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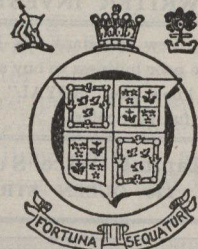
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THE CIVILIAN

VOL. V.

JULY 12, 1912.

No. 6

A Bread and Butter Campaign

To reduce the Cost of Living.

The attention of the service is directed to the following letter from the pen of Mr. Alphonse Desjardins, who is himself a member of the civil service, and who is broadly known as the founder and president of La Caisse Populaire de Lévis, a co-operative society which succeeded so well in resisting the machinations of the usurer. M. Desjardins is an authority upon the subject of which he writes. The service will do well to read and digest.

Editors *Civilian*:

I wish to make a few comments on your editorial of the last issue of *The Civilian*, with my wish to see it published in *The Civilian* as soon as possible. You have made a masterly point in your article and I congratulate you heartily.

Under the suggestive title, "Cost of Living—A Solution," *The Civilian* of June 28th last publishes a good article and winds up by an appeal in favor of a Federal Co-operative Act. It strongly appeals to all to petition Parliament to pass such an Act, and particularly calls upon President Smith, of Windsor, to make himself heard in this connection.

Having had more than any individual to deal with this question of a Federal Act on Co-operation, having had to work more than anybody else to induce our legislators to enact such a law, it seems to me that I may join my appeal to that of *The Civilian* and urge our President to move in the matter in starting a vast campaign of petition to Parliament.

If, in the past, the efforts have failed, let us remember that apart from strong resolutions passed by the Congress of the workers' unions, there were no appeals from other people urging Parliament to act, although our cause had a strong supporter in the person of Mr. F. D. Monk, now Minister of Public Works. But, unfortunately, the lack of public spirit outside, and consequently the silence that followed, seemed to justify Parliament to rest satisfied with the existing state of things and thereby gave satisfaction to the disciplined army of retailers who fought their own battle by sending hundreds of delegates to oppose Mr. Monk's bill on Co-operation. There seemed to be some reason to justify the member who once told me that I was the only citizen to ask for such a legislation, which was untrue, of course. The pressing demand of the Western grain growers has since conclusively shown that such an Act was badly wanted by all the real wealth producers of Canada, agriculturists as well as the urban laboring classes.

Let us not forget that if this cause has lost the parliamentary support of several not now in the House of Commons, we can rely upon the strong assistance of Mr. Monk who has always taken a manly stand on this question, having been the first to move the adoption of a bill on co-operative societies. The time is therefore most opportune for us to make ourselves heard in no uncertain sound, the ever increasing cost of

living, due mostly to trade combines, making it a pressing necessity.

Let Mr. Smith, President of our Federation, take the matter in hand and start a movement that will surely bring a satisfactory solution of the question. Let us petition on all sides Parliament and not rest until we have triumphally carried the issue.

ALPHONSE DESJARDINS.

Levis, P.Q., July 4th, 1912.

GEOLOGICAL CONGRESS.

Members of the Mines Department, as also others in the service, will be interested in the following letter on the subject of the 12th Geological Congress, which is to be Canada's honour this year for the first time.

Editors The Civilian, . .

I am instructed by the Executive Committee of the Twelfth International Geological Congress to request you to draw the attention of your readers to the meetings of the Congress which are to be held next year for the first time in Canada. The preliminary arrangements are announced in the first circular, a copy of which is enclosed.

Since the first meeting of the Congress in Paris in 1878, meetings have been held in Italy, Germany, England, the United States of America, Switzerland, Russia, Mexico and Sweden. At the last Congress held in Stockholm in 1910 there was an attendance of 850, and it is expected that this number will be exceeded in Canada next year.

You will notice that an extensive series of excursions are being arranged to illustrate the typical geology and mineral resources of Canada. These excursions will take place during August and September, and will extend from Cape Breton and Halifax on the Atlantic to Prince Rupert and Victoria on the Pacific, and from Niagara Falls on the Southern boundary to Dawson City near the Arctic Circle.

Geologists from every quarter of the Globe will attend the Congress, and for many it will be their first visit to Canada. They will include professors from the leading universities and mining schools, officers of the various government geological surveys and mining departments, and geologists and mining engineers in private practice.

The value of the annual mineral output of Canada has steadily increased year by year for the last thirty years, and is now over one hundred million dollars. Considering, however, the known resources and the enormous territory whose resources are unknown, this output is small, and Canada needs more men and more money for prospecting, development and operation. This she can best secure by attracting, not the general public, but those people whose business it is to engage in such industries and who understand their management. Geologists and mining engineers are obviously those best able to influence opinion in their own countries on the subject in which they are recognized authorities, hence the opportunity afforded by the meeting in Canada of so many eminent specialists should not be neglected. Every effort should be made to show to the world that while our known mineral resources are large, we have an immense undeveloped territory awaiting the advent of the trained prospector.

Meetings of various geological and other scientific societies have been held in Canada in the past, but this is the first occasion on which the International Geological Congress has met here and the opportunity will not occur again for many years, since the meetings are held triennially in the different countries of the world.

Canadian geologists are fully alive to the high honour paid them and their country by the selection of Canada for the meeting, and they are being generously assisted in preparing for it by the Dominion and Provincial Governments and by the railway and mining corporations, as well as by individual business and professional men, all of whom are contributing liberally both money and time.

Field Marshall, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the Governor-General of Canada, has graciously consented to become the Honorary President of the Twelfth Congress.

I shall be glad to send a copy of the circular to any of your readers applying for it and to give any further information about the Congress.

It is hoped that you, Mr. Editor, will be so kind as to use your influence and interest in making the aims, objects, and work of the Congress known to the public.

Yours very truly,

W. S. LECKY.

Secretary to the Executive Committee of the Twelfth International Geological Congress, Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa.

July 2nd, 1912.

Superannuation.—Contributory or Non-Contributory.

Principles on which Contributions of Employees Should be Determined.

In *The Civilian* of May 31st it was argued that any scheme of civil service superannuation should include benefits for the wives, widows and children of employees, and under date June 14th it was argued that from all points of view taking into account facts which must be reckoned with whether we like it or not, it would be more advisable to make the scheme contributory than non-contributory. The preceding discussion, however, has left wide open the principles on which the contributions of employees should be determined, and it is with the determination of these principles that the present article concerns itself.

As a first principle it would usually be agreed that no employee should be called upon to visibly contribute for a greater benefit than he and his dependents would enjoy. This principle may be enunciated without fear of successful contradiction, as they say in well informed political circles. As, however, some male employees never marry, and consequently can benefit only personally, and as female employees also can only benefit personally, this means that the maximum contribution which anyone should be required to pay is the contribution for the benefits which the scheme of superannuation guarantees to himself personally, individually, unless, indeed, the contribution be made to depend on one's dependents, which as a practical suggestion, may be put out of court without ceremony. Thus then we have fixed upon a maximum limit of contribution. Adhering closely to this principle alone, however, the contribution might be fixed at any proportion of the maximum without any violation of the principle already enunciated, which leaves us free to fix the contribution anywhere between nothing and the maxi-

mum already agreed upon. In order to assist in a more definite determination it will be helpful, if possible, to establish some minimum below which the contribution must not fall.

It may again be enunciated without fear of successful contradiction that male employees who never marry and female employees should visibly contribute for the full benefit which the superannuation scheme guarantees to them personally. If they do not do so it is pertinent to ask from what source should the balance come? The class of employees here referred to, that is employees who take upon themselves the minimum of community responsibilities, must be assumed to earn enough during life to provide for their own needs during active life as well as after retirement. This being agreed upon it is here maintained that it is advisable that they should visibly contribute for the full personal benefit. In maintaining this, sight is not lost of the facts previously advanced in these pages with regard to contributory and non-contributory superannuation schemes. But taking into account all the considerations which were kept in mind in determining whether the scheme should be contributory or non-contributory, keeping in mind also certain other practical considerations which cannot very well be discussed at present, it is here maintained that the minimum contribution should be as already indicated. The adoption of this minimum is very largely a matter of expediency and it is doubtful if any very telling arguments can be advanced against such a minimum which is not also an argument against any contribution at all. It is, however, here assumed that there is to be a contribution.

We have thus fixed the maximum beyond which contributions should

not go, and likewise the minimum below which they should not fall, and as it happens the maximum and the minimum are identical, that is the contribution made by the employee should be just sufficient to provide the benefits to himself personally, neither more nor less.

If the employee is to contribute for his own personal benefit, neither more nor less, it means that his benefits must be determined in such a manner as to make possible the calculation of the contributions he is to make. This is quite impossible under many superannuation schemes, for the reason that the benefit is based on final salary or on the average salary during some few final years, as three, five or seven, and it is quite impossible to know in advance what this final salary or average salary is going to be. In some schemes the benefit is based on the average salary which although probably an improvement on the "final salary" schemes is not wholly satisfactory for the purpose at present in view. The only method of determining the benefits to the employee which would appear to fully meet present requirements is as a percentage of all salary payments received prior to time of retirement for the sake of argument, say, 2%. If an employee enters the service at a salary of say \$1,000.00, then on the assumption that that salary will never be increased it is a comparatively easy matter to calculate the contribution which he should make to provide the benefits to himself; for if he goes out at the end of 20 years, say, he has received \$20,000; if at the end of 21 years, \$21,000; and so on. Thus it is known in advance just what his benefit will be in event of retirement at the end of each successive year, and the calculation of the necessary contributions can be made with a fair degree of precision, according to the age at entry. If at any subsequent date an increase in salary is received, that increase in salary would be treated as a new salary for purposes of

benefits and contribution, the contribution to be made from the amount of the increase being again determined according to the age attained at date of increase, and so on for all subsequent increases. As before stated there are many practical considerations somewhat difficult to explain which make it advisable to determine the benefits as herein indicated. One reason which may be stated is that by this means equity is dealt out to each employee, so far as equity is possible; whereas if benefits are based on any of the other methods mentioned, any approach to equity as herein understood is impossible. By properly determining the benefits to wives, widows and children, it is possible to make the total cost such that just about one-half the total costs would be visibly contributed by the employees and one-half by the government; while at the same time the benefits may be made to meet the needs of each case according to the principles set forth in *Civilian* May 31st. Half the contribution by the employee and half by the employer is generally looked upon with favour, possibly as each goes half-way. Thus it would appear that from every point of view the principles of determining contributions herein indicated should be followed in any scheme of civil service superannuation.

