

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

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## Canada's Fire Brigade.

**Account of the Work Done by the Government Rangers Toward Saving the Forests of the Dominion From the Annual Peril of Conflagrations.**

H. R. McMILLAN, Previously Dominion Inspector of Forest Reserves,  
in *Collier's*.

*Mr. H. R. McMillan is one of the increasing number of civil servants whose work by attracting attention outside has led to withdrawal from the service. He has recently left the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior to take charge of the similar work for the province of British Columbia. The following article which he contributed to Collier's some time ago makes a good unit in The Civilian's series on the work of the several departments:*

"The drying up of the country has been ascribed to many causes, but is generally supposed to be connected with the gradual destruction of the forest over large areas by fire. Whatever the effect may be of these destructive conflagrations in reference to the water supply of the region, there is no doubt that at different times almost every square mile of the country between Red River and the Rocky Mountains has been subject to them, and that hundreds of miles of forests have been converted into wide and almost treeless expanses of prairie." So wrote Director Selwyn of the Geological Survey at the conclusion of a trip made from Fort Garry to Rocky Mountain House in 1873.

### **The Prairies Become Treeless.**

Since that time every summer has seen large areas of Canadian forests follow the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. According to a conservative estimate, six board feet of merchantable timber have been destroyed by fire for every foot cut by lumbermen since the earliest settle-

ment of the country. One of the largest lumber operators in the Ottawa Valley, Senator Edwards, is authority for the statement that in that district, the home of the white pine in Canada, at least twenty feet of prime timber have been burned for every foot cut and marketed. Reports from geologists, surveyors, and travelers all draw attention to the fact that over one-half of the timber originally existing in the country has been destroyed by fire.

Detailed statements sent in by seventy employees of the Forestry Branch covering 203,300 square miles of the most heavily timbered country in Dominion lands, the strip extending about 200 miles north of the prairies from Lake Winnipeg to Edmonton, the valleys of the Peace, Athabasca, and North Saskatchewan Rivers, the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, and the Railway Belt in British Columbia, indicate that of the virgin timber originally covering this whole area only about 34,384 square miles remain, the rest having been destroyed by fire. One ranger, for fifteen years a fur trader

at Lac Laronge in Saskatchewan, writes of his territory as follows:

"The whole of this country (about 70,000 square miles, of which 25,000 have been burned over during the last forty years) is or has been timbered with either spruce, poplar, tamarack, jackpine or birch, the only open country being small stretches of muskeg, generally under water during spring and early summer. Where fires have run, there is almost invariably a rapid growth of poplar and jackpine, the exception to this being on rock formation, where fire has been so fierce and the country so dry at the time that all the moss and other decayed vegetation has been consumed, leaving bare rock.

For ten years now the Department of the Interior, through the Forestry Branch, has maintained an organization to prevent and extinguish forest fires on Dominion lands. The extent of the work has been limited only by the money available for its prosecution. The area is so large, comprising, as it does, all the timbered land north of the international boundary between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and Ontario, in addition to about 24,000 square miles along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia, that it is impossible to cover it thoroughly with a patrol. It has been found that territory along operating railroad lines, new settlements, freighting routes, the main waterways, and construction camps are the most fertile sources of forest fires. Accordingly, close watch is kept of progress in the West, and every year the following season's operations are laid out with special reference to all settlement travel and development work in the timbered country.

#### The District Rangers.

The territory is divided into districts for convenience in administration, having headquarters in the chief centers of new settlement, on the most important railway lines,

and at those outposts which control travel on the highways through the unsettled timberland. For instance, one district, with headquarters at Edmonton, consists of the territory traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific between Edmonton and the summit of the Rocky Mountains. So effectively have the location line, the heavily traveled trails, and the construction camps been patrolled by rangers that during the two years of construction no destructive fires have occurred, though the country is covered with timber, or, what is worse, the debris left by old fires.

Another district, that administered from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, comprises large areas of valuable timber limits, many well-traveled waterways; the Lac Laronge rock country, which was for two or three summers the objective of enthusiastic prospectors; and the highly dangerous skirmishing line, which each year advances farther north as the settlers push into the timbered of the lumber companies doing business, clearing their homesteads.

Each district is in charge of a chief fire ranger, a permanent official of the Interior Department. These men are nearly all old-timers; some of them have been all their lives connected with the timber business, and have for years served the government as forest rangers, guarding against trespass on the public timber lands and inspecting the operations of the lumber companies doing business under Federal license. Of these there is John Cameron of Edmonton, for thirty years a Westerner, an old lumberman, and a pioneer on the North Saskatchewan. Another is W. J. Margach of Calgary, a Scotchman, shrewd and slow of speech, who gained his experience on the north shore of Lake Superior in timber surveys and in contracting for bridge and trestle work on the Canadian Northern Railway.

The chief fire rangers determine how many men are necessary for

their districts, pick out the fire rangers, employ them and superintend their work. When there are serious fires the chief fire rangers take charge of the fire-fighting in person.

But the actual work falls on the fire rangers. They are men of many kinds. Some are old-timers of thirty or forty years' experience in the Western timber, men who came from the Orkneys in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, men who served their apprenticeship on the Carlton Trail, and in freighting and tracking supplies from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Others have been timber cruisers, woods foremen, logging bosses, and surveyors' helpers. An increasing number are settlers who have homesteaded in the wooded country. All are chosen for their knowledge of the country and the people, and their ability to travel by canoe, or horse, or on foot.

The rangers are paid four dollars a day, furnish their own means of conveyance, and pay their own traveling and living expenses. They are kept at work during the dangerous summer season, and during that time are expected to prevent all fires from starting in the district in which they are situated. The districts vary with the accessibility and population of the country, the smallest, of less than 100 square miles, being in the Railway Belt of British Columbia, where the timber is very valuable and liable to damage by fire, and the largest, of several thousand square miles, being in the North, on the Peace, the Athabasca, and Churchill Rivers, where the timber is of less value and where travel is not frequent.

#### **Enforcing the Law.**

Within their districts the rangers' duties are many. They must watch carefully the danger points, whether these be railroads, lumber camps, construction camps, canoe routes, toll roads, or settlers' clearing land. As in large districts they can not get over even the chief trails very often,

they endeavor to increase their efficiency by explaining the fire law to travelers and settlers, enlisting their sympathy in the protection of the public timber, and distributing and posting up warning circulars so that none may forget what forest fire means. The rangers also see that the comprehensive fire law is obeyed by every one. Those who disobey are arrested and, if convicted, are fined.

Where railroad construction is going on, a special force is assigned to the work. Though the Grand Trunk Pacific has been building for two summers in the wooded country 200 miles west from Edmonton, the force of rangers on the work has so far prevented destructive fires. So vigilant are the men on this work that when the superintendent was making an inspection trip along the line last fall he was visited in his camp by a ranger and warned against allowing his camp-fire to escape into the surrounding woods.

#### **Sharing the Expense.**

In the north country where the Indians are the most common inhabitants, they are lectured each year by missionaries, Indian agents, and treaty money agents against setting fires. To further warn them, fire notices in Cree and Indian syllabic are posted up on the chief routes of travel and at the trading posts.

So far the measures have been preventive. In fact, it is in prevention of fires that protection lies, for when a forest fire gets into heavy timber, or spreads over any area of ground, it is almost impossible to extinguish it, especially in regions of scattered population. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the fire rangers to take the lead in fighting fires. They are empowered by law to impress the services of all settlers in the region, to direct them in the work, and to keep them as it until the danger be past. For such assistance the settlers are paid by the government.

The whole expense of maintaining

the fire rangers is not borne by the government. One-half of the money spent in guarding the lines of railway construction is refunded by the railway companies, and one-half of the total expended in protecting the public timber lands is refunded by the companies owning timber limits.

The protection of the forests from fire is the most important phase of forestry in Canada at the present time, and as such is receiving nearly all the attention devoted to forestry. Yet it is not as seriously and thoroughly considered as it should be. In proportion to its timber resources, measured not only in area but in quantity, Canada has suffered and is suffering more from forest fires than any other country in the world. Where other civilized nations view leave them covered with resinous, with horror a forest fire, we look upon it with complacency. Where the growth of valuable trees, we other nations have adopted sensible and more or less scientific means of handling cut-over timber lands, to prevent forest fires and to encourage the growth of valuable trees, we leave them covered with resinous, inflammable slash, to dry in wind and sun until, in the conflagration which inevitably follows, all remaining trees, young and old, are destroyed, together with the fertile soil and all hopes of a future valuable forest. Truly, we are a habitually profligate race.

