

PAGES

MISSING

OTTAWA

MONTREAL

The Mortimer Co., Limited

LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

OTTAWA CANADA.

ENGRAVERS, — LITHOGRAPHERS, — PRINTERS,
PHOTO ENGRAVERS, — MAKERS OF FINE CATALOGUES.

The Ault & Wiborg Co. of Canada, Limited

Manufacturers:

Printing & Litho Inks

Litho and Zinc Press Supplies



WINNIPEG

TORONTO

MONTREAL

WHEN IN NEED OF FURNITURE, REMEMBER

HARRIS & BARRY LIMITED

UPHOLSTERING AND DRAPERIES

511-513 SUSSEX STREET.

PHONE 2599

If you want the **DOW'S** Ales, Porter and
best, drink . . . **DOW'S** Crown Stout

The Standard of Excellence in Canada
for over 100 years.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

MARCHAND & DONNELLY

Electrical Contractors.

128½ Sparks St. Phone 80r.

Automobile & Motor Boat Supplies,
Fans, Motors, Phones & Electrical
Fixtures.

**YOUR LITTLE ONES
REQUIRE PURE WATER**

Fathers and Mothers should remember that their children really require plenty of good safe drinking water. Give your little ones a glass before breakfast, and as much as they want all day long—then you will see the bloom on their cheeks and the sparkle of health in their eyes.

Tally Ho Water always reported by an eminent bacteriologist
"Absolutely Pure."
PHONES 5916-5917.

MACDONALD & CO.,

Men's Furnishers.

Cor. Bank & Queen Sts. - - - OTTAWA.

Coté & Co.

Importers & Manufacturers of

HATS, CAPS, & FURS

Gent's Furnishings



114 & 116 Rideau Street
OTTAWA

Phone 2412

IT'S NOT ECONOMY

To buy more clothes when your old suit can be made to look as good as new by only cleaning, and we have specialized in this process, and can clean your clothes to your satisfaction.

R. PARKER & Co.

Cleaners and Dyers.

211 Sparks St. - OTTAWA
PHONE 7217.

Walker House

"The House of Plenty"

Toronto's Famous Hotel

where Living is a Real Pleasure

American and European Plans

GEO. WRIGHT & CO., - Proprietors

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

THE CIVILIAN

VOL. V.

JUNE 14, 1912.

No. 4

Superannuation.—Contributory or Non-Contributory.

With reference to superannuation schemes the term "Contributory" is generally understood to mean a scheme under which a deduction is made from the stated salary payments of employees for the purpose of providing, in whole or in part, the superannuation allowances and other benefits under the scheme. Unless otherwise indicated the term will be herein used in the foregoing sense. When no such deduction is made from the salary payments of employees the scheme is usually referred to as "non-contributory" or frequently as a "free pension system."

Many arguments have been advanced on both sides of this question "and the final word has not yet been said. Possibly there is no final word: it is possible that in some cases one method may meet the needs of the case better than the other. If this is so then each case should be investigated on its merits to determine which system would be most satisfactory." It is with the view of conducting to the determination of this question with reference to the civil service that this article is written.

If any scheme of superannuation is to be satisfactory it must be satisfactory to all parties interested. The interested parties in civil service superannuation are (1) the civil servants, (2) the government and, (3) the people of Canada. In reality there are but two parties, the civil servants and the people of Canada; but for the present it will be better to retain the above distinction.

"No question is ever settled until

it is settled right" is as true with regard to the details of a superannuation scheme as it is with regard to the greatest mother of state. It should at the outset be clearly understood by civil servants that there can be no such thing as "getting in on the government" in this matter. There can be no such thing as "getting away with" a superannuation scheme "greatly to the benefit of the service." The scheme must be "right" else it will not be to the benefit of any one of the parties concerned and by "right" is here meant fairly satisfactory to all concerned in a truly permanent manner.

Perhaps most civil servants think salaries are too low. At least they frequently say so, and no doubt most civil servants would agree that if the government were to come forward with a proposal to double the salary of each civil servant it would redound "greatly to the benefit of the service." Yet this is not so and if such an impossible proposal were to be made the civil service would be ill-advised to accept it. The reason is as follows: Such an increase of salaries would at once make the service so unpopular throughout the country that salaries would have to come down and come down they would with a slump probably lower than they were in the first instance, so that the last state of the service would be worse than the first, and it would be exceedingly difficult to ever get them increased again even to what they ought to be. Admitted that salaries are too low it is not to the advantage of the service that they should be increased very much

beyond what, in the educated opinion of those most competent to judge, appears to be just and right. For similar reasons it would not be to the benefit of the manufacturers of Canada to allow the government to double the tariff on imports from the United States. (For the information of those who do not happen to know it may be stated that the tariff still exists.) Such an increase in the tariff would be the best thing that could happen for the cause of free trade. Tariffs are never increased in that way. It is done little by little, by easy stages, so that the people get no sudden jolt. We, as it were, get "worked up to" a high tariff and that is possibly the best course with regard to salary increases.

The foregoing may appear to have little or no bearing on the question at issue, namely, whether our superannuation scheme should be contributory or non-contributory. It is intended, however, to bring home to us the all-importance of determining the details of the scheme in such a way as to at least not violently antagonize the people of Canada, our employers. Now many persons who are opposed to a free pension system will say, "I am not opposed to superannuation if the civil servants pay for it themselves" and the service would be well advised to let this breeze fill their sails and trim their ship accordingly. It may be taken as finally settled that whether the employee visibly contributes or does not visibly contribute he does in reality actually pay for his own pension. It cannot be otherwise and it should not be otherwise. For if an employee does not during his active working life earn sufficient to provide for himself and his dependents during his working life for his sustenance when he is no longer able to work, it is pertinent to ask from what source is his provision for old age to come? He must have food to eat and clothes to wear and these things are always the result of labour. Therefore the labour of

the employees in any industry or business must be sufficient, taking one with another, to provide the needs of themselves and of those who are naturally dependent upon them not only during their active working life, but also when they are no longer able to work. If this is not so the business or industry must exist on the product of labour in other industries (which is charity), or the workers must starve. But Mr. Jerome says "In future a business that can only exist by the starvation of its workers will have to be suppressed as a public nuisance." If the workers of the world do not produce sufficient to provide for the needs of themselves and of those who are naturally dependent upon them not only during their active working life but also when they are no longer able to work, then this world is not solvent as a going concern. But we know that it is considerably more than solvent for wealth continues to accumulate apace. From the foregoing it appears clear that, from at least one point of view, it would make no difference whether the stated wage of workers was their full earnings from month to month; a deduction being made therefrom sufficient to provide for their needs in ill health and old age or whether the stated wage was the net wage and a free pension system established, that is, what appears to be a free pension system. In either case the net wage would be the same, and in either case the workers would actually earn a pay for all they ever get. There are, however, practical objections to a free pension system for the civil service. One of these has already been pointed out, namely, that a large proportion of the people of Canada as well as a large proportion of the members of parliament; whether wisely or unwisely, are opposed to non-contributory superannuation. There are other objections to follow.

From what has already been said it might be inferred that non-contributory superannuation would be per-

fectly satisfactory to civil servants provided they could get the government and the people of Canada to agree to grant it. This, however, is not the case. If there is no visible contribution, it is difficult to establish the right of the employee in case of voluntary retirement, to any return for the invisible contribution which he has made. Yet in all such cases, especially in cases of long service, the treasury is relieved of a large superannuation liability on account of such resignations and it hardly seems right that no compensation whatever should be made to the individual. If there is a visible contribution the principle of at least some return is generally conceded and the amount of the contributions at once gives a basis for the calculation of the return. Again if there is a contribution it is an easier matter to establish the rights of dependents of those who die in the harness to benefits, and this is by no means a matter of small consideration.

