with Gotch. In that match the latter, knowing that he could not defeat Hackenschmidt fairly, resorted to the expedient of having his body carefully oiled before the match—a trick never heard of in British sport. He also brought into use the "toe hold," which simply meant the seizing of his opponent's toe and breaking it. Hackenschmidt is said to have stated after the match that he wondered why Gotch did not bite him.

If the Ottawa eight are able to win the great event at Henley next summer—which everyone devoutly wishes—they will go down into history, for surely the summer of 1911 is to be a memorable one in Great Britain. The Coronation ceremonies are to last many weeks. Already almost all points of vantage along the route of the "Procession" are bought up. Canada will certainly be well represented with her Bisley team, her oarsmen,—and her lacrosse players, for the Toronto Varsity XII are also to tour England at that time. And what better advertising agents can this young country have than the clean, well set up athletes whom we breed between the two oceans.

The Toronto University lacrosse team are preparing to visit England

during the King's Coronation week next summer. They will play the Oxford and Cambridge teams. These visits to the Mother Land cannot but do good, from every standpoint.



England is coming into her own also in pugilism. Owen Moran, one of her sons, has just wrested the lightweight championship from Battling Nelson, the redoubtable Dane.



"Jem" Mace, for 20 years the idol of the British public in the mid-Victorian era,—as the champion ring general of the world,—has just passed away. Buried out of a workhouse, after having possessed a fortune; the funeral being conducted by his son, an evangelist. What a commentary is here!



Bob sledding, as distinguished from tobogganing, promises to be quite the vogue in Montreal and elsewhere during the present winter. It is very popular on the American side. One would imagine that if a collision should occur the results would be much more disastrous than with the toboggan. In Switzerland, which has now become more of a winter than a summer resort, this style of "coasting" is very much in favour, one of its most enthusiastic devotees being the Crown Prince of Germany.



Notwithstanding the large attendance during the past summer at lacrosse matches in the professional series, none of the clubs, except the Nationals, seem to have been able to finish the season with a clean sheet. Everyone knows that the Capitals were very much behind, and the Toronto clubs had slight deficits. The Montreal team, who were last year's champions, came out about \$16,000 to the bad. This can only be accounted for from the fact that the salary list was very heavy.

THE PRACTICAL KNIGHT.

—

Sir William was a statesman of
The very hottest kind.
He had a shiny silken tile
Upon his master mind.
His coat was amplitudinous,
His vest was white piqué,
His trousers had a crease in them,
His spats were pearly grey.

Sir William loved Society
And all its wondrous charm,
The cutlery beside his plate
Awoke no wild alarm,
He knew the fork for oysters, and
The implements for sole,
Nor did he ever take a drink
From out the finger bowl.

And yet Sir William had an eye
On common folk as well.
Full oft within the Rideau Club
We've heard the statesman tell
That while he loved the Social Buzz,
The gaudy haunts of wealth,
Good fellowship with voters was
Much better for his health.

He said: "My title stirs my pride
And gives me high position.
Still I must nurse my county and
Consider its condition.
I have an innermost delight,
Mine eyes with moisture fill
When some one stops me on the street
And says: 'Good morning, Bill.'"

—The Toronto News.

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PRINTING at a saving of
from 25 to 75% of present cost.

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Closed 6 p.m. daily.

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In Black Beaver Cloth, Persian Lamb Collar, Quilted Lining, perfect fitter, all sizes.

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Moose Moccasins

Sizes 1 and 2	Price 85c
" 3 to 6	" \$1.00
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Men's "B. & G." Shoes

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Made in all Leathers, solid Oak Tan Soles—Very comfortable and splendid wearers, sizes 5½ to 10.

OUR PRICE, **\$4.00**

BRYSON, GRAHAM LIMITED

The Store that always has and gives what it advertises.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

Garnishment of C. S. Salaries.—A Sample Boquet.

