

PAGES

MISSING

THE CIVILIAN

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DEPARTMENTAL ARTICLE.

Health of Animals Branch, Department of Agriculture.

The *Civilian* hereunder continues the series of articles it has in hand dealing with the more important Departments and Branches of the Canadian Civil Service. The object of these articles is in part to educate the public as to the nature and importance of the work carried on by the Service, but also to create in civil servants themselves a keener appreciation of the great machine to which they belong.

It is the duty of this branch to preserve and protect the health of Canadian live stock, and also the export trade of the Dominion in bacon and similar products. Unfortunately the proper carrying out of its policies in safeguarding the live stock interests in general, however reasonable, automatically interferes and seriously inconveniences individuals for the benefit of the country at large.

With a view to safety, it is essential to enforce stringent regulations, which cause continual annoyance, irritation, and frequently financial loss to those interested in live stock, the packing of meats and other edible products. Much depends, therefore, upon the individual inspector, who must act promptly, with good judgment, and exercise plenty of common sense in dealing with the public. His duties are often of a very unpleasant nature, and in order to perform them satisfactorily he must be firm, plausible, reasonable, honest and conscientious, as he is naturally confronted with all types and classes of humanity.

It will be readily appreciated that the maintenance of an adequate, effective sanitary force, numbering over three hundred men, is, in view

of the nature of the work, a most difficult problem, and one which requires continual attention.

The steady expansion of agricultural pursuits in the Dominion and the enormous immigration, with the consequent increase in the live stock industry, very naturally place this branch in a most important and responsible position. In view of the geographical situation of the country and its contiguity to the American Republic, with an open boundary of nearly 3,000 miles, it is necessary to enforce suitable measures to guard against infection from the United States, as well as from countries over the seas. Although in many countries infectious and contagious diseases in the domestic animals occur frequently, and with such severity as to cause tremendous financial loss to the individual and state, Canada has fortunately been successful in guarding against the introduction of these virulent diseases. In view of this fact our domestic animals have not acquired an immunity against many of these highly infective maladies, and they would, therefore, form a very suitable medium for their rapid development to a very virulent degree should infection be at any time in-

troduced. It is necessary, therefore, for this branch to exercise the greatest caution, and to be at all times vigilant and alert in dealing with importations from outside sources.

Persons contemplating the importation of animals from any country other than the United States and Newfoundland must first forward to this branch full particulars regarding the number and species of animals, the point of origin, the name of the port at which they intend to embark them and probable date. This is carefully considered, and if the consignment is coming from a non-contaminated district in a country properly governed by effective veterinary sanitary laws a permit is granted under certain definite conditions, otherwise the importation is prohibited. Approved consignments must also be accompanied by certificates of health, signed by the authorized sanitary officials, as well as declarations signed by them recording the absence of certain diseases for a given period in a stated area surrounding the point of origin. Upon arrival at the Canadian sea port these consignments are promptly inspected on the boat by a veterinary officer, and if healthy are admitted into the quarantine station, to be detained there for a suitable time. During the detention period they are carefully watched for indications of disease, and if found healthy upon the expiration of this quarantine are permitted to proceed to destination. Animals showing manifestations of any of the scheduled diseases are promptly destroyed in the quarantine station and strict sanitary measures taken. Fortunately, owing to the precautions adopted before allowing these importations, this is seldom necessary.

In order to regulate and properly supervise importations they are only permitted to enter Canada at a limited number of ports, where proper facilities have been provided for their complete isolation, detention, supervision and care. The excellent

sanitary service of the United States has made it possible for this country to arrive at a definite understanding with the authorities of that Republic, whereby the regulations governing the importation of American animals and the exportation of Canadian live stock to the United States are made as reasonable as safety under the existing conditions will permit. This is most important, when it is considered that the American live stock markets are a most valuable asset to the Canadian breeder, and that the interchange of trade in live stock between these two countries is beneficial and desirable. No permit is therefore required, but the health and district certificates issued by American Bureau officers are essential, and unless accompanied by them animals are prohibited entry.

With the exception of detention for a few days for the purpose of carrying out diagnostic tests, the only quarantine enforced against American stock is that of thirty days for hogs. This has been found necessary owing to the prevalence of hog cholera in that country. A careful inspection is, however, made of all animals presented for entry into this country, whether for transit, temporary stay, or destined to points in the Dominion.

The arrangement with the United States authorities regarding the regulations holds good, of course, only under ordinary normal conditions, as if at any time serious outbreaks of disease occur in either country, special protective measures are immediately enforced. During the last outbreak of foot and mouth disease on American territory it was necessary for this Department to absolutely prohibit the importation of animals into this country, as well as their uncurd products and other materials which might be the means of introducing infection.

It will be readily seen that, in order to provide security from infection from outside sources, it is es-

sential that this branch be in constant touch with existing live stock conditions in other countries. With this object in view the British Board of Agriculture keeps this branch constantly advised with regard to the prevalence of disease on the continent, and the United States does so in connection with its own affairs.

Owing to the extreme infectivity of some of the diseases, and the many different channels through which infection may be unsuspectingly introduced, it is necessary to exercise the greatest caution and to look upon all possible sources of infection with the gravest suspicion. A large number of quarantine stations and inspection ports are, therefore, maintained at suitable points, at which all consignments of stock must be presented for entry, as they are not admitted at any other point. It would be almost impracticable to enforce suitable regulations governing the importation of stock into the Dominion were it not for the hearty co-operation of the numerous Customs officials stationed along our boundaries. The regularity with which attempted fraudulent entries of live stock are promptly and justly dealt with by the Customs Department, and the invaluable assistance willingly rendered the inspectors of this branch by them, make it possible to adequately enforce these regulations.

The control and eradication of dangerous contagious and infectious diseases within our boundaries also require constant attention. In order that outbreaks can be curtailed as quickly as possible and the losses to stock owners minimized, the most suitable modern policies are enforced in dealing with these diseases, in some of which the compulsory slaughter of affected animals is followed and limited compensation paid to the owners. As an example of the magnitude of this work, it might be stated that in dealing with glanders alone during the last seven

years it has been found necessary to slaughter 9,900 horses, which were valued at nearly one and a quarter millions, and that the government has actually paid to the owners of these horses the sum of three quarters of a million dollars in compensation.

At the present time approximately 150 thoroughly trained veterinary inspectors are devoting their whole time to the work of the Animal Contagious Diseases Division of this branch, as well as a large force of lay inspectors, who supervise the disinfection of railway cars and yards and perform other duties of a non-professional nature. There are also between thirty and forty range riders who systematically cover the range country, with a view to assisting the veterinary officers in dealing with diseases peculiar to the open country.

The proper isolation and treatment of mangy range cattle is a very difficult and troublesome problem, as many as 400,000 animals having been dipped under the supervision of the officers of this branch in one year.

In Western Canada a Chief Veterinary Inspector is in charge of each province, with a suitable force under his supervision, while the eastern provinces are operated direct from headquarters. A uniform system is followed throughout the Dominion, which supplies the head office promptly with full information of the action of its officer, and with a constant record of the cases dealt with. In this way the whole service is at all times under the control and direction of the Veterinary Director General.

The duties of the Pathological Division of this branch have naturally increased in direct ratio with its other work. The agents required for diagnostic purposes by the inspectors in the field are manufactured at the Biological Laboratory here, as also protective vaccines against certain contagious diseases of animals.

These vaccines are supplied to stock men, upon request, at cost, and are always in good demand.

Large numbers of specimens of diseased tissue are received at this laboratory for microscopical examination. By this means diagnoses are arrived at and the owner informed of the findings, in order that intelligent measures may be adopted by him. Experiments in research work are also conducted, and much valuable information and data collected.

In order, however, to facilitate the work it has been found necessary to establish a similar laboratory in Alberta and another in British Columbia, where experiments are conducted on scientific principles with diseases existing in the provinces mentioned. The work in these laboratories has been of a sufficiently high order to receive recognition by eminent authorities.

The Meat Inspection Division of this branch was inaugurated with the passing of the Meat and Canned Foods Act in 1907.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any explanation as to the reasons for the passing of such an act, other than to say that other countries exporting meats to Great Britain had in operation a system of inspection whereby they were able to guarantee that such exported meats were obtained from animals free from disease, and that the different processes of cure had been carried on in a sanitary manner. It will, therefore, be apparent that to preserve our bacon trade something along similar lines must be followed.

By the provisions of the Act and the regulations made thereunder no meats or meat food products can be shipped from province to province, or out of the Dominion, unless they have first been inspected and stamped with the Inspection Legend, the Crown and the words "Canada Approved," as also the establishment number, except dressed carcasses fed and killed by farmers, of which

there are but few shipments. This has the effect of bringing under inspection all packing plants of any importance, and preventing inter-provincial trade being carried on by others. All meats and meat food products handled by such establishments are inspected and marked, even those which enter into local consumption.

A description of the method of inspection would require too much space to properly describe. It might, however be stated that two classes of inspectors are employed, viz.: Veterinary and lay.