There is yet another argument in favour of contribution. If superannuation is once granted it is desirable that it should not be again taken away, especially is it desirable that it should not be taken from those to whom it is once granted. A superannuation law without provision for a contribution has all the appearances of a favour granted and it is hard to advance any telling argument against its abolition at anytime, such abolition even including the withdrawal of the benefits from those under the scheme at time of withdrawal. If however, there is a money contribution, whether small or large, the superannuation law becomes in virtue a contract between the civil servants and the government, and the fact of there being a money payment makes the contract as sacred and as inviolable as any covenant ever made, so that although there might be a disposition to annul the law with respect to future entrants to the service it could not, with any

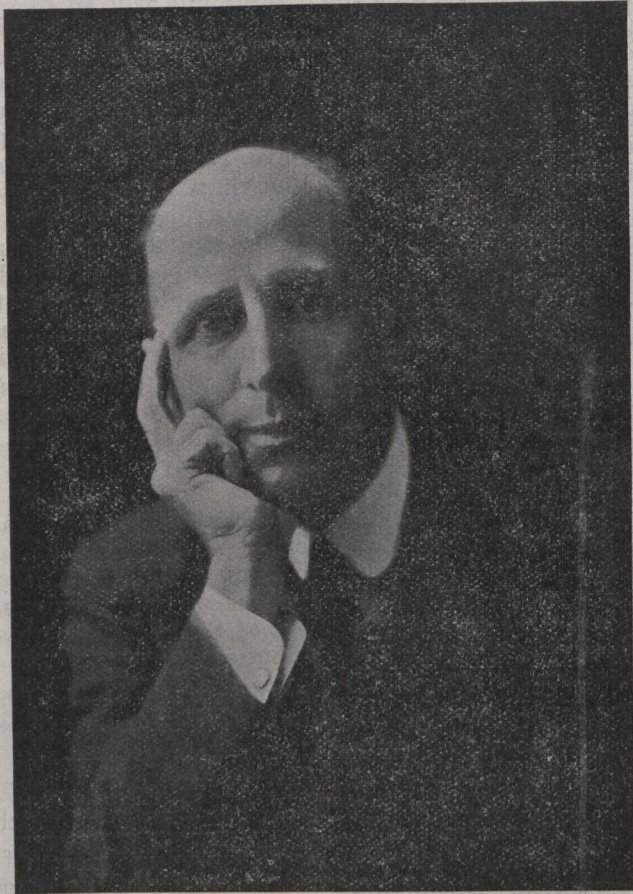
show of justice, be taken away from those already under it.

And, lastly, the civil service should favour a contributory scheme because it is hardly in keeping with one's pride and spirit of independence to even appear to receive something for nothing. Although a non-contributory scheme in reality cannot exist, for salaries do become adjusted to take account of the superannuation benefit, yet most people outside the service would look upon such a scheme as nothing else than charity granted out of the public treasury. This could hardly redound to the improvement of the moral tone of the service body. It cannot be doubted and is not doubted by those who know, that a contribution has a good moral effect on the contributor. This no doubt was one of the main reasons why the National Insurance Act of Great Britain was made contributory.

To sum up, civil servants should favour a contributory superannuation scheme because:

- (1) The people of Canada will have less objection to such a scheme;
- (2) The net salary of employees will be as great, if not greater, than under a non-contributory measure.
- (3) A contribution establishes the right to some return in case of voluntary retirement and in case of death while in the service;
- (4) It makes the superannuation law a permanent covenant between the people of Canada and their servants; and
- (5) A contribution makes the employee feel more independent and has a good moral effect on the contributor.

The proportion of the total cost to be visibly contributed by the employee and the manner in which such contribution should be determined will be discussed in next issue of *The Civilian*.

Civilian Portraits.

[Photo by Harold MacKenzie.]

MR. GORDON ROGERS.

Mr. Gordon Rogers was born 17th May, 1868, and entered the Civil Service (Dept. of Interior) in 1880. He entered the Department of Agriculture as assistant private secretary to Honourable John Carling, in 1890, and has served in same capacity to other Ministers of Agriculture,—Hon. A. R. Angers and Hon. Mr. Montague—and as acting private secretary to Senator Ferguson. Also as secretary to Dr. Jas. W. Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture, and to Mr. Geo. F. O'Halloran, Deputy Minister of Agriculture. His present position is that of secre-

tary to Dr. F. Montizambert, I.S.O. Director-General of Public Health and Sanitary Adviser of the Dominion Government.

In sport Mr. Rogers was identified as a youngster with the Ottawa Canoe Club, being one of the first and the youngest members of the club, and having the fortune of winning the first paddling race (1 mile, with a turn, out of a field of ten) held by the club. The start was from where is now the Alexandra bridge, along the Quebec side, for half a mile down, the "audience" being on Nepean Point. He has also won sev-

eral firsts in doubles and fours, notably the double (with F. H. Gisborne, of the Dept. of Justice) of seven miles to Templeton wharf in 54 minutes. All these races were with the double-blade, very popular at that time. Mr. Rogers has done a good deal of canoe cruising, having gone several times through the waters from the Rideau Lakes to Gananoque which are the "ground" of the cruise of Jimmy Carew, who is the 'hero' in Mr. Rogers' breezy serial now running in the *Civilian*. He is still a mighty active paddler at 44. Mr. Rogers' other athletic pastime has been walking, his best stunt probably being his walk from Ottawa to Arnprior on one day, returning the next, Arnprior to Ottawa, in 8 hours, the time taken by Bob Sparks.

Mr. Rogers is well known as a contributor to such leading periodicals as Collier's, Outing, McClure's, Munsey's, Leslie's, Judge, Puck, N. Y. Sun, and many others, including the *Civilian*.

As an entertainer, impersonator, and lecturer on literary subjects, the author of "Jimmy Carew" has given pleasure to audiences in Ottawa as well as elsewhere throughout the country. Mr. Rogers is expected to put out work in the future even more excellent than that with which he has already favored the public.

THE PROTECTION OF POSTAL EMPLOYEES.

In the U. S. House of Representatives, the following bill was recently introduced:

A Bill granting to postal employees of the United States the right to receive from it compensation for injuries sustained in the course of their employment.

Be it enacted * * * that the Postmaster General is hereby authorized and directed, subject to such

regulations as he may prescribe, to pay to any employee of the postal service who is so injured in the discharge of his duty as to be incapacitated for work of any kind the same pay, for one year after incurring such injury, as if he had continued to be employed, unless, in the opinion of the Postmaster General, he be sooner able to resume work; provided, that his injury was not due, in the opinion of the Postmaster General, to his negligence or misconduct.

Sec. 2. That if any employee of the postal service so injured shall die during the said year the Postmaster General is further authorized and directed to pay his widow, child or children under sixteen years of age, or dependent parent a sum of money equal to two years' pay of the deceased at the rate he was receiving when injured, which sum shall be exempt from payment of his debts.

THE LEGAL LOVER.

By Zeal instructed, I'll be brief
To state my case, and aptly sue
For damages for broken heart
In case of "Cupid *versus* You."

The venue will be here, and straight
Without a jury shall 't be tried;
And you will have to compensate
In manner which I shall decide.

Nor think indemnity to claim!
"You deemed it, only honest
sport!"
"A first offender?" Fie, miss —
shame!
I'll fine you for contempt of
"court"!

—R. E. Black.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?—Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

THE CIVILIAN

Devoted to the interests of the Civil Service
of Canada.

Subscription \$1.00 a year ;
Single copies 5 cents.

All information relating to advertising
will be furnished by addressing
enquires to

Room 312

Hope Building

Phone 7262

Ottawa

Subscriptions, MSS intended for publication,
and all other communications should be
addressed to

THE EDITORS,

THE CIVILIAN,

P. O. Box 484, Ottawa

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

Ottawa, June 14, 1912

THE OUTSIDE POST OFFICE.

During the past six months the *Civilian* has made a running topic of editorial comment of the conditions of service in the great public utility Post Office Department. During that time we have awaited with absorbing interest the development of events. Up to the present time marked progress has been made in meeting out to the P.O.D. officials some little consideration, too long belated, the procrastination of which has sorely tried the patience and the temper of 4,000 members of the public service.

The members of the service, one and all, will join in felicitating their confreres of the P.O.D. in that the attention of the government has at last been fixed upon the real grievances of the Post Office service and the unhappy conditions under which

the clerks have been labouring. In other branches of the service there are men who have not found their Elysium, who have not yet attained the position where they can do the best work. But it is generally agreed that in all the other branches of the service a classification more in keeping with the growth of the times has been introduced, and consequently better opportunities exist for development of the powers of the individual and for his material welfare. This being undoubtedly the case, the various services will join in congratulations that the P. O. Dept. has at last "caught the eye of the speaker." Some of the advantages that have accrued to the clerks of the P. O. D., during the past four months may now be pointed out.