GOVERNMENTAL INEFFICIENCY.

Three incidents, reported in the news of one day, furnish striking examples of the manner in which the United States government is neglecting an opportunity to put its administrative affairs on a more scientific basis. Abstract arguments sometimes fail when concrete examples would convince. Here are three examples of the utter foolishness and cruelty of the United States in refusing to retire superan-

nuated clerks of the government service on pensions:

James G. Kerr, the oldest postal employee in the United States, handed in his resignation to the Chicago postmaster, after 62 years of continuous service. He is 84 years old. He never missed a single day at his desk. He never received a reprimand. He felt that he was too old to work for the government any longer. Under the present system there is no way to pension him. Fortunately, he has a brother who will take care of him until he dies.

Because classified government service does not offer opportunities for advancement and the salaries are not sufficiently large to meet the increased and increasing cost of living, J. H. Mallory, of Washington, has resigned his position as clerk in the postoffice service, division of stamps. Mallory's chief reason for resigning is that he would have been compelled to work for such a small salary that he would never have been able to set anything aside for the future, and the United States government refuses to give any assurance that he will be protected against old age.

By remaining in the government service, he would be voluntarily leaving himself unprotected against old age.

William R. Wherry, a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger conductor, after 50 years of active service, now being 67 years old, is to be retired on a pension that nearly equals the salary he has been receiving. He was employed by the railroad as a freight brakeman. One promotion followed another, until he was made a passenger conductor on the Pittsburgh division, where he is employed at the present time.

Those three examples furnish an illustration of the differences in the methods of the government and the cruel corporations. Advancement in the government service is slow because the aged employees are never removed. Most of the em-

ployees hang on by the eyelids when they become old, but the mere fact that sympathy keeps them in their jobs for a certain time keeps younger men from having much chance of being promoted. Moreover, the younger men, when they are moved up a peg, realize that some poor devil has been thrown out on the street at a period of life when he is unable to get other employment. The whole system works toward discouragement and inefficiency.

The cruel corporations, on the other hand, see to it, as a business proposition, that young men are rewarded by promotion for faithful service, and that they are protected against old age by the pension system. The result is that the corporations have an efficient service while the government service is a combination of weary old age and discouraged youth.—*Washington Post*.

The Ever Faithful Dog.

The dog is the only animal that is capable of disinterested affection. He is the only one that regards the human being as his companion, and follows him as his friend; the only one that seems to possess a natural desire to be useful to him, and from a spontaneous impulse attaches himself to man.

We exact from the dog the service that is required of him, and he still follows us. He solicits to be continued as our companion and our friend. Many an expressive action tells us how much he is pleased and thankful. He shares our abundance and he is content with the scantiest and the most humble fare. He loves us while living, and has been known to pine away on the grave of his human master.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

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THE EDITORS,

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

Ottawa, July 12, 1912

REDUCE THE COST.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we publish in this issue the letter of Mr. Alphonse Desjardins on the need of a general law of co-operation. Everybody whose interest in the economic development of Canada goes a deeper than mere party politics or a general hope for a good crop knows about Mr. Desjardins' success in developing in this country the system of co-operative banking which is the real backbone of the financial system of some of the wealthiest countries of Europe. Single-handed, and without even the opportunity which should be afforded under the law of any free country, Mr. Desjardins has established among the common people of his own home town, Levis, Quebec, a co-operative bank whose success reads like a fairy tale. And not only that, but, by the most intense devotion to

the cause, he has developed in other places the belief in co-operation, and so has been the means of establishing these "people's banks" in many other places. In fact, Mr. Desjardins is now the leader of a movement for co-operative banking, and that movement by no means confined to his native province but extending throughout the Dominion and over a large part of the United States. As a member of the official reporting staff of the House of Commons, Mr. Desjardins has leisure during the recess of Parliament. That leisure he has devoted unselfishly to the public good in the promotion of the co-operative banking movement. It is one of the glories of the civil service of Canada that it has produced men of the Desjardins stamp.

But, on the other hand, think how such a man is treated by the country to whose interest he devotes himself. Not only is he not helped by patronage or subvention, but actually he must carry on his work without the protection which is thrown around the promoter of every form of joint-stock company or friendly society. We do not pretend to know exactly what is the law on this subject of co-operative societies, and we very much doubt that anybody knows it. But one thing is certain, and that is that Canada has no law such as should be in existence, a law defining in clear and simple terms the rights and powers of those who desire to carry on business co-operatively.

And that is all that *The Civilian* asks for on behalf of the civil service. There is no suggestion that the Dominion government should make special arrangements for our benefit, much less that it should afford us any assistance. A general law which will allow people living in different provinces, whatever may be their calling, to carry on a co-operative business is all that is asked for. Such a law is to be found on the statute book of almost every civilized

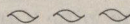
country. The need of it is proven by the experience of those who have taken an active interest in the co-operative movement. That need is voiced in the letter of Mr. Desjardins, and we are proud to be allied in so worthy a cause with a man who has done so much for the common good as the founder of the "people's bank" in Canada.

But this is a work which no one man, no few men, can carry on. Only by the united efforts of all can the public demand be created to which alone Parliament is likely to listen. This is a movement which means dollars in the pocket of every person concerned, and every person concerned should do his share to bring about the desired reform.

The endorsement of Mr. Desjardins of the attitude of *The Civilian* in regard to the problem of every day living expenses, and the solution proposed in our editorial leader in the last issue, is therefore particularly gratifying to us. It assures us that we are progressive and also that we are on the right road. The bread and butter problem is daily becoming more and more a poignant, pregnant proposition. We know not what a day may bring forth in the prices of necessary commodities. To-day it may be the price of cradles, but just as surely to-morrow it will be the price of coffins. Shall we wait for the government to adjust the equilibrium between the cost and the defrayment? It is a mirage in the desert. We know not when we may reach it. Shall we not then get busy in the meantime in our own behalf?

Mr. Desjardins thinks a petition to parliament in support of a co-operative law is the first step in the process of getting control of the prices of our own markets. *The Civilian*, in the last issue, threw this suggestion at the Federation in all sincerity, but perhaps without full realization of the work involved. It is a big proposition and may require a little time for consideration. To focus public

opinion upon the growing evil of enhanced cost of living and to point a moral and a remedy would be a fine piece of work for the service to accomplish. Everything depends upon the readiness of the members of the service as units and as individuals to induce the consumers in their locality, especially salaried men and women, to join in an expression of opinion that it is desirable to have a federal co-operative law. *The Civilian* does not intend to let the matter rest and hopes to have an announcement to make at an early date, either on its own behalf or on behalf of the C. S. Federation of Canada.



FIRE PROTECTION.

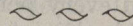
The news that some of the recommendations of Chief Graham regarding fire protection in the buildings on the Hill are to be carried out gives much satisfaction to civil servants. Everyone dreads the results of a fire in any government office building. So far as the main building and the East and West blocks are concerned, there is little probability of loss of life from fire, but the results of a fire to the Departments sustaining loss are unimaginable. There is hardly a room in those buildings where a fire might not, in five minutes, destroy books and documents which could only be duplicated by great expenditure of time and labour,—in many cases not at all. It is a source of constant regret that the most valuable government records are not duplicated and that in a great many departments they are stored in card-board cases on wooden shelves. Only the most newly-equipped filing-rooms are fitted with fire-proof shelves and cases.

What would be the probable course of events in case of fire breaking out on an upper floor of one of these buildings between 9 p.m. and 8 a.m.? Suppose an electric wire or the old familiar combination of

mouse-and-match starts a merry little blaze just after the watchman has made his round. The fire will burn away, unsuspected, in a closed room, till the volume of smoke produced forces its way out into the corridor and drifts slowly through hall, stairway and elevator shaft to the nostril of the Dominion policeman on duty at the ground-floor entrance or makes itself known to some stray watchman. Then there will be a rush to the scene of the fire (and no elevators running). The policeman (who is also the government fireman) will find, in the smoky obscurity, the nearest stand-pipe valve and hose. He will couple the hose to the pipe (and it takes a cool and experienced hand to avoid "crossing the threads" even when the light is good.) Having coupled his hose to the stand-pipe he must stretch out the full fifty-foot section (for the reels are not automatic) and then run back to turn on the water. (In some places he will find a spanner at hand to assist his labors,—in others it is missing.) Having at last brought a stream to play upon the fire (and the pressure on those top floors is a joke), the policeman will, if the fire is in a room with open shelving, destroy as many files with the water as have already fallen prey to the flames. If the fire has reached proportions (as it has had ample time to do) which defy such amateur opposition, the policeman, or someone else, will telephone the city fire department (for there are no fire alarm boxes on the Hill). The motor truck from No. 8 station will respond and that crew, discovering the seriousness of the situation, will run back to Wellington street and pull a box there. Then, and not till then, will proper fire-fighting forces be summoned to save the most valuable buildings and contents in Canada.

It used to be supposed that the buildings on the Hill would not burn, but the West block fire showed that the best that can be said of

them is that they are slow-burning. Imagine what damage a fire would do if it got fifteen minutes free start under the mansard roof of the main building, — over the Commons or Senate chambers or in the Library! The Dominion police are not to blame, the city's fire chief is not to blame, civil servants are not to blame,—but why the government delays to instal an automatic alarm system in every part of every building and place city fire alarm boxes in convenient locations both inside and outside the buildings is one of the mysteries which must remain unsolved.



OUR SERIAL.