The following is from the Kingston Standard:

A bill has been introduced into the Ottawa House to amend the Civil Service Act so that the salaries of the gentlemanly, but often impecunious, employees of the government shall be subject to garnishment. It may or may not become law; but there is no doubt of this fact — that the prayers of every retail merchant in the country will go up nightly in favor of it; for of all the dead beats that ever swindled a tradesman the civil servant dead beat, as he is seen in certain outside cities, is the worst.

The salaries of these men have not hitherto been subject to garnishment because it has been considered "contrary to public policy" to allow this to be done. In some mysterious way that no one can find out, the business of the country will suffer, according to this theory, if these dead beats are made to pay their debts by having their salaries garnished. This is simply a theory borrowed from some of the older lands where the civil servants were the sons, cousins, or some other connection of the parties in power and were by this means protected from having to pay their honest debts, when confiding tradesmen trusted them and relied upon their promises. "Contrary to public policy" forsooth! What a hoary fiction that is! As if the public good would not be better served by making these men pay their debts like every honest citizen and live up to their contracts.

To emphasize the need for this legislation, it would be well if every retail merchants' association in the country were to send down a deputation to Ottawa to urge the passing of the bill.

We in Kingston here will, it is true, not be affected by the bill, because here our civil servants pay their legitimate debts; but for the

principle of the thing we should all contend, namely, that in the eye of the law and in respect to their debts, civil servants are and should be like other individuals. Other cities are not so happy in this respect as in Kingston.

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Correspondence Invited

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BOND BROKER & FINANCIAL AGENTS

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Montreal

IMPERIAL MOTHER!

(William Watson, in the 'Times,' London.)

Imperial Mother, from whose breasts
We drank as babes the pride whereby
We question ev'n thine own behests,
And judge thee with no finching eye;—

Oft slow to hear when thou dost call,
Oft vext with a divided will,
When once a rival seeks thy fall,
We are thy sons and daughters still.

The love that halts, the faith that veers,
Are then deep sunk as in the Sea;
The Sea where thou must brook no peers,
And halve with none thy sovereignty.

The Montreal Customs Association.

The first annual meeting of the Montreal Customs Association was held on Monday, December 12th, in the Sailors' Institute, Mr. J. Z. Corbeil, president, in the chair.

The reports of the treasurer and secretary were read and adopted. The membership is now close on 200; four death claims were paid during the year. A balance of \$262.98 is left in the General Fund, while \$140.17 is left to the Mortuary Fund. The association has had a very successful year.

The retiring officers were all re-elected, as follows:—

Honorary President—Mr. R. S. White.
 Honorary Vice-President—Mr. H. McLaughlin.
 President—Mr. J. Z. Corbeil.
 Vice-President—A. E. Giroux.
 Secretary—Mr. M. P. McGoldrick.
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 Trustees Mortuary Fund—Messrs. W. J. McKenna, L. A. Jacques and H. N. Isaacson.
 Auditors—Messrs. A. Magnan and D. C. Draper.

Rapport du Comité Exécutif.

Nous, Soussignés, au nom de votre Comité, avons l'honneur de présenter aux membres de l'Association des Douaniers du Port de Montréal, le premier Rapport annuel démontrant le travail exécuté durant l'année écoulée.

Le 21 décembre 1909 eut lieu la première assemblée générale à laquelle furent acceptés les règlements qui nous régissent aujourd'hui et où vous avez élu les officiers dont le terme expire aujourd'hui.

Notre association est le résultat du travail de quelques-uns de nos employés, qui ont toujours eu à cœur l'idée qu'une telle organisation ne pourrait manquer de bénéficier matériellement à tous les membres et d'entretenir un lien social entre nous et aussi de secourir un chacun au besoin.

Votre Comité est convaincu que les progrès de la présente année justifient l'établissement de l'Association et que nous avons beaucoup accompli en ce sens.

Assemblées. — Votre Comité a tenu neuf assemblées durant l'année, lesquelles ont été suivies avec intérêt par vos représentants. Mais nous avons le regret de vous informer que l'un de vos départements n'a pas été représenté à la plus grande partie de ces assemblées. En plus des assemblées de l'Exécutif, nous avons eu plusieurs assemblées de sous-comités.