* * *

Upwards of 900 members of Railway Mail Service have received an increase in salary of \$100 not involving a change in classification. In the offices of the P. O. Inspectors 300 clerks have similarly received substantial increases; and also a number in the City Post Offices. In regard to the latter branch, however, the *Civilian* publishes in this issue a long list of promotions which will be read with interest by all. About 300 clerks are benefitted under this list.

The officials west of the Great Lakes have been placed upon a new basis as regards provisional allowance on account of the greater cost of living. This arrangement applies to all three branches of the department, viz.: City Offices, Inspectors' Offices and offices of the Superintendents of Railway Mail Service. Prior to January 15th last the allowance was \$15 per month for those getting salaries of \$800 or under, and 10% of salary to those getting from \$900 to \$1,200. The new arrangement which became effective from October, 1911, grants an allowance of \$15 per month on all salaries up to \$1,600. This \$180 allow-

ance continues to apply after the salary has passed the \$1,600 mark and until the ordinary salary has reached \$1,780 when it ceases. This new basis removes the discrimination from which the Post Office people in the West have suffered as compared with the other services and will be gratifying news to all affected. As will be seen by the list referred to, the Ottawa service comes in for recognition also; it is common with their confreres abroad having long suffered from that tormenting malady known as "hope deferred."

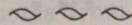
* * *

The *Civilian*, from the standpoint of the common good, considers the foregoing the best news it has been able to give out for many a day. But as we have mentioned before, the present repentance, gladly and warmly as we congratulate the government upon it, does not wholly absolve it from the transgressions of the past. We have previously pointed out that a certain Postmaster General fifteen years ago turned a great public utility service into a money-grubbing, revenue-getting, surplus-making department. The result is well known. A proud boast in the House of Commons to the glory of one man at the expense of the frayed trousers and the sore hearts of thousands of other good men. We venture to say that owing to the administration of the P. O. Dept. in the past, the clerks are each hundreds of dollars in debt. Even under the new classification comparatively little immediate benefit accrues. In most cases years will elapse before the clerks reach the new maximum of their classes and it seems to us that one thing more is necessary to complete the good work the present government has so sincerely taken in hand.

* * *

Men in the employ of what we are pleased to call a great nation cannot be expected to attain to the high-

est ideals of service unless their natural cravings for food, the necessities of clothing and the pinching exigencies of an ever and always mounting scale of living are fairly met. No one will be found who will pretend that human, not to say humane treatment has been accorded to the men who attend to the postal facilities of the country. In order that this great and growing country may regain its self respect, and in order that the men, who labour so that our daily budget of news and letters shall not be delayed or go astray, may become more satisfied in body and contented in mind, it is incumbent upon the government to grant a flat amount in lieu of a higher classification long since overdue. This might well be provided out of the many surpluses screwed out of the working expenses of this department. This plea is not advanced in a spirit of carping criticism. On the contrary it is inspired by a desire for simple justice and coupled with a sincere appreciation of what the government has already done with especial reference to the attitude of the Honourable Mr. Pelletier who has been aggressively favourable to the rank and file of his department since the day soon after his acquisition to office when he turned the hose upon the Augean stables in the basement of the Langevin Block. The P. O. officers should see to it that an exhaustive brief of their complicated case is handed to their representatives who attend the annual meeting of the C. S. Federation next Autumn, so that an act of equity long outstanding may be finally consummated.



THE COMMISSIONERS.

In the Ottawa service there are always a number of moot questions and unsettled problems seeking solution. One of these at the present time refers to the promotion of some of the older members of the service

who came under the censorship of the Civil Service Commissioners in September, 1908. The objection seems to be made by the Commissioners that the officers concerned are over age; their view appearing to be that after a man has passed the age of 60 he becomes ineligible for promotion. We believe it is not claimed that there is anything in the act to support this contention on legal grounds, but that the Commissioners rest their case on the morals of the thing.

* * *

Now morals are a fine thing and so are theories. The editors of *The Civilian* have never been invited to pass upon the morals of the Commissioners. But the number of entrants into the service recently under section 21 suggests a compromise of morals on the part of the Commissioners though of course it does not prove it. We merely mention it in passing.

There are hundreds of clerks at present in the service who if given the chance could qualify for the plums falling from the rich man's table, which are going to strangers without examination and, as we understand, without further guarantee as to character and ability than the nomination of some good party man. We do not insinuate that there is, to our knowledge, anything improper in the political appointments made under section 21, but we may suggest that the number of these could be diminished by selection from the present service of fit and competent men for the duties required. So much for a few morals by the way and now for the theories.

* * *

Theory is the long suit of the Commissioners and quite properly so. It must be conceded that the Commissioners have grounds for advancing the theory that at the age of 60, one of the periods mentioned for retirement, promotion should cease. This theory should become

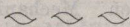
more and more a truism the further we advance from Sept. 1st, 1908. Even so occasion may arise when exceptions may be justifiable. But as circumstances exist at the present time there are other considerations. A prominent figure in the United States emblazoned his name upon the tablets of immortality by coining an epigram aimed at the settlement of mundane conditions apart from, and in spite of, supernal rules and celestial theories. "It is not a theory but a condition that confronts us." Grover Cleveland might have been addressing a mass meeting of civil servants. The inference generally taken from section 8 at the time the said act was being discussed, was that the anomalies known to exist would be remedied by a reorganization of the departments "as soon as practicable." It is well known that this was never done, but, instead, the new establishment was an automatic transfer from the old to the new classification. If at this late date some of the deputy heads are attempting, at leisure, to remedy the omission of a day gone by, we submit, the Commissioners might well depart from a fortified theory, no matter how strongly they may be entrenched therein, and treat the promotion of these worthy old civil servants as remedial administration quite in consonance with the spirit and the significance of the act.

~ ~ ~

SUBDIVIDE THE SUBDIVISION.

A much needed change in the Civil Service Act of 1908 is the splitting up of B of Division II. (\$800—\$1,600) into two or more sections. At present there are many meritorious clerks painfully climbing the \$50 rungs of the ladder somewhere below \$1,100 whose chiefs would willingly see advanced more rapidly but for whom they cannot secure the rather pronounced rise which a promotion into the next

subdivision (\$1,600—\$2,100) would mean. There should be greater flexibility in the act to meet such cases. This could be provided by making a new dividing point at, say, \$1,200. The government would do well to place this among the changes to be carried out in the overhauling of the act which is due next session.



THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

The Co-operative movement in Ottawa as represented by the Civil Service Co-operative Supply Association has now completed its first year of active business. This successful organization has now a membership of over 470 and in the short period of its existence has built up a business now making a turn over at the rate of nearly \$50,000 worth of goods per year.

The Supply Association's year ended on March 31 last and the annual meeting was held on Tuesday, April 30, in the Carnegie Library Lecture Hall. The notice of meeting sent to each member contained the financial statement.

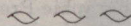
The important features of this statement are that the gross profits for the year were just sufficient to a little more than meet operating expenses; that the fees received from members provided for a certain amount of organization expense, made possible the writing off of a generous amount as depreciation on capital account and provided a substantial sum to carry forward to reserve account.

No doubt a few will be disappointed that a larger net profit was not made and that there are no profits for distribution in the form of dividends. Such disappointment, however, should be replaced by feelings of satisfaction when it is remembered that this is the first year of operation that the business has been built up from nothing to its present standard and is still growing. With a small business requiring deliver-

ies to all parts of the city the operating expenses are naturally much heavier proportionately than those of a larger business.

The monthly record of business shows that during the months of February and March a net profit of nearly 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. was earned. With the increase of business now bound to ensue, this being a matter entirely in the hands of the members themselves, the net rate of profit now being earned should be considerably increased during the coming year.

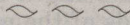
A surprising fact brought out in the statement is that the business has been successfully carried on with a subscribed capital of only \$1,650 and that practically the whole of this has been absorbed in the provision of furniture fixtures and rolling stock. A capital of \$5,000 would be none too large for a business of the magnitude this has now reached and its provision would undoubtedly make possible many economies in buying and thus increase the net rate of profit earned. This is a matter in which every member can help since capital may be subscribed in units of \$5.00. It has been suggested and the idea seems an excellent one that every member should contribute in capital a sum approximately equivalent to his average monthly purchases. The purchaser will be given debentures equivalent to the amount of his investment, and he will be allowed a credit to the amount of such debenture. In this way the annoyance of petty cash payments will be removed.