The story of the "Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew," which has been running in *The Civilian* since the issue of April 19th last, has now, with the current installment, entered upon the second half of its length. Chapter XIV was crowded out of our issue of June 28th by force of circumstances, but it is included in this issue, together with the regular instalment of three chapters which will be printed hereafter, the story ending with September, which popularly ends the canoeing season. From the expressions of opinion which have reached us in regard to our serial, we do not think that our readers will mind an extra large instalment of it in this issue. The interest taken by those who read the "Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew" since they began has not declined but rather steadily increased, and we think that our readers will find the four chapters in this issue particularly interesting and exciting as well as humorous and fascinating ones. 'Fascinating,' as well as 'breezy!' 'bright!' 'fine!' 'great!' and 'a rattling good yarn!' the story has been pronounced by many of *The Civilian's* readers, and we can assure them that the balance of the story will be no less so; indeed, it increases in

interest and excitement right up to the last, and every instalment will end with a rattling climax. To quote from our own columns of April 19th: "Jimmy's grit and go are simply great, and it is a battle royal for him to the bitter end. Is it bitter or is it sweet? Or is it something of each? Does he lose the girl and the Cup, or does he win? The story will tell. There is climax after climax, and there is snap and go and excitement until the last word of the big climax at the end."

As the story has now advanced so far, we are discontinuing the "synopsis," beginning with this issue, believing that it has served its purpose, and—from what we hear—that the plot and style of the story are so clear that for those who have been reading the story from the beginning a synopsis has been superfluous.

NEW INVENTIONS.

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KEEPING AT IT.

"When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this: 'An engine of one cat-power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty horse-power, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one cat-power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."

The Paris edition of the New York *Herald* is authority for the statement that the League for the Protection of Horses in the French capital is endeavoring, through the presentation of cigars, (the brand is called *caballos*, the Spanish for horses), to persuade the cab drivers to treat their horses humanely. The cigars are enclosed in transparent cases on which is printed "Take off the blinkers!" Around each cigar is a red and gold band bearing a horse's head, and the inscription, "Be kind to animals!"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility, the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 —Cowper.

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At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

The Secret of Success.

The heading of this article, reminiscent though it may be of dear, old Scranton, Pa., came to me by the way of Bank street, Ottawa. One of the serious men of that serious section of the Capital called the Glebe met me the other day and said to me, *inter alia* and also *ex cathedra*, "Wegg, you are too frivolous." Now the farther you go out Bank street the wider is the connotation of that word "frivolous." Near Sparks street it means dancing a jig on the top of a street car. Out by Somerset street it means also wearing fancy socks. At the subway it connotes, in addition, writing poetry and playing the violin. When you get to the avenues the term has extended itself to include all these things and to embrace such other habits as talking politics and consulting the thermometer. About the only thing, in fact, not considered frivolous in the ultra-Glebe circles is the buying and selling of real estate.

So I knew what to expect from my serious friend who charged me with frivolity. I asked him, however, to instance a frivolous piece of work from my hand. He named my article on the humble Glycobactor. And then, before I could defend myself, he proposed that I should write something on *The Secret of Success*.

More than that he told me what to put into the article, and offered to supply me with a full page of figures showing the advances in the prices of lots "out our way" with a list, also, of some of the men who had come to Ottawa in a box car (not

all in one consignment, mind you) and who now have offices with roll-top desks in them, and automobiles, and motor boats,—and lawn mowers, too, if I remember aright. I thanked him for his suggestion and promised to use his subject, but said that I could not hope to persuade *The Civilian* to use his page of figures and other advertising matter. And now let us oil the bearings of the electric fan and get to work.

The Secret of Success! What, in the first place, is a secret, that is, what is a secret of the kind mentioned in our text? A Secret may be something which a person knows and will not divulge, or it may be something which a person knows and is unable to divulge. Thus a man may have the secret of transmuting banana skins into gold. He can let the rest of the world into this secret, but he refuses to do so. Again a woman is often said to have the secret of making biscuits. This she may wish to make common property but she cannot, for it is a part of the incommunicable personality which every one has and has for one's self alone. The Secret of Success is of the latter order, although, for purposes best known to themselves, the come-on people of all varieties would make you believe that they have the secret and can let you use it if you will only cut out the coupon at the bottom of the advertisement and return it with a postal-note for one dollar by the next mail.

What footing have we obtained now amid the shifting sands of our syllogisms; or, in other words, where



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are we at? The secret of biscuit making is the biscuit-maker. The secret of success is the successful man. Nothing succeeds like success, and success itself cannot answer its own riddle. Thus we could go on piling epigram upon epigram, or veneering the plain pine of truth with thin layers of paradox. All this time the man out Bank street is telling his neighbours that he has won Silas Wegg from his folly, and the next issue of *The Civilian* will have something worth while in it. And I feel sorry that I did not get his roll of honour from him, for I am not half through with my sermon yet. But I am not going to give up this text, however. You have heard of the clergyman who was accustomed to making short prayers. He happened, as you remember, to get into a camp-meeting where he was booked for a half-hour prayer. He went along all right for ten minutes. Then his inspiration left him. But, undaunted, he proceeded: "Now, O Lord, I will tell thee a story." I was that clergyman.

But I am not going to tell *you* a story. I intend to talk of some of the things that are not the secrets of success, although often paraded as such. Some say that patience is the secret of success. With this the physicians will, of course, agree. The most of us find that patience is not the genius of success but rather the solace of failure. Patience does not always bring a crown of gold, but it does bring sweet ointments for the wounds received from the crowns of thorns.

Some say that the secret of success is pull. The dentists here vote in the affirmative. But pull, mighty as it is, cannot lift one beyond a certain height. The pulley must be fastened to something or somebody. Leaving out of the question the rotten branches to which pulleys are often attached, it is not often that the puller can lift himself very high with his pull. Success is an apple which

grows on the outermost twig of the tree. Pull can place the climber only on the lower branches.

Yet there sometimes comes a gale which rocks the tree and throws the apple at someone's feet. This leads some to say that the secret of success is luck. The bruised windfall of luck is not the same, however, as the golden hand-picked fruit of achievement. Achievement may lack, as Browning puts it, "a gracious somewhat," but the adventitious profits of luck are generally lacking in all grace. The self-made man, whose bank account has slowly grown from hundreds to thousands, and slowly from thousands to tens and hundreds of thousands, is ever on a parity with his wealth, but the man who makes a lucky strike, bursting from poverty into affluence, is never in tune with his bank account. We see the bank-notes but do not see him. Hard-earned wealth is apt to be used tyrannically. Yet there is a propriety and poise on the part of the users. Easy money, on the other hand, is flashed about noisily and cannot but offend. It is the hard-earned wealth that expects a dollar's worth for a dollar. It refuses to pay sixty cents for a fifty-cent meal. Waiters get most of their tips out of the easy-money fund.

The secret of success, say some, is knowledge, and surely this is a sufficient answer without the endorsement, even, of dear, old Scranton, Pa. Yet, if the first chapters of the Great Book teach us anything it is that knowledge is not the secret of success, but of sorrow. Knowledge is the result of coming into direct contact with psychic facts, as sensation is the outcome of contact with physical facts. The apprehension of these facts does not imply the proper use of them, far less the utility of them. The subtle combination of fact and circumstance which we call success *may* be brought about through knowledge. That is the most we can say.

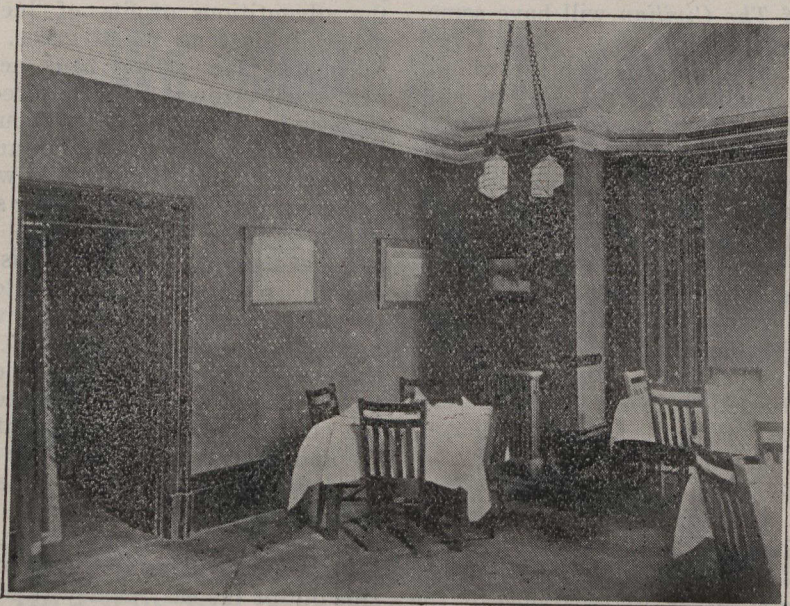
"Knowledge comes but wisdom

lingers, quotes another, "and here at last," says he, "in wisdom,—in knowledge made perfect,—we must find the secret of success." But, such is the irony of life, when one gets wisdom one does not care for success. The wise man says, in the words of

an old-time poet, too old to be on my Glebe friend's roll of honour,—

"Conduct me, Zeus, and thou, O Destiny,
Wherever your decrees have fixed my
lot,
I follow cheerfully; and, did I not,
Wicked and wretched I must follow still."

Civil Service Club of Ottawa.



View of interior of Dining Room, Civil Service Club

CIVIL SERVICE CLUB NOTES.

The Civil Service Club, the rendezvous of civil servants socially, offers splendid facilities for those members of the service whose families have gone to the country for the summer. The usual lunch at 35c, which has achieved a reputation for its class, is still served. Besides which meals are served a la carte. The efforts of the gentlemen endeavoring to make a success of the club deserve encouragement. Three new members recently elected to membership are:

A. M. Beale, Water Powers Branch,
Interior Dept.

D. A. McLaughlin, Public Works
Dept.

H. J. Nixon, Railway Commission.

It is a sign of the times, and something to encourage all humane workers, to learn that certain miners in a colliery at Coshocton, Ohio, have struck because of the inhumane treatment to which the mules of the mine are being subjected.

All things have a resurrection except the emotions. They are born, they die, they never return. A joy or a despair once gone is a phantom forever.

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Tall Brunette.

