

PAGES

MISSING

THE CIVILIAN

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No. 8

Auditor General's Branch

The Check Kept on Canada's Finances. — A Big Staff to Guard the Public Treasury.

The Civilian here continues its series of articles designed to make known to civil servants and the public generally the work that is actually performed for the people by the several branches of the service.

The Auditor General of Canada has, by law, "the rank of a deputy minister." But he has much more power than a deputy minister; in fact, in some ways, he has more power than a minister of the Crown. He can advance, suspend or dismiss any officer of his branch of the service, which no deputy minister can do. He can himself hold office regardless of the Prime Minister and even of the Governor General, which no minister of the Crown can do. The reason for this is that the Auditor General is not an officer of the administration, but it is the officer of the House of Commons set to watch and, within definite limits, control, the administration. He is responsible to the House of Commons only, and can be dismissed only by their vote.

The office of Auditor General is a natural and logical outcome of the system which keeps the money of Canada in the hands of the people of Canada as a whole to be dealt with as may be decided by a majority vote of the people's elected representatives. But a House of Commons of over two hundred members, though directing expenditures, cannot, through committee or in any other way, supervise the receipts and expenditures of the Dominion as they occur. The best the House could do would be to investigate the transactions after they had occurred. This would mean that

only some of the many thousands of transactions could be followed, and even these might easily be misunderstood. The House of Commons has a lot of other things to do, and, no matter how hard the members work, no matter how they specialize, the House as a whole could not keep up with the business if it tried. So the House of Commons does what any man of business would do if he were faced with a similar problem — appoints a man to devote his time to the matter, keep things right and report.

And that word "report" will naturally awaken associations in the reader's mind, if he has ever seen a copy of the Auditor General's annual literary offering. It now makes three volumes of blue-book area and obese beyond the fashion of even the heaviest departmental reports. It is in accordance with his duty as defined by the Audit Act that the Auditor General lays before the House of Commons each year this itemized list of the expenditures of the Dominion for the year, with full information also as to the revenues. As the amount handled, in and out, now amounts to about a hundred and thirty millions of dollars a year, besides large transactions in the way of borrowings or repayments on account of public debt, and as the expenditures of the Dominion are for every

conceivable thing, from a toothpick to a railway, and from a tin of sardines to a herd of buffalo, the Auditor General needs some space in which to explain just what it is all about.

The Auditor General communicates with the House of Commons through the Minister of Finance. This fact has given many people the impression that the Finance Department is in some way responsible for the Audit office. But from the explanations just given it will be seen that this is an error. It is the duty of the Minister of Finance to lay the Auditor's report on the table within a certain time of the opening of the session. But should the Minister of Finance fail to do this, it becomes the duty of the Auditor General to send his report to the House direct. As the Finance Department is banker and bookkeeper for all the departments, its system of accounts must cover all the money coming in and going out, so that the Minister of Finance must do for the purposes of his work what the Auditor General must do as expert watcher for the House of Commons — keep a complete record of all financial transactions. The similarity of the work brings the two offices into close relation and makes it most natural that the Minister of Finance, who, under our system always has a seat in the House of Commons, should be the medium of communication.

The work of the Auditor General's office is systematized on the lines dictated by the divisions of financial business. There are three main divisions, one dealing with revenue, the second with expenditure, and the last with the accounts as such—Dominion bookkeeping, as it is usually called. The second, that relating to expenditure, is much the largest: it is subdivided, each sub-division having the duty of watching the accounts of certain departments. Each of these subdivisions is in charge of an officer known in the Branch as a Chief Examiner. These officers have the rank of chief clerk. The number of offi-

cial under these divisional heads varies according to the work to be done. The great bulk of the work, of course, is of a routine character, but calls for constant vigilance, for this is a business in which mistakes may be costly. Like any other business it is easily done by those who know how, but learning how involves a long course of training. Matters at all out of the usual run are brought to the attention of the Chief Examiner, and by him referred to the Auditor General if necessary for the decision of a new point or the fixing of special responsibility.

The division having check upon the revenue accounts is in charge of one chief clerk. The work is of much the same nature as that in the other, but the individual accounts are less numerous and less varied. It is astonishing, however, when one looks into it to see how practically every department of government is a revenue producer in some form, so that its income as well as its expenditure calls for check after careful examination.

The Dominion bookkeeping division is also under one chief clerk. The accounting, as can readily be understood, involves great labor and calls for the exercise of skill, care and judgment in proportion to the great amounts of money and the high national interests involved.

For the purposes of his duties the Auditor General is clothed with great inquisitorial power. The departments of government, and all their books and documents, all their stores and equipment, are open to his inspection. It is his business to be satisfied of the rightness and accuracy of every dollar owned or owed by the people of Canada, and in order to satisfy himself he may scrutinize accounts, quiz officials and others and test purchases. Money is placed at his disposal by Parliament to employ any assistance he may require. If a question of law arises, he is supposed to take the advice of people who can advise him soundly. If a question of

engineering, or business practice, or chemistry, or anything else, intervenes, he has authority to engage experts and has money at his command to pay them, in order that his report to the House may be complete in every particular. Of course, these extraordinary powers of the head of the Audit office are not often called into play. But with so much money involved, it would not do to limit the power of acquiring information on the part of the one man who is supposed to learn and know.

Most of the work of the Auditor General in checking the expenditure accounts is done after the money has been paid out. But there are expressions in the Audit Act which seem to contemplate a check before payment, and in practice this is often done. In fact, this method has been made a system in the case of the expenditures of two of the greatest spending departments, Railways and Canals, and Public Works. Accounts that are not of a merely routine and recurrent nature like salaries, especially accounts payable to contractors, are sent to the Auditor General for his "O.K." before payment is made. This saves much trouble, for questions arising can be settled in advance that might develop into lawsuits if put off just a little too long. Of course there are objections to this method which seem good to the other departments, and so their accounts are audited like those of a private company, after they are made.

All these matters, of course, are closely regulated by law, and the application of that law is worked out in detail under regulations and custom. This makes it necessary for those having in hand the spending of public money to know and follow the rules. In this way the great bulk of the accounts are of a stereotyped form and go through certain channels. But sometimes an expenditure is made which the Auditor General holds to be unjustified. His refusal to certify cancels the transaction unless higher

authority overrides his veto. That Board. On report of the Board expenditures may be made regardless of the Auditor General's decision. But, in such cases, it is the duty of the Auditor General under the law to lay the correspondence before his master, the House of Commons. The letters that pass between the Auditor General and deputy ministers and others give interest, not to say piquancy, to a series of volumes otherwise having higher authority is the Treasury the charm only of a dictionary or a "Who's Who." Opposition press correspondents and members of the Commons on the left of Mr. Speaker are apt to regard the Auditor General as a correspondent whose epistolary style is worthy of enthusiastic commendation. Gossips of all degrees also find many a morsel to their liking in criticisms of the payments made to Mr. So-and-So. A study of that correspondence will enlighten anybody not already informed of the matter as to the extreme care exercised by the Audit office in supervising the financial business of the Dominion of Canada.

From the list given below it will be seen that the office controlled by the Auditor General is a large one. But the great expansion of the public business has made it absolutely necessary to add many members to the staff. The Auditor General and the officials who serve under him are members of the civil service of Canada for all purposes not inconsistent with the very nature of the office. The Civil Service Act applies to all. Though the Auditor General may dismiss a member of his staff, he cannot appoint a successor. Appointments are made in the regular way following a competitive examination held under direction of the Civil Service Commission. The rules with regard to promotion, grading and salaries also apply, subject only to the necessary powers vested in the Auditor General.

The Audit Act under which the

Audit office is established was passed in 1877, and the present Auditor General, Mr. John Fraser, is the second to fill the office. There is no court of justice nor any other public body with higher ideals of public duty and responsibility than those prevailing in the Auditor General's Department. Like other branches of the public service, the officials of the Audit office are not working in expectation of public praise. It is only when something goes wrong that an expression of public feeling may be looked for. But the fact that there is not now and never has been any criticism of the Auditor General's office is the most eloquent tribute to the unanimity of favor with which it is regarded by the people and their representatives.

The following is a list of the permanent officials of the office. All these are members of the Inside service:

Auditor General—Mr. John Fraser.
1A.—Messrs. E. D. Sutherland, F. Hayter, John Gorman.

1B.—Messrs. J. W. Reid, A. B. Hudson, Wm. Kearns, J. S. Stevenson, H. Gross.

2A.—Messrs. E. C. Hayes, E. E. Stockton, L. A. Bissonnette, W. Tucker, S. S. Allen, E. S. Johnston, H. A. Folkins, A. H. Brown, H. P. Godard, C. H. Douglas, R. S. Glass.

2B.—Mr. D. J. Wagner, Miss E. M. O'Connell, Messrs. C. W. Steeves, B. W. Sherwood, P. D. McDonald, P. T. Connolly, C. J. Allan, H. S. MacMillan, G. A. Lindsay, L. L. Coffin, W. C. King, J. N. Tribble, F. J. Fraser.

3A.—Misses F. E. Snelling, H. M. Leggett, M. I. Russell, M. A. Northwood, J. C. Macdonald, C. L. McLean, C. McDonald, Messrs. F. S. James, J. P. McMullen, S. Rettie, Misses J. Heron, L. R. Living, S. E. Steeves, E. L. Inglis, F. Brook, M. Daly, T. Darcy, F. I. Halkett, F. Loverin, J. G. M. Low, E. M. Snow, S. E. Turnbull, M. C. Troy, C. Wright, M. H. Sullivan, L. J. O'Boyle, M. Dalglish, M. Fraser, Mrs.