MORE CIVIL SERVICE JOKES.

Punch quotes from the *Mozambique Gazette*, "Surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences of civilization the invalided worker or Civil Servant could renew health and strength," and proceeds, "It is a kindly thought, but the health of the Civil Servant is such a rare and precious plant that it might suffer

from association with any sort of worker, even an invalided one." To which the British *Civilian* replies: "*Punch* will be *Punch*; the ancient jester may be forgiven everything—except the ancient jest. It is surely time that the over-leisured Civil Servant, like the mother-in-law, was removed from *Punch's* stock-in-trade."



A CIVIL SERVICE HALL.

It would be a graceful thing if in the planning of the new departmental buildings at Ottawa the government were to set aside a good-sized hall to be available for meetings of the civil service. It is no more than is already done by many large employers. A place of the kind, always available, is one of the chief needs of the various civil service organizations. Action of the kind suggested would be greatly appreciated by the service.

NEW INVENTIONS.

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

A complete copy of any of these patents will be forwarded to any person by Messrs. Willson & Co. on receipt of ten cents. Persons ordering copies must give Number of Patent.

- 1,027,482—Photographic Frame.
- 1,027,626—Photographic-Process Basket.
- 1,027,658—Talking Moving Picture Mechanism.
- 1,027,662—Portable Folding Dark Chamber.
- 1,027,225—Tabulating Mechanism for Typewriting Machines.
- 1,027,167—Flash-Light Apparatus.
- 1,027,328—Photometer.
- 1,027,329—Roller-Blind Shutter.
- 1,026,649—Safe.
- 1,026,671—Pencil Sharpener.
- 1,026,755—Coin Counting Apparatus.
- 1,026,780—Ink Bottle Stand and Holder.
- 1,026,787—Bill Fold.
- 1,026,792—Filing Cabinet.
- 1,026,804—Synchronical Indicator or Index

for Books, Card Systems and Records.

- 1,026,933—Envelop.
- 1,027,030—Eraser Tip for Lead Pencils, etc.
- 1,027,032—Coin Testing Appliance.
- 1,027,085—Loose-Leaf Binder.
- 1,027,093—Temporary Binder or Loose-Sheet Holder.
- 1,027,127—Self-filling Fountain Pen.
- 1,027,225—Tabulating Mechanism for Typewriting Machines.
- 1,027,391—Platen Mechanism for Typewriting Machines.
- 1,027,394—Map Holder.
- 1,027,395—Typewriter Attachment.
- 42,553—Pencil Case or Similar Article.
- 1,027,408—Stamp Moistener.
- 1,027,514—Means for Teaching Shorthand.
- 1,027,523—Loose-Leaf Binder.
- 1,027,674—Pen Point Releaser.
- 1,027,701—Documentary Distributing Device.
- 1,027,824—Machine for Imprinting Envelopes and the like.
- 1,027,847—Computing Machine.
- 1,027,984—Electric Writing Machine.
- 1,027,991—Memorandum Pad Holder.
- 1,027,994—Envelop Opener.
- 1,028,011—Envelop Moistener.
- 1,028,034—Eraser Holder.
- 1,028,085—Minute Book for Deliberative Bodies.
- 1,028,091—Stationary Cabinet.
- 1,027,509—Cartridge-Blank Receiver.
- 1,027,556—Attachment for Pistols.
- 1,027,773—Firearm.
- 1,027,814—Priming Mixture.
- 1,027,891—Rear Gun-Sight.
- 1,027,892—Front Gun-Sight.
- 1,027,893—Firearm.
- 1,027,964—Projectile.
- 1,028,032—Automatic Repeating Firearm.
- 1,028,081—Liquid Recoil-Brake for Guns.
- 1,026,660—Sighting Apparatus for Ordnance.
- 1,027,243—Means for Securing Caps to Projectiles.
- 1,027,271—Sight for Rifles and Machine Guns.
- 1,027,371—Target.

"I once saw a waiter," remarked an American who pooh-poohed the idea that an Englishman always wanted beef underdone, "serve an English duke with a cut of slightly-cooked sirloin. The duke looked closely at the slice of bright red meat. Then he said, 'Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?' 'The butcher, sir?' the waiter stammered. 'Yes,' said the duke. 'This beef doesn't seem to be killed enough yet!'"

"MADE IN OTTAWA"
STOVES & RANGES

Sold Direct from "Factory to You"

On the Convenient Lease System

OR AT CLOSE CASH PRICE

Better values in either case are not obtained, while the practise of giving a preference to "OTTAWA MADE", (quality being equal) is commendable and also profitable in case of accident or wear.

Please See Our Lines Before Buying

The National Manufacturing Company, Ltd.
363 Bank St.

CIVIL SERVANTS

Phone 3397

SPECIAL PRICES TO

CIVIL SERVANTS

Anything in Sporting Goods.
 Edison Phonographs and Records.
 Agents for Spalding and D. & M. Goods

HURD & CO

Successor to **191**
 Hurd & McBride Sparks St.

ONE Visible Model 10
REMINGTON
Typewriter

in use in your office, will absolutely prove to you the enduring leadership of the Remington. And every additional one simply piles up the proof.

Remember that we guarantee your satisfaction.

Federal Typewriter Co.
 Limited

200 Queen Street - Ottawa



Business
Man's Lunch,
Full course
SPECIAL
50c

Murphy - Gamble Limited

Hair
Dressing,
Scalp
Treatment,
Manicuring
on Balcony

QUEEN 6-2-0-1

Our Phone Number

NEW YORK WASH DRESSES

at \$2.95 and \$3.95

An entirely new shipment of Wash Fabric Dresses from New York has just come to hand. They are of the highly favored one-piece type, and are developed in the new White Cotton Corduroy, the wide Bedford Cord Piques, the Colored Chambrays, the striped Gingham, the plain linens with embroidered floral trimmings and scallopings and the many other phases of Wash Textiles consistent with the season, but too numerous to specify in detail. Shades of Navy, Cadet, Copenhagen and Old Blue, Tan, Mauve, Grey and other hues are represented with and without combination of white; also all white. They are a revelation of clever workmanship, crisp, summer-like dainty style and attractive colorings at two prices: \$2.95 and \$3.95

All the New
Fruits
and
Vegetables

Murphy - Gamble Limited

Picnic and
Outing hampers
daintily put up

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

Keep Your Pencil Pointed.

The pointing of a pencil is an art in itself. Pencils have been sharpened in all sorts of ways with all sorts of instruments. Mrs. Wegg sharpens her pencils with the scissors. Silas Wegg, Jr., uses his teeth for the purpose. They are of the utilitarian school, to whom a pencil is a mere convenience. Their aim, like that of the rapid-fire story-teller, is to get to the point as soon as possible. With me—I say it in all modesty—it is different. I do not pose as an artist, and my finished work would not entitle me to the rank, but I am an artist in feeling, and so I love to linger over the pointing of my pencil as a deacon lingers over his grace at the table. In fact no good work is accomplished with a pencil unless the work has been prefaced with a sacrament of calm and reflective pointing. The knife and the pencil should be held firmly, yet not fiercely, the pencil should be revolved slowly by the thumb, and there should be no gouging. Hack work in the sharpening of a pencil is a fitting prelude to hack work in the use of it.

Whether the work to be undertaken is of a literary or business nature, or even if the pencil is to be used as a pastime, great good comes from the moments spent in carefully preparing the point. The poet offers his delicate whittles as a sacrifice to the muses. The mathematician knows that the time is not wasted while he slowly removes the slivers from his pencil. He is sharpening his wits at the same time.

It is not of the artists alone that I would speak however. I summon all to court, artists, utilitarians and any others that are loafing in the market-place. I urge them, admonish them, exhort them to keep their pencils sharpened, for I am in a practical mood, as the saying goes, today. I intend talking about habits of observation and might use as a sub-text to the one I have chosen the words of Captain Cuttle—"And when found take a note of."

To begin with, it is necessary, before one takes notes, to take notice. There are a good many blind people in the world who do not have little dogs to lead them. They are not totally blind however. They can see the streets but they cannot see the people in them, or, if they see the people, they cannot distinguish one from another. The people they do see are just people as a primrose by the river's brim was just a primrose to Peter Bell and nothing more. I sometimes think that the blind man of the Gospels who, when his sight was restored, saw men as trees walking came into a state of vision that is denied to most of us. It requires good eyes to see what he saw, but a man who learns to take notice will observe men as trees and trees as men, and he need not try to find rhymes to fit his visions either.