"There was a letter left here for you, Mr. Carew, by a young lady to-day," said the clerk, when he had spun the hotel register about and read out autographs. "I don't see it anywhere, but maybe the boss's niece knows where it is."

"What young lady left it?"

"Why, the young lady that wrote it right here, Miss Moore I think her name was, though she didn't register. She and her maw drove over here from Rome about noon. They're guests at the Roman House. They asked for you gents as soon as they come in, and when they heard you hadn't got here and hadn't likely gone through, they said they would stay to lunch, and paid a boy to stay down at the boat-house and keep a look out. After lunch the young lady wrote a note in the office here, and said for us to be sure to see that Mr. Carew got it when he arrived, and she fixed it with the boy to stay down at the boat-house for the day. Then her and her maw drove away. But late in the afternoon they drove up again, and when I said you hadn't got here yet, and the boy said you hadn't come along, sure, the young lady looked kind of surprised, and worried, too, I thought. They stayed on the balcony, looking up the river, until it got to thundering away off south and looking like a bad storm, and then Miss Moore got the letter back, to write more to it, I guess. Now I wonder if Miss Patterson—that's the boss's niece—could have put that letter anywhere? I was going in to supper at the time, and I told Miss Moore to leave it with Miss Patterson, who was on the veranda, and ask her to look out for you, as she was kind of acting boss, and would be particular about it."

"Well, you can tell Miss Patterson I've arrived, and shall be obliged for the letter left for me," Jimmy said.

"I think she's gone up street for a walk with some of the girls stoppin' in the house," said the clerk. "But I guess she'll be in pretty soon." He tapped a bell, and a freckled boy, who had been dozing in an arm-chair, piloted us to a room.

"Potts came up the creek while we were asleep under the pines," Jimmy communicated, as he brushed his wavy dark hair. Jimmy had made a change at the boat-house into his dark blue clothes. "But if a red squirrel, with a good deal of chattering, hadn't dropped a pine cone square on my nose, I don't think I'd have waked

up to see Potts. The squirrel seemed excited, and I was too when I saw Potts. But I played possum, and watched him closely, while the way you snored reassured him, though he swore quietly at the squirrel, which was kicking up a deuce of a row. Potts ran alongside your canoe, and began poking into it. I tried to steal down on him, but an open rush would have been better, for a twig broke and Potts was off, and by the time I was well under way he had a good lead, though he was handicapped by a little short-handle pair of oars. He certainly can row. I managed to head him off and keep him out. The rest you saw. I lost him in the storm, and perhaps it got him. He didn't fire at me, to give him his due, but he did try to scuttle the canoe, and managed to put a hole or two through the bow. He'll certainly live to be hanged if he isn't at the bottom of Bellamy Lake."

"But what did he want to poke into my canoe for?" I grumbled, as we started for the dining-room. "If it had been your canoe, now——"

"Better have a good look into it after dinner, and see if you are short anything," Jimmy said. "I couldn't see very well what he was up to, because the air had grown dark, but it looked as if he were helping himself to something or other. I wish you would remind the clerk," Jimmy added to a waiting girl as we sat down, "that I haven't got the letter yet that was left here for me to-day. Ask him to try to find Miss Patterson and get my letter for me at once."

I had just sketched Jimmy an account of the day's doings at Rome, according to the gospel of T. Giggs, some points of which made him doubly impatient to receive his belated letter, when a bevy of laughing girls, headed by a tall brunette, blew in from the veranda. They seated themselves with much chatter and laughter about a table, and the big brunette ordered ice cream for the bunch. And while they waited for the order, they began to throw out the signals of a coy readiness to flirt with James. But James was occupied. His mind was very busy with Bessie Moore just then, albeit he plied a nimble knife and fork and was playing havoc with the porterhouse steak and the eggs. The tall brunette, who had marched majestically past Jimmy's chair on the way to her own, was seated with her splendid back to him. She was the only one of the new group who couldn't see Jimmy without rubbering her head off, and her eyes hadn't been blessed with a sight of Jimmy's C. D. Gibsonian phiz. But presently one of the girls whispered to the

big brunette, with a significant look the Jimmy way. The haughty belle turned her dark head in condescending curiosity, her eyebrows slightly raised. Her black orbs rested upon Jimmy's dark face, for a moment imperturbably, then with concern. She started, swung about on her chair, and said:

"Why, Mr. Stevens!"

Jimmy was helping himself to another pair of fried eggs and his eyes were on them. Having safely landed the pair in his plate, he raised his glance, the exclamation of the tall brunette having probably only just travelled from his hearing to his brain, for he had Bessie Moore as well as the eggs in mind. His glance met that of the big brunette, likewise that of seven young gazelles in various-coloured summer gowns, and the silence seemed to grow. Jimmy modestly dropped his eyes to his plate without cracking it, preferring perhaps to meet the less embarrassing goo-goo effect of the fried eggs.

"Mr. Stevens!" repeated the big beauty, in a tone that fetched Jimmy's head up, I tell you. "I do believe you don't know me, after all!"

"I'm afraid there is a mistake," said Jimmy, laying down his food weapons. He smiled, and the girls nudged one another, for J.'s smile is something to catch a girl's eye and hold it for a while.

"A mistake?" she cut in, and her chin went up a point. She made a *moué*, and then regarded him with quizzically interrogative eyes. Then she laughed. "Well, I didn't think your memory would make one, or I wouldn't have said a word, sir. Have you forgot two years ago this summer, at Alexandr' a Bay?"

"My dear young lady," said Jimmy suavely, "the mistake is in identity. I am not Mr. Stevens, you see."

There was a buzz, then. Eight pairs of goo-goo eyes became fried eggs. Even the dining-room furniture seemed to wear an interested, intelligent air. The big brunette puckered her brows for a moment, staring hard at Jimmy. Then she merrily laughed.

"Well, I guess I do see," she said, "that you're up to some of your old tricks. But you always were a tease! Girls, I want to introduce to you the homeliest, horriest, meanest, provokingest man——"

"Pardon me!" said Jimmy briskly. He was on his feet now, his mouth twitching, but his gray eyes quite grave. "I really must not let you go on. I quite envy Mr. Stevens his reputation, but I must positively decline to accept the honour of sustaining it."

"Well, of all the cheek! Girls, you know what I told you about him? And don't you just live up to it? Is there another man anywhere in the wide, wide world that would have the nerve to stand there with a straight face and tell up such a speech?"

I s'pose you'll tell us the next thing, sir, that you wasn't at the garden party at Sweets's last night."

"I certainly wasn't."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chorused the girls.

"Oh, I knew he'd deny it! He'd do it on principle — only he hasn't got any. I wonder what Ivy Green would say if she heard him now, going back on her!"

Jimmy broke into one of his big, breezy laughs, and the big brunette smiled as she looked quite tenderly at him, the light of reminiscence in her fine eyes.

"The situation is very funny," he said, checking his mirth. "But, really, I hope you won't further misunderstand me. Mr. Brooks, please assure these young ladies that I have not the honour of being the gentleman they have taken me for."

"Oh, he don't need to trouble to do that!" the big brunette flung back, her cheek flushing. "It isn't at all necessary, Mr. Stevens! A joke's a joke, but there's a limit with a gentleman when it's on a lady, I guess!"

Jimmy stared in mingled displeasure and mirth, and she went on, as her colour and temper rose: "A gentleman would know just when the situation was funny enough. Come, girls!" She rose to a majestic height of five feet ten. "I'm sorry, but I guess we can get some more ice cream up street. Well, what are you staring about, Ellen Jane?"

Ellen Jane, whom Jimmy had sent in quest of his letter, stood looking curiously from Jimmy to the big brunette and back again. Jimmy, with a little shrug, said:

"Well, did you get my letter? Couldn't Miss Patterson be found?"

Ellen Jane giggled. "Why, this is Miss Patterson," she gurgled, with a little bob at the big brunette.

Jimmy started, frowned, and then grimly smiled. "O, indeed?" he said, with lifted brows. "If I had known earlier, Miss Patterson, I might have saved the 'situation'. I would have introduced myself. I am Mr. James Carew. The clerk told me he believed you had a letter that was left for me here to-day."

Miss Patterson had for a moment seemed perplexed, but she measured Jimmy all over again from top to toe, and her seeming perplexity changed to very evident scorn and chagrin. She eyed him with the slow scrutiny of gathering contempt, which he withstood with strained courtesy and patience. Then she said, with cutting emphasis:

"I see now, of course, why you didn't want to be known. I suppose you thought because I hadn't seen you for two years, and because you'd shaved off your *muss-tash*, that I wouldn't know you."

"Never had one!" said Jimmy, lightly caressing his lately shaven lip. "Don't like 'em!"

"Well, it *does* make a difference, I'll ad-

mit, though I guess you were barefaced enough. And then, I s'pose, when I recognized you, you just thought you'd brazen it out!"

"Miss Patterson, will you please give me my letter?"

"And I s'pose you thought that because I wasn't at the garden party, and you were so busy with Ivy Green you didn't notice any of my friends there, you would just deny that, too!"

"Of course he was there, Aggie!" said one of the girls. "And in them very clothes, too!"

"But he'd deny it because he wouldn't want Miss Moore to know about Miss Green."

"I'll thank you, Miss Patterson, to leave Miss Moore's name quite out of our talk!" said Jimmy, mad in a flash.

"O, indeed? Well, you needn't worry about her. You have sunk a lot in my estimation, Mr. Charley Stevens alias Mr. James Carew, to go carrying your flirtations so far that you travel around under assumed names. I daresay your next will be with that red-headed beauty that's been making a name for herself in Red Horse Lake. They do say her specialty is tall, dark men, married ones preferred. I daresay you're married, too, for all we know. You and her would make a fine pair, though I s'pose what decent people think about it don't matter to you."

"Miss Patterson, for the last time I ask you for my letter!"

"And if I had that letter in my hand now, Charley Stevens, I wouldn't give it to you. So there! You wouldn't have no right to have it, in my opinion. And when Miss Moore learns your true character she'll be just as glad, I guess! Come, girls!" She bestowed a parting glance of virtuous scorn and wrath that included poor shrinking me. Then, with a bewildering swirl of crêpe and muslin skirts, Miss Patterson, the star of the performance, and her satellites swept from the room.