E. Wright, Misses M. G. Moher, M. McDonald, H. DeLury, H. B. Alexander, E. M. Fraser, C. M. Blair.

3B.—Misses M. McKenna, M. C. Russell, W. M. Greenshields, G. B. Reynolds, C. I. McIntosh, E. Govanlock, E. M. Bartlett, E. V. Spotswood, C. E. Anderson, I. C. McDonald, M. M. Mitchell, N. M. Ardley.

Messengers—Messrs. Herb. Cottee, W. T. Slade, J. O. Desmarais, A. Macdonald.

WANDERINGS OF A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

By *Vagrant*.

NO. III.

The "Island." What Island? "What other islands are there?" Why, Prince Edward Island, of course.

What a beautiful little piece of God's handiwork it is! Favoured by nature as is probably no other part of Canada, with fertile soil, delightful climate, 'beautiful for situation'—yet it is gradually becoming depopulated. Fancy a province of Canada with about the same population as the City of Ottawa. Yet there it is.

We crossed at the nearest point between the mainland and Prince Edward—between Capes Tormentine and Traverse. We were in an open motor boat, and it was (tell it not in Gath) on the Lord's Day; and it blew—oh, so hard. At about three-quarters of the way over our motor broke down—irretrievably. What were we to do? Luckily the wind was behind us. But we had no mast for our sail and only one oar. We managed to rig the sail on a gaff and use the single oar for a sprit, and so (as St. Paul says) 'got safe to land.'

One of our fellow passengers was Professor Kirkpatrick of Queen's

University, who is in charge of the experimental operations in connection with the proposed car ferry over the Strait. This gentleman has a staff of young men on each side, assisting him, and has to cross and recross frequently. He proved a very efficient salt water 'sailor man.'

Such a succulent subject as strawberries has probably little or no interest for any readers in Ottawa now that the season is out; yet to me it is always inviting. Leaving the Capital at about the opening of the strawberry season, I have had them with me ever since, as the farther one goes East the later is the season for the berry. They grow to perfection on the Island and large quantities are exported to the mainland.

Speaking of strawberries, one morning recently at a restaurant in a small town (not on P.E.I.) I began my breakfast with a dish of them. The blonde young woman who waited on me immediately started for the kitchen to summon 'Mame' and 'Gladys' to witness "the guy eating his berries before his fish."

I have come to the conclusion that men waiters are preferable to women—although my preference may be actuated by jealousy; jealousy of the ubiquitous commercial traveller who is a sort of god with the lady attendants in the hotels of his itinerary. One who does not belong to the 'drummers' has to wait until a long series of persiflage is concluded before he is permitted to give his order. At least that is my observation. And then gentlemen of the grip know how to register a kick if things are not to their liking.

On a recent wet Monday I was seated at the table of a not too recherche country hotel with two of these gentlemen,—one young and impulsive, the other old and hardened. The younger man was 'knocking' everything. The soup was too cold; the fish too salt, etc., etc. Finally the older man exclaimed: "Look here, Jimmy, I had dinner at a much worse

place than this yesterday." "Where on earth was it?" asked the young man. "*At home,*" replied the other quietly; and the rebuke was not without its effect.

Passing from strawberries to lobsters is not a difficult feat on the Island where both contribute so largely to the wealth of the province. The captain of a small steamer showed me a strip of land of about 30 miles along the shores of which there had been taken this season (just closed) nearly \$100,000 worth of lobsters! And what fine lobsters they were! I certainly "called for" them at every opportunity. I also visited the lobster hatchery at Georgetown, where millions of the little fellows may be seen hardly longer than an ant. In a large vat were several full-grown crustaceans, and the skill and ease with which the expert handlers picked them out of the water was wonderful.

At Brackley Beach, on the north side of the Island, one gets the full sweep of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At the cosy little hotel there I found many residents of Ottawa, the colony being composed almost entirely of ladies and children. On arriving at my point of departure for the mainland I found that my steamer was on the marine slip being overhauled, so I enjoyed a day's fishing. What a broiling one will endure to land a few little trout. I am sure that I stood out in the fierce sun a full hour for each one I caught. But that's part of the game.

When my duties on the Island were over I left it with genuine regret. A more whole-souled, hospitable people it has never been my lot to meet.

A number of clergyman were going to lunch after an ecclesiastical function one day. "Not to put a bridle on our appetites!" observed one of the company. "No," protested another member of the party, "rather to put a bit between our teeth!"

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

Ottawa, Aug. 9, 1912

BAD DOCTRINE AT WASHINGTON.

Our cousins to the south of us are in danger of giving a serious set-back to superannuation on this continent. A superannuation or pension scheme is not in any sense of the term a dole to civil servants. It is simply a bit of mechanism for the promotion of efficiency in a vital part of the governmental machine. Who should pay for it? Why, the beneficiaries — the government on one hand, and civil servants on the other, in proportion as near as may be to the extent of the benefits. The question of the apportionment of cost which seems to be so all-important at Washington is really subsidiary, for the simple reason that if the bargain tends to the advantage of the employees, an immediate reaction on salaries results. This is not theory, but the experience

in Great Britain where the government bears the whole of the cost — on paper. The great aim to strive at in a superannuation scheme is adaptability to the purpose for which it is contrived. Will it retire aged and worn out servants humanely, promptly, and without embarrassment of any kind to the employer. The compulsory savings retirement plan on which the Civil Service Efficiency Commission at Washington has set its seal is ludicrously unscientific. If any doubt is felt let their advisor on this point pay a visit to Ottawa where he will see the plan in full operation, and where its failures at every point are known to government and civil servants alike.

NAPOLEON CASAULT, I.S.O.

Mr. Napoleon Casault, chief messenger of the Militia Dept., has received the Imperial Service Order decoration from the King. He is one of the pioneers of Ottawa, being one of the first men appointed to the civil service after Confederation. He resides at 96 Cathcart street.

He was born at St. Thomas, county of Montmagny, in the year 1841. At the age of 17, he was given a position in the receivers office at Toronto as messenger, in which capacity he continued to serve until August 6th, 1867, when he was appointed chief messenger in the militia department. He married in the same year, and is survived by seven children. Mr. Casault is now seventy-one years old, and is on the retired list, having taken superannuation in September last. He has been a member of the Union St. Joseph for some years, and is widely respected.

The officers and members of the Montreal Customs Association held their annual moonlight excursion on the Str. Duchess of York on Tuesday, the 6th August, 1912, the boat leaving Victoria pier at 8.30 p.m.



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At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

Mainly About the Mint.

The Royal Mint at Ottawa will be closed to the public during the month of August. Although I have never been at the Mint, I consider the closing of it, for even a month, as a great grievance. Worried on all sides, as I have been, by the High Cost of Living, I have always taken refuge in the thought that there was one place where the deadly Index Number could not perform its acrobatic feats, one counter at which I could get a dollar's worth for a dollar. And now the Mint is closed! A watch-dog, so Jorkins says, guards the triple-barred doors, ready to make mint's meat of any intruder. And Jorkins tells me that they have minted a giant copper coin for this dog to stand on, so that he will be always on the scent, so Jorkins says. I asked Jorkins if the dog would grant no quarter. "No, he replied, "you couldn't get a five-cent piece from him." Jorkins has been called an idiot by people who judge folks by what they say. I do not incline to this opinion of him. Jorkins says that he enjoys reading my articles in *The Civilian*.

However, I am not writing a treatise on Jorkins. The Mint is closed! The public may stamp its foot but the minters will go on in secrecy stamping their heads and tails. (No, dear Reader, Jorkins did not say that, but he will appreciate it just the same). Have you ever noticed how prone we are to get angry because of the placing of "No Thoroughfare" signs on streets which we never use? This is a fine Saxon quality which is available always to reform candidates

in getting votes at a municipal election. We Englishmen are great at standing on our rights, and the greatest of all our rights is the right to a grievance. And so it makes my blood boil to the smelting point when I hear that the Mint has been closed for a month. What care I that they have to make repairs? Do I deny myself to visitors because the plumbers are in the bath-room? Do I—

Here I was interrupted by Mrs. Wegg, who asked me to go across the street and tell Mr. Slocombe to stop running his lawn-mower until our baby was asleep. Slocombe was somewhat huffy, and told me that his grass was his own, his lawn-mower was his own, that his ideas of when it was proper for his lawn-mower and his grass to come into conjunction were his own, and that I was—but Slocombe is a pig.

An adequate appreciation of one's rights is necessary to the well-being of the individual. I regard this as fundamental and—

You must excuse the disjointedness of this essay of mine, but Mrs. Carlisle, who lives next door, came in the middle of my sentence, just as I was about to collar a six-foot adjective, with some trivial story about young Silas throwing a stone through her front-window. I sometimes wonder if people like Mrs. Carlisle ever think that a man craves privacy at times.

I have been on the trail of that adjective for an hour now since Mrs. Carlisle left. I nearly caught it between the leaves of a Dictionary of Synonyms, but it slipped through an hiatus which the printer had careless-

ly left on the page. I will have to take a fresh start.

What is life without a grievance? I knew a man once who never had one. We called him Peter the Patient for sake of alliteration and to keep him distinct in our minds from St. Peter. His real name was Romeo Spooks. He did not consider that a grievance. Nobody ever got his mail by mistake. He had red hair for twenty-nine years and then went bald. He wore red whiskers after that, and then we knew that he was color-blind. His wife left him when the whiskers came, but he never turned a hair. He became a civil servant just before his thirty-fifth birthday. Surely, we thought, he will have a grievance now. He died the day after he took the oath of office. His life was, except for his whiskers, colorless. He had no friends because no one could argue with him. He assented to everything you told him. He paid his rent and his taxes regularly, gave tithes of all he possessed, read the Weekly Witness on Saturday nights and went to church three times on Sunday, but the red corpuscles had all gone to his hair. He was useful, in his sphere, but I like men with a touch of ginger in them, I do.