What is needed is a public sentiment which will support larger appropriations for the fire protection organizations and the development of a scientific force, of thorough practical training and administrative ability, to supervise the handling of public timber lands in the manner adopted in any other country of any pretensions to civilization.

**A Golden Opportunity.**—Wife, at the play: "That act was full of dry humour." Husband, delightedly: "I suppose that is why I am so thirsty. Excuse me a minute!"

## ONTARIO POSTMASTERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Ontario Postmasters' Association recently held its annual convention at which there was a fair attendance. The secretary's report contained the following:

### Secretary's Report.

Mr. President and Fellow P. Ms.

Once again it is my duty to report on the business transactions of another year.

In the matter of collections of fees, our receipts have not been as high as some other years. I have received during the past twelve months approximately \$1,600 from the postmasters in this province as fees, this is four to six hundred less than during the three or four years and possibly may be accounted for owing to the number of changes which have been made in the different offices throughout the province.

The expenditure has not been so large and we are perhaps relatively in a better financial position than formerly although we are still somewhat short of meeting the current expenditure.

Viewing this matter as postmasters, it would seem only fair that in all cases where postmasters are being dealt with upon charges of political partizanship, which they deny, a proper investigation be held and charges proved before the dismissal takes effect.

I believe the Postmaster-General is now taking this course, and if so, it would only be right for us to commend his action in so doing.

During the last session resolutions were passed favoring the introduction of cheap Parcel Service for Canada. This matter has been before our convention at a previous session and is in accord with our views, and we believe nothing would do more to build up the revenue of our offices than this.

Rural Delivery is in fact, covering the country, but it is being dealt

with by other members of the Executive.

Faithfully yours,

H. E. PROCTOR.

### Representatives to the Minister.

The deputation appointed some months ago to interview the Postmaster-General reported. The following is the text of the memorial submitted on that occasion:

The Hon. Louis P. Pelletier,  
Postmaster-General, Ottawa.  
Sir:—

The Memorial of the Postmasters of Canada, submitted to the Postmaster-General in May, humbly sheweth:

That the postal service of Canada is one of the most important branches of the public administration, inasmuch as it affects and interests the entire population and is more closely interwoven with all the business enterprises of the country than is any other department of the public service.

That the efficiency of the department to foster the general business and intellectual interests of the country depends in large measure upon the postmasters.

That the postmasters are generally painstaking and are all loyal to the service.

That in connection with the great growth of business and the many new conveniences arranged for the mailing public, the duties of the postmasters have been increased in number and their responsibilities made heavier.

That the increase granted in response to our petition of 1906 was most acceptable and was appreciated by the postmasters, but it was not sufficient to make the schedule a fully fair and equitable one.

That the number of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals and the quantity of advertising matter which has no earning value to your petitioners, is ever on the increase.

That the rents are continually on

the increase in most of our towns and villages.

That the existing schedule should be applied so as to work out more equitably in many parts of the country, as at present postmasters do not receive the first year of their earned increases at all.

That it is often extremely difficult for a postmaster suddenly bereaved or called from duty, or desiring a holiday, to make satisfactory arrangements for supply during the absence, and we believe with a little more co-operation a plan can be worked out. We, therefore make the following requests as being within the limits referred to of fairness to your petitioners or beneficial to the service.

1. That for offices where salary and other allowances are determined on the percentage basis, the following schedule be adopted for salary: Sixty per cent. on actual and proper stamp sales up to \$1,000 per annum; 40 per cent. on stamp sales from \$1,000 to \$3,000 per annum; and thirty per cent. on all sales from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per annum (as at present); and whereas a minimum of \$35 has been established, it is thought that this should be considered a flat allowance for the establishment and keeping open of the office, and that the percentage allowances on stamp sales should be made in addition.

2. That while we believe the correct principle for making allowances to postmasters for rent, light and fuel outlay should be that of the actual cost or value, especially where the office occupies entirely separate space from mercantile pursuits, we would ask that should the department find a difficulty in adopting this principle, an annual allowance (10 per cent.) be made on the legitimate postal revenue of each office, or such an approximation thereto as would seem to be fair and just, as between the different portions of the Dominion.

3. That all earned increases of allowances and commissions be paid in connection with the year in which such increase has been earned. This we consider has come to be very necessary and important.

4. That it be more clearly understood that the positions held by postmasters are permanent, except it be shown that they have been guilty of infraction of the well-understood regulations of the department, that they are incompetent for the discharge of the duties or that they are not honestly performing the duties of the position.

We are confident that the granting of the above requests will improve the conditions under which we work, will enable us to give a more satisfactory service to the patrons of our offices, and will further the interests of the postal service, which has so important a bearing on the general business interests of the country.

We have the honor to be Sir,

Your obedient servants

J. V. BOURQUE,

H. S. MOORE,

H. E. PROCTOR.

#### Mr. Pelletier on Recent Dismissals.

The secretary also read a letter from the Hon. Louis P. Pelletier, regarding the grounds upon which postmasters were dismissed from office as follows:—

“Our political friends who have been unjustly dismissed without any reason or cause whatever by the late government are, as a rule reinstated, as a matter of simple and elementary justice, in the situations of which they have been deprived for fifteen years. In the second place, I have to dismiss postmasters who are neglectful of their duty. In the third place I have to dismiss postmasters who choose to be political partisans. As Mr. Borden very aptly puts it in his answer to you, “Civil Servants can best serve their country by avoiding political activities.” In acting that way, I am within the four corners

of the resolution moved in the House of Commons, by Mr. Lake, and unanimously adopted by both parties on the 17th July, 1905, which reads as follows:—“That whilst it is desirable that every official in the employ of the government of Canada should enjoy perfect freedom of political opinion and the untrammelled right of his franchise in accordance therewith, no official should engage, or be permitted to engage in partisan work of any description in the election of a representative to a provincial or Dominion Legislature.” This being the policy unanimously adopted as a good one by all the members of the House of Commons representing both political parties, I follow it, and I think I am right in doing so. I am giving you all the above information so that you may, when opportunity arises, communicate same.”

#### WOMEN CIVIL SERVANTS ORGANIZE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

On Thursday, the 1st August, the women clerks in the Unemployment Insurance Department of the Board of Trade in London held a meeting in the Emerson Club, 19, Buckingham street, Strand, W.C., for the purpose of forming an association which should include all women clerks in the various departments of the service outside the post office. The *Civilian* (England) reports the meeting as follows:

There was a good attendance, two-thirds of those eligible to join being present and enrolling themselves as members. The chair was taken by Miss Millicent Murby, who, it will be remembered, left the post office about four years ago in order to take up an appointment in the War Office as Controller of Typists, and who was ultimately accorded the status and salary of a principal clerk. It was decided that for the present, membership of the association should

be restricted to established clerks, and that the question of admitting unestablished officers should be discussed more fully at a subsequent meeting. Miss Cale, the honorary secretary of the Association of Post Office Women Clerks, who had convened the meeting, gave an outline of the events leading up to the formation of that society in 1901, and enumerated the advantages of having the machinery of organisation ready to hand in case of emergency. She stated that quite apart from any pecuniary benefits that had been gained, the existence of an organisation such as that was most valuable in that it enabled them to meet their colleagues in other parts of the service, and to keep in touch with their conditions, their needs, and their difficulties in a manner otherwise impossible. Going on to speak of the objects they had in view, she recommended that, in order to secure so smooth working and unanimity of aim, the new society should adopt the programme of the Post Office Women Clerks' Association, viz. :—

1. To protect and promote the interests of its members.
2. That men and women employed in the same class of work should be paid on the same scale of salary.
3. That women shall be eligible for admission to all civil service appointments.
4. That the higher posts in the service shall be open to women.

It was decided that reports of the proceedings at that meeting should be circulated to the divisional offices in Glasgow, Warrington, and Doncaster, and that suggestions should be invited, a further meeting being called to consider any proposals received from those offices.

#### R. W. BREADNER REAPPOINTED.

The government has reappointed to his old office, as Dominion ap-

praiser, Mr. R. W. Breadner, who resigned three years ago to take a more remunerative position as tariff expert for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Toronto.