The Veterinary inspectors, of whom some 85 are now employed, must, before being permanently appointed, pass a special qualifying examination, and serve a probationary period of three months. Their duties consist in making very careful ante and postmortem examinations of all animals which enter the yards of an establishment, which, if found to be unfit for food, are condemned and destroyed under their personal supervision, and if healthy are passed. During the last fiscal year 2,637,835 carcasses were examined, of which number 6,151 were condemned, as also 546,159 portions and 732,394 lbs.

One of this class of inspectors is in charge of the work of inspection in an establishment, whose decision regarding condemnations, sanitary equipment or conditions is final. Any appeal from his judgment is dealt with from this office.

Lay inspectors are men whose qualifications are the result of practical knowledge, gained by having been actually engaged in the meat packing industry. Their duties consist in supervising the cutting, curing and manufacturing of meats, as also the sanitary conditions of the plants. Any irregularity is at once reported by them to the Veterinary inspector in charge and dealt with by him.

Complete detailed reports are for-

warded daily to this office and are carefully checked and recorded.

Travelling inspectors are continually moving from plant to plant watching the manner in which the work is being carried on and reporting any irregularity, misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the Regulations, with the result that although scarcely five years have elapsed since this work was commenced, it is no exaggeration to say that the Canadian Meat Inspection Service is not surpassed, even if equalled by any other country.

The inspection of establishments engaged in the canning of preserved fruits, vegetables and milk is carried on by authority of the Meat and Canned Foods Act but under different regulations. The inspection is made by officers thoroughly versed in the different processes.

The inspectors are not stationed in a particular plant, as in the case of the Meat Inspectors, but travel from one plant to another condemning any unsound fruit or vegetables or their products which may be found, as also controlling the sanitary conditions under which the establishment is maintained. These inspectors make daily reports and any unsatisfactory condition or irregularity not immediately rectified is investigated by a chief travelling inspector, who has the authority to take such action under the Regulations as may be necessary to correct the conditions complained of.

The value of this inspection may be fairly judged by the increase in the demand for this class of canned foods, and the absence of illness and ptomaine poisoning, which may, without doubt be attributed to their consumption.

"Grandma, are your teeth good?" asked a little girl. "Why, my dear, I haven't any!" replied grannie. "Then I'll let you hold my almond rock till I come back!" said the child.

MAKING DECISIONS.

If the positive man makes a mistake he is not likely to be long in rectifying it, but the man who never makes up his mind until he has consulted everybody, and then is always ready to open up every question for reconsideration, will never accomplish anything says Orison Swett Marden.

The man who is always after a sure thing, who has no dare in his nature, who is afraid to risk anything until dead sure that he is going to turn out right, never amounts to much. It is a thousand times better to make a mistake now and then than never to settle anything, but to be always balancing, weighing and considering.

A man who does forceful work must be able to dismiss a subject from his mind when he is done with it, so he can do something else. This increases his power of mental grasp for the thing under consideration. But if the mind is entangled in confused surroundings, in a hundred and one half-decided things, if its energy is split up, the focusing power is impaired.

You must concentrate your powers upon what you are doing, and you can never do this when a score of things in your mind are intruding themselves for consideration. When you have anything in hand, settle it and then dismiss it. Half-decided things clog the mind. Study your problem carefully, and make your decision firmly and let it be final. Let it stand no matter what others may advise or suggest.

If you form the habit of making your decisions final, you will learn to use your best judgment before you decide. If your decisions are all tentative, if you know that they are not final, that you are liable to take them up for reconsideration, you will never develop a fine, strong judgment.—Exchange.

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Ottawa, June 28, 1912

COST OF LIVING—A SOLUTION.

The cost of living will make us mad. The sooner we get mad the better.

The Index Number of the Labour Department has jumped ten points in the past twelve months, from 126 in June, 1911, to 136 in May, 1912. We might inflict upon our readers all the horrible details, but perhaps they have suffered enough without rubbing it in. The predominating note of the report accompanying the chart of the department is the increase in the price of the common potato, quoted as 50% in advance of the price twelve months ago. There is a more homely index number than that of the Labour Department, to wit, a man's purse strings, or his wife's apron strings as the case may be. By wireless apron string on Saturday last, an editor of *The Civilian*

heard that Keiller's orange marmalade had gone up in price from 75c to 90c. This may be a small item of expense, but it represents an advance of 20% in a single day. The daily papers give editorial treatment to the subject, always protesting but unable to solve. Economic theorists justify the increase on the grounds of the over-production of gold, the relation of note issue to its redemption basis, or give abstruse definitions and stand pat. The economical practitioner, however, will try to find a way.

* * *

The Executive of the Ottawa Association is giving a lead. The bulletin of the association published in this number contains the following item:—

"A resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Salaries and Promotion to prepare a report upon the cost of living in relation to the present scale of salaries and submit such recommendations as they may deem wise to the Executive with a view to the consideration of the advisability of approaching the Government with a request for a re-adjustment of salaries."

This is what other bodies of salaried men are doing. Past experience, however, teaches us that a movement of this kind in the service is fraught with possibilities of protracted delays and hampered by the certainties of political exigency. What is to be done in the meantime? The cold storage system is blamed for the high cost of butter and eggs. It is well known that the refrigerator car system of the United States became in the hands of millionaires and middlemen a voracious cormorant. Last summer a delegation of U. S. farmers visited New York and claimed that they received but 40% of the amount paid by the consumer. They claimed restraint of trade, but they should have charged "*restraint of living.*" Is there light in the darkness? Is there no practical solution? We reply, THERE IS.

* * *

There is in the permanent employment of the government of Canada,

including the employees of the Inter-colonial Railway, the permanent force of the Militia Dept., and such like bodies, a personnel of, say, 25,000 men and women. The Printing Bureau in Ottawa, for instance, has a staff of nearly 1,000, whose names do not appear in the C. S. List. For the purposes of our proposal, the ordinary militia could with reason be considered an intimate part of our working governmental system. *The Civilian* suggests a CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY of this great body performing the task of the development and defence of Canada. 1,000 acre farms, as many as required, may be established in different parts of Canada. Our butter, eggs and poultry would not go to cold storage. Flour, sugar, etc., would be bought in 50 carload lots and distributed from convenient centres in each province. The best anthracite coal would be bought from the best mines of Pennsylvania or we'd know the reason why. This all means work.

* * *

There is another phase of the question which means more work. It is necessary to have a Federal Co-operative Act. So far attempts to bring about this result have been defeated, presumably by the efforts of "millionaires and middlemen." Such a bill may pass next session of Parliament or it may not. A mammoth petition to the government from the consumers of the country would be "good politics" and where can we find better machinery to do this than in the public service. We have agents everywhere. A score of typewriters working on this proposition would be a cheering obligato to the crescendo music of the Labour Department index numbers. President Smith of the C. S. Federation lives in Windsor. He reads *The Civilian*. Let us hear from Mr. Smith. As we have remarked, it all means work, which is the crowning glory of the cause. It is now a matter of getting busy or going hungry.

MERIT VS. SPOILS.

As will be seen by reference to an article elsewhere in this issue, entitled "Trouble at Washington," a bill has recently passed the House of Representatives of the United States which has spread consternation throughout the ranks of the friends of the merit system and good government generally in that country. The bill is called Appropriation Bill No. 24023, section 5 whereof practically throws the federal service of the District of Columbia back into the spoils system, from which it was rescued in 1883. The section referred to limits the tenure of office to five years. 25,000 clerkships are involved in the proposal, and if the change is extended to those outside of Washington, 250,000 officials will be affected. Friends of reform and efficiency are up in arms and the Senate will be showered with petitions setting out arguments for defeating the obnoxious section. These opponents of the measure confess disappointment at the failure of their continuous campaign of education on the subject of continuity of office under the merit system, and they claim that the item passed the House without consideration as to its full and awful significance.

To *The Civilian* it seems that one strong argument might be used against the proposal with great effect. Under the provisions of this section 5, "the terms of present employes shall cease and determine on June 30th, 1917," and their re-appointment shall be subject to all the machinations of political patronage. The Hon. Mr. Foster stated the other day that the doling out of the comparatively insignificant patronage of Ottawa was "Hell." The term becomes gruesome when we are reminded that the Washington service is eight times greater numerically. *Hell multiplied by eight*. If those opposing the bill could adequately present to the Senators some concep-

tion of the life they will lead in 1917 when 25,000 office-seekers are simultaneously hammering at their doors for positions in the federal departments, a fitting climax might be added to the many strong arguments already prepared for the purpose of defeating the measure.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Civilian made a promise some time ago to its readers in Montreal that it would publish any articles in French which could be obtained. We have attempted to make good our word given to our Montreal readers, but without success. We would now appeal to any of our friends who would kindly favour us with contributions written in the French language.

* * *

The Civilian has during the past year or more published many valuable articles on the subject of Superannuation. Especially at the present time are we printing strong evidence in support of the case. We trust that the data furnished is being well noted by the committees of the service entrusted with this great responsibility. The committee of the Ottawa association is authorized by the federation to represent the whole service in this regard and it is to this committee we address this note. No point should be missed in driving home the final argument.

* * *

The Civilian has recently endeavoured to make a special appeal on behalf of the condition of our friends in the Outside Post Office service. The members of that branch should study the merits of their claims to remedial treatment and make representations accordingly, by petition, to the fine body of men who represent them in the councils of the C. S. Federation of Canada.