Another interruption! Mrs. Wegg wished to know if I intended filling the whole house with the fumes of that French-Canadian tobacco. Well, I suppose, I must finish this article without my pipe.

The Mint is closed! There are grievances which it is wise to ignore—and a man sleeps better for his abstinence from tobacco. But this closing of the Mint is on my nerves. It looks like sheer impudence, like Mint sauce, if I must say so, and we must be of the nature of sheep to be served so. The next thing we will be hearing is that they have closed the Archives for a month to give time for bottling the honey, or that the Post Office is denied to visitors because of a forty days' mourning for the dead letters. I might stand all these things,

after this Mint business, but if ever they lock the gates at the Experimental Farms just because the Department of Agriculture has lost its Census, I will apply for superannuation at once and put the whole service on the rocks.

It is reported that the South African Government is seriously considering a proposal emanating from the Treasury to transpose the administrative and legislative capitals on the ground of economy. Special allowances have been paid to civil servants, whose transfer to Pretoria was necessitated by the establishment of that city as the administrative capital, in order to compensate them for the higher cost of living in the Transvaal, and it is suggested that by transferring the Government offices to Capetown, and the Legislature to Pretoria, a considerable saving could be effected.

Many of our M.P.'s who delight to bombard Ministers with questions in the House, and who, when particularly inquisitive, are fended off with a statement concerning the difficulty and expense of obtaining the information desired, would feel more at home in South Africa. The P. and T. Herald of that country records a question asked, bearing on the number of married and unmarried postal officials transferred during the year, and the total cost of each class of removal. After a few days the questioner was kindly informed that five days had been spent in collecting the information, and that the clerk engaged would require another three weeks to complete the task. — *The Civilian*.

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OTTAWA.

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

CHAPTER XX.

Red Horse.

Jimmy proceeded to "set the pace," just to intimate that if my old red-painted skate was a tram river horse, he was the jockey of the waves to get the speed out of her. He rounded a bend in the stream and passed from my view; and when *Laura* and I reached Red Horse Lake he was well down it, boring with unabated speed toward the outlet at the extremest end.

The morning had broken tropically fine. A breeze from the south, *dead against us*, and freshening at every blow, whipped the lovely lake into life, of which the glinting sunshine was the expression as it sparkled merrily on every dancing wave. Following upon the electrical storm that had hit us in Bellamy Lake, the morning air was crystal-clear, and a party of people in a scattered fleet of skiffs grew rapidly more distinct as they approached and I paddled smartly on.

I reflected that this party must be the "coming up" bunch for whom Joe Plante had plied the mercenary oar, and who had been significantly described by that piscatorial navigator as "gay" and "hot." And my curiosity to "have a look," as Mr. Freddie Bangs had advised, at the blonde Duchess of Downeast, who was no doubt the blue-eyed beauty of the miniature in the locket, grew keen as I advanced.

Presently a cheery hail greeted me from the nearest skiff, in which were three men. A furlong or so away was a second skiff, and there the sunlight gleamed on the red-gold hair of a woman lolling in the stern. She wore a blue and white yachting suit, and trailed a snowy hand in the sapphire lake. I laid my paddle across the gunwales and gazed; for the air was magnifying in its pellucidity, and I had that morning, to quote the bard of Twickenham, a "microscopic eye." I bent for Jimmy's binocular; but my curiosity was cut short by a bluff voice. The skiff from which I had been hailed had come alongside, and the man who pulled stroke saluted me. He was a jolly and hot enough looking sport, for sure, as Joe Plante had said; a Britisher at first and final glance. He was ruddy, burly and big, with a large, blonde cavalry moustache of the old school. He said, in a bass, John L. Sullivan voice, that seemed to come from under the foot-boards:

"Morning, old chap! Who is the streak o' lightning in the red canoe, if you don't mind?" And he waved a big, bared arm

toward Jimmy, who was rapidly nearing the outlet of the lake.

"James Carew, of Ottawa, the famous double-blade crack," I said, with an air.

"He's certainly rapid transit," said the man who was lolling supinely in the stern, after the invertebrate fashion of Sam Hugg. This was a long-limbed, smooth, and black-haired fellow, with a dark, keen, clean-shaven face. "What is he in such a hurry about?"

"He's simply feeling his muscle and wind in anticipation of lifting the Trophy Cup this afternoon at the big canoe meet off Gannanock," I replied.

"By Jove!" said the burly stroke. "I say, you two, Weatherbee will have his work cut out to beat Mr. James Carew."

"Not if Carew intends to paddle all the way to Gannanock," said the keen-faced one in the stern.

"He does," I said. "He's only warming up. He intends to win."

"Gad, I like that!" said the Englishman. "It's devilish plucky of Carew. But I rather think he'll go too stale for championship form at three o'clock, eh, Gannon?"

"I rather think," said Gannon, in the stern, with a little slow smile. "Weatherbee, fresh and fit, ought to beat him hands down."

"He won't!" I said warmly. "The only thing that stands between Carew and the Cup is Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, requiring a man to be in camp at the meet for two days before being eligible to race. If the Regatta Committee will waive that —"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr.—er—" the Englishman broke in.

"Brooks."

"Thanks. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Brooks. I like Carew's pluck, but I rather fancy Weatherbee's chances, you know. Besides, Weatherbee's our man—one of our party in a way. Andrews is my name—Captain Andrews, retired, late of His Majesty's 'Steenth Stickers. We are all going down to see the races to-day; driving from Athens, you know. We are to dine at the *Gannanock Inn* to-night; and if you are putting up there, I'll wager you the champagne for my party and any of your friends that Weatherbee beats Carew in the race for the Cup; or you can take the field if you like."

"I'll stand by Carew, and I'll take you," I said; and wondered what the price of wine might be at the *Inn*. Then the bow, as he manipulated a lingering oar, said:

"By the way, Mr. Brooks, did you hear anything of Weatherbee on your way through? We know he's at the meet; but he was to have given us a call on his way through here, and he didn't show up."

"Rather!" I said cheerfully. "I understand Mr. Weatherbee spent a very pleasant day at Rome in the society of the most charming girl there; and as to his little holiday with Miss Aggie Patterson, the tall brunette and 'acting boss' at the Athenian House—just ask Fred Bangs, the clerk, on the side."

"Jove, Gannon!" said Andrews, with a roar. "That'll knock the Duchess, eh?"

"It'll break her heart," said Gannon, with becoming gravity.

"Egad, Gannon ought to know, eh, Lime?" said the retired officer of the Stickers. "Weatherbee's fiancée," he confided to me, "is among those present." He nodded toward the other boats, now drawing away.

"Perhaps Weatherbee went through by moonlight like that chap in the skiff last night," said Lime.

"Well, the Duchess's charms held *him* up a bit," Andrews said, lighting a cigarette. "Don't you remember how he lay on his oars and stared through his dark glasses at her, as we drifted by?"

"What?" I said. "In a skiff? Dark glasses? And a soft felt hat?"

"Right-o!" Andrews said. "A tall chappie. Know him?"

"Some," I said. "Met him at Rome. His name's Potts. When you get to Athens, ask Fred Bangs, the clerk at the hotel, for the story of the affair at the photographer's last night."

"Well, the Duchess's song was alluring," Gannon said. "It captivated Mr. Potts. As to Weatherbee, perhaps Miss Patterson talked gossip to him about the Duchess and the day we were at Athens last week, without knowing, of course, that the Duchess was Weatherbee's fiancée, unless he showed her the miniature of the Duchess which he wears in a locket. It's a very fine bit of work in oils, she told me."

I didn't know what to say *then*; or, rather, whether to say anything or not. Besides, it would be a long story, and I wanted to get after Jimmy. So I held my tongue, though it was just burning to tell. So *Weatherbee* was the owner of the locket. Well! well!

"So that, having the miniature with him," continued Gannon, "Weatherbee was perhaps satisfied to deny himself the original, if he had been lingering too long already on his way to the races, particularly if he had any gossip of the lady in Red Horse Lake still singing in his ear. He's rather a quick-tempered, irascible, jealous sort of chap, the Duchess told me."

"O, she told you, eh?" duetted Andrews

and Lime. "Well, if he's been living in glass houses en route," Andrews went on, "he can't throw stones. Between the Maid of Athens and the attraction at Rome, according to our friend Brooks, he's been flirting a bit himself, it seems. However, perhaps he was afraid the charms of the Calypso of Red Horse might detain him too long. Well, *over the river*, Mr. Brooks! I see the Duchess is wondering what we're at." For a rich voice was calling over the blue water, and a white hand was signalling, its diamonds flashing in the sun. "See you at the meet or the *Inn*. Mumm's the word, you know. Hope we haven't been talking too much Greek about the locket, and all that!" And Captain Andrews shifted an oar.

But my conscience (something you should never have on a cruise) wouldn't let me go without a word. It told me that it wouldn't be fair to Jimmy.

"I know something about that locket," I said, as I pushed away from the skiff. "But it's a long story, and you can hear it at the *Inn*. You mustn't keep the Duchess waiting now. Besides, you can hear a good deal of it at the Athenian House. Just ask the clerk, Fred Bangs." And I paddled on, leaving the three all astare.

Greek? Outside of likening the Duchess of Downeast to the mythical lady who detained poor old Ulysses on her island when *he* should have been getting along, they hadn't said a word of Greek to me. Their gossip had kept me just all ears. And I knew something they didn't know—yet. For it was plain to *me* why Weatherbee had gone on to the meet through Red Horse without looking up his fiancée: because he had lost her precious miniature in the locket and didn't care to face the music.