Nous avons actuellement 138 membres qualifiés jusqu'à ce jour et nous croyons que ce nombre devrait être

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de beaucoup plus élevé, et que tous les employés de la Douane de Montréal devraient faire partie de notre Association.

Finances. — Les revenus de toutes sortes pour l'année finissante se montent à \$891.75 et ont été appliqués judicieusement à nos deux Caisses. En sus des dépenses courantes, nous avons payé quatre réclamations mortuaires se montant à \$300.00 et nous avons encore les balances suivantes:

Caisse générale\$262.98

Caisse mortuaire 140.17

Le rapport du Trésorier que vous trouverez plus loin vous donnera les détails des recettes et des déboursés. Vous y trouverez aussi le rapport de vos auditeurs.

Réunions. — Nous avons procuré à nos membres plusieurs occasions de se rencontrer et de renouveler connaissance. Notre réception à nos confrères d'Ottawa, notre sortie en raquettes, et notre excursion au clair de lune, ont toutes été bien réussies et très goûtées par tous ceux qui y ont assistés. Et quoique nous ayons désiré faire encore plus sous ce rapport, nous avons fait tout ce qui était en notre pouvoir, pour le bien de tous, et nous espérons qu'à l'avenir vos officiers donneront une attention toute spéciale à ces réunions.

Fédération. — Comme Association, nous faisons partie de la Fédération du Service Civil du Canada, et nous avons eu l'honneur d'être représentés dans l'Exécutif de cette corporation depuis sa fondation, en premier lieu par notre estimé Vice-Président Honoraire, M. McLaughlin, et présentement par notre honoré Président, M. J.-Z. Corbeil.

Nos délégués ont assisté à la convention de la Fédération et ont soumis nos idées touchant le réajustement des salaires en général, l'augmentation annuelle et la pension. Ces questions sont encore pendantes et sous considération entre le Gouvernement et la Fédération.

Recommandations. — Après une année d'expérience, nous désirons vous soumettre les suggestions sui-

vantes, que nous croyons être dans l'intérêt de notre Association:

Premièrement: L'âge des nouveaux membres devrait être limité, ou les contributions être graduées d'après l'âge d'entrée.

Deuxièmement: Le prix d'initiation devrait être augmenté.

Troisièmement: Nous devrions avoir plus souvent des réunions générales.

In Memoriam. — Nous avons la douleur de vous annoncer que durant l'année qui vient de finir, la mort a enlevé de nos rangs les confrères A. Labelle, Chas. Stroud, Pat. Martin, et T.-J. Dawson.

Le tout respectueusement soumis,

J.-Z. CORBEIL,

Président.

MICHAEL-P. McGOLDRICK,
Secrétaire.

JOCK WATSON'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Jock Watson, bonnie curler, braw,
Who dearly lo'es this land o' snaw
An' keen an' frosty weather,
Wud like he were a brawny Scot
An' oft times mourns because he's not
Frae Land o' Broom an' Heather.

The first gran' game he had to play
Was after noon on Christmas Day.
"Mon, he waur feelin' frusky."
Sae a' the morn wi' bairn and wife
Jock tried to lead the sumple life
An' keep awa' frae whusky.

But best laid plans o' mice and men
Aft gang agley an' noo an' then
We fa' when w're nae lookin'.
'Twas thus fell Jock, a victim he
To ill advised gluttony
An' his guid wife's fine cookin'.

He ate till he could eat nae mair,
He stuffed so fu' that he waur sair
An' felt a'most like screamin'.
Then he lay down to tak' a nap
An' 'fore he knew, the bonnie chap
Waur sound asleep an' dreamin'.

He dreamt he'd deed an' went awa'
To whar, 'tis said, a ball of snaw
Wud vanish quick in vapor;
Whar there's nae need for overcoat,—
An' ither clothes tae do wi'out
Wud seem the proper caper.

Jock knockit loudly at the door
 Wi' handle o' his broom before
 He got ony attention;
 But when wi'in the place he came
 He witnessed an extrornary game
 Beyond his comprehension.

He's never thought, nor cud he think
 That Hades waur a curlin' rink
 Provided for the sinner.
 He'd alway tho't it waur tae hot
 But—that was "Williams'" lyin' shot
 An' like ta be the winner.