"Alas," I hear some critic say, "he said he was going to be practical, and is this practical, this talking of the foolish ways of children who find faces in the clouds and the wall-paper?" Quite right, my dear Critic, quite right. I was only clearing the ground for the real practical

talk. When one starts to build a house he must cut into the sod and there are often a good many wildflowers growing in the sod which he breaks. The sod and the wildflowers having been disposed of, let us get busy with the stones and mortar.

The man with a sharpened pencil typifies the people who are on the look-out for the odds-and-ends of knowledge,—not the people, mind you, who “spurn delights and live laborious days” in the pursuit of first causes and final analyses, but rather the faddists and hobby-riders who gather together the door-knobs of science and the cancelled stamps of wisdom. These people are keen on counting the legs of caterpillars and measuring, like Holmes, the girth of the trees they pass. And they are practical people, for there are no facts about this universe of ours which cannot be related in some way to the immediate work in which we are engaged. Now I do not mean to say that a man who is posting a ledger or summarizing a report can introduce notes on the habits of the caterpillar into his work, but this I believe is possible, that some day as he proceeds with his drudgery, for all work is drudgery some days, he will feel a subtle something in his being that responds to the steady, patient movement of the caterpillar’s dozen legs, a something that makes him aware that progress is attainable only through patience, that inches added to inches make miles,—and, lo, there is a practical side to the attention he gave on that long-past holiday to the little worm by the wayside.

Drudgery, — the same drudgery that I mentioned above,—is the inevitable attendant of unrelated knowledge. The caterpillar was a bizarre witness to bring into court to illustrate the way in which this drudgery can be lightened. There are more direct and obvious ways of attaining the end however. Take the keeping of accounts as an instance. To the man who has given

some attention to the study of mathematics, let it be only to the extent of puzzling over the odd problems that are furnished in the back pages of the almanacs, there is always an interest in figures of themselves. The stupendous fact that two and two makes four, and never five, is enough, when properly considered, to keep a book-keeper from being a traitor to his day’s work. He too, as much as the mighty men who established the formulae that make mathematics a life-study for some, has his work founded on the eternal verities, and the success or failure of his balancing depends on the same principles that were applied to the locating of Neptune in the depths of space before the telescope had discerned its presence.

This is what I mean by keeping your pencils pointed. The facts of life pass us in a procession, some in the plain clothes of everyday life, some in the robes of office, some in motley or the disguise of calithumpians. The man with his pencil sharpened is like one who has a camera ready to snap the passing show. Even the snap-shot of the clown is worth preserving. How pleasant it is on a long trip or after a hard day’s work to meet a friend with a repertoire of good stories and jests. It will not hurt one to remember the stories he hears. Keep your pencil sharpened when you hear a good yarn. The memory of a good story may keep you from the blues on one of these rainy days, and, what is of some importance too, may help to chase the blues from your brother’s mind when he is most in need of a touch of spice. For instance, here is my own case. If I had kept my pencil sharpened during the past fortnight, instead of using it as a temporary suspender button, I might have had some prime sayings to relate to you instead of having to prose away on a practical subject. And I have been practical, have I not?

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

SYNOPSIS.

Carew and Brooks, on statutory leave, are canoeing to races in St. Lawrence. Carew finds locket containing miniature; and later rescues Miss Bessie Moore from capsized skiff in bay at Rome, her escort, Potts, also being pulled ashore. Brooks vainly urges paddling to regatta without delay to be eligible for race. On the eve of starting for a garden party, Jimmy is reminded by Brooks of the beautiful miniature in the locket, which J. had forgotten. A coolness follows with the Moores, and the g. p. is off. Later, Brooks looking out of his hotel bedroom window, sees J. and Potts walking together up the street. Next morning J. explains to Brooks that Potts tried to get him to give up the locket, that they had a scrap, and that he chased Potts to the gate of the garden party. While J. and Brooks are swimming off Giggs' boat-house, Potts takes locket from J.'s clothes, and J. pursues. Giggs tells Brooks he saw J. at garden party flirting with Miss Ivy Green. On return, J. states Potts gave up locket. J. and Brooks leave Rome after strained talk with Miss Moore, who apparently believes the gossip about J. and the g. p. Potts lays for Jimmy on Blood Rock, but is himself trapped there, and slips over edge of the chasm.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fight on Blood Rock.

When in the next moment or two my hearing telegraphed that my sight could go on watch again—that as there had been no sound of a fatality, there would be nothing calamitous to see—Potts was clinging with a frenzied grip to the rough edge of the niche where the plank's end had lain, and Jimmy, prone on the rock, held Potts' big-boned wrists in fingers that were the proverbial bands of steel.

"Run back to your canoe for your camera, Hal!" Jimmy sang out cheerfully, as he squeezed the broad toes of his tennis Oxfords more deeply into a convenient and providential crack in the rock. "I have him safe as the rock itself. We'll get a snapshot of him that will make all Leeds sit up!"

I leaped through the scrub, and down the rock to my canoe in the silent bay, grabbed my photo kit, climbed the steep path like a chamois, and in ten seconds more had snapped a picture that I felt should be sensational enough to win a prize in a competi-

tion of novelty views. But to Potts, hanging over forty odd feet of space, it must have seemed ten years.

Then Jimmy, his head declining farther over the edge, and his shoes jammed down in the rock, took a fresh grip with his strong hands, seizing Potts in quick succession by the upper arms. He rolled upon his side, strengthened the purchase of his feet in the friendly crack, and with a mighty, straining effort, drew Potts to safety over the edge. Then, getting to one knee, he dragged him farther up the rock.

I had always known that Jimmy was powerful as well as quick and lithe, but I knew now for the first time how strong he really was. To be travelling with a real Strong Man was a new sensation, and comforting, too, so long as you didn't ruffle his feelings any way.

"Now, Chumley!" said Jimmy gaily, "as soon as the blood is circulating through your long arms, you'll have a chance to use 'em—on safe ground! You're big enough and strong enough to fight, and, by George!" Potts had lain upon his right side, apparently exhausted and unnerved. Under cover of picking up his Panama which lay near by, he got to one knee. Then, in a flash he bounded up, flung the hat in Jimmy's face, and with a snarl rushed at him,—the dormant Anglo-Saxon wide awake at last.

Quite well I knew Jimmy's fistic skill. But I knew his saving wisdom, too. It was no time for left-hand smashes or right-arm body blows. Potts, wide open, with swinging arms, and crossing his feet at a stride, would have been an easy mark for Jimmy's rapid hands, and the chasm yawned but a few feet away. Blows could wait. It was only the art of catch-as-catch-can that was safe for Jimmy to play now, on the perilous brink, if he didn't want to put Potts over it.

But Potts, mad and reckless with berserk rage at last, was a force to be reckoned with now. He swung wickedly right and left for his enemy's head, as a man in a corner invariably will, and being blocked without a return he locked his long arms about Jimmy's waist and strove savagely to lift and back-heel and throw. And well it was for Jimmy that he was big and strong and knew the game; for Potts was doubly strong and dangerous, as well as devilish now. His teeth gleamed, and he ground them, as Jimmy with the full force of a powerful right arm snapped his head back. Potts, perhaps feeling the chasm yawning toward him as he was forced back from head to heel, released his waist-hold. He reached up, and

neither Jimmy's muscular neck nor his finished science might have sufficed to save him from a fall had his face been crossed by his big adversary's desperate hands. But the move was too late. Jimmy flashed a brown and supple arm around Potts' neck, whirled, stepped outside, and a buttock throw brought Algernon's crumpling length of six feet two to the ground, and away from the chasm. He lay very still on the limestone rock; and the chasm hadn't anything on me in the yawning line when I opened my trap and took a big breath that way out of sheer relief. I had had the show all to myself, and like a chump, with my camera lying there, had never thought of snapping it. But I started to focus now.

"Don't think you'll fool me again, Potts!" said Jimmy. "You're not hurt! Get up! There's one more fall coming to me out of you. I've got to mark you in return for your souvenir last night."

Potts sullenly arose. He eyed Jimmy from head to heel, slowly backing away.