So I ripped through Red Horse in Jimmy's 'cedar thoroughbred *Laura*' at a rate that must have made Gannon and Lime wonder why I hadn't backed myself, to tell Jimmy that Weatherbee was the owner of the locket, and that our *bête noir*, Potts, had perhaps gone ahead of us in the night with mischief in his heart and some expression of it developing in his foxy, fertile brain.

A boy was standing on the bluff shore of the lake at the outlet's edge, his hand shading his eyes. As I swiftly approached he suddenly ran into the bushes and disappeared.

I turned into the narrow outlet, and spun around its curve. A rope, stretched taut across the little passage, caught my long paddle and I had to release my grip. The canoe lurched, and to avoid turning turtle I grabbed the rope. The canoe, recovering its equilibrium, passed under the rope, and I swung into deep water, as a score of small stones clattered down the steep bank and splashed into the stream, while

a pair of slim brown legs disappeared in a twinkling over the ledge of the bank.

CHAPTER XXI.

Long Lake and Lost Bay.

A stroke or two carried me to the bank, and a stride or two took me up it. The boy was speeding arrow-wise across a meadow toward the haven of home; but fast as he ran I ran faster, in spite of dripping rags, for I was hot with righteous wrath. He turned a desperate glance toward me, and his foot struck a stone. He stumbled with a yell of pain, hobbled, and dropped; and I impatiently awaited the return of his breath.

"Taint my fault altogether!" he said. "A man that went through here in a skiff, an' slep' at our house las' night, he told me to do it. He said his name was A. Mutt, an' he was goin' to Gannanock for the papers he wrote f'r about the noo rules in schools they was tryin' to make. He said there was a teachers' meetin' there to-day an' he had to be on time. He said the noo rules was the worst that ever was, an' his papers was dead again them. They was nothin' but longer hours an' harder books an' more o' the rawhide, he said. He told me two inspectors was goin' through to the meetin', in canoes, takin' their holidays. He see them at Rome, he said, an' they was red-hot f'r the noo rules. One was in a light-lookin' canoe with *Laura* on it in bright letters, an' the other was in a red-painted one, he said. An' he fixed the rope this morning, before he started down Long Lake, this Mr. A. Mutt did. I got the rope out'n the barn, but we didn't say nothing to Paw, because Paw said he kind o' thought the noo rules was a good thing, and he liked them, which was on account of not having to mind them hisself, Mr. A. Mutt said to me. He ran the rope, Mr. A. Mutt did, through the bushes on the other bank, an' tied it to a tree there, an' then he passed it across so it hung in the water an' you couldn't see it; an' then he took a turn of it around a tree on this side so I could pull on it an' tie it quick, an' make it like a tight rope, he said. An' Mr. A. Mutt said for me to keep a sharp lookout on the bluff, an' if the inspector in the *red-painted* canoe come first, not to mind him, but to let him pass, because the man in the light-colored varnish canoe was the worst; but when *he* come along to yank it on him. Well, I says, maybe the man'd upset an' be drowned; an' Mr. A. Mutt laughed an' says that both the inspectors could swim like fishes, because he see them swimmin' in the bay at Rome. I says maybe then the man'd catch me an' take me to Paw an' then I'd get a lacing sure. An' Mr. A. Mutt laughed again an' says that would be all right, too, because the inspector in the light-lookin' varnish

canoe couldn't run worth a cent, because he tried to catch some boys at Rome who was guying him from the bank when he was swimming, because they knew who he was an' *what* he was, on account of him trying to make the noo rules at their school for the fall term. An' then Mr. A. Mutt rowed away, pretty fast, too, as he wanted to be at the meetin' ahead of the inspectors, he says, an' tell everybody there how the boys and most all the parunts at Athens an' Rome an' all along the way felt about the noo rules. Well, mister, I kep' my eye skinned on the bluff, an' after a while the man in the red canoe come along down the lake, all alone, an' I was glad to see *him* getting out of the way, an' when I see how fast he made his canoe go an' how big an' strong he was, I was mighty glad he wasn't the one in the varnish canoe. I says to myself I wouldn't like to take no chances on *him* not catchin' me, I says, if it come to a chase. An' then, after a while, mister, you come along. But, I see now that Mister A. Mutt lied, because *you* can run all right! Say, you tell that big inspector in the red canoe, an' maybe he'll fix Mr. A. Mutt. But he's a big geezer, Mr. A. Mutt is. He wears a slouch hat an' big dark glassees with sides to them, like he didn't want his eyes to get out, which was sore, he says, on account of writin' so much for the papers an' teachin' so much in school. But I guess he lied. He never took the darn things off. He says his eyes couldn't stand no light. Paw said—"

I chased back, and found the *Laura* and my double-blade beating broadside upon the lake shore, near to the channel of my catastrophe. For the south wind had risen, and was blowing soft to the cheek but steady and strong in the teeth of our course, so that the little lake called Long, into which the channel turned from Red Horse, was merry with white-caps and sparkling in the sun. But despite the opposing wind, there was not a flash of Jimmy's paddle to be seen in Long Lake; and I passed laboriously into the out-going stream without a sight of him, while I cogitated upon his luck in having taken my red canoe, and the ingenuity of one Algernon Potts alias A. Mutt, who was apparently bound to cut down Jimmy's chances for the Trophy Cup to the letter O with the rim off.

The sun by now had mounted high, and my temperature had risen to the drinking point. So I put in at a vine-clad cottage, with a bid for milk and an inquiry after the strenuous James.

A dough-faced girl, in a dotted muslin, was reclining in a hammock in the shade of the sheltering vines, and she was putting up a front of reading "The Complete Works and Life and Hard Times of William Wilfrid Campbell", and when I told her that I knew the Doc and had often conversed with him in a bold, familiar way, and could do it any day I liked when I was to home,

she said she wouldn't change places with me, after reading his "works", no, sir, not for a farm as good as the one I was on now.

I looked around and could see that it was a real nice farm, and not a mortgage in sight. There was a little table, too, behind the morning glories and sweet peas and lady-bugs and other climbing things; and on the little table was a tray; and on the tray were a sugar-bowl and a couple of glasses that had held milk, and a big jug, and a plate full of egg-shells. The big jug, too, had held milk, but it was now as empty as the glasses and the shells; so that I knew, before putting Doc Wilf's lonely reader through her catechism, that the sugar and the milk and the eggs were now en route in the custody of a young man of heroic mould with the receptive capacity of Friar Tuck.

Little Dough-face said that a big, handsome young man, who said his name was Brooks—and twice as big as myself, and paddling his *own* canoe, she said—had stopped at the cottage for milk. While she had been getting the milk from the pans he had foraged under the barn—her brother having gone fishing in Lost Bay—and cornered all the eggs in sight. He had made egg-nogs, and finished all the morning's milk. And the cows were milking well, too, she said, and the hens laying nicely, as I could see by the shells. While this big Mr. Brooks was making the egg-nogs, she said, and warning her against Dr. Campbell's poetry, the cows that were grazing along the bank grazed on a pair of trousers that were in Mr. Brooks' red canoe, which was pulled up on the bank. She supposed the cows, being naturally inquisitive, and perhaps near-sighted, had mistaken the trousers for a new kind of patent feed, on account of their colour, which was green. And before she had been able to rescue the trousers from the bovine brink of ventricular destruction (she said she got that out of a line of the Doctor's poetry), I gathered, by inference from her coy avoidance of detail, that the seat of the said trousers had been put out of business beyond immediate if not eventual repair.

It was nice, sitting there on that cool veranda talking literature to this pale and muslin-dotted little maid, even if there wasn't anything to drink. But I had to break away at last, with Her Niblets warning me not to get lost in the Bay, like so many strangers did, because there were two ways out. Her brother, she said, would show me the right one. I got into Lost Bay at last, anxious to tell Jimmy what I thought of his newly-acquired brand of veracity and of his appetite; and an ingenuous looking youth in a punt was so anxious to point me to the right channel that I took the left one and found it right. (Very rare old joke). I had got leery of small boys by this time. Famished and tired, for it was by now noon, I reached the lower end of Gannanock Lake, with Doc Campbell's "rolling white-riders of the

foam" all against me, and never a lee shore.

A familiar whistle call saluted me, and I saw Jimmy in the doorway of a little cottage at the end of a hollyhock path.

CHAPTER XXII.

Madame the Black-eyed.

"Well", he said, in his robust way, as I lagged leisurely up the path, "you're a precious hot one, you are! Gossiping 'poetry,' I suppose, with that girl at the cottage the other side of Lost Bay."

From the open door where Jimmy stood, as though he were the only and original prop., issued a most delectable sizzling sound, and my sensitive nose was conscious of the aroma of the Fried. I had a little god on hand just then who was calling for attention, and I was morally in the class of the folks that Paul buzzed the Phillippians about, but I had good physical cause to be. That god was my Tummy, threatening me with dire results if I didn't apply my hands as well as mind to earthly things and lay some substantial offerings at his shrine, and on the minute, too. And just then a young, black-eyed and rosy-cheeked little woman appeared behind Jimmy at the door. He turned, and she flashed him a wireless thriller, and said something to him in French—a language I do not understand.

"Dinner's ready!" he cried, slapping me on the back with debilitating zeal, and forgetting that he had all the egg-nogs. "Entrez, and I'll tell you all the news while we eat!"

I had some news to tell myself, but as he was so anxious to gab I thought I'd let him wait for mine. There was a fresh white cloth, laundered to the nines, spread for us in the little "front" room, and on it a feast for the gods—*my* god. There was a capital cold roast of beef. There was bacon, out of Jimmy's locker, but it was sliced thin, and fried with just the right crisp. There were fried potatoes, and of course fried *eggs*; besides beautiful butter and home-made bread, and pickled cucumbers and cabbage, and horse-radish, and wild strawberry jam; and a pot of good tea—our tea, I knew at once by the flavour—but brewed just right, and in a dandy big brown pot. And the little cook and hostess moved back and forth with radiant smiles, and bright eyes—for James, of course. Gee, but it's great to be crazy!