* * *

There are in Ottawa a number of beautiful parks paid for out of the public funds. Some of these parks contain ponds and miniature lakes deep enough to drown a child and without any protecting wall or fence. Many parents deny their children the pleasure of visiting the parks for fear of accident. One fence only has been erected on the Rideau Driveway to mark the scene of a drowning of a child. It is said the Commissioners do not approve of fences as an artistic effect. We would suggest that the said Commissioners make tombstones the prevail feature of their landscape architecture.

* * *

The last *Civilian* had as its opening article a discussion of Superannuation from the standpoint of a contributive or a non-contributive basis. The continuation of this article will not appear in this issue as promised but will appear in our next.

* * *

Our contributor "Vagrant" sets an example which we wish that others would follow. Having been sent off on government business, "Vagrant" remembers *The Civilian* and jots down incidents in his travels and sends them in. We invite our friends outside of Ottawa to send us items of general interest, whether such be edifying or simply amusing.

A knowledge of siang was the cause of a curious answer given by a child to a question. She was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence—"Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food." The teacher was puzzled. "Where did you get that notion?" she asked her pupil. "Why, that's what it says in the history!" The book was sent for and the passage was found. It read, "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations!"



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At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

Concerning Glycobactor.

Prof. Metchnikoff, whose fame,—unlike his name,—is not to be sneezed at, has announced recently that he has found the beneficent microbe which, if introduced into the human system, would destroy the hostile microbes which are responsible for the disease which we call old age. This friendly microbe is known at his own fireside as Glycobactor, but that fact should not prejudice anyone against him. I once knew a man named Adolphus Boanerges O'Sullivan who supported his family by making paper flowers. The name of Glycobactor might well have adorned one of the old Cornish giants, but Glycobactor is, in fact, a modest, unassuming chap who weighs about a billion to the ounce in his gymnasium togs and whose chief occupation, according to Prof. Catarrhzone, is the generation of sugar. He has his differences of opinion with other microbes it is true, but so has the glorified busy bee who improves each shining hour heedless of the regulations of the honey-maker's union. Glycobactor would find it hard to get into Division 3 B. of the Civil Service, and yet in his hands, if he has hands, is borne the gift which philosophers and adventurers have sought in all corners of the universe,—the elixir of life. Hats off to Glycobactor!

The immediate trouble about Glycobactor seems to be that he is not yet domesticated. His habits are not such as to fit him at once for steady work at the job to which the distinguished professor would set him.

To tell the bald truth about him he prefers dogs to men, and the dogs do not seem to appreciate his worth. Perhaps our canine brethren think, with us, that a "dog's life" is one not worth extending, and so they let Glycobactor and his family mosey around like fleas. It is the old story of a prophet without honour in his own country. Glycobactor among the dogs is like a genius in the civil service. The genius never does the service any great good, and the service would be as well satisfied with fleas.

Suppose, however, that we could come into possession of a half pound of willing and intelligent Glycobactors, fellows who have experienced a "moral uplift" and are willing to work for "the good of humanity" without having their names on the payroll, would we value them any higher than the dogs do? We would at the outset, no doubt, just as we value Ferguson's Malted Sawdust above oatmeal for the first few weeks of its advertised life. We drift back from Malted Sawdust to porridge in spite of the advertisements. Would we not in a short time be rating the Glycobactors as of less account than the skippers in our cheese, and of far less account than the bacilli boozarii who work for Bass and Seagram?

If any one were offered terrestrial immortality tomorrow he would doubtless accept it, but if the same anyone were assured the same immortality on the condition that he would agree to train and feed a colony of Glycobactors for the period of ten years, changing their clothes

when necessary, taking them out daily for a run and paying a weekly premium for the insurance of their lives, he would not hold to the bargain for a month. "Give me the microbes that I knew as a boy" he would say, "the kind that my father smoked out with T & B cut plug, or the kind that mother corralled inside of the great yellow spruce-beer jugs." The immortal microbes may get the votes at the primaries, but it is the immoral microbes, I am afraid, who win out at the polls. At any rate we would hold terrestrial immortality as cheaply as we hold the celestial immortality, which we will swap off for a jack-knife whenever we wish to pare our nails.

Suppose, however, that one had but to introduce a single Glycobacter into his system to assure immortality, just as a single vaccine inoculation might suffice to save one from smallpox, that this Glycobacter would keep him forever at the same apparent age and the same state of health, when would he make use of his Glycobacter? Would he introduce it at sixteen and remain a boy forever, or at twenty and be a perennial lover and seeker, or at thirty and be for all his life just settling down, or at forty and wear a square-topped hat and square-toed shoes throughout eternity, or at fifty and realize that the Glycobacter is not retroactive in its influence, or at sixty and find himself a constant hoverer on the verge of superannuation, or at seventy and eat his food for countless aeons with boughten teeth which have not the guarantees of immortality? And when he was told that the introduction of the Glycobacter into his system would result in the maintenance of his present health, with no fresh diseases and no new encroachments of the old, would he not hesitate lest some complaint of his, through a technicality in the operation of the Glycobacter legislation, be immortalized along with himself? I think he

would wait until his heart beat with more regularity, his lungs acted less spasmodically, until his liver proved less a burden and his rheumatism entirely left him. And every year he waited he would find some ill that the flesh had become heir to but which he would not care to convert into a perpetuity; and he would die at last with the Glycobacter grinning at him across his counterpane, daring him to take him at his word.

We may smile at the learned professor's microbe theory, but the Glycobacter fallacy is no new thing as far as society, as distinct from the individual, is concerned. Many venerable men have endeavored to introduce Glycobacters into the body politic and into the body impolitic, which we call the Civil Service. And some of the Glycobacters have measured up to the advertisements of them. They have preserved the *status quo* of some ideas and formulae for a good many years. The *status quo*, I may say for the benefit of those who have no dictionary, is the battle cry of the Glycobacter Clan, and is not to be confounded with the *pou sto* which is anathema maranatha to all true Glycobacters.

Yet, to give the Glycobacter his due, he is an enemy of putrefaction. If he were an enemy also of petrification he would have my vote every time. But it is hard for us to believe in the permanence of any thing except rocks and such stuff. We need no Glycobacter to prove to our gross minds the eternity of matter, but, though one rise from the dead to speak to us, we will go on in a half-doubt of the immortality of the soul. A little Glycobacter now and then would be of considerable benefit to the most of men.

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Reported especially for The Civilian by H. B. Willson & Co., Patent Attorneys, 715 Eighth Street Northwest, Washington, D.C.

- 1,028,133—Calculating Machine.
- 1,028,135—Calculating Machine.
- 1,028,161—Adding and Subtracting Machine.
- 1,028,162—Adding and Listing Machine.
- 1,028,269—Penholder.
- 1,028,300—Filing Device.
- 1,028,381—Pencil Printing Machine.
- 1,028,382—Safety Cap for Fountain Pens.
- 1,028,465—Mechanical Account Book.
- 1,028,506—Roll-Support.
- 1,028,570—Protective Check.
- 1,028,678—Mailing Tube.
- 1,028,684—Combination Check.
- 1,028,704—Penholder.
- 1,028,167—Indicating and Swivel Support for Cameras.
- 1,028,287—Consecutive View Perforating Apparatus.
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- 1,028,989—Submarine Signalling and Safety Device.
- 1,028,885—Letter Copying Apparatus.
- 1,029,500—Type-Writing and Calculating Machine.
- 1,029,266—Winding Key for Photographic Cameras.

- 1,029,267—Pin Journal for Photographic Cameras.
- 1,029,268—Photographic Camera.
- 1,029,269—Photographic Camera.
- 1,029,295—Automatic Focusing Apparatus for Photographic Lenses.
- 1,029,296—Means for Mechanically Focusing Photographic Lenses.
- 1,029,487—Photographic Print Washer.
- 1,029,511—Process of Developing Photographic Plates and Films.

THE CIVIL SERVICE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Business Statement for April, 1912.

CASH RECEIVED.

On shares	\$23.50
On deposit	620.00
Loans repaid	708.85
Interst	21.32
	\$1,373.67

CASH DISBURSED.

Shares repaid	\$60.00
Deposits repaid	344.81
Loans made	1,014.25
	\$1,419.06

The Savings and Loan Society's greatest need at the present time is the same as it always has been, namely, more men with \$5.00. Many persons do not think it worth while to save \$5.00 or even \$5.00 a month, yet it is just by beginning to save small sums, even \$1.00 a month, that it is possible to win one's independence. Thrift in this age appears to be a somewhat despised virtue, yet it is worth remembering that the nations of the earth which have attained the greatest development of character regarded thrift as one of the greatest virtues. Thrift must not be confused with miserliness. A thrifty person abhors waste and impelled by that abhorrence avoids wasting so that he may as opportunity arises place to the highest and noblest purposes the accumulated

product of his labour. How awfully slow, dull, borish and uninteresting it would be to such an one to spend that for which he had worked hard for any purpose! nearly 500 civil servants have done their duty toward the Savings and Loan Society, our own thrift society. If even a portion of those who are not members would but join it would increase the society's usefulness immensely. As so often pointed out in *The Civilian* it costs nothing to join. Each member must own one share (\$5.00) but that share is repayable with accrued earnings on withdrawal.