Mr. Breadner, for twenty-four years, was in the customs department and is recognized as one of the highest authorities on the tariff and the customs act in Canada. Seldom has a civil servant received the appreciation, first, of an offer at doubled salary to leave the service, followed by an offer to return at still higher remuneration.

#### COST OF LIVING FOR CIVIL SERVANTS IN THE WEST.

An investigation into the cost of living in the West, insofar as it affects government employees, has been conducted by Mr. R. S. Lake of the Public Service Commission. Mr. Lake visited the principal centres and has ascertained that owing to the salaries paid and the high living cost great difficulty is experienced by the government in holding its employees or obtaining those who are efficient. An instance is cited where 70 per cent. of the employees of a post office resigned in one year. Private corporations pay larger salaries, and different government departments do not pay the same scale. The situation, we are assured, will be dealt with fully and a number of recommendations made. The inquiry is the upshot of the representations made by the Civil Service Federation and others to the commission.

CONSOLING. — If you're not pretty when you're young, this consolation hold — That in some thirty years or so You will be pretty old!

CHILLY—"Why haven't you called on my cousin lately?" "Too cold!" "Nonsense, man! The weather has been——" "You misunderstand me. I referred to the lady!"



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the Civil Service are invited and will re-  
ceive careful consideration.

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## MARKING TIME IS OVER.

The Civil Service organizations (and the *Civilian*, their servant) have gone through a period of less active propoganda during the past year than in any other time of like duration since they came into existence. This has been the natural result of the change in government. So much of confusion and uncertainty is inherent in the taking over of power by a new administration and a new party, especially when so many policies of the first magnitude are under reconstruction, that civil service affairs inevitably are given a back seat. We must bow to this, however much we feel that at the present stage continuous attention is demanded in the public interest to the public service. With government now fairly in the saddle and its main plans taking form, we should see an early recrudescence of

interest in the condition of service. The Federation will probably seize the occasion to hold its annual convention in Ottawa this Autumn. The annual meeting of the Ottawa association should also see the local programme brought once more to the front, this time we hope to be carried to a successful issue.

## HANDS OFF THE CIVIL SERVICE

Taft, Wilson, and Roosevelt Would  
Not Limit Terms.

The National Civil Service Reform League recently sent to the three Presidential candidates letters asking for their views on the proposal to provide a seven-year term of office for all Federal employees in the executive department in the District of Columbia. The replies indicated that all three, Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt, were opposed to the idea.

President Taft, in failing to approve the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial bill, which contained a rider calling for the seven-year tenure of office, strongly denounced the plan "because it impairs that feature of the civil service which I regard as a most valuable one, to wit, the permanence of tenure on the one hand, balanced by a wide and almost absolute power of removal in the department head on the other."

Col. Roosevelt's attitude was judged by the plank in the Progressive platform calling for "continuous service during good behavior and efficiency." Gov. Wilson wrote:

"I would say that I agree with your judgment that the proposal to fix a brief tenure of office for the civil servants of the government is a distinct step backward and that it would inevitably demoralize the service. I am a hearty believer in the principles of civil-service reform and shall take pleasure at all times in doing what I can to promote those principles in practice."

## The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### *The Trial in the Tent.*

"I call this meeting to order!" said the Chairman, sharply. "It was convened to consider Mr. Weatherbee's protest of a foul——"

"I renew my protest against Rule Ten being waived in favour of Carew and Vanderbilt and Brooks!" broke in Weatherbee, in his high, down-east voice. "Let Carew deny that he spent twenty-four hours in Rome on account of the society of a young lady there, intimating his confidence that your Committee would waive Rule Ten for him! And let him deny that he loafed for half a day in Bellamy Lake——"

"The question of the eligibility of those gentlemen was decided by this Committee before the race for the Trophy Cup came off," said the Chairman curtly. "Special permission was given for the sake of sport. Vanderbilt was unavoidably detained in New York on business, as he wired us. Carew and Brooks, being detained by two days of inclement weather on the lakes, during which navigation would have been arduous in the extreme, did not reach Rome until Tuesday morning, day before yesterday, and so could not have reached camp here by paddle forty-eight hours before the first race to-day. We are of opinion that Mr. Carew showed the true spirit of sport in paddling more than twenty miles to-day against a stiff head wind on the mere chance of this Committee waiving Rule Ten for him; especially when he was aware that Potts had come on here in a spirit of spite to reduce that chance to nil if he could."

"I know nothing about Potts," sneered Weatherbee. "The man who gave me the information said his name was A. Mutt——"

"Then your case isn't strengthened, Mr. Weatherbee, by the fact that you based your first protest on information given you by a man who kept his real name dark," said the Chairman, drily.

"Carew admitted that the information was correct!" retorted Weatherbee.

"He did very frankly, which helped his case. And in view of the interference which was practiced by Potts, alias A. Mutt, this Committee——"

"I don't know anything about his 'interference!'" interrupted Weatherbee, quivering.

"You benefitted by it, but collusion is not charged," the Chairman said. "If it had

been dreamed of, your protest might not have been considered at all. And before proceeding with it, I would advise you of what Potts, alias Mutt, doubtless did not: that he tried in criminal ways to reduce to nil Mr. Carew's chance of getting here in time for the big race to-day."

"How about Carew's alias?" cried Weatherbee, furious. "There was a man on the river this afternoon who swore that Carew's real name was Stevens; and in the interest of amateur sport——"

"In the interest of amateur sport," capped the Chairman blandly, "we will now proceed to consider your protest of a foul in the race for the Cup."

"Then I charge that I was deliberately fouled near the finish by Carew!" shrilled Weatherbee, in a fine rage. "As a result, I was upset when I had the race in hand!" He stopped, quite beside himself, and Jimmy, smiling, filled in.

"I claim, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Weatherbee's protest is out of order," Jimmy said blandly, "and that it may not be entertained. Under paragraph one of Rule Ten of the Racing Rules he should have given notice to your Committee *before leaving his boat* at the finish of the race; whereas, for reasons best known to himself, perhaps, he *did* leave his boat first."

"Head first," I murmured bashfully.

The Committee rubbed its several noses, smiled, and scanned paragraph one. The Chairman said:

"The point is well taken, though it turns the protest into a paradox. However, we will be placed in possession presently of evidence that should satisfactorily settle the point in dispute. A photograph was taken of the two canoes in question at the moment of the alleged foul, and we are expecting the proof at any moment. I may add that a photographic record was taken also of the deliberate interference practiced by Potts alias Mutt. Meantime——"

"Meantime," sneered Weatherbee, "it would be interesting to hear a *phonographic* record of the deliberate interference practiced in behalf of Carew alias Stevens by his friend Giggs. Giggs found it very convenient to chase after Potts. Oh, it's all right for you to smile, Carew!"

"Stevens," corrected Jimmy, blandly.

"No doubt! Where's my property you've withheld ever since you got here? Why haven't you handed over the locket that I lost en route, and that you found as I know very well? I suppose I'll have to take a leaf out of your friend Giggs' book and

get the village constable, eh? As for Giggs —”

“Order!” rapped the Chairman. “What interference was practiced by Giggs?”

“He signalled Carew on a whistle!” retorted Weatherbee.

“State the case.”

“He signalled Carew that he was in danger of fouling me——”

“You have protested that you were deliberately fouled.”

“Well, when Carew saw he was in danger of fouling he made the foul deliberate.”

“Hm! And what was the signal that Giggs gave?”

“How do I know just what it was?”

Weatherbee flared, heated by the Chairman’s bland tone. “I don’t know what code these fellows — Carew and Brooks and Giggs — have between them! The whistle was given by Brooks to Giggs at Rome. Does Carew deny that?”

“He does not,” said Jimmy, with a grin. “Giggs knew to-day that the Morse ‘D’ — which was the signal he blew — was a call understood between Mr. Brooks and me to stand for ‘danger.’ But I am at a loss to understand why Giggs blew it to-day, — unless——”

“Unless?” sneered Weatherbee.

“Unless,” repeated Jimmy, in his serene tone, “he wished to warn me of any danger I may have been in of being fouled.” And Jimmy lit a cigar.