"Married?" I remarked.

"Married? Of course she's married! And that's why she has that happy look. It's what I call the married face."

"Then where's the man of the house? I'd like to see the man who can make a woman look like that."

"You're looking right at him!" said Jimmy, swelling his chest, and helping himself to a fried egg. "For the time being

I'm the man of the house, and I fancy I just about fill out the role. Hubby's away—and that brings me to my news. You'll never guess who sat at this table this morning."

"Potts."

Jimmy stared; then I thought he would roar his head off when I told him what swapping canoes had done for me. He hadn't noticed, because Old Sol had dried me out on the way. He laughed so much that he started the little Frenchwoman, and he had to tell her, in French, what the joke was; and then she laughed twice as much. Jimmy thought she was going to choke, so he had to pat her on the back; and she liked it so well that she thought *he* was going to choke and she had to pat *him* on the back, and he choked for a long time. I didn't think it was much of a joke, but it sounded all right in French, I suppose.

"I always said you were born to be hanged, Brooks," he said. "The rope pretty nearly got you that time. As to Potts, his nerve and ingenuity command my respect. Madame, have we any more eggs in the house?" He could have said that in French, but he wanted to impress me with his status just then; and, like another Hercules with a horn of plenty, he held up the platter in his bronzed hands, with a mellifluous if superfluous "Comprenez-vous, Madame?"

She comprehended all right, don't worry; and as well, I daresay, the all-devouring propensity of his appetite. "Cinq!" she said, with a smile, and holding up the digital flush of a pat hand; and my heart, "sank" all right when she carried off, not the platter, but Jimmy's plate.

"I found that little woman in a high state of indignation and nerves when I got here," he said, as I got even for the eggs by digging into the strawberry jam. "Some hours ago, she said, a very tall man, wearing a slouch hat and dark glasses, rowed up in a skiff. He ordered her to get him a meal, and when her husband appeared and ordered him away the stranger knocked him down. He went away, without paying for the meal, and rowed off toward Gannanock. She believes that he is a lunatic lately escaped from the Brickville madhouse,—the same lunatic, I suppose, that I was taken for the other side of the bay at Rome. This little woman's husband, however, has gone to the nearest justice of the peace to get out a warrant for assault, and put the county constable on the tall stranger's track. It will be aggravated assault, so things will be bad for Algernon Chumley Potts alias A. Mutt if he's rounded up, and I look for some interesting developments at the meet. Potts is apparently bent on putting himself in the Bald Rose-Becker class," added Jimmy, bending a grateful glance on our hostess as she placed before him the last of the fried

eggs.

"It's plain he'll leave nothing undone to

keep you out of the race for the Trophy Cup," I said. "And if he doesn't crab your act, and you lose, it will be up to me to take a leaf out of Potts' code and wire for a remittance from the old folks at home; because I've laid that Red Horse bunch the champagne to-night at the *Inn*, where they are to dine after the races, that you will whip Weatherbee. I gossiped in Red Horse with that party of pleasure-seekers, and it may interest you to know that *Otto Weatherbee* is the man who lost the locket, and that the original of the miniature is his fiancée, the beautiful blonde Duchess of Downeast that Joe Plante and Fred Bangs raved about. She is with the bunch. I lamped the dame, and she is some class, believe *me*, as Mr. Bangs would say."

Jimmy had sat staring at me, with a frown. "Now, that's deuced awkward!" he said, pushing his plate one way and his chair the other. I'd rather it were the devil himself than *that* fellow! *Weatherbee!* Hang the luck! Potts will doubtless tell him everything he can to damage my chances against Rule Ten, and Weatherbee is just the squealer to buck. I'll tell you why I don't like Weatherbee some other time. It's a long story that will keep, and we must be getting along." He stood up, his dark head a hand's breadth from the low ceiling, paid for the dinner, and with an *auf wiedersehen* to our pretty hostess (in French, of course), followed me down the hollyhock path. "It's plain to me, too," he continued, "why Weatherbee elected to slip by his handsome fiancée in Red Horse. He didn't want her to learn he had lost her precious miniature; because if he heard any gossip from Miss Aggie Patterson about the flirtations of the Duchess, and was in a jealous mood to register a kick with his fiancée, he knew her well enough to surmise that she would want her miniature back, and he wouldn't be able to deliver the goods. So he will be in the mock turtle, perhaps at the meet this afternoon or at the *Inn* to-night, if the Duchess learns he has lost the locket; and there's some satisfaction in *that*."

We pushed out for our last seven miles, down stream, that lay between us and Gannanock; while the black-haired little Canuck stood in the cottage door and waved an enthusiastic farewell, or so it seemed, with a dark object that had a bifurcated look. At that moment a little wisp of a man bore around a bend in a punt, so briskly and unexpectedly that Jimmy's skill was required to avert a head-on. When he saw us, the little man's glance travelled swiftly to the cottage door, and then he jumped up and shook a clenched hand at us.

"Be aff wid yez!" he cried in a shrill, piping voice, while his slender frame sheerly quivered with rage. "Bad cess t' yez, ye gallivantin' dudes, comin' to a dacint man's house whin he's away, an' tryin' to rob him av his woife!" He shook a threat-

ening finger at the lady in the cottage door, who had temporarily ceased farewelling, and whose merry laughter now stung him to incoherent execration as he danced upon the broad seat of the punt. Then Jimmy's great bass, mingled with the lady's soprano, sent the little man into a frenzy. "O, may the divvle take an' burn ye, ye great, grin-in', barefaced Injun, bad cess to yer nay-gur's face, ye long-legged blaggyard! G'wan, ye city divvle, or by Saint Patrick I'll git me goon an' blow th' black heart out av ye!" Breath and invective failed him. He sat down with a bang, and in spasmodic strokes reached the foot of the path, up which he sprinted with feverish haste. Madame the gentle, the black-eyed, went inside the house.

"She's going to catch it!" I said, with mingled sensations of trepidation and delight. "You ought to hurry back. He may kill her with his 'goon'. He had an eye like a banana man. She wont wear the married face long."

"Don't worry!" said Jimmy, lighting a cigarette. "And to think," he added, "that Potts knocked *him* down!"

We heard the high notes of voices in dispute. Then, like an arrow from a bow (Cupid's) the little man shot out of the house, followed by a meteoric shower of household effects, and among them I recognized the platter of plenty upon which but lately the fried eggs had reposed.

"I guess the married face wears," said Jimmy, with a grin. "There's a reason", he added, as we went on.

As we rounded the bend and bent to the last lap before us, a yell made us glance back. The little man was standing on a bluff below the cottage. He waved something frantically in the air, which he filled with shrill cries as he executed a jig.

"By the Lord!" exclaimed Jimmy, as he threw away his cigarette, and sent back a roar. "He's found those olive-green trousers of mine! I clean forgot 'em, and they are what the little woman was waving at the door, to remind me. The cows at the cottage the other side of Lost Bay chewed the seat out, and I took them up that hollyhock path to see if the little Frenchwoman could patch 'em up. Well, let 'em go. We've no time to go back. I wouldn't face that little Irishman, anyway, now, for a farm, not even if Potts did knock him down. I guess the olive-greens are about the last straw. But his wife can make a whole suit out of them for him, and the colour ought to be to his taste".

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Goal at last.

"It was two by the village clock" (Longfellow) when we paddled our way into Gannanock, and the sapphire St. Law-

rence rose inspiringly to our view. A photographer's sign caught Jimmy's eye as we strode briskly, photo kit in hand, to the wharf, while a team brought our craft and et ceteras down from the dam. And when Jimmy left some plates at the picture man's for development, I wondered whether it was the snap of Bessie Moore at Rome or that of Potts on Blood Rock, or the one of Aggie Patterson on the Athenian bridge, which he was most anxious to obtain.

The committees were getting ready on the course for the afternoon's events as we steamed up to the meet's island dock. Jimmy hurried back to the camp for a plunge and a rub down and to get into racing costume. And such a rub down as he got there he had never had; for there were plenty of big, strong, willing hands, and there was lots of liniment; and between them he got a pair of arms and of shoulders with a new lease of life. Meantime I busied myself getting his racing machine put through the form of official weighing and measurement. A tall, mahogany skinned chap, in yellow and black striped racing silks, stood by, and in silence watched the red-tape proceedings, but with a small and shifting and interested eye. He had a small, bald, bronzed, bullet-shaped head, set on a pair of magnificently muscled shoulders, and he leaned lightly on a spoon racing double-blade, a perfect figure of athletic form. I had just got Jimmy's entry number tacked on the racer's bow when Jimmy himself, in his Cambridge blue racing silks, came briskly down from Officers' Row. With him were a most distinguished-looking personage in a blue uniform and an embroidered cap bearing three stars, and a slim and beautiful boy of twenty odd in crimson silks.

"Well, we're in the same boat, Carew!" said the boy in red, with a gay laugh, as they came down. He was clean-cut and lithe, with the long, smooth, supple muscles indicative of speed. Without his bronze he might have posed for the Antinoo Belvedere, or for Phaon; for, as Ouida would have said, he was as beautiful as a young god just out of his tub.

"We're in the same boat, Mr. Johnny Canuck Carew, and if the Regatta Committee wont waive Rule Ten, I'll race you around the island for sport!"