"Hell!" Jimmy said, staring after them.

"I guess you'll have to give it up," I said.

"Give it up?" he snapped. "Let that woman keep my letter — her letter? I would be a mark! But, by Jupiter! For unadulterated nerve Miss Aggie Patterson beats Algernon Chumley Potts. I'll beat her, though!" He rushed off to the office, where he pounded the desk with such violence that the register and the clerk jumped together.

"You tell the proprietor of this house that I'll give him just one hour in which to hand over the letter addressed to me and left here to-day for me!" he volleyed. "And that's just one hour too much!" Then he viciously bit the end off a cigar, lit the weed, and marched out, smoking furiously, while I obtained the key to the

boat-house from the astonished clerk, who muttered as I strolled out:

"Charley Stevens? James Carew? The boss's niece is meowing on the wrong doorstep. That's the answer! He's just Jim Corbett or Frank Gotch, that's who he is, or my name isn't Freddie Bangs!"

The moonlight flooded the boat-house when I opened wide the padlocked doors; but I turned the light of my electric lamp upon the interior of my canoe.

Then I made a discovery that sent me back hot-foot and ripping mad to the hotel.

CHAPTER XV.

The Ubiquity of Potts.

Jimmy was doing the maid-was-in-the-garden act when I blew into our room. He was hanging his olive-green trousers out of a window, to dry by moonlight, he said.

"Got 'em drenched when that storm hit me in Bellamy Lake," he communicated, "thanks to Chumley Potts."

"Yes, thanks to him!" I said bitterly. "That blackguard's done me out of my photo kit!"

"So that was the object of his call on us up Frazer's Creek," Jimmy said. "Why, of course! He wanted to get hold of the plates you exposed on Blood Rock."

"Well, he got 'em," I said. "Every one of them was in the kit."

"Well, we have him on photographic record, anyway," Jimmy said consolingly. "He's unconscious of the fact that I snapped him when he was unconscious on Blood Rock. Let us hunt up a photographer and develop my plates. I've got to kill the hour I've given Miss Patterson."

So we got Jimmy's plates, and strolled up the main street looking for a photographer's sign. We met Miss Patterson and her Lucky Bunch of Bright-eyed Gazelles en route. She laughed with deliberate scorn, and Jimmy said something unprintable in the *Civilian* and swallowed hard. A native pointed us to a photographer's, in whose window we found the *chef-d'oeuvre* to be an 'Imperial' of Miss Patterson, *décolletée* (very, but excusably so) set in the centre of the window, on a gilt easel and set off beautifully with a plush drape. Miss Patterson's photographic drape was something gauzy, and she was looking down over a fetching shoulder in a perfectly killing way at the hotel clerk, Mr. Fred Bangs, who was in a dress suit, full length, in a cabinet card leaning against the easel. Mr. Bangs in the picture was staring out of the window with a worried look, as though mesmerized by the hypnotic gaze of the big beauty who occupied the centre of the stage.

"Nice-looking, isn't she, Jimmy?" I said, "and just about your size, too." Jimmy glared, then rapped on the photog-

rapher's door, which was wide open, the night being warm. A slim young man, who was sitting in the dark hallway smoking a cigar, ushered us through the shadows into the "Parlors," where he lighted a lamp. He was in his shirtsleeves, and was collarless and shoeless besides.

"My dark room's occupied just now," he said, when Jimmy had stated our desire to use it. "There's another feller up there, an' I don't know just how long he'll be. He came in a while ago with a kit, an'—"

"Who is he?" cut in Jimmy, with sudden interest.

"Search me!" said the slim young man. "But I'm a stranger here myself, pretty near. I ain't wise to everyone in this jay burg yet. I don't think I ever see the guy around here before, though."

"What does the guy look like?" Jimmy asked.

"Well, he's a curious kind of a mix. There's somethin' of the dood an' somethin' of the professor an' somethin' of the *athlete* about him. He's a big geezer; taller than you, I guess, though maybe not so wide."

"And he wears a soft felt hat and big dark glasses?"

"Sure! That's him."

"Potts!" said Jimmy with a grin. "I thought so! He's developing your plates, Brooks, to be sure he got them. So *we* have *him*."

"He said he'd give me a dollar to let him just get a line on some plates he'd exposed around here to-day," said the slim young man, eyeing Jimmy curiously as J. stepped into the hall and looked up the stairway. "He said he wanted the views for a paper, and if the plates was all right he could leave the village to-night; but if they wasn't he'd have to stay over and expose some more plates to-morrow. Say, he ain't crooked, is he?"

"Crooked?" echoed Jimmy, with a subdued laugh. "Why, your interrogation point is a straight line compared with him. Those plates and the whole kit he brought here belong to my friend."

"Gee! You don't say? Well, he's a smooth Aleck! What you goin' to do about it? Say, I'll put you next. The town policeman lives across the street. He's a Dutchman, an' he's a husky boy. I'll go fetch him."

"Hold on!" Jimmy said. "I'm husky enough to attend to our man."

"I don't want no scrapping in my house between two big heavyweights like you and him!" protested the photographer. "You'd break up the house, and bring the crowd in. Besides, my wife's in the front room, and she's kind of nervous and ain't very well. She's lying down. If you don't want the Dutchy in, him having the authority, I'll just go up and tell the gazabe

he can make a quiet get-away if he'll just leave that kit behind with me."

Jimmy grinned. "Have you got back stairs to your house?" he said.

"No, there ain't any."

"Is there a window in the dark room?"

"O, I guess so!" snapped the photographer pettishly.

"And it wouldn't be much of a drop from that window to the ground for a man as long as the 'gazabe,' would it? We won't take the risk of his making a quiet get-away *with* that photo kit. You're a few sizes too small for him, I'm afraid. Brooks, will you run across the street for the constable? Go round to the back with him, and this gentleman and I will go upstairs to see Mr. Potts."

"I'll go for the copper, then!" snapped the photographer. "I know the house. But you got to give me the straight office—"

"Well, you go on over with my friend," Jimmy said.

"See here!" retorted the photographer. "Do you think I'm crooked, too?"

"I don't want to," Jimmy said quietly, "but if I see any sign of a disposition on your part to let Potts out just because you imagine there's going to be a row in your house, I'll regard you as a friend of his and act accordingly. He has a fifty-dollar photo kit in his possession, remember, that he stole from my friend, and you don't want to put yourself in the position of being considered a party to that sort of thing, I suppose, in your line of business?"

"I guess your friend can go for the Dutchy himself!" snarled the slim young man. "If there's any damage done, I'll take it out o' you, that's all!"

"Legally, I hope," said Jimmy. I opened the door and slipped out and into the street, feeling the slim young man's unfriendly eyes in my back. A boy indicated the constable's house, and halted with an expectant eye.

"Vot it iss?" said the limb of the law, putting his head out of a window at my rap. Two other boys joined the first, and then Miss Patterson and her bevy, doing the moonlit street again, halted across the way by the photographer's door. People on their doorsteps got interested enough to stand up, and a man in a buggy, with a girl, checked his horse in the middle of the street.

"Let me in," I said, "and I'll tell you."

"I have gone to bed yet," grumbled the Dutchman. His guttural voice was sonorous and attracted the attention of villagers afar. "Der door is locked aretty." And at that moment the photographer, still shoeless, ran across the street.

"I want you to put a man out of my house, Hans!" he said. "He's come in there, an' I've ordered him out, but he won't go!"

"Put him oud yourself, yes," said Hans. "It's your job!" retorted the slim young man.

"Vell, it vos your house, ain'd it?" said Hans. "Make him ged oud. Py shimminy, vot it iss, dot vistle, hein?"

"Dot vistle" was a clear but modulated call that I knew well. I ran across the street, the shoeless photographer hopping at my heels, while Hans, muttering "Dedecatives, py shimminy!" drew in, bumping his big head on the sash, and proceeded to hurriedly invest his ample person in the blue habiliments of the Law.

The crowd changed their allegiance and gathered quickly about the photographer's door. I pushed through, the photographer right behind, and found Jimmy at the head of the stairs.

"Our man has got wind of us," he whispered. "I tried the door, and it's locked. You slip around to the back by the lane, and tackle him if he drops. I'll call him, and if he won't open I'll force the door."

"See here!" said the photographer, following Jimmy up. "I'll have the law on you for trespass! You've no warrant for this!"

As I ran out, with half a dozen boys at my heels, who had crowded into the hall, the burly Hans came ponderously over the way, buckling on a belt. The crowd parted, and Miss Patterson and her girls, on the tip-toe of expectation, gave a gasp. I guessed they thought Jimmy was going to be pinched.

"Good boy, Hans!" cried a kid. "Soak him one for me yet already!"

"Vere it iss?" spluttered Hans, drawing his baton.

"Come this way!" I said, grabbing his arm, and starting for the lane. But the photographer, who had given up Jimmy as a hopeless subject, jumped in.

"He's in my house, Hans!" he shrieked.

"He ain't in the lane! It's a case of trespass, and he's breaking my property, too, busting in the doors!"

"He means the detective, Hans," I said.

"The man we are after is a robber, and this man has got him hiding in a dark room. The robber will escape at the back if you don't come there pretty quick!"

"Detective?" muttered the photographer, falling back. "Why didn't you say? Aw, come off!"

"In der dark room, hein?" said Hans.

"Vell! vell!" He swelled up, and a button off his old blue coat hit the photographer in the eye. "Gum, clear oud!" He took a fresh grip on his war club and strode with majestic and perhaps tactful slowness into the lane. And just then came, in quick succession, a scream, the sound of a heavy fall, an oath, and the banging of a door.

A small boy rushed round-eyed from the house and jerked the photographer's shirt-sleeve.

"Gee!" gasped the boy. "You want to

go in there, see? They're killin' your wife!"

The slim young man, with a wild look, dashed into the house; but in an instant he was back again and into the lane. He threw his arms about the burly Hans' neck.