"No, you don't!" cried Jimmy, following close on nimble feet, and with menacing fists. "You can't get away from me till I'm through with you! You can't get off Blood Rock! Ah, would you?" Potts made as if to rush for the chasm, and Jimmy danced between, and then as quickly aside, spoiling Potts' stride, and bringing him up short. "Come, Algernon Chumley, put up your big hands and fight!"

And suddenly Potts 'put up his hands'. His berserk fury was not all spent. Stung by Jimmy's taunts, he leaped toward him with an oath, as Jimmy danced away, laughing, in his element, from the chasm. Then, suddenly, *smash!* Jimmy straightened him up Potts' right flew wide. But he was game, with a right-hand cross-counter to the jaw. Jimmy would have stopped there, for he had scored; but that right-hander, heavy as it was, though it shook Potts up, only made him rush in for more. Biff! Jimmy's left jammed him playfully in the wind. Potts doubled and tried to clinch, and Jimmy danced out and was in again. Bang! And Algernon was down this time from a smashing left fair between the eyes.

"Enough, whether you holler it or not!" said Jimmy, with a sigh of satisfaction, as Potts rose to an elbow and regarded his conqueror with momentarily dazed sight. "That's one for myself and one for the small boy you knocked off Giggs' float, and one for Brooks when you sent him down the bank. Now, just get your senses together, will you, and tell us what you wanted that locket for and why you threw a stone at me from Blood Rock!"

"I didn't mean the stone for you!" muttered Algernon, as he sulkily sat up, brushing at his clothes.

"For the canoe then, I suppose. Had you a spite against it, too, because you upset out of it?"

"Yes, I meant it for the canoe!"

"Well, why? Why? Own up, now!"

"I wanted to put it out of the racing game, that's all!"

"The racing game?" Jimmy's roar of laughter was so loud that it echoed back from the bluffs on the farther side of Bellamy Lake. "Did you think I would race in that tub? And you didn't want to put me out of the racing game, eh?" Jimmy's sixteen-foot, fifty-pound racing machine had been sent ahead from home to the Meet by express. "Well," he said across the chasm to me, "you'd best get around to the front of the Rock in your canoe, and we'll get under way again. I'm almost hungry enough to eat Potts' hat. And as soon as he will tell me what he really wanted to get hold of the locket for, he can get back to Rome for his dinner by the short and simple way of a jump over this crack." Jimmy strolled to the edge of the rift and looked down. "We'll have the sheriff after us for destroying that bridge," he added, as he looked at the big plank.

"I'm much obliged for the entertainment," I said, picking up my photo kit. "I got a few excellent shots, and if the plates pan out all right — *look out!*" I bawled. For Potts was suddenly on his feet, with a desperate look.

Jimmy ducked instinctively and whirled, fearing the flight of a stone. But that was not Mr. Potts' game. He bounded away for the head of Blood Rock, with Jimmy's canoe in mind.

Jimmy darted after him. But Algernon Chumley had a good start, and being fleet of foot would doubtless have made good had not Fate, in the form of a root, as he entered the scrub, intervened. It caught and threw him hard, his great length crashing heavily to the rock.

"Here's a nice kettle of fish!" Jimmy cried back to me, as he leaned over Potts' motionless form. "He's down and out this time, and no mistake!"

I hurried down to my canoe, but it was some little time before I got around to the face of the Rock and joined Jimmy above. He had propped Potts up, opened his shirt at the throat, and bathed a bruise on the big fellow's brow.

"He's all right!" Jimmy said, "and will be around in no time. His heart's as strong as mine, and he's hard enough. I thought he would crack a rib or two when he got that waist-hold. I've just taken a view of him," he explained, as I stared at his camera, which lay near by. "It'll make a capital souvenir of Blood Rock, in case your plates don't develop well." He picked up a trolling line that he had brought up with the camera from his canoe, and running back to the spot of Potts' earlier misadventure, returned with Algernon's Panama.

"I'm not going to wait here until Potts comes around, not even to get an explana-

tion of his locket scheme out of him," Jimmy said, as he fastened one end of the line through a hole which he punched in the brim of the straw. "I'm going to dangle this Panama over the face of the Rock, so that I can see it from the lake." He proceeded to execute this plan, and returned to tie the other end of the line to Potts' leg. "If the hat is still hanging over the Rock by the time we get a mile or so down the lake," he went on, as he picked up his camera and took a farewell look at the apparently unconscious subject of his scheme, "I'll send the first fisherman I meet on the lake to bring him round and take him off the Rock. Or I may do it myself. Potts is in no particular danger, anyway. His heart is right, and he has the whole of Blood Rock all to himself for complete recovery and meditation. If he doesn't want to jump the chasm, he can holler to some passing fisherman to be taken off. By the way," Jimmy added, as he preceded me down the steep path to the canoes, "what particular danger were *you* in up the river, a while ago?"

"I wasn't in any!" I answered, in surprise.

"Then what the deuce did you blow that confounded 'D' on your whistle for?" he demanded.

I stopped. "I blow 'D'? Why, *you* blew it, and that was what hurried me along!"

Jimmy stopped, too, and stared back up at me.

"Really?" he said. "Then I can tell you, I didn't blow 'D'. I sent you an inquiry note."

"I gave my whistle to Giggs," I said. "But he wouldn't know 'D' or any other call. And yet it must have been Giggs."

"Well," Jimmy said, as he stepped into his canoe, "by whatever fateful chance Giggs blew 'D', he did me a double deed good turn. If I hadn't heard it, and thought it was you, I'd have paddled straight ahead; you would not have come down stream so fast, and seen Mr. Potts, and he would perhaps have got in his boulder work from the top of Blood Rock. As it was, with the warning you gave me, I had my weather eye open and managed to heel over to port and escape the stone, or save the canoe from it, anyway, to give Potts the benefit of any doubt. So that it is perhaps just as well that you presented your whistle to Mr. Tommy Giggs."

CHAPTER X.

The Bellamy Belle.

It was by now noon, and we had no sooner got into the lake than Jimmy said that, his late Roman repast to the contrary notwithstanding, he was too peckish to paddle for dinner to Athens, more than ten

miles off. The zeal to cut distance to ribbons which he had exhibited on leaving Rome was not in evidence now, and the elation over having got square with Chumley Potts soon evaporated. So I said to myself that Bessie Moore was responsible for the obliteration of Jimmy's aquatic ambition to lift the Cup, and that I would have the dubious felicity of seeing Otto Weatherbee or some other crack do the trick, providing I should get to the Meet in time myself.

"There goes Potts' hat!" exclaimed Jimmy, as he stared back at Blood Rock. "Hullo! He's lost it now!" The Panama, dangling low down on the face of the Rock, and swaying gently in a vagrant breeze, had suddenly begun to swiftly ascend. As it reached the brow of the Rock it stuck in the cedar scrub. It jiggled a moment or two, then dropped and floated slowly toward the lake, on its crown.

The echo of Jimmy's stentorian laugh came back from Blood Rock. He focussed a binocular on its cedar-garlanded brow.

"Potts is glaring at us from the shrub!" he said, with a grin. "So we know he's all right. I suppose," he added, resuming his paddle and his way across the lake, "that the straw broke at the brim; but the fool could have saved it with a little patience and tact."

We found an inviting bit of beach and a pine grove up Frazer's Creek, hidden away from the lake; and while Jimmy went Columbuscading into the interior for milk and butter and eggs, and Miss Frazer, too, I suppose, I fired up our combination cooker, and spread our grub kits and tinned goods. Then I ran up to the bluff overlooking the lake, and lay down in the long grass to focus a strong marine glass on Blood Rock.

Potts' Panama was still floating in the neighbourhood of the Rock, the top of which, from my altitude, I was able to survey with a sweep of my glass. And as I looked, the lenses caught a moving picture of Potts gathering himself for a leap across the chasm.

Twice, with a dozen yards spun out in swift strides under his heel, he stopped at the brink, and looked down. But at the third essay he got his stride and the take off just right, and rose and cleared,—cleared with yards to spare. He slipped to his knees, on the rock, and sat up facing the chasm and rubbing his shins, and looking comically pleased and rueful at the margin he had to the good. Perhaps he reflected what the jump an hour before might have saved him; for by now he had, like the gentleman in the song, two pretty black eyes, in striking contrast to the pallor of his cheek. At last he rose, shook a clenched hand toward Frazer's Creek, up which he had doubtless watched us disappear, then turned his back on the scene of his mis-

adventures and was soon lost to my sight in the deep wood beyond Blood Rock.