"Gentlemen", said the personage with the three stars, who was no less an one than the Commodore, "I want to introduce you to the lion of the meet, Mr. Otto Weatherbee, of the Dantucket Aquatic Club, Maine, U.S.A." And the Commodore went through the conventional form in a breezy way. But there were no hand-shakes. There was a courteous, cold bow by Jimmy and young Vanderbilt; and as for the 'lion' of the meet, between his black and yellow stripes and his savage look he seemed more like a tiger to me just then. It was chilly work for the Commodore, but he went

blithely on: "Carew and Vanderbilt are depending on the grace of the Regatta Committee to waive Rule Ten so that they may have the honour of measuring blades with you, Weatherbee. I am sure," concluded the Commodore, "that, like Alexander sighing for fresh foes to conquer, you will welcome even at the eleventh hour two racing men worthy of your skill." He turned to Jimmy and young Vanderbilt, Weatherbee remaining scowling and mute. "We will go at once in my launch, gentlemen", he said crisply, "and pick the Regatta Committee up. You can fill out your entry blanks on board in case the Committee are inclined, as I sincerely hope they will be, (much emphasis here) to waive Rule Ten". And he led the way to the *Water Lily*, a handsome steam launch flying the Commodore's blue swallow-tailed pennant and lying with steam up at the dock.

"See here, you there, Carew,—I'll have a word with you!" cried Weatherbee in a shrill, unpleasant voice with a decided "down east" twang in it. He seemed to wake up from his pose as a bronze monument, as Jimmy and Vanderbilt stepped out. "Say, hold on there, Carew! It's personal!"

"Then we must postpone it, I'm afraid, till after the race", Jimmy replied, in even tones, and barely looking around.

"O, you're in a hell of a hurry, but it won't do you any good!" cried Weatherbee, in a flare. But Jimmy strode on wordless with Vanderbilt to the launch.

"I've got it on good authority that you found some property of mine, that I lost on the way here!" piped Weatherbee, in a rage.

"Ah!" said Jimmy, turning as he climbed into the launch. "Who is your authority, Mr. Weatherbee?"

"O, I can produce him, he's here at this meet right now!" Weatherbee had followed down to the launch, and was now at white heat.

"Good!" said Jimmy, as the launch moved out. "Don't let him get away. I want to see him. And I will see you about it after this race." Then the *Water Lily* steamed merrily down stream, with the racing machines of Jimmy and Victor Vanderbilt trailing in her wake, while Weatherbee, fuming with consuming heat of rage over Jimmy's *sang froid*, lifted his racer to the river and stepped in, dashing after the launch with the vengeful vehemence of the old Medusa girls on Perseus' trail.

The blue river, dimpling and smiling in the sun, and brilliant with the colour of the regatta's life, was beautiful to see. There were yachts of all sorts and sizes running about, skiffs and canoes darting here and here and there or idling by, under glinting oar and paddle or the white wings of sail; bronzed, bare-armed and throated men, athletic girls in boating-suits, and skin-deep

beauties languishing in the shade of varicoloured parasols; with here and there an official in blue or badge-bedecked exhorting to celerity some native moving leisurely over the course in skiff or punt.

Suddenly a trim white yacht, gay with flags, shot by. The sun shone on the red-gold hair of a woman in blue and white, and her merry, mellifluous laugh mingled with the salute in a deep voice sent to me by a man with a big moustache. The Red Horse bunch had arrived, and in style.

I pushed out in my old red-painted cruiser (paddling my own canoe this time) and paddled around the point to the finish line. The race was to be a mile straight up stream. Focussing my glass on the starting point, a mile away, I picked Jimmy, Victor Vanderbilt and Weatherbee out: light blue, crimson, and yellow-and-black. They were now all in their racing boats, and alongside of the Commodore's yacht. The Commodore was, apparently, powwowing with some officials, also on board the *Water Lily*; while Weatherbee, too, appeared to be talking, with angry vehemence; knifing his own chances and his reputation by protesting, like a professional, against the acceptance of the entries of Jimmy and the boy from New York. Presently one of the officials waved a negative, impatient hand at Weatherbee, and nodded to Vanderbilt and Jim; and in a trice, with a smile at each other, and a salute to the blue-coated gentlemen in the launch, the two paddled smartly away, while Weatherbee lingered with angry gesture and ireful face, though waved away again by the officials in blue.

So Vanderbilt's and Jimmy's eligibility to race was made good. And now for Jimmy's eligibility to win.

Now, at last, for *the Cup*!

A sunburned youth in a skiff borrowed my strong glass for a look; while a pale-faced boy in the spreading shade of a wide-brimmed sailor and lolling supinely in a canoe a la Sam Hugg, drawled:

"If you can pick Weatherbee out, you know, you pick the winner, of course. He's yellow and black. It'll be Weatherbee all the way and all day, you know".

"Don't be so sure!" retorted the sunburned boy, with the glass glued on the starting line. There were seven men in, now drawing for place.

"I'll bet you a tenner Weatherbee lifts the Cup", drawled the other, going into a trousers' pocket with the prompt hand of one confident of backing a sure thing.

"Take it!" rapped out the sunburned boy. He produced a roll that made the pale boy sit up and take notice; and somewhat tardily, as if regretting his call, the sporting youth in the wide-brimmed sailor dug up his tenner. They turned the stakes over to me, the sunburned youth remarking that he was Brown of Fisherville, and the other

advising that he was White de White, of Limestone Town.

"I'll just pick my man, too, for sport and luck!" said Mr. Brown cheerily. "There's a husky boy there in light blue,—and, by Crikey, I know him, too! But he's shaved his moustache off! Had to make weight or something, I guess!"

"Who is he!" demanded Mr. White, with a note of commercial interest that subjugated the drawl.

"He's the new purser on the *Fairy Queen*, and he's a dandy, too! His name's Stevens, Charley Stevens, an' he's a card! Ace high, boy! I took the *Queen* yesterday at Fisherville. There was a girl on board from Rome named Green. She was a light-haired, pale-faced kind of a skirt—no offence, Whitey—an' she was tagged for Brewer's Mills. She had a life-size valise with her name on it in letters to match, an' she wore a hat as showy as a bunch of maples after the first real frost. She was so busy with Stevens that she didn't see Brewer's Mills, or the old gravestone with the spinach an' the white Dobbin that was waitin' for her at the cross-roads there, Stevens said. So she passed Brewer's up; an' then, just before we got to Wishville the *Queen's* machinery broke down,—busted the key in the cross-head, I heard Stevens say. An' then it was all ashore to see the Wishville sights: Seven frame shacks an' a general store, an' seventeen miles to Limestone an' a big storm comin' up from that way. An' there was seventeen cross heads of another variety in the passenger list, believe me. Of course they said they hadn't the price; an' here they come over the gangplank, touching Stevens for some of the steamboat company's coin to drive to town, because he said the *Queen* would have to be towed to dry dock, where she'd be for a month, maybe. But they could all stay on board, he said, an' grub at the company's expense at the general store, where business was dull but where the soda crackers was first-rate if you didn't want them too fresh, until the tug came, which might be in about a week. Stevens had to get out at last and find rigs for the bunch, they got so fierce, being mostly women; an' the last I saw of *him* was when he said he guessed he'd have to round up a rig for himself an' drive that Green girl an' her valise an' her hat back to Brewer's Mills where he guessed Old Spinach might be waitin' yet. He *did* say he thought he would drive down to Gannannock to see the races, maybe, but he never let on to me that"——

"They're off!"

The shout rose from a thousand throats, cutting short Brown's chat.

The men were off, the race was on!

(To be continued.)

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think.—*Beattie*

Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on. It is the dead ones that are used for door-mats.

Student, Mount Royal College —
Why was Lot's wife turned into salt?

Ans. — Possibly, because she was peppery.

The world is blessed most by men who do the things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—*James Oliver*.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime, than the appearance of the latter. For both, being the work of Nature, are alike unavoidable.—*George Washington*.

Before we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it to others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile, too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others happy.—*Maeterlinck*.

It is the love of other people's money that is the root of all evil.

No man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

Some people waste a lot of useless energy making worthless excuses.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do a little. Do what you can.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this — that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.



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“On the Trail of the Red Letter.”

A continuation of the article begun in last issue which traces a letter across the continent.

The Railway Mail Clerk Emerges.

The Red Letter, securely tied in its Wisconsin package with a score of other letters and locked with other packages into its red-tagged pouch, is for the present one of a stack of pouches all alike labeled “N. Y. and Chi. No. 2—Train 35,” in one of the letter cars. While it waits there the pleasure of the mail clerks let us look over the train and see how this caravan in which we are to live—and incidentally travel eight hundred miles—during the next twenty-four hours is made up. We climb into overalls and jumper, for mail sacks and pouches are dirty traveling companions, and proceed to a better acquaintance with our surroundings and the Railway Mail Service. Seven cars we have on No. 35, a solid mail train which leaves the Grand Central Station every night in the year at half-past nine and makes a practice of rolling into the La Salle Street Station in Chicago each next night anywhere from five to twenty minutes inside the twenty-four hours.

As we walk through the train, storage cars, dimly lighted tunnels between heaped-up stacks of bulging mail-sacks, alternate with brilliantly illuminated “working cars,” condensed post-offices on wheels. There are three storage cars. One is known as the Chicago storage; in it are stacked all the Chicago letter and paper mail originating at New York, the “working” letter mails which are to be distributed on the Middle and West divisions; and paper mails for Detroit, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo. A second is known as the Minneapolis storage; before the train reaches Chi-

cago all the mails for the Chicago and Minneapolis R. P. O. are assembled in it, and the car is switched by devious ways over to the Union Station, where the mails are transferred and sent out over the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. This obviates unloading of the mails at Chicago and sending them across the city in wagons. The third is the Burlington storage, which is treated in the same way as the Minneapolis storage; all the mails which are to go by way of Omaha and San Francisco are assembled in it, the car is sent over to the Union Station and goes out over the Chicago and Council Bluffs R. P. O. The storage cars are deserted, except for conductor and trainmen chatting on a comfortable pile of sacks, an occasional mail clerk culling out pouches for immediate distribution, or a railway porter shifting and piling sacks and pouches. In the working cars, however, is no lack of life. No. 35 carries on the Eastern division a crew of a couple of dozen clerks. Their task is separation, separation, separation—inconstant application to the process which, as we learned on an earlier stage of our journey, is the vital process of the postal service. The Railway Post-Office is the wholly admirable invention which makes it possible for the processes of separation and transportation to go on simultaneously, and saves hours of time by putting the separation case on wheels and sending it careering over the country at forty miles an hour.