A boy had hurriedly entered the tent, with a package, which he handed to the Chairman. As the latter opened the package, he said judicially:

“Rule Eight of the Racing Rules says that neither pilotage nor direction will be allowed from boat or shore, and any one accepting such assistance may be disqualified. In view of the facts of Mr. Carew’s frank explanation, the signal blown by Giggs might be construed as ‘direction,’ though rather of the nature suggested by Mr. Carew; but it would remain to be shown that Mr. Carew *accepted* such direction; and, indeed, whether he saw the ‘danger’ or not. I have now in my hand the photographic evidence in the matter of the alleged foul. It is very clear.” The Chairman held up a large-size rough-mounted positive, and Weatherbee glared with sullen eyes. “This photograph,” continued the Chairman, “shows the stern of Carew’s craft being carried to port on a swell, and that the swell had not yet reached Weatherbee’s canoe. It shows, however, Weatherbee’s craft pointed to starboard, and Weatherbee in the act of taking a propulsory stroke with his left-hand blade, which would of necessity impel the bow of his boat still farther to the right. And, in conclusion, it shows that if the arc of the circle being described by Weatherbee’s canoe had been completed his bow would have swept clear of the stern of Carew’s boat. As, indeed,

it did, because there were besides a camera several pairs of keen eyes on the launch. If, on the other hand, Weatherbee’s bow had *not* swept clear of the stern of Carew’s boat I am of opinion that a foul — I will not say deliberate — would have been committed by Weatherbee. I was promised some rapid developments in the case,” concluded the Chairman, as he handed the photograph to his brothers of the Bench, “by the photographer in camp in whose hands I placed the plate, a highly sensitized one, immediately after exposure.” The Chairman took up a pen. “Our decision is that the protest in this case has not been sustained,” he added, a few moments later; and he proceeded to write.

“I’ll take the case to the Executive Committee!” shrilled Weatherbee, at white heat.

“This Committee may feel constrained to report to the Executive Committee that you have been guilty of conduct ungentlemanly and unworthy of a member of the American Canoe Association,” said the Chairman severely, as he despatched a package to the Secretary’s tent by the boy. “In which event you may find *Article Thirteen* of the Constitution, and Chapter Twelve of the By-laws to be much more relevant to the case than any section of the Racing Rules.” The boy, departing hurriedly, caromed into the Commodore and Giggs, just entering the tent.

I thought that the threat of expulsion would cool Weatherbee, if he had a saving grain of sense. But his ire had superheated spite to such a degree that the grain was scorched.

“I’m the active representative member of a reputable club, from the service of which that fellow was dismissed!” he cried, levelling a quivering finger at little Giggs.

“An’ w’y was I dismissed from your club, w’ich I was caretaker of for two years?” roared Giggs. “Tell the gentlemen w’y! Tell ’em ’ow I spoke my mind to you about your tricky w’ys in racin’, like you was tryin’ to pl’y t’-d’y, an’ ’ow I says to you, ‘Pl’y fair,’ I says, ‘or don’t pl’y at all!’” Giggs’ dialect became more acute and he dropped the first letter of the alphabet liberally in the excitement of his wrath and utterance of it. “Tell ’em ’ow you ’ated me for it, too! Tell ’em ’ow you never could tyke a beatin’, like a man, not bein’ one, like you couldn’t tyke one t’-d’y at the ’ands o’ one! Tell ’em ’ow you took young Carter out the night afore, the time o’ the spring rices, one year, an’ got ’im so fuddled an’ sick, ’im that was tryed so fine, that ’e couldn’t row ’is rice on account of ’is stummick givin’ hout! Tell ’em w’y you did it, w’ich was on account of your ’avin’ sneaked down hev’ry mornin’ to ’old your watch on ’im, an’ knew ’e was goin’ to trim you if you didn’t fix ’im some’ow. Tell ’em, tell ’em all! An’ don’t forget to tell ’em ’ow you fixed me,

gettin' some o' the members to 'ave me keep liquor in the bar, an' gettin' me to sell it to you along o' some others, an' then reportin' me to the Committee! Tell 'em 'ow you never would 'ave 'ad the pull you did with the Board an' Committees an' all if you 'adn't stood in so chummy with the wife of rich Old Man Adams, that you got to buy 'alf of the shares of the club's stock w'en the club's affairs was at hebb! An' if I *did* signal Mr. Carew t'-d'y, wot was it for but to warn 'im of the dirty trick like you was tryin' to pl'y, like I'd see you pl'y it afore, an' *chuck yourself out o' your boat*, like you did t'-d'y?"

Giggs ceased, less from exhaustion of lingual material than that of respirative power; and Weatherbee, with clenched hands and eyes of flame, rushed at him. But Jimmy interposed an arm that was a bar of steel, as the Committee rose in wrath. Weatherbee, measuring Jimmy was an expert eye, fell back and dropped his raised arm, sneering.

"Very well!" he snapped. "I'll wait for a fair field!" He rushed to the tent's door, shaking a fist at Giggs. Then, with a fresh burst of ire, he turned again.

"For the last time, will you give me that locket, Carew?" he cried. "I know, on good authority——"

"You go and get that good authority," said Jimmy with exasperating serenity. "I want to see him." And Weatherbee, with an execration, rushed from the tent.

I followed curiously; while Jimmy lingered, doubtless to impart some details of the locket business to the gentlemen in blue. Weatherbee raced down Officers' Row, jumped into his racing craft, and paddled off, faster than he had travelled in any race that day, in the wake of the ferry-boat, now making her last trip.

There was a little knot of men gathered about the bulletin board at the Secretary's tent. Among them, with a dejected countenance, was young White of the wide-brimmed hat, scanning the official notification of his financial disaster with such intent that he did not observe me. A notice was posted that Weatherbee's protest had been disallowed. Beneath it was tacked a photo of the finish in the Trophy Cup race, and it showed plainly what the official announcement declared: that Jimmy Carew, by a 'Roman' nose, had won the Cup.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *The Last Gossip of Giggs.*

Jimmy joined me at the dock.

"Come!" he said briskly, as he launched his racing craft. "The Commodore and the Committee and their ladies have promised to dine with us at eight-thirty at the *Inn*. Vanderbilt's coming, too. I'll hurry ahead to brush up and get the *Inn* people in line,

and you chase after, like a good fellow, in my other boat and get into your togs. The *Water Lily* will tow up your old red tub."

"Did you invite Weatherbee?" I asked.

"You heard Giggs' story," Jimmy said. "Well, it was all true, and I don't have to tell you now why I never like Mr. Weatherbee. The scandal about Old Man Adams' pretty young wife and Weatherbee and the club was all over Dantucket and the talk of all the aquatic clubs in the State of Maine. But Giggs' story in the tent of his association with Weatherbee's club was news to me, and we don't need to wonder now why he had it in for Weatherbee in his talk with you at Rome." Then Jimmy slipped ahead in his seemingly tireless way between the islands; and as I followed Giggs and the Roman constable put out in their skiff, while I observed that 'Number Seven' was not in tow. It was Good-bye Sweet Day now, over the darkling blue, with a glorious sunset half burned out but still silhouetting the welcome bulk of the *Inn* and the farther spires of the twinkling town.

"Potts?" echoed Giggs in a tone of weariness and disgust, in reply to my inquiry. "No, we didn't catch 'im, more's the pity! 'E was too fast an' foxy for us, an' me an' Bob 'ere pullin' like all possessed, an' 'avin' a warrant, too! Potts knew that me 'avin' Bob along meant arrest. That was it. An' 'e wasn't goin' to be took, not 'im, if 'e could 'elp it. 'E can row a bit, Potts can. 'E cut around the 'ead o' Sugar Island; an' the way that regatta crowd cheered 'im on, an' tried to block Bob an' me, was perfickly shameful an' scandalous! Then 'e took a sharp turn across the river, past Sykey Island, an' went right through the Lake Fleet, 'eadin' for Grindstone, goin' down stream a point or two. 'No go!' sez Bob, who was nearly blown. 'Wot?' I sez. 'Go on, then!' sez Bob, puffing. 'You'll see in a minute!' Potts rows past Grindstone a bit, then 'e stops an' sticks a little flag up in the bow. An' blowed if it wasn't the Stars an' Stripes! There was 'alf a dozen chaps in bathin' suits, who 'ad a camp at the foot o' Grindstone, an' they was lollin' around an' drinkin' beer. They yelled to Potts, an' w'en 'e sez somethin' back they all come runnin' down the beach, an' 'e rows in. 'Come on!' I sez to Bob. 'We've got 'im now!' 'Got 'im?' sez Bob, lettin' go 'is oars. 'Like 'ell! 'E's got us! Don't you see 'e's crossed the bound'ry line between Canada an' the United States, an' that's 'e's in American water now? My warrant isn't no good there,' 'e says. 'Well, I'll 'ave my boat!' I sez, an' pulls up. That crowd o' 'alf naked savages comes crowdin' into the water. 'Come on!' they sez, 'an' 'ave a beer!' 'Don't you do it!' sez Bob, backing water. 'It's my boat!' I sez, rippin' 'ot. 'Well, w'y don't you come