"For the love of Mike, come into the house!" he cried, while Hans, struggling and spluttering, threw him off. "They've knocked my wife down!"

"Ged a derrick yet!" growled Hans. The photographer's wife was life size.

"Ach, vot it iss?" For there came a crash, the breaking of glass, and the rending of wood. Then a tall figure raced out of the shadows of the narrow lane, handed out a stiff solar plexus jolt to Hans and a punch on the jaw to the photographer, that sent them reeling, and sped at furious speed up the street.

"Darned if I don't think it's Dood Potts!" exclaimed a youth.

I ran into the house and up the stairs, while Hans, swearing in his native tongue, sailed after Potts, with the crowd of boys at his heels. I found Jimmy in the dark room, which he had lighted by the 'Parlors' lamp.

A developing dish lay on the floor, which was bathed in the developing solution recently employed by Mr. Potts.

"Your case and camera are all right, but Potts has fixed your plates!" Jimmy said, as he glanced at the ground glass shining in the solution on the floor. "Potts emptied every holder in the kit; and to make sure that he wasn't leaving an exposed plate behind, he put his heel on every one. I might have cornered him," Jimmy added, as I eyed the window sash, which seemed to be like Mr. Potts beyond redemption and recall, "if the photographer's 'nervous' wife, weighing two hundred pounds, in a sky-blue wrapper, hadn't filled the staircase and barred my way. She was in an ugly humor, having been waked out of a 'cat' nap, that I suspected had a little 'Old Tom' back of it. So I understood why her hubby hadn't wanted a row in the house. While I was negotiating with the lady for right of way, Potts opened the door and glanced out, but the sky-blue wrapper screened me. Then there was a smashing of glass—your plates—and I outmanoeuvred the lady by vaulting over the baluster rail. But she skipped back, nimbly enough, just as Potts opened the door for a dash for the stairs. He knocked the lady tottering, and she caromed into me. I can tell you, two hundred pounds of sky-blue wrapper—and gin—is no joke. Potts saw me this time, rushed back, slammed the door, turned the key, kicked out the window sash, and went through as I knocked in the door."

As we went out, the slim young man was nursing his injured jaw in the gloom of the hall. But Jimmy paused to reimburse him,

and handsomely, for the busted lock and sash, and they parted good friends. Handsome is as handsome does is a homely old adage, with a whole lot of truth back of it; and Money may talk sometimes where Eloquence had best be dumb. But there was something more than Minted Balm coming to the Athenian photographer, and I had a good guess that he would be a pretty good negative himself after a while, for his two hundred pound 'nervous' wife in the sky-blue wrapper was now screaming hysterically in a room above.

Jimmy marched into the office of the Athenian House. "Time's up!" he said to the clerk, as he glanced at the clock.

"I saw Miss Patterson, and told her what you said," answered Mr. Bangs. "You see, the boss is away, and his niece is kind of acting boss. She's the 'proprietor' just now. She said for me to tell you she didn't want any more chin music, as it made her tired. And she said she'd like to know what kind of breakfast food you ate, as you sure had the nerve. You see, she's kind of haughty that way, Miss Patterson is; and of course you understand, Mr. Ste—I mean Mr. Carew, that in my position here——"

"Where's that constable?" said Jimmy, fuming. "I'll bring your Miss Patterson to time!" He strode out, like King Olaf out of the chamber of Queen Sigrud the Haughty, and we found Dutch Hans on the river bank. Hans, too, had blood in his eye. It appeared that Potts had got away in a skiff—Tommy's Giggs' nice little Number Seven, no doubt—and had been seen to row away down stream. Hans was keeping a keen if sanguinary eye upon the long stretch of moonlit water, and had a skiff in readiness to intercept Potts, believing he would try to rush the bridge to get to Rome; and Hans was going to be the good little old Horatius on the job all right.

"Never mind Potts," said Jimmy. "Potts probably pulled his boat up on the other shore, and has walked or run half way back to Rome by now. I want to get a search warrant out to recover a letter belonging to me which the hotel people refuse to give up."

"A serge varrant?" echoed Hans. "Vos it to serve on Miss Badderson yet? My poy, take some tips from your Uncle Hons. You couldn't ged oud no serge varrant tonide. Der Shustice of der Beace vos away on a fishing drip alretty. Und, anyway, my poy, you dakes my advice: Goaxing vos bedder dan scratching mit Miss Badderson. Dot's ride."

But Jimmy thought not. Condemning Hans and 'Miss Badderson' in a breath, he whirled for the hotel to buzz the long-suffering clerk once more.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Purposeful Miss Patterson.

"Does Miss Patterson know," began Jimmy stormily, "that in keeping my letter she is committing an indictable offence? Sub-section a of Section 347 of Chapter 146 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, Criminal Code, expressly states that the act of wilfully withholding property from its owner is *theft*, and shall be punishable as such!" Jimmy studied law; and as he rapped out the awful pronouncement with the fluency of a fakir twanging the virtues of a patent drug, while the clerk rolled his eyes, I felt that the whole Civil Service Commission should have been on hand just to hear and know what a Government clerk could do in a technical way when put to it.

"It certainly looks bad for Miss Patterson when you put it that way," said Mr. Bangs with gravity that was sincere. "But I can't do nothing with her. *She* wouldn't care nothing about Section A. Say, what was the fun you was having at the photo-grapher's with Dood Potts? He tin-canned past here like a bow-wow with a bunch of crackers tied to his appendix. I was sorry I couldn't get around with the crowd; but *She* was there, and it was nix f'r me."

"Where is 'She' now?" Jimmy said, breathing hard.

"Well, she's upstairs somewhere with the girls, I guess. I heard the pianna goin', a while back. There ain't no use seein' her, though. She's mad clear through."

"O, is she, indeed? Well, so am I, as she'll find out!" Jimmy strode outside. "What do you suppose is in that letter?" he said moodily to me, as he started up at the moon.

"Something nice, I should think. Fancy Bessie Moore having driven over here twice on your account! Why not take a leaf out of her book and drive over to Rome now, and——"

"And have to ask her what she said in her letter because this Amazonian shrew here wouldn't give it up!" he retorted, raising his voice. "But, by Jove, I will drive over to Rome now! There's a justice of the peace there. I'll wake him up, if necessary, and rip back here with a search warrant for that Dutch constable to turn this house up side down until that Patterson jade gives in!"

"Why not *phone* over to Rome?" I said. He stared at me, then rushed back into the hotel, his face illuminated with hope.

"Get Rome for me on the phone, quick!" he snapped to Mr. Bangs. "The Athenian House—Miss Moore."

"Too bad!" murmured the clerk, getting ready to duck. "You see, the phone office that's down street closes at eight, an' the

girl that runs it is upstairs with"—Mr. Bangs shut one eye significantly—"with her."

There was a long, eloquent pause. "She's some general," I remarked.

"Then have a good horse and a single buggy brought around for me *now!*" Jimmy rapped out.

"I'll see about it right away," said Mr. Bangs, and went off rubbing an ear, while Jimmy took short turns about the office, with long strides and subterranean growls.

The clerk returned, rubbing the other ear as though it had been boxed.

"It ain't my fault," he began, with a deprecatory air, "but Miss Patterson says

"O, damn Miss Patterson! You didn't have to ask *her*, did you!"

"Well, I guess I did! You see, she's in charge of everything here. She got word that a bunch that's camping in Red Horse Lake might want rigs to drive down to Gannanock to-morrow morning to the regatta, and she wants to have the horses fresh. She says she wouldn't trust you to drive to Rome *and back*—"

"How did *she* know *that*?" Jimmy broke in, amazed.

"Well, I guess she heard you say," said the clerk softly, with a faint smile. "You see, she was on the balcony while you were talkin' underneath just now. Your rave was kind of loud, you know. I heard it myself, in here. She asked me if she couldn't get damages against you for defamation of character for calling her a jade."

"The galled jade wince!" interjected Jimmy.

"Yes, she said your gall was the worse ever. But I said jade just meant a kind of country horse that was pretty young and a bit balky, you know. Perhaps Miss Patterson will come around by the morning. You don't think of leaving us till then, I s'pose? You ain't goin' to *walk* to Rome, I guess; and there ain't another livery in the place. You asked for a double room, for the night, when you registered, and I put you down for the one you had a wash-up in before supper. It's Number 9."

"I don't need any hint as to when it's time to go to bed, young fellow! I won't leave this house till I get my letter; but I'll get it to-night!" Jimmy smashed a heavy fist upon the desk, just as the sleepy, freckled bell-boy laid down the belated mail from the Gannanock end of the Stop-and-Carry-One route. Then he strode off to Number 9, while the mail matter danced on the shivering desk; and I appropriated from the heap a copy of the *Limestone Snorer*, hot from the press, and followed him. He slammed the door of our room, lit a cigar, and strode angrily about, making the room blue in no time with anathemas and smoke; and at last he leaned out of a

window and gazed across the moonlit river toward Rome, which was very much "the city of the soul" to him just then.

"Why not try the other tack?" I said, joining him and leaning over the sill. The luminous glory of Diana flooded the village, and irradiated with softly scintillant beauty the face of the stream as it flowed along and seemed to whisper "All's well!" to the grenadier-like poplars on either bank. All Athens was going to bed, even Hans having gone off watch; and save for a ripple of girlish laughter, and the tinkle of a piano in the hotel, with the intermittent barking of some "honest watch-dogs" that liked neither the music nor the moon, the village was serenely still.

"Why not play possum, as you did with Potts up the creek to-day?" I said. "The open rush game doesn't seem to be a winning one against Miss Patterson. You've been just playing into her hands so far, cutting up so fierce."

He growled for reply, and chucked his cigar-butt viciously down. It glowed for a moment in its descent. Then came a hissing sound. Jimmy started up, striking his head against the sash, swore, glanced back into the room, then leaned out again, staring down.

"Why, confound it!" he grumbled, "those olive-green trousers I had hanging out to dry here must have slipped off the sill. There's a rain-barrel down there, and I suppose they're in *it*, unless some interfering maid has carried 'em off to the kitchen range. Well, if they're in that barrel they can stay there till sunrise. It'll take all to-morrow to dry 'em out *now!*" He glanced suddenly up, for a shower of giggles descended from the windows of the next floor.