TROUBLE AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

The following resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the United States Civil Service Retirement Association, at a meeting held on May 16, 1912, at the Ebbit House, Washington, D.C., and referred to the Committee on Resolutions at the annual meeting of said association, was unanimously endorsed at a mass meeting of Civil Service employees, and the officers of said association instructed to forcibly draw the attention of all employees in the Federal Civil Service in the United States to the five year tenure of office clause contained as a provision in H. R. Bill 24,023, Sixty-second Congress, second session, otherwise known as the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, which has already passed the House of Representatives:

Whereas, a grave and serious condition confronts the employees in the Federal Civil Service, on account of the clause which limits the tenure of office of the employees of the District of Columbia to periods of appointment of five years: and

Whereas, such clause would absolutely nullify the Civil Service Law and endanger the efficiency of the service through the substitution of

inexperienced and untried for experienced and tried employees: and,

Whereas, the acceptance of such clause without protest from Civil Service employees throughout the country might eventually include them within said provisions:

Be it therefore resolved that this association hereby register its protest against any legislation which will reestablish the "Spoils System" and impair the efficiency of the Civil Service, and further in the interest of Civil Service Reform we invite the attention of all civic bodies to this retrogressive act:

Be it further resolved that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and that a copy thereof be sent to the press and all representatives of Civil Service organizations throughout the United States, requesting their immediate co-operation in protesting against such legislation: and,

Provided further, that copies of such resolutions be furnished to the proper committees in Congress and all other concerned.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Appreciation and Congratulation.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Montreal Customs Association, held on Friday, June 14th, 1912, it was moved by Mr. A. L. Barlow, seconded by Mr. P. J. O'Neill, and resolved, that the members of the association extend to Hon. J. D. Reid, Minister of Customs, their grateful thanks for the consideration shown them in the recent substantial increases of salary to the officers of this port, and desire to assure him that it will be their earnest endeavor to merit his confidence and good-will in the performance of their duties.

At the same meeting the following resolution was also carried: that the Montreal Customs Association extend to John McDougald, Com-

missioner of Customs, their cordial congratulations upon his appointment to the distinguished rank of Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and trust he will be spared many years to enjoy the dignity.

OTTAWA NEWS.

Bulletin No. 5 of the C. S. Association of Ottawa.

Two meetings of the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Association have been held since the last bulletin was issued. At the regular meeting at the end of April, the treasurer reported that the irregularity of some of the representatives in their attendance at the meetings of the Executive placed their departments at a serious disadvantage, as the members of the Association in those departments were not kept posted as to what was being done in their interests by the Executive. It was decided that in the future the chairman of the Advisory Board shall be advised when a representative has been absent from two consecutive meetings without satisfactory explanation.

A resolution was passed instructing the Committee on Salaries and Promotion to prepare a report upon the cost of living in relation to the present scale of salaries and submit such recommendations as they may deem wise to the Executive with a view to the consideration of the advisability of approaching the government with a request for a readjustment of salaries.

It having been reported that some misunderstanding had arisen as to a supposed connection between the Association and the Civil Service Ice Company, it was decided to notify the members and the public generally through the press and otherwise that the association had no connection with or responsibility for said Civil Service Ice Co.

The matter of recent appointments to the First Division other than by promotion from the Second Division as provided by the Civil Service Act, was brought to the attention of the Executive and after some discussion referred to a special committee to report upon at any early date.

A special meeting of the Executive was held on the 21st of May to receive the said report on recent appointments to the First Division. The special committee recommended that the Civil Service Commission and the Hon. the Secretary of State be interviewed and attention called to what the Executive believe is an incorrect interpretation of the Civil Service Act which has led to the adoption of a principle of appointments which the Executive considers is most detrimental to efficiency in the service and unjust to the members thereof. This report was thoroughly discussed in all its bearings and finally adopted unanimously.

ALEX. M. MACMILLAN,
Secy.

QUEBEC NEWS.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Federal Civil Service Clerks' Association was held on Friday, 14th inst., and was largely attended. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—P. J. Mailloux.

First Vice President—John J. Battle.

Second Vice President—J. A. Philbert.

English Secretary—J. W. Rooney.

French Secretary—P. E. Guay.

Treasurer—J. A. Beauchamp.

Board of Directors — Marine Department, P. J. A. Gagnon; Customs Department, L. C. Lanouette; Immigration Department, Dr. J. D. Page, Dr. J. P. Lavoie; Post Office Department, O. Fiset; Public Works De-

partment, Jules Pothier; Gas and Electric Light Department, Major N. Levasseur; Quarantine, Dr. G. E. Martinneau; Weights and Measures, C. E. Roy; Militia and Defence Department, P. H. Tardivel; Dominion Arsenal, J. L. Laroche; Transcontinental Railway, O. Morency; Mail Conductors, David Gosselin; Inland Revenue, J. A. Dumontier.

The association is now composed of 402 Federal civil service employes.

Civilian Portraits.



JOHN McDOUGALD, C.M.G.
Com. of Customs.

KING'S BIRTHDAY HONORS.

Among those honored by the King on the occasion of his birthday this year are two members of the Canadian Civil Service upon whom has been conferred the title of C. M. G. In both cases the distinction has been won strictly in the line of official duty, so that in this conferring of titles the whole Civil Service of Canada may well feel hon-

ored. The recipient of these titles are Mr. John McDougald, Commissioner of Customs, and Mr. J. M. Macoun, Assistant Naturalist of the Geological Survey.

Mr. McDougald is a native of Picou County, N.S. He had won distinction in his native province and in Dominion politics as well before entering the Civil Service. As a young man he took up commercial life, in which he won considerable success. His interest in political affairs brought him into local prominence, and while still in his early thirties he was elected to represent his native county in the House of Commons. From 1881 to 1896 he continued in this position. He was then appointed to the position of Commissioner of Customs, which position he has since held. There are few offices in the public service whose duties make greater calls upon the energy and ability of their occupants than that which Mr. McDougald fills. The expansion within recent years of Canada's trade and the increase of its customs revenue have been among the noteworthy facts of the world's history. To successfully administer the office whose duty it is to keep account of this immense business and to collect for His Majesty the taxes provided by law is a work calling for administrative ability of the highest order and imposing tasks of the most laborious kind. The smoothness with which the machinery under his charge has always run is a silent but most eloquent praise of the qualities which Mr. McDougald has brought to his great task. In the negotiations for the recent abortive reciprocity arrangement with the United States Mr. McDougald was one of the delegates. The fact that the people of Canada did not approve the terms of that arrangement does not dim the honor shed upon those who were called to these high and important councils, nor does it alter the fact that Mr. McDougald's share of the duty was carried on with the same ability and assiduity

which has characterized all the work of his life.

To record the honor conferred upon Mr. J. M. Macoun is one of the happiest duties that has fallen in the way of *The Civilian*, and to expatiate upon the worthiness of such an act would be a labour of love. Mr. Macoun is a member of the Service by more than mere appointment, by more even than distinguished and most worthy service. He is a member of the Civil Service by class-conscious acceptance and by work in the interest of the whole Service as a class not exceeded, if equalled, by that of any other man. Mr. Macoun was an advocate of civil service organization long before any such organization appeared, and in every phase of that organization he has taken an active, prominent and useful part. He has brought to this work the devotion of a true reformer, the ability of a statesman and the perseverance of the tireless enthusiast. No man could have been chosen for distinction by His Majesty whose honors would be more clearly honors for the whole service than Mr. Macoun.

In his official duties also Mr. Macoun has won high distinction by rendering to Canada services of the highest and most important kind. His life and services are a striking commentary upon the idea so sedulously cultivated by unthinking writers and speakers that to occupy a position in the civil service is to be assured of a life of ease whose drawback, if any is its mere monotony. In the course of his long service Mr. Macoun has covered Canada from end to end. He has taken part in writing in upon the map the lines which have translated great regions "unexplored" to territory known and even occupied. He has contributed whole masses of original information concerning natural history, winning thereby distinction among the greatest of the learned societies of the world. And in the course of this work he has endured

all the toils, faced all the dangers, and won all the honors of the world's great explorers. From the canoe or dog-sled, from loneliness and starvation on the trail, to negotiations in high international affairs at the world's capitals is a long step, yet it is a step which Mr. Macoun has taken again and again. But wherever his duties have called him, whether to spend weeks with only an Indian guide for companion studying native in the "silent places" of the far north, or to represent the country's interest before great courts or boards of international negotiation, Mr. Macoun has faithfully and enthusiastically done his day's work for Canada.

Mr. Macoun is a native of Ontario and is the son of a distinguished father, Prof. John Macoun, the naturalist to whose work of investigation and discovery in the early days is due in no small measure the successful opening of the West. Entering the public service at twenty-one years of age Mr. Macoun took part in exploratory and naturalist work as an assistant in the parties of which his father was the head. The splendid opportunities he thus enjoyed of training as working scientist he improved to the full. He has advanced steadily in the service and is now at the height of his powers and fitted for even greater work and higher duties than any yet entrusted to him.