an' take it?' sez th' crowd, laughin'. There was seven of 'em, counting Potts. 'Don't be a fool!' sez Bob, pullin' the boat around. 'They're just boozy enough to play rough 'ouse.' An' I see that quick enough w'en they pelted stones at us, seein' us row away. It was rich, Potts puttin' up that Yankee flag an' 'im such a rabid pro-Britisher an' never losin' a chance to rap at it in print. 'Those chaps 'll see through 'im after a bit,' I sez to Bob, 'an' then it'll be 'is turn.' I was so rippin' mad, leavin' my good boat there, an' seein' Potts swiggin' bottled beer with that bunch o' savages, an' me an' Bob fair gaspin' for a glass, it bein' so 'ot, that I rowed up to Gannnock to see the bobbies there an' 'ear wot I could do. But there wasn't nothink we could do excep' drown our defeat in beer, an' that took some time. So that was 'ow I missed the other races, an' w'y the Commodore's launch 'ad such a time 'untin' me up. 'Owever,' concluded Giggs viciously, and setting Bob a more strenuous stroke by way of a safety valve for his emotion, 'Potts 'll 'ang 'imself with a bit more rope. The bobbies at Gannnock gave us good news. There's more than Bob an' me lookin' for Potts. A photographer at Athens, an' a little Irisher this end o' Gannnock Lake, are after 'im 'ot foot. They've took out warrants for Potts' arrest for aggravated assault. A county constable an' the Gannnock blue-coats is waitin' for 'im to come across, an' that Dutch constable at Athens, Hans, wired 'e was comin' down on the Stop-an'-Carry-One. So it's only a matter o' time before we get Algernon Chumley Potts. But I wonder wot 'is father, the little parson in Kent, would say? Ow, my!'

A rakish, white yacht, following the steamboat channel, drew swiftly ahead of us to starboard, and the singing of a clear and rich soprano voice and a subdued bass, to the accompaniment of a guitar, came silverly over the furlong of still and moonlit river that lay between.

'There goes that party I drove down this mornin' in my stage,' said Giggs. 'That's Cap'n Andrews, late of 'Is Majesty's Army, singin' with the Duchess o' Downeast, as they call 'er. Miss 'elen Blazer, I think 'er right name is. Beauty, too. Wot you call a peach. They're goin' to dine at the Inn. It'll be quite gay there, with Mr. Carew's party an' all. But it *does* seem too bad that Miss Moore an' 'er mar should be goin' down the river just w'en Mr. Carew's goin' hup.' Giggs, chuckling to himself as though over some subtle reflection, glanced over his shoulder as the white yacht gave a shrill salute to a big three-deck side-wheeler churning her way down channel. 'They're on board 'er, the ladies are—Miss Moore an' 'er mar,' he informed me, with a lateral nod at the big boat, whose saloons were ablaze with electric light, while from her

bridge deck came the seductive music of a string orchestra playing a Strauss waltz. 'Oh, I s'pose you didn't know Miss Moore an' 'er mar left Rome this mornin', Mr. Brooks,' he added, pausing for a moment on his oars. 'They got wot dearly at the Roman 'Ouse that the *Fairy Queen* 'ad broke down near Wishville, an' there wouldn't be no boat callin' on Saturday at Rome. I got word they would be goin' over in the stage to Athens, with their luggage, to take the Stop-an'-Carry-One to Gannnock an' take the big boat down the St. Lawrence for Quebec. I 'adn't quite made up my mind about drivin' down to Gannnock to see the races, so I let my man drive the ladies over to Athens; Miss Moore shakin' 'ands w'en she said good-bye, sayin' wot a good time she 'ad on account of my 'aving such good boats, an' 'ow sorry she was about Number Seven, though she was sure Mr. Potts would bring it back, w'ich I wasn't, not 'aving such a Christian spirit, an' being a kind of a doubting Thomas, as you may say. But beautiful she is, Miss Moore, I mean, an' a perfiek lady! Well, I 'adn't got my mind made up yet about the races w'en back comes my man, an' 'e 'ad the stage full hup with a party from Red 'Orse Lake, w'ich, it seems, 'ad intended to drive down to Gannnock in Athenian 'Ouse rigs. But Miss Patterson there,—per'aps you met 'er—who's in charge of the 'ouse, got on 'er 'igh 'orse with this American lady that's in the party—the Duchess o' Downeast—an' w'ile she was at it, my man drives back from the station with the stage empty; an' Gannon, a lawyer of Gannnock, bought 'im up at five dollars a 'ead, right under Miss Patterson's nose, to drive the party down to the races. An' w'ile Gus was attending to the wants of the party in the stage, standin' outside o' the Roman 'Ouse, the mornin' bein' breezy but 'ot, my man told me a bit o' the gossip 'e 'ad 'eard at Athens about Potts the night before, an' about 'im goin' down Red 'Orse Lake. I 'adn't time to 'ear more as the party was in a 'urry to get away, but I saw at once wot Potts's little game was: w'ich was to get down to the races an' make mischief there if 'e could for Mr. Carew. An' seein' as 'ow I could go after my boat, an' wantin' to see Mr. Carew trim Weatherbee—w'ich 'e did, I'm 'appy to say—an' feelin' I'd like to apologize to Mr. Carew for 'aving took that new purser on the *Queen* for 'im at the garden party at Sweet's the night afore, w'ich I 'eard all about w'en I got back to Rome last night—an' seein' I could 'ave business an' pleasure combined, as you may say, I took the reins myself an' took Bob 'ere along on the seat, 'aving the warrant w'ich I'd took out hearily for Potts, an' drove the party down; 'earin' all about your bet this morning with Cap'n Andrews in Red 'Orse Lake, an' a

good deal of very interestin' chat besides; 'ow Weatherbee was engaged to the Duchess, who *looks* like a Duchess, an' is a beauty, an' no mistake; an' all that."

The paucity of vocal periods in Mr. Giggs' latter remarks, combined with the exercise of serving stroke to Bob, reduced the little man's respiration temporarily to the vanishing point. He "blew" contemporaneously with a locomotive on the Canadian shore, and dropped his oars to take a look over Bob's shoulder up stream. The swift white yacht with the Red Horse bunch had just run up to the *Inn* wharf, and the conclusion of Giggs' gossip found us well upon our way. The lighthouse lay well astern, and Corn Island was on our port quarter now. Jimmy was abeam of Dark Island, his rhythmic dripping blades flashing back Diana's light as he drove steadily toward the *Inn*. Then suddenly, from the shadows beyond, across the quivering radiance of the moonlit river, shot the shape of a canoe. Another double-blade flashed in the nebulous light. The stroke seemed not strange, and I focussed Jimmy's binocular full upon the man in the canoe, which was approaching Jimmy at "full steam."

"Weatherbee!" I said.

"Lookin' for trouble again!" exclaimed Giggs, with a grin of delight. "I 'ope 'e finds it!"

We had run into the steamboat channel, and I glanced back automatically to see that no leviathan of the river was coming up, though Giggs, facing down river, was naturally on watch. Only the tiers of the big boat we had passed bound down glowed, with the mellow beauty born of distance, and but a faint murmur of the throbbing of her engines and the tinkling echo of her orchestra reached my ear, for Big Stave Island loomed large and dark on her port. But as I looked, a red eye glowed between the big boat and me. It was the port light of the *Water Lily*, as she headed out past Squaw Island for the channel, with Jimmy's prospective guests on board and my red "tub" in tow. A few moments later and the green starboard eye had winked and swung into view, as the launch headed toward the *Inn*.

A vehement if subdued exclamation by Giggs brought my head round. He was kneeling on his thwart, his hands on the gunwales, staring ahead. Across the moonlit stretch of water, out of the shadows of Tidd's Island, had shot a skiff, swiftly rowed by one man; and less than a furlong away were three other boats, whose rowers were seemingly in pursuit, but who now nevertheless lay on their oars.