"Those devilish girls, Miss Patterson's bunch!" he growled, coming in. He peeled off his coat and things, flinging them about with such gyrotory vigour and utter disregard for their anchorage as showed clearly the damaging effects upon his disposition of current events. His collar fell in a slop-jar; his blue "tog" trousers came perilously near going through the window and sharing the assumed fate of the olive-green knockabout ones; while his flowing-ends tie fell over a lamp, and was promptly scorched 'ere it could be rescued to avoid the risk of general ignition.

"Don't imagine I'm giving up the fight!" he said irefully, as I stared my surprise; and I remarked that it looked rather as if he were getting ready for one. He literally tore his way into pyjamas, spluttering that he wished that Amazonian vixen were a man. "I've worked myself into such an infernal heat over her, I simply couldn't think with those clothes on, that's all!" he said. "I'm just going to keep cool a bit and map out a campaign that will make Miss Aggie Patterson haul

down her red flag and wish she'd never run it up!" Which he proceeded to do by filling a briar, lighting it, and pacing the room in shoeless feet from window to door.

"Fine shape your brain and breathing apparatus will be in to-morrow for the racing game," I said, when the smoke got so thick that I sought the window once more. "You've been training so hard for a trimming, the last day or two, on late hours and baccy and beers, you ought to be satisfied when you get it. If you don't go up the pole right now, you'll hit defeat for yours."

"Wait till I court it!" he retorted, measuring the floor in three or four Brobdingnagian strides.

"Those trousers of yours don't appear to be down there, Jimmy," I remarked presently, from the window. The gutters at the eaves had, no doubt, supplied the barrel pretty liberally with rainwater during the late storm, and Diana seemed to be now, like myself, looking directly down into the barrel, so that at the bottom of it I could see something small that shone with an almost auriferous gleam.

"Shouldn't be surprised if that black-eyed harpy frisked 'em!" he said, loud enough for the street to hear.

"Don't talk so loud!" I admonished. "Those girls above have got their ears cocked, and it won't help your cause any to call the enemy names."

For reply he viciously tugged at a bell-pull, and presently the clerk appeared.

"The whole house has gone to bed," he said protestingly, "and I was just goin' myself. We haven't got no night service, you know."

"Well, you'll need ~~ote~~ to-night," said Jimmy grimly, "unless Miss Patterson comes to time. Just rustle up some of the maids, and find out if a pair of trousers—olive-green flannels with a light stripe—were taken off that window-sill, where I left them to dry. And send 'em along quick, or I'll think your 'acting boss' has misappropriated *them*; though they're what she ought to be wearing, the virago, at the head of a suffragette procession, with her iron nerve!"

Mr. Fred Bangs departed wordless; and as Jimmy continued his peripatetic reflections, anathematic in the main, I picked up the copy of the *Limestone Snorer* I had brought up from the office and thrown on a bureau. My eye was caught by Jimmy's belt and steel chain lying there, with his keys and nicked whistle on a ring.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed. "Where's the gold locket?"

"It's in the pocket of the trousers the clerk's gone for," Jimmy growled. "I didn't bother putting it on the ring this morning when I got back to Giggs' boat-house after chasing Potts, because I was in a hurry and didn't want to strain the

hasp. I held it in my mouth when swimming across the bay, and nearly choked myself with the confounded thing once, or twice!"

I guessed it was on account of the locket that he was worrying himself over the fate of the olive-green trousers now, and that his mind had been so full of the fate of Bessie Moore's letter when hanging the trousers out to dry that he hadn't thought of the locket then. But I didn't add to his stock of assorted troubles by saying anything. I slipped into the easiest chair and shook out the *Limestone Snorer*, with Algernon Potts' 'correspondence' in mind. But other matter intervened. I started up; for a paragraph in boldface type had caught my roving eye. I read it aloud. It ran:

"*LOST.—South of Johnnie's Falls, en route to Gannanock by Rome and Red Horse Lake, a locket containing miniature. Finder please return at once to Secretary of American Canoe Association, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River. Handsome reward.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Pertinacity of James.

"There!" I said, flourishing the sheet under Jimmy's nose. It was of that day's date, and still delectably damp. "May your troubles never grow less!" I had the possibility of the loss of the locket together with that of the trousers in mind, and thoughtlessly voiced the idea. Jimmy gave an appreciative glare.

"I'd give something not to have found the blessed thing!" he said, running his glance over the ad, and then pacing the room again. "It's been my hoodoo from the start, and I won't be able to turn it over to the owner quick enough. His anxiety won't be in it with mine. The Moonstone was never in it with that locket for bringing a man bad luck. I wish that snail of a clerk would hurry up!"

I turned the *Snorer's* pages again, and found Mr. Potts under the terse but comprehensive columnar heading of 'Rome' in the 'District News.' Mr. Potts' 'copy' was, of course, a week old, but novel enough for me, and I sought to regale Jimmy with some choice Pottsonian paragraphs and smooth his wrinkled brow as his titanic shadow chasséed across the wall.

"The Roman House is graced by the presence of Mrs. C. Gardiner-Moore and Miss Bessie Gardiner-Moore, of historic old Quebec, who are rustivating in Rome. Mrs. Gardiner-Moore comes of an aristocratic old English family of Dorsetshire, and her distinguished appearance has the Vere de Vere stamp. Her daughter is a strikingly handsome girl and the belle of old Quebec's most exclusive circle."

"Our local courier, Thomas Giggs, has

put a fresh coat of paint on his stage, the latter having reached the stage of fresh paint. The new colour, a royal purple, was employed no doubt out of deference to the presence in Canada of His Royal Highness the Duke and to the fact that the vehicle conveys His Majesty's mails between Athens and Rome."

"Miss Bessie Gardiner-Moore is quite an aquatic expert. She is to be seen daily in a light skiff on the bay at Rome, and her stroke would put Grace Darling quite to shame."

"On dit that the *Fairy Queen* is to have a new purser next week, in the person of a Mr. Charles Stevens of Alexandria Bay, N.Y. Note: Why could not a Britisher have been engaged?"

"A party of canoeists passed through Rome this week, bound for Gannanock and the American Canoe Association's Racing Meet. The visits of these paddling people are getting to be rather monotonous of late."

"That's a shot at Weatherbee for cutting him out with the belle of Quebec," I interjected; but Jimmy responded not.

"*Entré nous*, Miss Bessie Gardiner-Moore, who shares with Mrs. Gardiner-Moore the distinction of being the most popular guest at the Roman House, has won a thousand hearts by her beauty and grace."

"Mr. Samuel Hugg, of Dozeyville, is about again after a long and quite trying illness induced by over-work. His friends in Rome will wish Mr. Hugg complete restoration to his accustomed health and vigour."

Recalling Mr. Hugg's untiring activity in the boat with Joe Plante and Miss Ivy Green on Bellamy Lake, I began to have a sneaking regard for the verdant veracity of Mr. Chumley Potts and to appreciate his apparently natural aptitude for reportorial work.

"Your correspondent had the distinguished privilege of photographing the guests of the Roman House this week, grouped upon the veranda steps of the hotel. The central and most striking figure was, of course, that of Miss Bessie Gardiner-Moore, who was quite *chic* and bewitching in a perfectly fetching gown of crepe Jacqueline in pearl grey, and a picture hat to match trimmed with gold."

"Shut up!" roared Jimmy, flinging a pillow at me. "What a sissy snob the fatuous fool is!" he growled, with a glare at the *Snorer*, whose Pottsonian paragraphs I observed were not having a soothing effect upon him. "I ought to have pounded the big pup to pulp on Blood Rock!"

"*En passant*, Miss Ivy Green, of Highview Farm, Bellamy Lake, contemplates visiting some of her people at Brewer's Mills."

"I understand that several members of the smart set of Limestone, Brickville and

Gannanock are camping on an island in Red Horse Lake this week. I am told that this exclusive party includes an American lady of great beauty and a retired officer of His Majesty's Army. I shall hope to find time next week to pay in person the respects of the *Snorer* to this fashionable gathering in Red Horse Lake. Editor's note: Get the great American beauty and the retired British officer to subscribe. We're after an international circulation."

"Gus, the skilful mixer of beverages at the Roman House, informs your correspondent that——"

What the 'correspondent' had been informed by the 'skilful mixer' I did not at the moment learn. Perusal of Mr. Potts' paragraphs was adjourned *sine mora* and *sine die*, as Mr. Potts would probably say. The clerk had knocked, and he presented Jimmy with the trousers of olive-green.

"I found them in the kitchen, hanging over a chair," said Mr. Bangs; and with a supplementary remark to the effect that they appeared to be 'a trifle damp yet' he retired with undue haste.

"They're just as wet as when I hung 'em out!" Jimmy growled. "I don't believe——" He plunged his hand into the pockets and turned them out.

"*Hell!*" he said, and stared at me. "*That locket's gone!*"

I ran to the window and stared down. The thing I had seen shining at the bottom of the rain barrel was still there, the point of radiance accentuated by the penumbral concavity of the barrel's sides.

"Perhaps that is it," I said, as Jimmy joined me. "It would quite easily have slipped out of the pocket, being smooth and round. But so would a coin."

"I didn't have a coin on me, after visiting the farms up Frazer's Creek," he said. "If that isn't the locket down there——"

He waltzed across the room to the bell-pull and tugged until the house echoed with the registered results.

"There was a valuable gold locket, containing a miniature, in the pocket of those trousers, when I hung them out of that window," he said loudly, as the clerk, in his socks, appeared. "It's missing now. And there'll be more trouble stacking up for this house if it's not found pretty quick!"

"I don't know nothing about it," said the clerk, backing off.

"Well, find out! See your 'acting boss' and tell her from me."

"I can't raise Miss Patterson again to-night!" retorted Mr. Bangs, with a flare of asperity. "The line's busy. She's retired, and she'd take my head off if I bothered her."