An Initiation.

In the fourth car of the train a young man of athletic build and frank, engaging manners is distrib-

uting paper mail into twoscore open sacks mouths on the rack before him. Mr. Gardner introduces us, and, half humorously, Clerk West suggests an initiation into the mysteries of separation. It is not hard to fall into the spirit of the thing, and in a minute my education as a railway mail clerk is in full swing. We are distributing "mixed papers" — paper mail, that is, which comes from post-offices where there was not enough for each State to make separate sacks. Each sack in our rack bears a label with the name of a State, or of a city large enough to warrant the making up of a "direct" sack. There is a rack both before and behind us, and above our heads on both sides of the car rows of giant pigeonholes with sloping bottoms and sliding screened doors across their lower halves. From a heap of sacks in the corner, just brought in from a storage car by a porter, we pick up a sack, heave it up, and dump out its contents on the narrow table before us. The mail matter is mixed, not only as to destination, but as to character—second, third, and fourth class (papers mailed direct by publishers in bulk, papers mailed singly by individuals, and merchandise) mingled indiscriminately. Now for the separation. Each paper or parcel is picked up, its address read, and shot into its appropriate sack or pigeonhole. At first the novice makes slow progress, for he has to hunt up the right sack each time before he makes his shot. But it is surprising how quickly he becomes familiar with the location of the most popular sacks, and how soon the motion toward the Illinois sack, the Chicago, the Michigan, or the Ohio sack tends to become automatic. A mail clerk's job is like a printer's; the first thing he must do is to "learn his case," so that he does not have to think between motions where a given type (in the case of the printer) or a given State or city (in the case of the clerk) is to be found. The next thing is to learn

to throw with accuracy, for the mouths of the farther sacks, six or eight feet away, are none too large marks. The novice soon discovers, both by observation and by experience, that what is needed to give the shot precision is confidence and snap. A cautious attempt has perhaps three chances in five of missing, and an attempt that is flabby as well will almost certainly eliminate the other two chances.

The Fascination of it

For the hour or so that I keep at it, it is fascinating work, this distribution. There is the same sense of physical enjoyment in the mere act of throwing that there is in any sport—golf, billiards, quoits—which involves a nice adjustment and co-operation of eye, nerve, and muscle. Then, too, there is a certain fascination about the mail matter itself. Each piece suggests infinite possibilities as to sender, recipient, and contents. A philosopher could find many a peg for philosophizing, a story-teller many a starting-point for a tale (here, for instance, is a package, a little too daintily wrapped for the strenuous vicissitudes of a long journey in a mail-sack, its corners already gaping and revealing a piece of toothsome layer cake; it is addressed in an obviously feminine and youthful hand to a certain lieutenant at a Western military post. Why not the germ of a romance in this dainty parcel? May it reach its soldier safely and carry some message to his exiled heart!). A poet even (a minor Whitman, say, or a lesser Kipling) might find themes for song here; or an economist, who should see the many parcels going out from the mail-order houses all over the country, might get a new impression of one phase of modern business.

As I said, it is fascinating work for an hour. And I am sure some trace of that fascination would linger even when the work had become one's daily job. But by the same

token it is hard work, exacting work, high-pressure work, a real man's work.

The Red Letter Makes Another Move.

From the other end of the train comes Mr. Gardner to say that the Red Letter is about to make another move. From its resting-place in the working car in which are distributed mails for twenty-one States (including the province of Ontario) aggregating thirty thousand post-offices, the pouch with the red tag is unlocked (letters travel always under lock and key, while papers and packages go in lockless sacks), and a cascade of letter packages, one flashing a red top to catch my eye, tumbles across the table. The pouch, which was marked, it will be remembered, "New York and Chicago No. 2," contains "mixed" mail like the paper mail I have just been distributing, so I need no assistance in dealing out these packages into their respective pouches and sacks in the rack before me. Letter packages are wonderfully easy to throw. They are all about of a size and heavy enough to go straight and true with little effort. I shoot the Red Letter package into a Wisconsin sack, and when in a few minutes all the "mixed" mail is thus assorted, I "tie out" the sack and see it lugged off into the storage car to wait the next stage. The Red Letter will now remain quiet again till the next morning, when the clerks of the West division will take it in hand.

At the Letter Case

The novice now tries his hand at letter separation at the "mixed letter" case. This, for reasons which will appear in a moment, is, with the "mixed paper" distribution, the only kind of separation for which he is yet qualified, or can be without a deal of hard study and experience. The "mixed letter case" is like the primary separation case in the Madison Square Station (and in every

other post-office in the country, for that matter). Its boxes stand for States and a few large cities. It is obvious, therefore, that it requires no special acknowledge to do such separation—merely familiarity with the case, which is soon learned.

The primary separation is not so hard. But when we come to the next step, "making it up fine," it is quite another story—

A Bite to Eat—at Half Price

But here was are at Albany, and before we consider that story, we may as well have a bite to eat. It is early morning now, between twelve and one, and a sandwich, cup of coffee, and piece of pie at the railway lunch counter are very welcome. There are a few travelers at the other end of the counter, and when I have the unique experience of paying only half-price for my food because in overalls and jumper I am accepted at face value as a railway (or R. M. S.) man, I find myself looking at the mere passengers with a little sense of superior tolerance. No. 35 takes on two more cars here from the Boston and Albany R. P. O. One is a Chicago storage car, like the one already in the train, except that it comes from Boston; the other is known as the Wabash storage and runs from Boston to Toledo. It is loaded with mails for the Southwest which are despatched by way of Toledo and St. Louis, and with "working" mails for South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, and California. At one-fifth No. 35, now nine cars long, pulls out for the second stage of its run.

The Adepts

Back in the letter car, I turn to watch some of the clerks who before the spreading letter cases are performing the more esoteric functions of their craft. A glance at the cases and a word of explanation give a hint of the difficulties of their task. Here, for instance, is the New York letter case. It contains three hundred and forty-eight boxes ranged

in vertical rows of twelve each. Of these boxes two hundred and fifteen are "directs," bearing the names of cities and towns. The others bear mysterious abbreviations like the "N. Y. and Chi. No. 2" which appeared on the Red Letter pouch when it came aboard No. 35. Let us compare a row of boxes from the "mixed letter" case with a row from the New York case.

Mixed Letter
 British Columbia.
 Mississippi.
 Idaho.
 Oregon.
 Montana.
 Iowa.
 Illinois.
 Chicago, Ill.
 Indiana.
 Michigan.
 Pennsylvania.
 Colorado.
 New York
 Watkins, N.Y.
 Penn Yan, N.Y.
 Canaan & Wmsport.
 Ithaca, N.Y.
 Canas. & Elm.
 New York & Horn. E.
 New York & Sala. W.
 Sala. & Dun.
 Syr. & Roch. E.
 Syr. & Roch. W.
 N. Fair H. & Sayre.
 Geneva & Naples.

Now if a clerk has a handful of letters to distribute in this row of the mixed letter case, he has only to read the State name in the address on each envelope and stick the letter into its proper box. But if his handful of letters is to go into this part of the New York case, he must know much more than that, know it accurately, and know it, so to speak, instantaneously. In this row of boxes are three "directs," Watkins, Penn Yan, and Ithaca. But the other obscure symbols represent Railway Post-Office lines, and the letters which are to go into them are letters addressed to towns reached by those

routes. Canas. and Elm., for instance, stands for the Canastota & Elmira Railway Post-Office, which runs over a branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Canastota, New York, to Elmira, New York. It may serve, directly and by connections, half a hundred post-offices. Every letter for any one of those post-offices must go into that box. So when the clerk sees on an envelope the name De Ruyter, let us say, he must think "Canas. & Elm.," and send his hand without hesitation or faltering, not to the De Ruyter box, for there isn't any, but to the "Canas. & Elm." box. Now there are in New York State 2,269 post-offices. Of these only 215 are made up as "directs." So that the clerk who is "working" the New York mail must know 2,454 post-offices and know, almost instinctively, by which one of over one hundred R.P.O. lines each one is served. But even that is not all. Mail for certain post-offices goes by one route at one hour of the day and by another at another hour. The clerk, therefore, must know for each such post-office what the proper route is to make connection with the particular train he is working on. The New York case is one of the largest, with its 348 boxes; the Iowa case has 216 boxes, of which 136 are directs; the Wisconsin case, in which we shall be particularly interested in the morning, has 132 boxes, of which 86 are directs.

So the task of the railway mail clerk is an exacting one. He works under continuous pressure, at high speed, and on an unstable footing. His post-office is rolling across country at the rate of forty miles an hour, and, however smooth the motion, however expert he may have become in retaining his equilibrium, the conditions inevitably make a continual drain upon his nervous force. In addition, he must have a lot of knowledge at his finger tips, knowledge in which he is practically one hundred per cent. perfect.

One Error in Twelve Thousand.

In the year 1910 it is estimated that there were made in the Railway Mail Service 24,689,223,935 distributions, and for every piece which was handled incorrectly, 11,941 pieces were handled correctly.

That is the way the railway mail clerks know their jobs, and that high record of efficiency helps to explain why you and I are so well served by the Post-Office, why when one of us mails a letter to the other he can calculate on its going quickly and safely, and why, in the long run, we are so seldom disappointed.