"It's our own darlin' Gyp the Blood!" exclaimed Giggs, in a sudden ecstasy of excitement and delight.

"You bet!" said Bob, the constable of Rome. "Algernon Chumley Potts!"

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

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

### He Likes "Jimmy."

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

I wish to congratulate you on the success of "The Miss-Adventures of Jimmy Carew." That last chapter was certainly a hummer. I wonder how many of the best sellers in the windows of our bookstores would make as successful a serial? The hold the story gets on one is a proof of the excellence of the plot. Some of the characters are gems too; Griggs for instance.

The Civil Service should be proud of having in its ranks a writer as brilliant as G. R. If the *Civilian* can follow up with more stuff like his, its success is assured.—A. T.

### Income Tax.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

I have been reading the *Civilian* for some months and have failed to see any article on "Civil Service Income Tax."

The majority of officers in this division are obliged to pay income tax especially those who own their property.

Why should we pay income tax to this city or any other when we do not earn our money from the city or province. We are paid from the consolidated revenue of the whole Dominion.

Another thing: we are debarred from voting in all provincial elections. If we have no say in provincial matters we should not be called upon by the provincial law to pay income tax to the city.

I understand several provinces do not ask the civil servants to contribute to income tax, and if it is not a general law why should we in the province of Ontario be taxed. There was a case before the courts some years ago to which we all subscrib-

ed to have tested but for some reason it never went to the privy council and we heard nothing more of it. I trust the Civil Service Association will take this matter up as soon as possible, the sooner the better and if it is necessary to make another contribution towards having a test case it would be well to do so. Enclosed is my card. Kindly let us hear from you.

Your truly,

CIVIL SERVANT.

Hamilton, Ont.

### Wants to Escape the Poor House.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Dear Sir.—I am one of those under the present 5 p.c. abatement of salary and am therefore anxiously looking for means of escaping the poor house.

I have been thinking that if our 5 p.c. could be paid in, automatically, to the Annuities Branch so as to produce an annuity, it would be a fine thing. Could you inform me whether it would yield better results this way than by remaining in the hands of the Finance Dept. and accumulating in the ordinary way.

I think this would be a fine thing for the *Civilian* to take up and exploit.

Yours,

GRUB STAKE.

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### SOUTH AFRICAN CIVIL SERVICE.

Commenting on the new Act to provide for the public service of the Union of South Africa, the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says, "Some of the provisions of this measure led to considerable discussion in the Union Parliament, and one or two have since aroused a somewhat heated controversy among a certain section of the outside public. As the Union government have been blamed in some quarters for their alleged unfair treatment of the civil service, it may be well to state that the Act now

sanctioned by the King takes the matter out of the hands of the administration and vests it in a Public Service Commission consisting of three members who will in future control the appointment, promotion, discipline, retirement, and superannuation of all persons employed in the public service of the Union. In all respects their action will be subject to the approval of the Governor General. One of the members of the Commission will act as chairman, and he will be paid a salary of £1,500 a year. The other two members will receive £1,250 a year each. In future no person will be appointed to the regular establishment of the administrative and clerical divisions unless he has passed the matriculation examination of the University of the Cape of Good Hope or some other examination which in the opinion of the Commission is of a standard as high as or higher than that test. In order to qualify for promotion to the higher posts officers will be required to pass an examination in such subjects as may be prescribed by the Commission. In this regard the provision of the Act which has aroused the strongest feeling is that dealing with the language qualifications. In future any officer who has not passed in both official languages at any of the entrance examinations, will not be promoted to any higher grade than that to which he may have attained in five years from the date of his first appointment unless and until he has passed the prescribed examination in both English and Dutch. The power of discharge conferred by the Act is exercisable not by any one member of the administration, as hitherto, but by the Governor General and the Minister concerned. Considered as a whole the Act seems to make every necessary provision against favouritism and hardship, and it is difficult to understand why any of the principles upon which it is modelled should have excited so much controversy."

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## “In Toils of the Customs.”

### A Camel Might Pass Through the Needle's Eye More Easily Than Through the Port of New York.

By W.B.N., in the N.Y. *Evening Post*.

Camels, duty free, or taxed specifically or ad valorem, might pass through the eye of a needle with a deal more of ease than through the New York Custom House. Rescuing one's own property from the clutches of Uncle Sam is a fearful experience. Expert knowledge and almost superhuman patience are required to pass goods through the government red tape factory, once they have landed from a foreign country, even though not a cent of duty is to be paid, and all the laws of the land declare such goods have a right to enter without challenge. It is well nigh impossible for an ordinary citizen to get goods out of customs in this port without employing an expert. A large amount of business is done by professional “brokers,” who devote their whole time to steering bills of lading and other documents through the circumlocution of the New York Custom House.

I received from England recently a consignment of “household effects,” on which no duty was to be paid. Naturally one would think that it was only necessary for the customs authorities to make examination. This is far from being the case. It takes as much time to get the bill of lading and consular invoice through the Bowling Green offices of the Custom House as it does to get the goods themselves off the slip and through the Custom House public stores. As a matter of fact, the actual examination at the stores in such cases occupies about fifteen minutes; and is more or less perfunctory, whereas the passing of the papers involves hours, and might take days.

#### How to go About it.

When I received formal notification that certain “household effects” had arrived for me from Europe and were at the docks “awaiting removal,” I presented myself at the shipping offices in Broadway. With my bill of lading in hand, reinforced by a consular invoice from the London representative of this government abroad, I asked for a permit to be allowed to take the effects from the steamship. The agent looked at me in awe. He asked:

“Hadn't you better get a broker to clear this stuff for you?”

“What do I want a broker for?” I asked; “can't I go down to the docks with a wagon, and just get the stuff, after a customs inspection?”

“Oh, nothing like that in the world—but still, if you won't have a broker, that ends it. Take the bill of lading and go over to the docks with it; somebody over there will tell you what to do.”

Off to the docks I went. The clerk in the delivery office carefully examined the bill of lading as if he had never seen one before, and then looked at me.

“Want a broker for this; don't you?” he asked, looking over his spectacles.

“Not much; if I can't get this myself I guess nobody else will. They said at the office you would tell me what to do.”

“Who? Me? I have nothing to do with it. You had better go back to the office and ask for Mr. B——”

Steamship piers are always as far away as possible. My journeys to and from the pier took just one hour and a suarter. Mr. B——, who I was

seeing now for the fourth time, asked if I did not wish a broker.

"I am going to do this thing myself," I replied. "I don't mind spending a whole month, anyway," I added. "This broker business is a great mystery, and I want to know how I can qualify for the thirty-third degree."

### In the Custom House.

Mr. B— shrugged his shoulders, directed me to the Custom House and gave me a parting glance, as if he looked with sad eyes upon one who was going to his doom. Just inside the rotunda of the Custom House, a horde of brokers stared hungrily at my papers. One or two asked me if I wished assistance. At the centre desk on the left, in the big rotunda, I explained to a customs officer that I did not propose to employ a broker.

"O, of course, you don't *have* to have a broker," replied the officer. "All you have to do is to go to Mr. Baker's office in room 236 down the hall and ask him to give you an entry slip in duplicate; a household effects oath; a memorandum of entry; and a free inspector's permit. When you have filled them all out correctly, you must have them lodged for entry, where they will be examined for error. If they are passed, you bring them back to the Bond Window, and get the free permit checked. Then come back here and I'll tell you the rest."

Here was a chance for a broker to get a job, but no broker came near. They were watching my downfall, I knew. Mr. Baker supplied me with the necessary blanks, and charged me five cents for one of them—the entry blank. This blank had a form of oath on the back, which I had to fill out and sign. With all my papers in hand, I went back to the deputy who had steered me thus far.

"Go back and fill them out," he said.

This deputy was patience personified. He showed me three or four times how to fill out each blank; and

I went back into Mr. Baker's room and filled them out. It took an hour even with the assistance of my deputy collector guide, philosopher, and friend. I brought them back to him; but I had forgotten to sign the oath on the entry slip. So I went back and filled out the oaths on both entry slips and signed both.

"I only told you to sign one oath—but you have signed both," he said.

"I suppose the whole thing has to be done over again?" I began.

"Oh, no," he answered, drawing his pen through one of the oaths—"we can fix it up here."

### At the Windows.

He went through the papers for the last time; and pronounced them correct.