I've heard the Scot is iverywhar,
 I'm nae surprised tae fin' him here
 The bonnie stanes a hurlin'.
 Said Jock, "'Tis a Scot's trick I think
 Tae mak this lake a big ice rink,
 An' best, the De'il a curlin'.

The De'il spied Jock as in he came,
 "Hoots mon, I need ye in my game
 Tae mak' what e'er there's in it.
 We'll build a 'head' atween us two
 That I mysel' cud nae pass thro'
 An' by the shades we'll win it."

"These Glebe men, skipp'd by Chaplain
 Loucks,
 Ha'e pit me wi' the doun an' oots,"
 The vexed De'il cried in sorrow.
 "I've ne'er an Imp can draw the tee
 Or lay a dacent stane for me
 Or tak' the proper borrow."

"I'd like a game exceedin' fine
 But I'll ne'er play 'gainst mates o' mine,"
 Said Jock, all nice and civil.
 "Ye'll curl for me, Jock Watson, or
 I'll banish ye' tae Ottawa,"
 Quite sharply quoth the Devil.

That's waur nor Hell I ha'e nae doot
 A circumstance that's bro't aboot
 Wi' the heigh cost o' livin'.
 But Jock's a friend o' Laurier
 An' has a guid strang pu' the day
 Wi' Maister Hal McGiverin.

Just then the wee bairn pu'ed his nose
 Which wakened Jock frae his repose
 An' memory quickly carried
 The tho't that wi' the day far spent
 His chance to help "The President"
 Had vanished whilst he tarried.

Tak' warnin', curlers, one an' a',
 Eat what you need an' nae thing mair
 O' bonnie Christmas dinner.
 An' lusty foeman be on han'
 Wi' "President" or "Vice" tae stan'
 Tae be, or cheer the winner.

J. H. W.

Christmas, 1910

THE RED TAPE OCTOPUS IN AUSTRALIA.

A good deal of laughter was occasioned in the Australian House recently by the reply given by the Minister for Home Affairs to a question with regard to the payment of a minimum wage of 8/ a day to all Federal public officers.

Mr. O'Malley expressed deep sympathy with those who were receiving small wages, and said he recognized that increases ought to be made to meet the increased cost of living. But Ministers had been only a few months in office, and most of their time had been taken up in preparing bills for Parliament. It was useless to attempt reforms in departments until the whole service was placed on sound business lines.

Mr. Page (Q.): Good old "business line"!

Mr. O'Malley: This Ministry is laboring under the weight of accumulated piles of centuries of stereotyped red tape. (Laughter.)

Mr. Deakin (V.): You look like it. (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Malley: All departments are submerged in an ocean of decayed, knotted red tape, and until the whole business is reorganized heads of departments are helpless and waterlogged, and Ministers are—

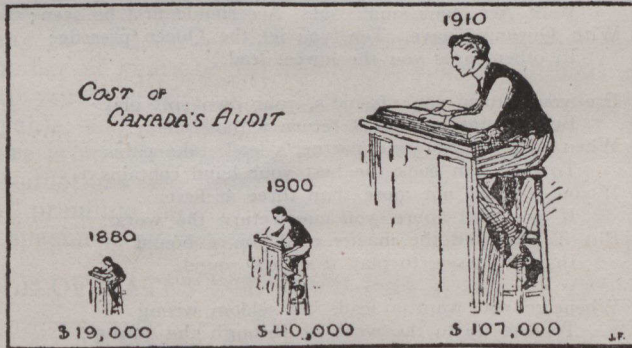
Mr. Deakin: Oh, don't say what they are like. (Laughter.)

Mr. O'Malley: Ministers are almost as helpless. (Laughter.) They are almost as helpless as animated rubber stamps on a shoreless sea, fog bound. (Loud laughter.)

A contemporary prints the following moral story: "It is said that the Sultan one day, walking through Para, saw a man with one ear nailed to a pump. He enquired what it was all about, and was told that the culprit was a dishonest baker. 'He serves the palace, too, your majesty,' said an aide-camp. 'Does he?' said the caliph, 'then nail up the other ear.'"