The need for this voluminous and precise knowledge on the part of the railway mail clerk, together with the high tension of his task, explains the unusual conditions under which he works. The clerk is on duty, roughly speaking, twelve hours a day for six days; then he lies off for another six days, then works twelve hours a day for the next six, and so on. But that six days off duty is by no means a holiday, for the clerk must be continually studying and practicing, not only with an eye to promotion, but for the purpose of keeping up his efficiency. It is anything but a sinecure, the railway mail clerk's job, trust me who have seen it at close range, and have taken a dip into its mysteries and its strenuous activities.

Forty Winks—and Morning.

About four in the morning I crawl up on top of a pile of pouches in a storage car, and sleep more or less soundly for a couple of hours. I awake to find the night changed to day, but the regular routine going steadily on. Any twelve hours of a trip like this is just like any other twelve, except that where one clerk was then sorting Iowa mail another clerk is now distributing California papers, the New York letter case has been transformed into an Illinois letter case, and so on. Our fast mail train, though stopping only at the biggest cities, is now also making de-

liveries and collections at all the local stations. Every few miles a pouch, generally scantily filled, is thrown out the open door as we flash by a station, and another is snatched from the gallows arm on which it hangs beside the track by a movable iron finger that we stick out like a tentacle.

At Buffalo we have given up our Michigan car, to go forward over the Michigan Central to Detroit. At Toledo we leave our Wabash storage car—which we took on at Albany—to go on to St. Louis with mails for the Southwest. All the California mails that we carry had to be distributed before we reach Toledo, so that those for southern California may go down by way of St. Louis, while those for the northern part of the State go on to Chicago and thence by the Burlington and the Union Pacific. So, you see, there must be a clerk or two on No. 35 who knows the post-offices and the R. P. O. lines 'way off in California. At Cleveland we take on our third crew, making a total of sixty-seven clerks for the run, besides nine railway porters and four weighers. Since leaving Buffalo we have been in the zone where the regular quadrennial weighing of the mails is going on, to determine how much the railway shall be paid for transporting the mails during the next four years. Between Buffalo and Chicago every single pouch or sack of matter that comes on or goes off the train is weighed and its weight carefully recorded. From the mass of figures turned in by the weighers on every R. P. O. and at every big station during one hundred and five days the accountants at Washington will compute the rate of pay for every R. P. O. line within this zone.

The Red Letter Again

Soon after we leave Cleveland the red-tagged sack comes out of the storage car, and in a few moments the Red Letter is one of a long row of letters on the ledge of the Wis-

consin case. In due season it pops into a box labeled "Milw. Lanc. & Gal. tr. 617, via Milwaukee," and somewhat later it, with a score of others, is "tied out" and dropped into a pouch labeled "Chi. & Minn. No. 1, tr. 57." This pouch, when finally locked out, is piled in the Minneapolis storage car, marked, like its predecessors, with the red tag.

(To be concluded.)

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

From "*Punch*."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a mild man, but even a worm will turn.

My wife was reading *Punch* last night, when suddenly she ceased to laugh and burst into tears. On inquiry I found in an article an insinuation that civil servants do no work.

Now I, dear old chap, have the misfortune to be a civil servant. It may be that your joke has some foundation in one or two branches of the service; but, alas! not in mine. I have often sighed of late years for a comparatively restful job, such as that of an author or an editor, but it is now too late to change.

I belong, you see, to the Customs and Excise Department, and my official hours, approved by the heads of my department and Lloyd George, are from about 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. It is true I have the rest of the day to myself; but it isn't so very much, is it? especially as I have to work on Sundays as well, in order to get through arrears.

It is really our own fault, of course; we are such willing fellows and so adaptable. No matter what Act of Parliament comes along, our department, being spread about over the country, gets it all, or a share of it. Consequently, having to administer Acts, or parts of Acts, relating to licenses, brewers, clubs, Old Age Pensions, motor spirit, methylators, agricultural returns, Income Tax (to men-

tion only a few), and now getting a part of the Insurance Bill added, we really do a little. I may mention incidentally that the baby, aged two, doesn't know me, having seen me only once or twice during her existence, while I am informed that my son, aged six, a short time ago invited his mother to give him some particulars about "that man who lives with us." Of course, old man, you couldn't be expected to know this, but you will understand how my wife felt about it.

Perhaps in future you could see your way clear to appoint a sub-editor to keep a special look-out for civil service jokes, and then put an asterisk, with a foot-note, and a word of explanation about the Customs and Excise? If you could, I'm sure all our fellows will be very grateful. Meanwhile I shall not, of course, withdraw my subscription, as our acquaintance is too long-standing to be severed by a little omission on your part.

I regret I cannot append my name to this, but if you could find space to print it in its entirety I shall know how sorry you feel about it.

Yours faithfully,

"MORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER."

Stage Fright.

At a wedding feast the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the toast of the occasion, though he had previously pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose and made an attempt to convey the fact that he was no hand at speech-making. Unfortunately however he placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and, looking down at her, he stammered out his first conventional remarks, and then, at a loss how to conclude, added lamely, "My friends—er—this—er—thing has been forced upon me!"

* * *

A Lame Excuse.—A sprained ankle.

Civil Service Commission in New Zealand.

A commission has been appointed to inquire into, and report on, the efficient working of the unclassified departments of the public service.

The commission sets out that it is expedient that inquiry shall be made into the working of the various unclassified departments of the public service, with a view to simplifying procedure, preventing duplication, and generally adopting such methods as will increase the efficiency of the service, ensure the due recognition of merit, and quicken the despatch of business. It has been urged that there is need in the public interest for more co-operation between departments in their business relations, and for better facilities to be given and received in order to remove unnecessary formality and delay, having regard to the fact that they are all engaged in state business.

Scope of Investigation.

In view of the above considerations, the Governor appoints the commissioners to inquire into and report as to the following matters in the case of each unclassified department:—

1. Whether its system of working is on the simplest and most effective lines, and, if not, in what respects, with special reference to:—

- (a) bookkeeping.
- (b) accounting.
- (c) correspondence.
- (d) the custody of securities and records.
- (e) the receipt and expenditure of money.
- (f) discipline.

2. Whether by unnecessary routine work, overlapping circumlocution, or otherwise, business is hampered or delayed.

3. Whether in its business relations and dealings with other departments full co-operation exists and all reasonable facilities are given and received without avoidable formality or delay.

4. Whether the staff is adequate to the work of the department.

5. How best to secure promotion by merit, whether by the adoption of periodical departmental efficiency or promotion tests, or otherwise.

6. Generally (but without dealing with individual cases) whether the salaries paid to the members of the staff are such as to give them fair pay for their work and the state fair work for their pay.

7. As to the classification (but without referring to individual cases) whether the system of classifying the whole of the staff is calculated to promote zeal and give full play to ability.

8. Whether classification should apply only to officers in receipt of salaries under £200 per annum, leaving subsequent promotion to be based on merit and efficiency, and whether the salaries now paid to public servants are such as to attract to the public service and to retain in it the best ability in the country.

The commission is authorized and empowered to conduct its inquiry at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, and to examine persons, books and records.

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Athletics.

Now that the smoke of the Olympiad has blown away, one finds much food for thought in the results of the contests at Stockholm.

The United States, as usual, claim an overwhelming victory. It would be interesting to know just what proportion of the U. S. team were natives of that country. One of their principal weight throwers, Gillis, is a Nova Scotian; another performer is a German, and a third a Swede. It is probably the only country sending a team in which the members were not natives. Not a vast amount of credit in this.

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Baseball is all the rage. The Ottawa pro team have still a comfortable margin of lead in the series. The (1-0) contest with Guelph on Friday, the 2nd, was a fine one. Not so the 6-0 one of the next day.

However, on Monday, Ottawa redeemed herself by taking two from Hamilton.

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Harking back to the Olympic games, it is interesting to note that in England they are on their mettle already in anticipation of the next Olympiad, which will be held in Berlin, Germany, four years hence. Sir Conan Doyle is writing a series of "Wake up England" letters, urging that athletes begin to train at once for the contests. Evidently the poor showing made at Stockholm against the Americans has left its sting behind it.

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Lawn tennis is again booming. It looks as though Mr. Raby would carry off the City championship. Mr. Raby is a civil servant, as is also Mr. Woodland, who won it last year.

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In cricket circles in England the great final test matches, between England, Australia and South Africa, are drawing to a close. While the latter

country may be regarded as out of it, there is a keen struggle between the mother country and Australia.

In Ottawa the home club is having a busy and successful season. The two day match against All-Montreal resulted in a very creditable defeat for Ottawa, they coming within a dozen runs of the powerful aggregation from the commercial metropolis.

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The list of casualties in aviation continues to grow. It is scarcely possible to pick up a paper nowadays without the mention of one or two deaths. Strange commentary that Wilbur Wright, who may be looked upon as the "inventor" of the art, should die in his bed. Yet such was the case.

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It is hardly a branch of athletics, but one cannot fail to note that Vancouver has now two lady policemen; and they are doing good work, too, especially among the overly smart young men who become too forward with young women on the street. An appointment or two of this kind in Ottawa might have a good effect.

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The Civil Service Baseball League is flourishing, and attracting much attention. At this writing (Aug. 6) the Printing Bureau have an unbeaten record. The Immigration Branch are second. It looks as though the interest would centre round the race for second place.

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Eddie Durnan, of Toronto, won the championship professional single sculls of America last week from Hackett the Australian.

Almost simultaneously, Barry of England wrested the world's championship from Arnst, the previous holder. Now Durnan is going after Barry. The former who is a nephew of the immortal Ned Hanlan, may land it, and revive the almost defunct sport. Power to his arms and back!