To write an account of Mr. Macoun's public services would be to write a book, and it would be a stirring and absorbingly interesting book, too. Only a few of the things he has done can be catalogued here. Mr. Macoun was the expert naturalist advising the Canadian representatives in the great negotiation with the United States over the question of the fur seals in the North Pacific, and in this he rendered invaluable service. At the Paris Exposition of 1900 Mr. Macoun was organizer and director of the Canadian forestry exhibit which did much to attract

the attention of the world to Canada's natural resources in pulp and other forest products. In 1903 he was sent to investigate the Peace Rives country as a place of settlement. His report, which embodied not only the information he himself collected, but also the data left by other travellers and investigators, aroused no little opposition, so that it became the subject of investigation by a committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Macoun had spoken less favorably of the country than some believed the facts to warrant. On the merits of the case, of course, *The Civilian* has no opinion. But it is noteworthy that the man who had had the physical courage to brave death again and again in the course of his day's duty had also the moral courage to declare what he believed to be the facts though he must have known that the result would be to rouse against him strong feelings and even strong interests which were not without influence in high places. Mr. Macoun came before the public in sensational fashion in the beginning of 1911. The year before he had undertaken a journey to the Hudson Bay country to study natural history and collect specimens. The schooner *Jeannie*, a vessel sent north with supplies for the Mounted Police posts, picked up Mr. Macoun and others at Fort Churchill. The last heard of the party was in July, 1910. Months passed and no word. The friends of those in the party grew anxious. But in the middle of January came word from Ginter, Man., that the party had reached that point safe and well. The *Jeannie* had been wrecked in Magee Bay, but good seamanship and devotion to one another's interests had saved the party and enabled them to bring ashore the life boats. They made their way to Fullerton whence a whaling schooner carried them back to Fort Churchill early in December. As soon as the river was frozen, indicating the season for winter travel,

the party set out with dog teams and toboggans. They carried no tents, but slept in the open in sleeping bags. Not only did they make the arduous journey of eleven hundred miles to Ginter in safety, but they made it in twenty-nine days, being within one day of the record. That an explorer of Mr. Macoun's experience should perform such a feat was to be expected, but to bring through also a party of sailors unaccustomed to land travel was an achievement indeed. When interviewed about the matter on his return home, Mr. Macoun spoke of it all as though it were simply a part of the day's work and dwelt mainly upon the fact that he had brought out his specimens and his notes without loss.

To give a title to such a man as Mr. Macoun is to place the stamp of royal approval upon the best and highest qualities which the people of Canada need and desire in the public service.

"As you are impudent, I must ask you for your name and your number," said a young lady who had tendered the exact fare to a cabman. "'Ere's my number, miss," the jarvey replied; "but I can't offer you my name, as that is promised to another young lady!"

A certain Socialist leader tells the following story against himself. "I was to address a public meeting, and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it. 'The next speaker is hated by some people,' he said, 'because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, a goat will butt if you get in his way, and you all know what an ass will do if you play tricks with him! Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blank will now address you!"



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The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

SYNOPSIS.

Carew and Brooks, on statutory leave, are canoeing to races in St. Lawrence. Carew finds locket containing miniature; and later rescues Miss Bessie Moore from capsized skiff in bay at Rome, her escort, Potts, also being pulled ashore. Brooks vainly urges paddling to regatta without delay to be eligible for race. On the eve of starting for a garden party, Jimmy is reminded by Brooks of the beautiful miniature in the locket, which J. had forgotten. A coolness follows with the Moores, and the g. p. is off. Later, Brooks looking out of his hotel bedroom window, sees J. and Potts walking together up the street. Next morning J. explains to Brooks that Potts tried to get him to give up the locket, that they had a scrap, and that he chased Potts to the gate of the garden party. While J. and Brooks are swimming off Giggs' boat-house, Potts takes locket from J.'s clothes, and J. pursues. Giggs tells Brooks he saw J. at garden party flirting with Miss Ivy Green. On return, J. states Potts gave up locket. J. and Brooks leave Rome after strained talk with Miss Moore, who apparently believes the gossip about J. and the g. p. Potts lays for Jimmy on Blood Rock, but is himself trapped there, and slips over edge of the chasm. J. pulls Potts up, and in a scrap Potts is knocked out. He loses his Panama hat in the lake. J. and Brooks go up Frazer's Creek for lunch, and Brooks from the bluff overhears chat in boat containing Miss Ivy Green, who is being rowed to catch the Fairy Queen at Rome. He learns that Jimmy's double is named Charley Stevens, purser of the Queen, also that the girl in the locket is camping in Red Horse Lake. The canoeists take a siesta under the pines. When Brooks wakes he finds J. in hot pursuit of Potts half way across the lake.

CHAPTER XII.

A Race in the Storm.

Jimmy and Potts, with the latter in the lead, were racing toward the farther shore of the lake.

Potts was pulling in a skiff, and rowed as if possessed of the spirit of a demon pursued by an invincible, dynamic and implacable foe. The love of contest was doubtless one spur to the pursuer; and fear was, perhaps, the propulsory provocative of the pursued. Through his long arms she transmitted to the rower's sculls almost the celer-

ity of wings. Potts, if he could not swim, could row as well as run. Ah, there was the rub! He could not swim. And a hand-to-hand contest with Jimmy on the lake was the sort of battle to be least desired, if indeed any at all after his experience of the morning on Blood Rock. But the shore seemed as yet far away, and the nose of Jimmy's craft, pointing unerringly like that of a trained hound on a straight trail, was but three lengths from the quarry's boat. Like the rower, the canoeist was straining, apparently, every muscle and nerve to the breaking point, lifting the canoe at every stroke, and flinging to the wondering wind a shower of glintless spray from his whirling blades.

It takes a mighty good man with a double-blade in an ordinary canoe to hold a strong rower in a clean-running skiff, but surely if slowly Jimmy, doubtless mind and muscle mad, was wearing the rapid rower down.

Up and away to the creek! Feverish with the thirst for pursuit, I raced back to my boat, all trim and ready, thanks to providence with a small p, even to the jointed double-blade lying along the thwarts, her heel on the sand and her nose to the mouth of the creek, as if waiting for the word. In thirty seconds I had buttoned down the oiled canvas decking, fore and aft, slipped into my tarpaulin jacket and the canoe, and was racing down the creek, and in thrice thirty seconds I was in the mouth of the creek, with the lake before me and going slap into the face of its master, the storm.

Dropping my paddle I put up the glass. It seemed now that Potts, with the shore a quarter of a mile away, must throw up the sponge, for he appeared to be done. I caught the faint, broken sounds, ragged by the rising wind, of shouts and cries. Then Potts' oars trailed, his hand went to his hip, he extended an arm, I saw a tiny puff of smoke, a flash of flame, and a second or so later the half-smothered report of a revolver saluted my straining ear.

I stood up, shouting, and shaking the glass in a foolish fist. To the naked eye the boats were little and vague, and I sat down, quivering, and put up the glass once more, to watch for the end.

And now Jimmy was on his feet, scorning cover or retreat, and looming a giant through the lens. What a target he made! So, too, it seemed, thought Potts, for he fired in rapid succession four times. I saw the little spurts of smoke and flame, but the strengthening wind swept the reports away

as so much phonic chaff, and bore over the gray water the resonant warning of another sound, the thunder of the giant god of Storm.

Then Potts flung the revolver at Jimmy's head and seized the oars. It seemed that it was now too late for him to escape to shore; for Jimmy, still standing, was bearing down on him. Potts spun the skiff about, adroitly enough, circled, and gathering speed dashed straight at the canoe, perhaps in the hope of staving in the frail craft. He reckoned without his host, for in tilting tournament or gunwale race Jimmy's skill was of the Bruce Ridpath variety—gilt-edged and supreme. And whether he had been touched or not by lead, Jimmy appeared to have absolute command of his canoe.

But now, as I hastily brushed the moisture from the glass and strained my sight through the false twilight and the mist, the Storm god, in a mighty roll of drums that was at once the overture of his own oratorio and the finale of the drama on the lake, rang the curtain down for me. I had a glimpse of Jimmy waving a hand as though to me, ere he dropped quickly to his knee and brought his craft about, and then like a heavy veil the rain swept between and hid the face of the lake from shore to shore.

As I picked up my paddle and bent to the work in hand my ear caught the familiar note of Jimmy's siren whistle signalling me, it seemed, to follow him and get under a lee shore. I tried, and hard enough, but the giant of the storm had spied out venturesome Jack. With his straining forces held, it seemed, a little in leash abeam, and the whole long unseen lake a-lee, he let me struggle well out in the teeth of wind and wave and rain, when with a lightning flash, that was his signal of humor, he played the game of cat and mouse. I fought my way stubbornly into the track of the gale, and then it was helm a-lee and away to the open sea if I didn't want to spend a protracted holiday in the locker of D. Jones. So it was helm a-lee all right, as I didn't fancy I would care for the grub in the locker referred to. My appetite wasn't adapted to picking bones just then.