"I left out the name of the captain of the ship," I commented, seeing that a blank space on the form required this.

"That's an old form—his name isn't necessary now," replied the deputy. "Now, what you want to do is to paste the bill of lading inside the entry slip; paste the declaration of free entry on top of that, fold your consular invoice and permit of landing inside and take the documents to be lodged for entry."

I wrote down at his dictation the procedure, and went out into a corridor to the right. Scores of brokers and brokers' clerks were scrambling for places at the windows. It was twenty minutes to three o'clock, and entries are not received after three. Every one had some special plea why his particular entry should be passed at once. I got my papers to a clerk. He shoved them back and said: "Next window." At the next window the clerk looked over my papers, wrote a number on them; told me to stand at a certain window, keep a watch on the number, and see if the papers came back "Marked for Error." Finally, the papers came back, and were handed to me, evidently without error.

When I received these papers, I was stumped:

"Is this all?" I asked. "Can I take these to the docks and get the boxes now?"

"Oh, no. Take them to the bond window; in the main hall."

At the bond window I handed the papers to an officer, who was writing in a big ledger. He looked over my papers in surprise; called another officer, and said:

"What's this? Here's a bunch of papers that have never been in this department before."

### In the Merry-Go-Round.

It was now ten minutes to three, and if the papers were not passed before three, it would be too late for that day. Perhaps in the morning a new system would be inaugurated by the government, and I might have to get a broker, after all. The officer at the bond window sent me further down the line with my "bunch of papers," and I found the right clerk. I had been to him before, but he had sent me away in error. He took my papers, looked at them, threw my green bill of lading into one box and the yellow consular invoice into another; distributed the declaration of free entry into one pigeon-hole and the memorandum of entry into another, and handed me back only one of my papers. I asked if he intended to keep all the others. I had become somewhat attached to them. All authors have a fondness for the original manuscript of their literary products, and I had worked very hard over these papers.

"We keep these—you take your permit to a deputy collector and get him to sign it."

I went back to my old friend, the deputy in the rotunda, and he signed the permit.

"Thank goodness, that's all over," I sighed, as I put the green document in my pocket.

"Not so fast," said the deputy, "it has to be passed by the naval officer—

back there in the hall where you had your papers lodged for entry."

Back I went. The naval officer was sitting on a high chair at a little window. He was a big man and filled all the space.

"Do you sign this?" I asked. It was now a few minutes to three. He looked at the slip.

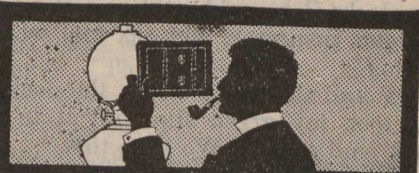
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TORONTO, CANADA.

"You better go down there to that last window and ask for 'Mr. C.,'" he said. "If he stamps the paper, bring it back to me. Tell him to stamp it 'free on oath.'"

### Once More to Deputy.

I went down and inquired at several windows for "Mr. C." One officer took the paper, stamped it "Free on Oath" and signed it over the space left for the deputy naval officer.

"Do I have to take this back to the naval officer now?" I asked.

"No; not at all—he shouldn't have sent you down—it's all right as it is now."

I went back to the deputy.

"Take your green permit over to the docks," he said. "Hand it to a customs inspector, and ask him what to do."

I found the inspector on the docks. He took my green slip, put it in a book, and said: "We keep this."

"But don't I get any receipt? I have no bill of lading now, even. They have taken from me all the other papers. What would happen if you dropped dead, or the green slip got burned up?"

"I haven't dropped dead for twenty years," said the inspector, "and you don't get any receipt. If anything should happen, I guess you could get duplicates from the Custom House. Anyway, your goods will now be sent over to the stores for appraisal; and if there is no trouble over the contents of your boxes, you will get them in a day or so."

As I left the dock side, a man asked:

"Do you wish a broker to clear your goods for you through the stores?"

"No," I said.

The examiner at the stores—after the boxes were at last in his department—spent about fifteen minutes in prizing up the lids of the boxes. He turned over a few packets of old books; asked if they were not old books—to which I assented—and with one or two perfunctory queries—"passed" the consignment.

It took nine days to bring the goods from London; but nearly five days to get them through the customs. And I was told that I had established a "record" for speed.

### NEW ZEALAND PUBLIC SERVICE BILL.

A public Service Bill, aiming at the destruction of political patronage, has been introduced into the New Zealand legislature. It provides for the appointment of a commissioner who will control all the chief departments of the government, except that of railways. This official may be suspended on grounds of incompetence or misbehaviour by the governor, but can be dismissed only by the houses of parliament. His discretion will be subject to review by an appeal board. Applicants soliciting the support of members of parliament for appointment or promotion in the public service will be disqualified.

"Henry," demanded the nursery governess, "what is wrong with your brother Richard?" He is crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him [any,] responded Henry. "Is his own cake finished?" "Yes, it is; and he cried while I was eating that too!"

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### THE CIVIL SERVICE.

I come from the land of the great unblest,  
From the land of sorrow and toil,  
Where we burn all day the electric light,  
If not the midnight oil.

From the land where our lives are not our  
own,

Where we slave 'neath a stronger will,  
Where we toil till we're nothing but skin  
and bone,  
And keep on toiling still.

Where the work is hard, and the cheque is  
small,

And we're almost always "broke,"  
For the 15th comes, and the 15th goes,  
And our pittance goes up in smoke.

I come from the land where they sign a book  
Four different times a day,  
Where the work must be done by hook or  
crook,  
Though all night we have to stay.

I come from the land of the great unblest,  
Who toil as but sinners can,  
Where the ladies to be respectably dressed  
Must pay on the installment plan.

From the land where the lady clerks quarrel  
or glare,

What time they are not in tears,  
Or are ready to fly in each other's hair  
Or grumble about arrears.

And this is the land which we all uphold,  
Though there's larger pay without,  
For what is the use of mere base gold  
If there's nothing to kick about?

---

### Athletics.

---

This is the season when one is able to recapitulate the champions in the various summer sports.

To begin with, the Ottawa professional baseball team are winners of the Canadian League series, although they have been "falling down" lamentably of late.

At this writing there is a very tight race in the International League between Toronto and Rochester (winners in the last two years).

Cornwall has won the C.L.U. championship in lacrosse and has challenged New Westminster for the

Minto Cup, which the latter has just captured from Vancouver.

Toronto has apparently won the National Lacrosse League championship.

In rowing, Biddle of the Don Club, Toronto, gained the singles, and the Argonauts the fours and eights.

In Ottawa Mr. Victor Woodland has again won the lawn tennis city championship, defeating Mr. R. S. Raby. Both these gentlemen are civil servants, and are to be congratulated on their showing.

In the Civil Service Baseball League, the Printing Bureau team have gone through the season with an unbroken record. This is the first year of this league, and is altogether experimental. With a little revision of the constitution there is no reason why this should not be a strong league. The chances are that next year there will be at least ten clubs entered.

In the championship lawn tennis of America the event this year was won by M. E. Megloughlin of San Francisco, who defeated in the final W. J. Johnston of Philadelphia. The veteran, W. A. Larned, did not apparently compete this season. In eleven years since 1901 he has won the championship no less than seven times — a remarkable record.

\* \* \*

Ottawa has been favoured with visits from several United States cricket teams this season. The last to come were the famous Germantown XI of Philadelphia. They proved much too strong for the local team, but were roundly beaten by the All-Montreal XI, who recently defeated also the New York veterans. The cold, wet summer has considerably interfered with this kind of games—as it has done also in the Old Country.

If the numerous Scout companies which are being formed everywhere could be induced to take up cricket, it would do much to revive England's national game.

\* \* \*

There is some talk of a professional "soccer" league being formed, to include Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton and Ottawa. With the large Old Country population now in these centres there will be many to pick from and also to attend as spectators. In Great Britain "soccer" has almost put a "crimp" in cricket. The gates at Glasgow, London and elsewhere are enormous, sometimes running up to 75,000 persons.

\* \* \*

The new Connaught Park on the Aylmer road is rapidly nearing completion, and will provide one of the finest racing tracks and club houses in Canada. Much credit is due to the promoters. As has been remarked before in these columns, one satisfactory element is that the walking is good on the Aylmer road and some of us may have to foot it back after playing the sure tips we get on the ponies. Being so near Ottawa our revered M. P.'s will be able to size up intelligently the merits or demerits of the Miller Bill against racing. It sounds somewhat anomalous that such states as New York and California should have prohibited race track gambling, while our own virtuous Canada permits it to flourish unrestrictedly.