The sound of a locomotive whistle came up the lake, and I turned my glass on the little Stop-and-Carry-One Railway train, made up of a pony engine, a tender and a combination car. The engineer put his arm out of the cab window and waved a bared arm. The whistle blew again, the train stopped, and the fireman got down and went ahead with a dissipated looking broom to sweep the track clear of some drowsy cattle browsing between the rails; while a whole handful of passengers alighted and strolled down to Bellamy Lake to pick blackeaps of the Doolittle variety along the shore. Giggs told me that on the Stop-and-Carry-One they would wait at a crossing or any old concession line for a farmer's wife with eleven eggs to take to town until the black hen would get busy and lay the twelfth. At last the fireman succeeded in directing the attention of the cows to some pasture of a much richer quality — Brome grass, maybe,—a bit further up the track, and the infantile limited proceeded on its perilous way once more.

The lake was a sheet of dead silver now, for the breeze of the morning had died down. The air was very hot as well as still, and the silence brooding over lake and shore—the sleepy silence of the middle of a red hot midsummer day—seemed emphasized rather than broken by the soft, metallic “chuck” of oars in the rowlocks as a party of people in a skiff rowed slowly up the lake. Presently, as the skiff drew nearer to the bluff where I lay screened by the long grass, the voices became so distinct that the talk was quite audible to my lazily intent ear. The man in the stern, in classical repose upon the small of his back, his long legs stretched past the foot-rest of the rower, remarked with a drawl:

“Say, Joe, who’s the feller I heard was cutfin’ Dood Potts out. o’ Miss Green’s affections at the garden party over t’ Sweet’s last night?”

“Ba gosh!” said Joe, with an accent and emphasis that left me no doubt of his French-Canadian origin. “I don’ know for sure!” And Joe ejected a quid overboard to solemnly clinch the veracity of his remark.

“What did *you* hear, Sam Hugg?” said Miss Green, in the bow. She was a classic featured, light-haired maid, with a pale complexion that was at once accentuated and offset by her hat, a millinery creation with enough floral colour and design in it to have made a seedsman’s spring catalogue feel about as sporty as a bunch of mourning weeds. But to offset this amazing hat, there was a large and sober-hued valise in the skiff, bearing the inscription: *Miss Ivy Green, Brewer’s Mills, per steamer Fairy Queen.*

“What did *you* hear, Sam Hugg?” said the Bellamy Belle again.

“Well,” drawled Mr. Hugg, “I heard this feller I was askin’ Joe about was the best-lookin’ feller there by a darn sight, an’ that you an’ him was chummy as two peas next t’ one another in a pod, all evenin’. Either you had him on string or he had you mashed fine, I’ll be dang-whittled if I know jes’ which.”

Miss Green preserved a tactful reticence on this point. “He’s very good-looking, certainly,” she said. “Tall and dark—”

“Taller’n Joe?” inquired Sam, with a cruel thrust at Joe’s inconsiderable inches.

“Taller than you, Sam-uel Hugg, and straight—”

“Ba gosh, that’s one for Sam, sure!” exploded Joe, with a following roar of laughter.

“And, as I said, *very* good-looking,” concluded Miss Green. And Joe, staring at Sam’s lean countenance, laughed immoderately again.

“It don’t take much to make Joe laugh!” said Sam irascibly.

“Not much, for sure!” retorted Joe, still staring hard.

“The gentleman you were inquiring about, Sam,” said Miss Green, slowly, with an apparent readiness to resume discussion of the “gentleman” in hand and make the most of it, like a thrifty little girl with a big piece of cake, “is the new purser for the *Fairy Queen.*”

“O-o-o-h!” mouthed Sam expressively. “So *that’s* why you want so bad to catch the *Queen* at Rome f’r Brewer’s Mills!”

Miss Green did not directly deny the soft impeachment. “He’s from Alexandr’a Bay, and he was fishing for the day in Red Horse Lake with a party from Limestone and Brickville and Gannnock. He came up from Red Horse to Sweet’s last evening to send a telegraph message to the captain of the *Fairy Queen* to say he would *join* the boat at Rome to-day.”

“An’ then, as he was turning back to Red Horse, he jes’ nacherally run across the garden party an’ Miss Ivy Green,” concluded the arch Mr. Hugg.

“Dat’s gay bunch in Red ’Orse,” said Joe. “Good ol’ ’ot sport, for sure.”

“You b’en there?” drawled Sam.

“Yaas, said Joe. “I was dere las’ wick. I row.”

The sudden shrill note of Jimmy’s whistle brought Joe’s oars to a standstill, and the trio stared about.

“Steam yacht, maybe, in the lakes somewhere,” said Sam.

“I t’ink she’s de *Fairy Queen* w’isling for Rome,” said Joe, slyly kicking the shin of the invertebrate Mr. Hugg. “Didn’t you ’ear she’s got a new w’istle, like she’s got a new purser, Sam?”

“O, hurry then, Joe!” cried Miss Green, in genuine alarm.

"No good now, for sure," said Joe, letting his oars trail, and producing a cigar, which he inspected with luxurious deliberation and as leisurely replaced.

"Joe's a tease, all right," said Sam feelingly, having stirred up a spinal segment at sight of the cigar. "All the girls says Joe's a tease."

"Yaas," said Joe cheerfully, as he resumed the oars. "Dere was wan gurl over on Red 'Orse las' wick I don' tease also."

"That so?" inquired Sam, with apparent interest.

"Non, sirree! I pass by on all de lak dis summer, an' see some fine gurl, me! But ba gosh! dis gurl on Red 'Orse was de bes' lookin' gurl——"

"Present comp'ny always *accepted*, Joe," said Sam correctively.

"For sure! She was de bes' lookin' gurl haxceptin' Miss Green——"

"O, never mind *me!*" interjected Miss Green pettishly, with a toss of the polychromatic hat, her mind under it being with another sex.

"Hall right. She was de bes' lookin' gurl I ever see, for sure!"

"Different style of beauty from Miss Green, maybe," suggested the diplomat in the stern.

"Yaas. She's like Miss Green, too, you know. Same kin' of 'air, wit' a leetl' rouge——"

"I don't rouge, Joe Plante!"

"For sure, Miss Green. I mean dere was some rouge—dat's red, you know—on 'er 'air."

"And my hair isn't red, either!" retorted the Bellamy Belle, with a shake of it.

"Non, for sure your 'air it is not red, Miss Green. But dis gurl on Red 'Orse 'er 'air was red, you know, lak de red on de sun, some tam. Hall de boys in de bunch on Red 'Orse say it was ver' fine 'air. De new purser 'e was not dere las' wick, you know," added Joe, in artless and heartless parenthesis, but with a hard wink at Sam. "An' 'er face was ver' 'an'some also. 'Er heye was bleu, bleu lak de sky, an' 'er cheek was all pink an' w'ite——"

Miss Green interposed a scornful little laugh that had little mirth in it. "Pink cheeks are lovely—when they're natural, Joe," she said.

"For sure," said the unperturbed Joe. "An' dis gurl 'er cheek was au naturel also. An' 'er mou't was red—au naturel. An' 'er teet' was w'ite—au naturel. Yaas, she was de mo' 'an'some gurl, presen' comp'ny haxcept, I never seen. A peach, for sure! An' *flirt!* She's flirt wit' hev'ry tall, dark, good-lookin' man on de bunch! But per'aps she's don' flirt wit' de new purser yesterday. Me, I don' know, for sure. I 'ear one of de boys say 'er man come to Red 'Orse like she was haxceptin',

den she won' flirt no more. But I don' know, for sure."

"She's a *leetle* too much of a 'peach' f'r me, I guess," remarked Sam.

"Yaas, per'aps she's not flirt wit' you, Sam," said the philosopher at the oars. "But you go hover to Red 'Orse an' see 'er all black an' bleu——"

"Guess she deserved it!" interjected Miss Green.

"Who hit her, Joe?" said Sam.

"Black an' bleu stripe," said Joe, grinning.

"Stripe *what?*" snapped Sam.