I was driving along fairly well in a right enough direction now — that is, the direction of a square meal and a good bed at Athens, for there would be no desire to pitch tent. I had nothing but the thunder and the lightning, now at highest play, and the wind and the rain, and the voices of all Davy's spirits let loose, and "the idle thoughts of an idle fellow," for company, because all I had to do was to keep my craft pointing pat with the wind, and if that would only sweep me clear of the rock-bound islands on my right I felt I might get into the Athenian river and down to the village, in time to order something nice and hot and have it good and ready just as Jimmy would be putting in, although he

was now doubtless driving ahead between the islands to starboard and a lee shore, with perhaps the same brotherly thought in mind, if he wasn't worrying over my fate in the lap of the storm.

It was a relief to me to feel that he had not come to any harm, apparently, through Potts' gun; and I had leisure now to ponder upon what could have prompted Potts to put his head into the noose again, after the Blood Rock affair. But if I couldn't fathom such foolhardiness, except with a line of thought that had a miserable shooting-iron at the end of it, I could feel perfectly satisfied that Potts had rubbed Jimmy's fur pretty roughly the wrong way to make him put up such a hot pursuit across the lake without an awakening word of warning to me. Something had been doing while I slept.

At every glare of the lightning — and the glares were swiftly recurrent — while the thunder boomed and banged and rolled intermittently — I had a fine flashlight prospect of the storm-beaten lake, whipped into foam, and wild as the "unsympathizing sea," even to the farthest shore, which sprang into sight for a moment, and faded and came again, at every successive appearance its detail of wood and meadow still more clear, until at last I saw the gleam of a spire of a church in Dozeyville.

I had glimpses presently to my right of white-capped channels and rocky banks, with here and there a bit of beach foam-white, and vistas of aisles of great trees bending and thrashing about as if in torturing pain. And I knew *then* just where I was: getting among the islands near to the mouth of the Athenian stream.

And suddenly, following a supremely lurid glare, and 'ere the thunder broke and boomed, came a thrill sound that made me start and sit up indeed.

It was the siren call of our danger signal, the Morse 'D'!

I scanned the rough water eagerly when the next revealing flash came, but it revealed nothing save a waste of storm-racked lake and shore. Then came that call once more, the 'D' that would not Down. I plunged in my blades with perfervid vigour, working toward the nearest island channel, away from the course of the wind, while the waves came chasing over my after deck, as if hungry to devour, and tossed the canoe about like the proverbial chip.

Somewhere among the islands Jimmy must have come to grief. It could not be through a fresh encounter with Potts, for Potts had thrown his "concealed weapon" away; and Jimmy would not be playing another up-Frazer's-Creek-after-dinner joke on me with the danger 'D' at such a time as this. It was hardly likely he had upset through getting awash, for Jimmy was too expert a navigator for that; and I knew that even if upset, nothing short of the

Niagara whirlpool could turn a swimmer like Jimmy down. I could only conclude that if he had not been hurt through Potts' pistol and were not now in distress of that sort, he must have run upon a rock in the dark and smashed his boat.

So, in anxiety, I got into the channel safely, after hard work fighting wind and wave; and there the water, though choppy, was smooth by comparison with the open lake outside. I pushed zealously on, lamenting for the second time having given my whistle to Giggs, and feeling my opaque way; for the giant of the elements in his seven-league boots was leaving the lake behind him, with now and then a parthian flash of failing ire; and it was one of these flashes that revealed to me a storm-beaten mariner sheltering under the heavy foliage of a giant basswood tree in a little island bay.

It was no other than Tommy Giggs himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

News from Rome per T. Giggsonius.

Giggs was in a skiff, and but for that timely glare I might have passed him by. It revealed each to the other, and we shouted together, and Giggs threw in a whistle call with the zeal of a factory hand at noon.

"Ah!" he said, as I paddled alongside. "It's a pleasure to see you, comin' safe through that storm!"

"Have you seen anything of my paddling mate?" I inquired, sinking my natural curiosity concerning Giggs' presence there at that hour.

"I 'aven't. Don't you know w'ere 'e is?"

"I don't. I wish I did. He blew our danger signal a little while ago—" I broke off. The clouds were breaking, and here and there, jewel-like in the deep blue, the stars were gleaming; and something was gleaming in Giggs' hand. It was the nickel of the whistle I had given him at Rome. "That is," I amended, "unless you gave the call."

"Your *danger* call?" said Giggs, with round eyes. "W'y, if it's D, the Morse D, I blew it on this." He sent out the call sharp and clear-cut, to wake a hundred echoes among the islands of the lake. "An' I can tell you," he added, as the last echo died away, "that if you 'aven't been w'isling, Mr. Carew 'as, that's all."

"I haven't been," I said, grinning. "I didn't have a whistle to whistle with."

"I didn't know it was the only one you 'ad," he said remorsefully. "If I 'ad I wouldn't 'ave took it."

"I'm glad you did take it!" I retorted cheerfully. "I see now that you didn't

blow 'D' this morning at Rome altogether by chance."

"O, you 'eard it then, did you? I was up at the 'otel, showing the w'istle to Gus, an' blew on it to let 'im know 'ow good it was. Natural enough, I blew D, because I used to pound the key at Dozeyville, on the Stop-an'-Carry-One, an' D was my station call. I didn't blow again this mornin', because that D started two runaways—farmers' rigs that was hover at the post office; an' w'en the farmers come runnin' hout, I went in to the bar for some beer, the weather bein' so 'ot."

"And did Mr. Carew whistle much?" I said.

"Did 'e? I didn't know w'ether I was in 'Ades or the lake at first, there was such a screechin', bloomin' bedlam, perfickly 'orrible, wot with the thunder an' the wind, an' the w'isling, an' the echoes of it all, an' the lightnin' sluicin' over the lake. It was like dreamin' you was in 'ell, an' all the Devil's fact'ries an' hev'ry bloomin' 'and gone screamin' mad. W'y, 'e flung the 'ole Morse alphabet at me—Mr. Carew, I mean, not Beelzebub, y' know."

"Well, you were able to get back at him and say things," I said.

"I'm afraid I did," said Giggs reminiscently.

"He knew that I had given my whistle to you, but he wouldn't suppose that you could be down here, and least of all that you would know Morse. So you must have had him guessing."

"'E gave me combinations, very 'ot for summer wear," said Giggs in the same reminiscent tone. "An' mostly I gave 'im D. Then 'e gave me D, with trimmings. I got D-L an' D-N, w'ich speak for themselves. I got W-H quite frequent, too. Wot's that mean, Mr. Brooks?"

"It's our call for 'Want Help?'"

"I thought it was wot t'ell, or w'ere th' 'ell are you, or somethin' like that. Well, 'e quit at last. I tried to send 'im a plain message once or twice, but the echoes an' the storm broke it all up. 'E sent me one partin' heverlastin' 'ot Marconigram in cipher, all the way from Z-X to B-A, an' I couldn't raise 'im after that. You call 'im."

He dipped the whistle in the lake, and handed it to me, and I sent out a call that Jimmy would know could come from none but me. We waited, breathless, a moment or two, and then from far away, it seemed from the open lake, came Jimmy's reply.

"'E's 'unting for you out there," said Giggs.

Delighted, and now at ease, I telegraphed Jimmy some Giggsonian details relating to Morse, and after an eloquent pause, Jimmy replied in plain and primitive Morse for Giggs to understand, which he did with a grin. Then Jimmy flung me a postscript that he would go on and order dinner at

the Athenian House, and get a change as he was wringing wet, now that he knew I was safe, and he hoped I would strain a point and not let my love of gossip keep me from being on hand in time.

"An' w'y did you say you was glad I took the w'istle this mornin' at Rome?" inquired Giggs, as he accepted it from me once more under pressure, and we dipped our way slowly toward the Athenian stream. For having given it to him, it was his, and I felt that Fate might still have some strange usefulness for it in his hands. He accepted it superstitiously with this idea.

I told him of the Blood Rock affair with Potts, and he listened rapturously, with an exclamatory peppering of "Wot?"; that was only linguistically interrogative. And he nodded his head rapidly, as if a previous suspicion or even conviction were confirmed, when I told him of the pursuit of Potts by Jimmy across the lake just before the storm.

"An' what's the news from Rome?" I said.