\* \* \*

The annual D.R.A. meeting has come and gone, with a larger attendance than ever. Notwithstanding the cold and wind the shooting was remarkable. "Possibles" were made at many ranges. This year much interest was lent by the presence of many young cadets from all over Canada, and a company of thirteen from England. Some of the lads did exceedingly well. No doubt in future years the cadets will come in large numbers. We have not as yet reached the stage of the old country Bisley, where several women shots compete every year. This season a Mrs. Muirhead of Scotland took high rank against her male competitors.

\* \* \*

It is to be hoped that no internecine war will arise in Ottawa football club circles. The proposition to amalgamate with the Rowing club would appear to an outsider to have much to recommend it. "Union is strength" is an old and usually a sound maxim. The experience of the Argonauts in Toronto would seem to justify it. It would be most unfortunate if any petty grievance should disrupt the club. Gentlemen, get together. With a President like Sandy Cameron and a Secretary like Reggie Gaisford, what more could you ask?

\* \* \*

The Ottawa Golf Club have not in the past been very fortunate in their matches with outside clubs, which makes their recent victory of Labour Day over the Royal Montreal Club all the more acceptable. The score was 18-7. The Ottawa club 'pro,' Keefer, also beat his Montreal opponent, Charlie Murray.

\* \* \*

The wind-up of the Canadian Baseball League showed the clubs to have the following standing:—

## CANADIAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Ottawa . . . . .	63	35	643
Brantford . . . . .	54	44	551
Hamilton . . . . .	51	45	531
London . . . . .	47	48	495
St. Thomas . . . . .	48	52	480
Berlin . . . . .	42	50	457
Guelph . . . . .	39	51	433
Peterboro . . . . .	44	58	431

"What was the worst money panic you ever saw?" asked one financier of another. "The worst money panic I ever saw," was the reply, "was when a five cent piece rolled under the seat of a street car and seven different women claimed it!"

**READ OUR SERIAL — "THE  
MISS-ADVENTURES OF  
JIMMY CAREW."**

By G. R.

A Comedy Melo-drama (not too mellow) in several acts, and with a good deal of scenery.

Time: Summer-time, and right up-to-date.

Place: Several places, mostly in the open air, somewhere between the Rideau Lakes and the St. Lawrence River.

Characters: (more or less respectable)

JIMMY CAREW, canoeist and hero.

ALGERNON CHOLMONDELEY POTTS,  
Haw-haw remittance man—and (hist!)  
"The Villain."

THOMAS GIGGS, who drives one and runs a boat livery.

HAROLD BROOKS, canoeist and veracious chronicler of the yarn.

CHARLEY STEVENS, hard flirt, purser of the 'Fairy Queen', and Jimmy's "double."

GUS, bartender of the Roman House. (Important man).

"THE BOY" at Giggs' boat-house, who speaks a few lines.

FRED BANGS, clerk of the Athenian House, and some spieler.

JOE PLANTE, of Bellamy Lake. ("I cannot spick de Hinglish as she is spoke," says Joe).

HANS, the constable at Athens. (Dutch, not Greek, however).

OTTO WEATHERBEE, a New England canoeist.

CAPTAIN ANDREWS, late of His Majesty's 'Steenth Lancers.

LIME, of LIMESTONE.

GANNON, of GANNONNOCK.

THE HUSBAND (this should be in small type) of Madame the Black-eyed.

BROWN, of FISHERVILLE.

WHITE, of LIMESTONE.

VICTOR VANDERBILT, canoeist, of New York. Apollo up to date, and a hummer to go.

THE COMMODORE of the Canoe Meet. A fine fellow.

MORE BOYS, here and there.

A PHOTOGRAPHER at Athens.

BESSIE MOORE. Heroine, and (well, ask Jimmy Carew).

MRS. MOORE. Bessie's mamma (of course). Wears a pince-nez and an academic air.

MISS HELEN BLAZER, the Duchess of Downeast. Some class.

MISS IVY GREEN, of Bellamy Lake. (Stuck on Charley Stevens).

MISS AGGIE PATTERSON, 'acting boss' of the Athenian House.

WIFE of the Athenian Photographer. (She should be in big type. She is. She weighs 200 lbs.).

MADAME the Black-eyed. A fine cook. Fine eyes, too. Ask Jimmy.

THE COMMODORE'S WIFE. Doesn't say much. Nice woman.

THE CROWD, including villagers, rustics, canoeists, pretty girls, policemen, boys, and "others."

He, rejected: "Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics?" She: "That's about right, George! I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnickian sense only!"

\* \* \*

Sergeant: "Now then, Murphy, what's the trouble?" Murphy: "I'm looking for me belt, sar'nt." Sergeant: "Well, man, you've got it on!" Murphy: "Thankee, sar'nt. If you hadn't told me I would have gone out without it!"

\* \* \*

Mother: "Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?" Daughter: "I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one!"

\* \* \*

"Why is it," asked a girl, "that the bridegroom's attendant is called the 'best man'?" "I suppose it's because he is the best off!" growled an old bachelor.

\* \* \*

### Chinese Commercial Laws.

The American Anti-Trust law has its prototype in China. The code in the latter country is both simple and brief, containing only four rules—

"Those who deal with merchants unfairly are to be beheaded.

"Those who interrupt commerce are to be beheaded.

"Those who attempt to close the markets are to be beheaded.

"Those who maintain the prosperity of commerce are to be rewarded."



### Sanctified Politics.

Sir Frederick Bridge tells a good story at the expense of the committee which drew up the new Wesleyan hymn-book, the tunes for which he edited. Sir Frederick says it was an "artful committee." They submitted to him a tune which they declared was by Handel. It was so bad however that he sent it back, with the intimation that, if it were included in the book, every time it was rendered Handel would turn in his grave. The committee submitted it again, this time with the promise that if only he would include it is should be marked to be sung "pianissimo," so as not to disturb Handel.

**HIS SOLUTION**—A professor had given a very learned lecture. "Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate," he said at its conclusion. "I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power." An old lady in spectacles rose. "Why do wet tea-leaves kill cockroaches?" she asked. The scientist was not aware that wet tea-leaves had such death-dealing power, but had no desire to exhibit his ignorance. "Because, madam," he replied, "when a cockroach comes across a wet tea-leaf he says, 'Hallo, here's a blanket!' and wraps himself up in it, catches cold, and dies!"

**INNOCENT AS TO GEOGRAPHY.**—"And where is it ye are goin' this time, Will avick?" an old Irish woman asked of a bluejacket whose ship was ordered abroad. "The West Indies this time, grannie," said he. "Musha, the good fairies must have sent ye! Now, when ye git there will it be after taking a walk to the Aist Indies ye'll be, to oblige an ould woman? Sure, me dear son Michael's thXere, and Oi'd loike ye to take his mother's blessin'!"

**"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"**—Jones: "Where did you

get——" Robinson, hastily: "Beautiful day, isn't it?" Jones: "Yes; but now tell me, where did you get——" Robinson: "Been having any golfing lately?" Jones: "I should think so. Now tell me, where did you get that hat?" Robinson, much relieved: "Oh, at the corner of High street—ten-and-six! I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got that umbrella!"

**SMART SON OF A WORTHY SIRE.**—Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in Australia. Not long ago, in the course of a speech, he was frequently interrupted by a snappish member named Willis. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dickens, turning to the Chair, "it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity, 'Barkis is willin'." The circumstances to-day are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, 'Willis is barkin'!"

**The Exceptional Instance.**—A teacher was explaining to her class the meaning of the word "axiom." "An axiom," she said, "is a self-evident fact or proposition. That is, it is something which you know to be true—something which, in the very nature of things, cannot be otherwise than true. For example, it is a well-known axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts—to state it in another form, the half of anything is less than the whole of it." "Teacher," exclaimed a little boy, "I know the half of something that's bigger than the whole of it." "You surprise me, child," said the teacher. "What is it?" "A semicolon," answered the lad. "It's bigger than a colon!"

**Mistress, engaging cook:** "We live very plain, you know." **Cook:** "Well, mum, if the way you live is as plain as the way you look, there'll be no trouble at all!"