The Auditor General's Department.—How it grows.

The cost of auditing the public accounts of Canada for several periods is shown in the accompanying pictures. As will be seen, it now exceeds \$100,000 annually. Parliament established the office of Auditor-General in 1878, and the Act defines the purpose of his appointment as "for the more complete examination of the public accounts of Canada, and for the reporting thereon to the House of Commons." The Auditor-General's report, presented to Parliament in two or more bulky volumes, is the most used blue-book of all that are issued. It contains the details of the expenditure made by each department, and furnishes much of the ammunition that is used by the financial critics of the Government. The Auditor-General is advised of all the moneys received and deposited to the credit of the Government, and checks the vouchers for the expenditures from these deposits and the credits given



to the various departments. The Auditor-General is responsible for seeing that money voted by Parliament is used for the purpose for which it has been voted. He can hold up a payment, or demand an explanation of any disbursement, or refuse to sanction financial transactions which, in his judgment, are irregular. Sometimes, but not very frequently, the Auditor-General's decision is over-ruled by the Treasury Board, which is composed of the Minister of Finance and five other Cabinet Ministers. The staff of the Auditor-General numbers about one hundred at present. In 1900, the Auditor-General examined about \$56,000,000 of public accounts; this year he audited over \$115,000,000 of public accounts. In commenting upon the irregularities at the Printing Bureau, the Auditor-General makes this recommendation to Parliament: "The existence of these irregularities emphasizes the necessity for the establishment of a proper system of storekeeping, a systematic stock-taking and an inspection by competent inspectors in every branch of the service where stores are kept."—Toronto Star.

"THE DAY OF LOVE."

No matter what your lot this Christmas Day,
Suffering, lonesome, sad of heart or gay,
Do something to make other mortals glad,
Nor pause to question: "be they good or
bad?"

Give, O give! a hand-clasp, smile to cheer—
Something to show the "day of love" is
here.

Forget yourself: there's much for you to do;

When the day's over you will murmur:
"true."

No purse or heart too poor to give to-day—
A beggar's smile can make the gloom less
grey.

Seek for the needy, then give, give, give;
You'll find there's more than self for which
to live.

GARRETT O'CONNOR.

Bridgeburg, Ont., Christmas, 1909.

Whist Rules in Rhyme.

If you are Playing Whist this Winter and do not Know all About the Game, Clip This Out

If you the modern game of Whist would know,
From these great principles its precepts flow:
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play not one alone but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand,
And hence, there is necessity the strongest,
That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this, with Ace and King, lead King, then Ace;
With King and Queen, King also has first place;
With Ace, Queen, Knave, lead Ace and then the Queen;
With Ace, four small ones, Ace should first be seen;
With Queen, Knave, Ten, you let the Queen precede;
In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play;
But *trumps* you *must* return without delay.
When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains
If you received not more than three at first:
If you had more you may return the worst.
But if you hold the master card you're bound
In most cases, to play it second round.

When'er you want a lead, 'tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak or through the strong;
If second hand your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean 'trump signal' to be made;
Or if you've King and Queen, or Ace and King,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for trumps, you'll often need them:
If you hold five it's always right to lead them;
Or, if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.
Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which, with less than four, play out your best.
To lead through 'honours' turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.

When, second hand, a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it if you hold more trumps than three,
But if you've three or less, trump fearlessly.
When weak in trumps yourself don't force your friend,
But always force an adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.
When you discard, weak suits you ought to choose,
For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

A gentleman who had purchased a new bicycle gave his old one to an Irishman.

"You'll find the wheel useful when you are in a hurry," said the gentleman to Pat.

"Oi trust it will be a long toime till Oi can ride it," said the Irishman.

"Why, have you ever tried?" asked the gentleman.

"Oi hov," was the gloomy reply. "A frind lint me his. Oi had it three or four weeks, practisin' day and noight, an' niver got so Oi could balance. Mesif shtandin' still, let alone roide it."—Lippincott's Magazine.