"News?" he echoed. "Lots! You 'adn't got fair away, after givin' me the w'istle this mornin', an' I 'adn't got fair turned round to go up to the 'otel for a glass of beer, the day bein' so 'ot, w'en 'oo should I see footing it up the 'ill a'ead of me but Chumley Potts. 'E'd skipped out o' somew'ere around the mill, w'ere 'e'd been 'idin', like enough, to see you an' Mr. Carew safe out 'o the way. An' lookin' back as I went up the 'ill, I saw Mrs. Moore comin' along in the victoria over the Johnnie's Falls road. W'en I got to the 'otel Potts was there, on the veranda, talkin' very fast to Miss Moore, with a tennis bat in 'er 'and, an' she was lookin' at 'im very curious an' cold. An' just then Mrs. Moore drives hup, an' gets out of the victoria, very quick for 'er, an' comes up the steps a bit out 'o breath. 'My dear,' she says to 'er daughter, 'where are Mr. Carew and Mr. Brooks?' 'They're gone, Mamma,' Miss Moore says, an' she put 'er arm around 'er mother's waist, an' the two walks off, 'er mother talkin' very quiet but fast, for 'er. Potts stared a bit. Then 'e follows them, sayin' somethin' I didn't catch, o' course. An' Miss Moore turns on 'im sharp, 'er face gone quite pale, an' says: 'Don't you ever dare to speak to me again!' she says. Potts's eyes opens wide then, an' 'e stood still a bit. Then 'e rushes off down the road, 'is face gone w'ite with rage, an' I lost sight of 'im. I was just turning in for my glass of beer w'en Miss Moore calls me an' hasks if I know if you an' Mr. Carew 'ave gone for a fac'. An' w'en I told 'er you 'ad, she turns back with a queer look in 'er pretty eyes, an' goes into the 'ouse with 'er mar, an' I went in by another door. Gus says something about it bein' a good day for wettin' your w'istle, it being so 'ot, an'

that makes me show 'im the one you 'ad gave me. An' presently we came outside so I could show 'im wot it would sound like out there. Well, after the farmers 'ad got out o' sight chasin' their runaway teams, I came out o' the bar, w'ich I was 'idin' be'ind, an' there was Miss Moore on the veranda again, waiting for me, it looked like. 'About what time, Giggs, would Mr. Carew and Mr. Brooks get to Athens?' she says. I said I 'ad no hidear, as Mr. Carew 'ad gone away very fast, w'ile Mr. Brooks said 'e wasn't goin' to 'urt 'imself, not by a d—n sight, though I didn't tell 'er that. But I believed, I says, that you an' Mr. Carew would likely make Athens for a 'bite' at the Athenian 'Ouse at noon. She smiled w'en I said 'a bite,' though I don't know wot for; an' then she looked thoughtful a bit, an' thanks me an' goes in, an' as I was starting down the 'ill Gus calls me an' says Mrs. Moore wants the single buggy out, an' w'en I 'ad it brought round the two ladies was on the steps an' they drove off Athens way, Miss Moore 'andling the reins, w'ich she does in blue ribbon style.

"Well, I didn't see nothink of Miss Moore again till along in the afternoon. I was busy around the boat'ouse w'en I see 'er coming up the portage-road, lookin' very lady-like an' sweet, w'ich she is, o' course, in a lacy-lookin' w'ite dress an' a lacy 'at, an' swingin' a lacy parasol. 'Mamma and I lunched at the Athenian House, Giggs,' she says, 'but we didn't see anything of Mr. Carew or Mr. Brooks.' She walked up and down the float a bit, pokin' 'er parasol at the water like as if she was tryin' to make 'oles in it, an' says: 'Are you sure they would lunch there, Giggs?' I says I wasn't, and that like as not you 'ad stopped in the lake, the day bein' so 'ot.' 'But Mr. Carew started off very fast you said, Giggs,' she says. 'Yes,' I says, 'an' I thought like as not 'e was in a 'urry to get to the races; but all the same, it bein' fifteen miles to Athens from Rome, an' very 'ot, 'e might stop in the lake for a—for lunch, an' a hour or two in the 'eat of the day.' 'There's nothink that could have happened to—them, is there, Giggs?' she says, after pokin' at the water again, like as though she 'ad a spite against it. 'In the lake, you mean?' I says. 'O, anywhere!' she says. 'I mean,' she says, 'after they left here.' I laughed, an' says there was nothink I could think of, both you an' Mr. Carew bein' strong swimmers, an' all that. 'Which way did that Mr. Potts go when he left the hotel this mornin'?' she says, throwin' up her chin a bit. 'You saw him?' she says. I says I did, but didn't know w'ich way 'e went except it was down 'ill, thinkin' wot a fav'rit way it was o' 'is since the night afore. 'And you haven't seen anything of him since?' she says, with a sharp look, and went into

the boat'ouse, lookin' round, w'ile 'er remark about Potts told me well enough wot was in 'er mind. She shows it plain enough w'en she comes out. 'There's a nice, safe-looking skiff there, Giggs,' she says, 'that Number Seven, and I don't think I've ever had it out. I'd like you to take it over the portage for me for a spin down stream. I haven't been down to Blood Rock for quite a long time.' 'It's very 'ot,' I says, 'to go all that way.' 'I like the sun,' she says, putting up 'er parasol to prove it. 'I'll go back and change my skirt,' she says, 'and you put in spruce oars that don't lap, and take the boat down. I'll be there in no time!' And off she went. Well, I ran out Number Seven, w'ich was one of the nicest boats on the racks. An' I trucked down to the mill, an' ran the boat in, with the cushions an' lazy-back an' foot-rest an' oars all ready to the Queen's taste. There was another boat lyin' up on the bank there, w'ich I see belongs to Joe Plante, a Frenchy down Bellamy Lake way; so I s'posed Joe 'ad rowed somebody up from the lake to catch the *Fairy Queen*. An' w'ile I sat there smokin', an' waitin' patient for 'er Ladyship, I 'eard the *Fairy Queen* blow for the wharf. My boy or man gen'rally drives the stage over to the wharf for the *Queen*, so I didn't trouble myself on 'er account. But Miss Moore's 'no time' got to bein' so long at last, an' it gettin' 'otter an' 'otter all the time, with all the signs in the hair of a storm comin' on, that I thought I would take a walk up an' see Gus, an' per'aps 'ave a beer. I 'adn't got fair started up the 'ill, though, w'en a boy comes runnin' down, arf out o' breath, to say Miss Moore 'ad sent word she wouldn't want the skiff after all, as she 'ad changed 'er mind an' gone drivin' again with 'er mar. Well, I says, seein' as 'ow women can change their minds more times than their skirts, an' seein' as I'm started up the 'ill, I might as well go to the top for my beer. I stepped out with the boy, an' 'e started tellin' me with wot breath 'e 'ad left, in jerks, 'ow Joe Plante an' Sam 'Ugg an' Miss Hivy Green 'ad rowed up from Bellamy Lake with Dood Potts' Panamaw stror 'at, w'ich they 'ad found floating in the lake near Blood Rock. I didn't 'ear any more from the boy, though, because somebody screeched my name, an' lookin' round I see that foreman at the mill wavin' 'is arms like mad. I run back, with the boy at my 'eels, an' my skiff was gone! 'Dood Potts took it!' the foreman says. 'The Dood sneaked out o' the bush as soon as you got started up the 'ill,' 'e says, an' jumps in an' rows away like all possessed. 'E 'ad on a wide-brim soft felt 'at,' the foreman says, 'with the brim pulled low down, an' 'e wore a big pair o' these dark goggles, like as if 'e ad sore eyes an' couldn't stand the sun,' 'e says. There's isn't much that foreman's

eyes don't see. Well, I was bloomin' mad, an' no mistake, wot with 'aving to chase after Potts, an' 'im in my good an' fancy Number Seven, an' the day so bloomin' 'ot, an' a storm in the hair. But there was nothink for it but to take Joe Plante's boat, by French leave, as you say, Joe bein' parley voo, as I said; an' I pulled away in the broilin' 'eat, wondering wot it all meant about Potts, an' I got to Blood Rock at last, with never a sign of 'im, o' course, or my boat. I went up on the Rock to take a look round, thinkin' to get a sight, per'aps, of you or Mr. Carew, if I couldn't see nothink of Potts. There wasn't no sign; but as I turned to come down I see the plank over the chasm was gone. I knew *then* something 'ad 'appened, an' I took a look down the chasm, my 'eart in my mouth. There wasn't nothink there but the plank, nor nothink around to show wot 'ad took place; but as I walks back my foot catches in a trolling line running up through the scrub, w'ich I brought along, for my trouble, y' know. I got out in Joe's boat again an' nosed around. But there's a dozen little bays and creeks an' nooky places around Blood Rock, an' I suppose Potts was 'iding safe enough, keepin' out o' sight. I pulled down to the hilands at last, an' poked around, an' then the storm broke—an' there you are!" Giggs yawned, and turned the head of his borrowed boat up the lake.

"You had better come on to Athens now," I said.

"I've got to get back to Rome with this bloomin' boat!" grumbled Giggs. "Joe Plante an' Sam 'Ugg can't get 'ome till I do. I'll get a bite a bit up the lake, an' if I don't find it by the time I get 'ome I'll get a warrant out for Potts, that's all. Though I can't understand wot 'e would want to go an' get in your pal's way again for, after the drubbin' you say 'e got on Blood Rock."

I couldn't understand that myself, I reflected, as I headed down the Athenian stream, and the smart, low chuck of Giggs' oars died gradually away. The moon was now up, and I cut down merrily enough the miles that lay between me and Athens, getting a glimpse of a tall figure walking up to the Athenian House as I stepped out of my canoe at the boat-house belonging to the hotel. A youth was inspecting Jimmy's canoe, which was on a rack.

"The man that owns this said for me to keep open till you come along," the youth informed me, "an' then to be sure to lock the boat-house up safe for the night."