"Well, I will if you don't, and you'll be on the retired list. And I don't give you an hour, either, this time!" And Jimmy slammed the door in the clerk's face.

I leaned out of the window again and

saw Mr. Bangs come out and look in the barrel, while he swore softly. Then he said 'Damn!' quite audibly and went indoors. An interval of significant silence ensued, during which I returned to the *Suorer's* columns, and presently a reference to the race meet caught my eye.

"Here's an account of Otto Weatherbee's winnings at the races first half of this week," I said. "He's been having his own way pretty well, too. He's harvested the record half-mile, the tandem single-blade half-mile, the single blade record——"

"Let him reap on!" cut in Jimmy, grimly.

"Then here's his wheat for to-morrow. Championship one mile for the Trophy Cup. Get that? Half-mile tandem double-blade, and a string of events of the spectacular sort, such as the Upset, the Hurry-Skurry and the Gunwale races, with the Tilting Tournament for a flourishing finalé."

"Let 'em tilt!" said Jimmy, with another pull at the bell.

I continued to read.

"It was expected that Victor Vanderbilt, of New York, and James Carew, of Ottawa, would be on hand to contest the principal events this week, but neither of these famous aquatic cracks has deigned to file an appearance though their entries were duly acknowledged, and as Rule Ten of the racing Rules——"

There were sounds of rising wrath now from several rooms, and Mr. Bangs appeared, hurriedly this time, wearing a worried look.

"Say!" he exploded desperately. "For the love of Mike let up on that bell! I'm gettin' hell from the house!"

"Have you got that locket?" snapped Jimmy.

"I can't find it! I thought it might be in the barrel that's down there under your window, but there was only an old tobacco tag. If the locket fell out of your pants' pocket some tramp must have pinched it——"

"And he left the trousers, of course!" Jimmy interjected, with fine scorn.

"Miss Patterson says——"

"I thought you couldn't see Miss Patterson again to-night!"

"Well, she saw me, about the row she said you was kicking up. The guests were seein' her, and kicking up about it. That's the answer. She says a boy—she don't know what boy—brought your pants into the house and gave them to the cook, for pea-soup, maybe, on account of the colour. He said he found them kind of hanging out of a rain barrel. Miss Patterson says she ain't in the habit of having people in the house that makes clothes-lines out of the window-sills. And she wanted me to go down street for the cop and have Dutchy put you out. But I said he'd chased after Potts. Then she told me to say your room was cancelled, and to tell you to leave. But

I said the house would be liable for damages under the law, which I'd been looking up, because in a section of a sub-section, 147 or 346, I didn't just remember which, of the Statutes of Canada, in the Criminal's Guide,—and I give her that talkfest that you threw into me over the desk. I've had to do more jugglin' with the truth——"

"Well, you can begin to reform right now," Jimmy said. "Just go back and tell Miss Patterson from me that if my letter isn't in my hand inside of fifteen minutes she'll figure in proceedings at the Gannanock court. And say that I believe that the story about the boy and the trousers and the cook is all poppycock! I believe that those trousers were taken out of this room, and I'll send a detective up here from Ottawa to look into the case!" Then Jimmy pushed Mr. Bangs into the corridor, and slammed the door in a way that vibrated the whole house, and a storm of protests followed the unfortunate clerk.

Jimmy sought the open window again, to consult the pale stars, and I tackled the *Suorer* again. I had just got snugly interested in the little paper's boiler-plate serial, a thriller, when the hall floor creaked once more under the clerk's shoeless tread. There was a studiously don't-wake-the-baby knock on our door, and Jimmy bounced across the room, setting the whole place a-quiver again, and threw the door almost off its hinges, disclosing Mr. Bangs with a small package in his hand.

"I guess she must have mislaid it, or something," Mr. Bangs whispered hurriedly, extending the package, which Jimmy snatched. Then the clerky glance fell on the paper in my hand. "She wants that newspaper," he said to me. "She's readin' that story in it, one of these crazy love things they drag out every week, and I don't believe she'll go to sleep——"

"She'd better," I said, "because she can't have it. I'm reading that story myself. We'll hang out the good-night sign on Miss Patterson this time. Perhaps a little out of her own drug store will do her good."

"I'm readin' that story, too," said Mr. Bangs, with a faint smile. "Say, in last week's the hero, that's Arthur Vane, an' the heroine, that's Gladys de Vere, was up in the air, and she was fallin' into a shaft an' he was divin' off a derrick in hot pursuit! Ain't that the limit? And, say—Mr. Carew! I s'pose you'll want an early call all right, an' some breakfast, some steak an' coffee an'—an' eggs, I guess?" Then Mr. Bangs fled as Jimmy bounced toward him, and the door was closed for the last time that night.

Long-suffering Jimmy had come into his own at last. For the package which the clerk had brought was the belated letter from Bessie Moore.

(To be continued.)



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Civil Service Baseball League.



MR. R. SIMS, President.



MR. H. E. HAYWARD, Secretary.

The Civilian has much pleasure in presenting the portraits of the two principal officers of the new Civil Service Baseball League. The president is Mr. R. Sims of the Census Branch and the secretary, Mr. H. E. Hayward of the Topographical Survey.

every month and now standing at the highest point known in our history, and with salaries either stationary or lagging hopelessly behind, the question of the cost of living becomes an issue almost of life or death.

Until recently there was something humorous about the little economies that had to be practised in order to avoid a reduction in the scale of living. But the thing has now gone beyond the limits of a joke. Some people have to economize on doctors' bills, and when it comes to that the plain English of it is that people's lives, and especially children's lives, are in danger.

And we are all in the same boat. The man with the small salary may have to live in a still smaller house than that to which he has been accustomed, but the man with the large salary finds himself compelled to deny to the growing boy or girl the education necessary to fit that boy or girl for the position in life to which

Correspondence.

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

Co-operation.

Editors of *The Civilian*,—

Your article in last issue was a trumpet call to the civil service to assert its powers of self-help in the crisis which is upon us. For it is nothing less than a crisis. With the index figure as reported by the Department of Labour climbing higher

he knows all his children should reasonably aspire. And as the problem is a problem common to us all, so we should, as you have so wisely said, join in the effort to find a solution.

Co-operation has gone far to settle this question for many a family in the Old Land. In Glasgow, Birmingham and many other cities the co-operative store with all its various activities has been the means of keeping a balance between income and expenditure for many a workman and many a clerk. No man who is willing to acknowledge a fact when it strikes him in the face will deny that co-operation has been a magnificent success in Great Britain.

There are many people who know that co-operation could never be made a success for the whole civil service of Canada. But the same class of people, in their day, were equally sure that the common people of Great Britain had not the qualities to fit them for successes in a great national movement for co-operation. I have not the knowledge to enable me to show to what proportions the co-operative concerns in the Old Land have attained, but I know that their transactions cover every kind of merchandise that the ordinary consumer can call for and that the yearly dividends on purchases practically never fail; and also that in many lines, such as tea, flour, jam and other staples, the co-operators are producers as well as dealers and that those who are wise enough to deal at the co-operative store are assured of getting their goods at the very lowest cash price. I venture to suggest that if you would publish once more the facts and figures of the growth of co-operation in Great Britain, there are some of your readers to whom they would be not merely news but also the strongest of arguments in favor of the practicability of the plan you have suggested.

The story has been told a thousand times of how the "Rochdale pioneers," the little band of workmen who first applied successfully the principle of dividends based on

purchases, planted in faith, yet in fear, the seed which has since grown into such a tremendous and fruitful tree. In that story there is, I believe, a lesson. It is not necessary, and possibly it may not be advisable, to begin with a society covering the service for the whole Dominion. But in such places as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and many others there are enough civil servants to furnish custom for a co-operative store. A start has already been made here in Ottawa, and, thanks to the able and devoted services of our pioneers in this movement, much has already been accomplished and the way has been cleared for assured and complete success.

If, when the Ottawa store shall have attained a position in which it can link up with others, there are going co-operative concerns in other big cities with which it can link up, we shall have the basis for the Dominion-wide institution the coming of which you prophesy. And by that time confidence will be established, leaders chosen and trained, and our public prepared for the true democratic work of co-operation.

The main point, it seems to me, is for Ottawa civil servants to support their own co-operative store and for civil servants in other large places to establish similar concerns as soon as possible.

Co-operation may not be the final answer to the problem of the increased cost of living, but it looks like an effective answer at least for those who seek its benefits. With our advantages as members of the civil service, it seems like a practical and workable solution of the problem.

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Interior:—W. J. Gibson, messenger, Ottawa.

Justice:—J. T. Hackett, to be private secretary; G. S. Malepart, warden at St. Vincent de Paul; G. A. P. Dillon, to be purchasing agent.

Dept. Agriculture—Dr. J. V. Cote, 2nd medical asst. quar. sta., Grosse Isle; Jean F. Bergoend, translator, Ottawa; A. E. Thornton, mechanical engineer, Census Branch; F. E. Buck, Experimental Farm, Ottawa; Dr. V. M. MacKay, Asst. Med. Officer, Halifax; J. M. Swaine, Asst. Entomologist, Ottawa.

Auditor General:—Alex. McDonald, Ottawa.

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Promotions.

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Interior:—Ernest W. H. Hubbell to chief inspector of surveys; E. R. Eastman to Div. 2B.

Marine and Fisheries:—J. J. Cowie to Div. 1B.; S. E. Buck, N. T. Binks, Bruce McFee, Lionel Talbot, J. B. Lachaine, to Div. 3A.

Dept. Agriculture:—Rene Oulette, Miss Stella D'Auray, Oscar Robitaille, Geo. W. Clemons, Miss D. Beaudard, Miss A. H. Burke, Ottawa.

Resignations.

Interior:—L. Chaput, messenger, Ottawa; Miss W. Ainsborough, clerk, Ottawa; J. F. Fredette, Topo. Sur., Ottawa; Mrs. F. S. Shotwell, Ottawa; Miss J. MacKinnon, Ottawa.

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Transfers.

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The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature.

To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be out-voted with a smile, to hitch your waggon to the old horse if no star is handy — that is wholesome philosophy.

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