I took my grip and stretched my legs gladly up the walk to the Athenian House, with thoughts of steak and chops and eggs and coffee and pie; and as I reached the veranda steps, a deep voice came like a message of welcome and hope through the open door:

"Some porterhouse steaks, and chops, and

coffee, and some eggs of course—fried. You can make it a double order, with lots of eggs, because I'm expecting a friend of mine along in a little while, and if he doesn't turn up in time I can look after the eggs, at any rate. And ask the cook to hurry, like a good girl, because I'm as hungry as Teddy Roosevelt is for a third term!"

Personals.

Appointments.

P. O. Dept. — John Barbour, Ry. M. Ser., Winnipeg; Lewis H. Bliss, to be postmaster, Fredericton; T. M. Percival, to be postmaster, Brandon; G. W. Hickey, to Ry. M. Ser., Ottawa; J. F. Witherspoon, to Ry. M. Ser., Toronto; L. L. Pye, to Ry. M. Ser., Toronto; G. Sivett, to Ry. M. Ser., Montreal; J. E. Blais, to Ry. M. Ser., Montreal; E. C. Swetman, to Div. 3 B.; Jas. Edgar, P. M., Peterborough (vice A. H. Stratton); Jos. L. Stanislaus, Montreal; E. P. Gallagher, R. M. S., Toronto; A. H. Horton, R.M.S., Toronto; Edw. Hackett, to postmaster, Charlottetown; C. A. Lawrence, Edmonton; H. Thompson, Vancouver; Miss Katie Starrs, to M. O. Exchange; S. H. Tasse, Winnipeg; Miss Sadie Cole, Mossejaw.

Militia Dept. — Chas. Burns, to Div. 1 B, (Sec. 21.)

Naval Service—Herbert O. Townshend, to Div. 2 B.; Lieut. W. S. L. Gilchrist.

Promotions.

Militia Dept. — H. E. Maple, to Div. 2 B.

Naval Service—Paul Jobin, G. W. C. Venn, Chas. Savary, to Div. 2 A.; Geo. Brachand, to Div. 1 B.; Miss Vera Johnston, Thos. L. Killeen, to Div. 3 A.; John A. Wilson, to Div. 1 B.

Resignations.

P. O. Dept.—Miss E. B. Cote, D. F. Laurie, J. O. Lough, Ottawa; G. M. Bell, Regina; J. A. Edwards,

Fredericton; Miss Grace McAllister, M. O. Exchange; Kenneth Campbell, P. M., Brandon; G. G. Farr, Toronto; C. E. Melton, W. O. Graham, Winnipeg; D. C. McLachlan, Calgary; J. D. Glover, W. J. Robertson, G. Randall, Toronto; S. G. Moule, Ry. M. Ser., Ottawa.

Mines Dept.—S. N. Graham, Dr. Percy E. Raymond.

Naval Service — Surgeon A. E. Burrowes, Commander Roper (time expired), G. W. C. Venn.

Transfers — Lachance Marquette, Neven, J. A. Langley.

Transfers — Lactance Marquette, from R. M. Ser., Quebec, to Superintendent's office; T. T. Hawkins, P. O. Dept., from Inside to Outside service, Ottawa; Miss B. Merkley, from Annuities Beh., to P. O. Dept., Edmonton; F. B. Hart, from P. O. Dept., to Public Works, Ottawa; E. J. Lemaire, Privy Council, to P. O. Dept.

Superannuations.

P. O. Dept.—F. W. Webb, Ry. M. Ser., W. N. Peters, Ry. M. Ser., Montreal; Wm. Neill, Kingston; G. A. Hdnt, Inside Service; A. J. Chamberlain, Winnipeg; W. J. Doller, Ry. M. Ser., Toronto; W. H. Keeps, Inside Service; Nicholas White, Charlottetown; A. Beatty, Toronto; John Kinney, Ry. M. Ser., Calgary; D. C. Dagneau, Ry. M. Ser., Quebec; W. W. McLeod, Inspector, Winnipeg.

"I haven't seen your husband at chapel recently, Mrs. Bloggs," said a pastor to one of his flock. "What is he doing?" "Six months!" was the laconic reply.

"I am not happy with my husband. Can I get a separation?" asked a lady of a solicitor. "His life is insured in your favour, isn't it?" "Yes; I made him do that before we married." "Well, don't separate. He'll live longer away from you!"

WANDERINGS OF A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

No. II.

If there is any more rain to fall, I wish it would hurry up and come down quickly. Jupiter Pluvius has pursued me relentlessly ever since I left Ottawa. The other day when on U. S. soil—or rather a U. S. bottom (I was crossing in a steamer to a Canadian Island) I asked an old man if he had ever seen a season so wet and cold. 'Wa-ll' he replied, 'Yes. When I was six years old, one summer the birds all went south, thinking' it was winter.'

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"That was 82 years ago," replied my friend—before Jim Blaine's time." Everything in Maine dates back to the 'uncrowned King'—James G. Blaine.

There has been a rather strenuous political contest going on down here in New Brunswick, and in addition to the inquiries of some of my rural chance acquaintances, mentioned in my last letter, I have occasionally been asked if I was 'electioneering'. Apparently well to do farmers inquired anxiously if there would be "anything coming, this time." I answered that everything in my line was going and nothing 'comin.'

Truly the Yankee is commercial to a degree, even in church matters. On a beautiful Sunday morning recently I started out for a good tramp. I crossed over to the U. S. side and was proceeding along when, as I was passing a large church I was hailed by a gentleman standing in the doorway. "Wouldn't you like to come in to our service, stranger?" he asked. He was clad in a conventional frock coat. His head was bare. In his mouth he held an enormous black cigar, which he puffed vigorously. He added, "we've got a right fine entertainment. We've a soprano what was

considered way up down to Bangor, and the preacher don't go stronger than eight minutes any Sunday."

I answered that I was afraid his church wouldn't coincide with my views. "Why" he replied, 'we can suit anybody. We're a Union church.'

"But I'm a good Dogan" I retorted, and passed on.

I do not think that anywhere along the International border do the two nations come together so intimately as in St. Stephens, N.B. and Calais, Maine. The little bridge which separates them is no longer than our own Chaudiere bridge. The ladies visit and revisit each other. A belt line street car crosses and recrosses the river, and it is difficult for a passenger to tell which country he is in, half the time.

The secretary of the St. Stephen Golf Club, who took me out to their beautiful links, told me that about half of their membership was drawn from the American side.

On a couple of recent Sundays I took long walks to neighboring towns, where I took lunch, before returning. The natives seemed to marvel at my powers. Several came and peered at me when in the hotel. There were frequent pointings and nudgings, which were very amusing.

I met an Englishman who joined me in my walks on one occasion. He was a great pedestrian, but we had a most discouraging experience. It rained hard — a cold, dispiriting rain. We had also been misinformed as to the distance we had to go. After tramping for several hours we enquired of a Yankee as to how far it was to the next town. He replied "six miles." We went wearily on for some time, when we met another native. This one informed us that we were *eight miles* away. My friend was an optimist and whistled cheerily as we trudged on. After a half hour's further walk we met a third yeoman and inquired the distance, to our destination. He answered "eight miles." I sank down,

wet and discouraged. "Cheer up, old chap," said my friend. "It's not so bad, after all. *We're holding our own, anyway.*"

Seriously, it is really remarkable to observe the discrepancies in the estimates given by the average residents one meets on a country road as to the actual distances between local haunts.

Talk of advanced temperance legislation! New Brunswick is pretty far ahead. In St. John all bars close at 10 o'clock on ordinary nights and at 5 on Saturdays. What would our Ottawa sports say if the Chateau Laurier and Russel House closed at 5 on Saturdays, just when the boys wanted to discuss the afternoon games over a glass of beer?

More anon,

'VAGRANT.'

Correspondence.

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

"The High Cost of Living and Car Fares."

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

The writer has long observed and with a friend who is fond of walking, the considerable number of young people and especially civil servants who wait at the street corners and take street-cars to their business, thus depriving themselves of a good, healthy walk in the bracing air and arrive at their office in a poor condition to enable them to do a morning's work. The expense at first appears small, but in a month is a large amount off their pay cheque, and the street railway coffers are benefitted. Let the young people practise a little self-denial, get up and have their breakfast half an hour earlier each day, have a walk to the office, arrive at

nine o'clock sharp, not a quarter after, and I can guarantee that in a month they will be better in health and in a better position to do the work they are paid for, and more cheerfully. They will be money ahead, and more inclined to save and join the Co-Operative Store and buy debentures.

Thanking you for the space.

Yours very truly,

SANDY HILL.

Ottawa, June 20th, 1911.

If you make a promise, keep it, even if it takes the shirt off your back.

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Remember that work is the greatest thing in this world. When a man stops producing he stagnates.

There are few mental exercises better than learning great poetry or prose by heart.—Arnold Bennett.

"I say, Jones, have you read my last novel?" "I hope so!" was the doubtful reply.

"In this case," said a police magistrate, "the charge against the prisoner is that of having an infernal machine in his possession. What is he—an anarchist or a chauffeur?"

"What do you do, doctor," said a parsimonious City magnate to a well-known physician, "when you have a tickling sensation in the throat?" "I generally cough!" replied the doctor.

"Cheer up, old man!" said a man to a friend who had been contumeliously dismissed by the father of his adored one. "Love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected suitor. "But her father isn't a locksmith—he's a gunsmith!"