"Bathin' suit!" gurgled Joe. "Stripe, an' black stocking, an' ver' 'an'some, for sure!" and he bestowed an amiable and copious smile, but full of reminiscence and subtly invidious comparison, upon Sam's slender extremities, quite irritating to that gentleman's sensibility.

"I did hear there was one of them kind of pink and whitey city peaches stoppin' over to the Roman House," he said. "An' that Dood Potts was rushin'——" Mr Hugg, with an apologetic glance at the severely silent Miss Ivy Green, covered his break with a little cough. "The best kind of peaches," he hastened to add, as he readjusted his spine, "grows in the country, along the lake, in *my* opinion."

Their voices waxed faint to my willing but insufficient ear, as they drew near to Blood Rock; and as I rose to turn back and report progress to Jimmy, his whistle gave out a shrill and startling note.

It was our danger signal, the Morse 'D'!

CHAPTER XI.

Up Frazer's Creek.

"What is it?" I gasped, as I arrived on the jump. "What's the danger this time? What's up?"

Jimmy grinned like a large-size sausage split in the pan. "You're easy!" he managed to articulate, as he swallowed mirth and mastication at a gulp. "I thought that 'D' would fetch you. The *danger* was that you wouldn't get any Dinner if you didn't hurry up. But the danger's past, and it's your own fault if there isn't anything left."

He had been able to get only half a dozen eggs, he said, and of course having a preference for eggs when he could pick 'em up in the country strictly fresh-laid, he had naturally got away with them. There was nothing but the label to tell what had been in the canned chicken tin, and as there was a picture of a dressed fowl on the label I wondered why he hadn't eaten that and papered his interior, since he had so well furnished it. In embryo and adolescence the Great Canadian Hen had met a common fate. The coffee, too, was done, so it looked to me at first glance that it was up to me to dine with His Grace Duke

Humphrey. Jimmy said, however, that he had thought of my predilection for jam, and so he had hardly touched that—yet; and he could recommend the bread, though he had been able to harvest but half a pound of butter, indifferent dairy at that, and so soft that it had melted away under the sun in no time. I looked around, and saw that Jimmy's reference to the butter applied with equal force to the bread, and that his "touch" of the jam had been about as light as the hand of Pa Xmas on the pocket of a Civil Servant with a family of ten. Then James arose with a beneficent smile, and turned over some fresh-cut maple boughs and disclosed my convalescent hope: coffee smoking hot, creamery butter, cool and firm, half a loaf of whitest country home-made bread, the biggest and brownest of eggs ever laid by the black hen, a dish of black-caps fresh from the lake-shore that morning, and a pot of the real thing in cream.

He wasn't a bad sort, Jimmy wasn't, if only you weren't too famished and had the constitution and patience to see his humor out.

Jimmy said that he found Miss Frazer in a hammock reading Silas Wegg's serial in the *Civilian* up-side down. (The *Civilian*, not Miss Frazer.) He said that she said that her sister had been sent for by the Government at Ottawa to take editorial charge of the new Millinery Department in the *Civ.*, and that she had a nice-looking man for stenographer to dictate to. I'm a good deal of a liar myself, but when Jimmy gets started that way (and you can't try to stop a real professional Strong Man up a lonesome creek), he's in a sort of Old Testament Class all by himself.

"What were you rubbering at up there on the bluff, anyway?" he said, with his back against a pine, as he lazily produced a cigar and eyed it dubiously, for it was a Roman House weed, *strongly* recommended by Gus of the bar. It made me think of Joe Plante's cigar in the boat, as I sketched Jimmy what I had seen and heard from the bluff.

"So, I'm to believe that I've got a double in the neighbourhood, that he's the 'new purser' of the *Fairy Queen*, and that he is to be in Rome this afternoon to catch his boat," Jimmy said, telling off my details on his fingers' ends. "Well, the guests of the Roman House should see for themselves now that Mr. Carew was not at the garden party. It ought to be interesting when Miss Ivy Green turns up. If this purser chap is as much like me as Giggs and those people at the Roman House made out, there ought to be some goggle eyes in Rome this afternoon. I don't suppose Potts, with the pair of eyes he must have by now, will show himself. If he does, and sees that purser, he'll think he contracted brain fever on Blood Rock. I shrewdly suspect, though,"

Jimmy added, having lighted his dubious cigar and then thrown it away, "that the combined light of the moon and Chinese lanterns is one thing, and daylight quite another, and that the dashing and flirtatious purser of the *Queen* won't turn out this afternoon to be an absolute double of Yours Truly."

"According to Joe Plante's description of the pink-and-white beauty flirting in Red Horse Lake, we may reasonably conclude that she is the original of the girl in the locket," I said. "I suppose we may have a look-in at the original if we keep our eye peeled as we go through Red Horse."

"You can do all the peeling!" said Jimmy with some acidity, as he hung a glass on one of the pines, preparatory to executing a leisurely shave. "Her bally miniature has caused me trouble enough! But, I say," he added, with a note of triumph, stropping a razor, "didn't I read her character correctly, according to 'Joe Plante'?" I said at Johnnie's Falls that I would call her Helen Blazes offhand, didn't I?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Moore said at Rome that Helen had a beautiful, bold face," I remarked reminiscently; and Jimmy said no more.

We cleaned up and put our canoes in shape for a start, and then lay around, feeling as exquisitely *strong-do-nothing* as a pair of lazzaroni; for the day had grown hotter, and the water was stirless, and the sky of a Neapolitan blue. Jimmy said that we—or, rather, he—might as well be killed for a sheep as for a lamb now, since we couldn't begin to hope to conform to Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, and that he would simply have to depend on the breadth of view of the Regatta Committee to be able to race for the Cup, and that anyway he wasn't very particular about it. So I knew that Bessie Moore had just about done her little worstest so far as Jimmy's aquatic ambition was concerned. I felt too lazy to argue or run, so I didn't mention Otto Weatherbee. We stirred up after a while, and had a swim in the altogether, waking the echoes clear across to Blood Rock with our delectable war-whoops as we raced up and down the beach in the sun, and pelted each other with pine cones. For it was good *just being alive*, and to get in a quiet harbour like Frazer's Creek, and tell yourself that the veneer of your civilization wasn't much more natural than a plug hat on a cannibal, after all, so far as the primitive war-whoops were concerned. Then, being refreshed and *rested*, as Jimmy said, after the Blood Rock episode, we dressed and stretched out under the pines for a smoke, breathing huge sighs of wordless satisfaction, too, and having a wealth of pine needles for a bed. "Old Morpheus enveloped my faculties fast," as the bard of Newstead remarked, and the great god "Nick o' Teen" had a very short session of worship

at my place. I didn't even mind Jimmy's bombardment with two-inch pine cones, and it wasn't long before Nature's sweet restorer tip-toed along down the sun-flecked aisle of pines with her needles all ready for business and knit up Jimmy's "ravelled sleeve of care." And when she signalled to me to climb into the dope chair, she didn't need to say "Next!" for I was there and over the line, and all the judges from Ryde to Sandy Hook couldn't have fetched me back up against the lotus-lilled tide of sleep I went drifting down, with Jimmy's deep and regular breathing calling me, as it were, to follow him.

When I awoke, it was with a start. The rain was on my face. All the bright light seemed to have gone out of the world, and dusk, and the "first drops of a thunder-shower," to quote his Lordship again, were falling now. The air was very heavy and still, as if the storm that had distantly impended in the early afternoon were now close at hand; and all animal life, save perhaps that of the tree-toad, was hushed as if in expectation and dread. A red squirrel ran noiselessly before me through the pines and entered his hole, without a sound. It seemed to me as if Mother Earth and I had been inveigled into Miss Anaesthesia Dope's parlors and that I had come out of the trance first.

My rolling eye wheeled over to the spot where Jimmy had been playing a lone hand at the pine cone game, and then travelled a quicker than thought to the beach. I was on my feet then, with a bound, for Jimmy and Jimmy's canoe were gone!

I ran to the beach and glimpsed the creek either way, but there wasn't sight or sound of Jimmy, or of life of any kind, excepting my amphibian friend the tree-toad, who never let up holding out the glad hand of his chirpy welcome to the rain. The face of the creek was glassy and gray, flecked intermittently by heavy heralding drops of what the tree-toad was calling for. Then came the first breath of the storm, a faint, cool, premonitory passing breeze, that wrinkled for a moment the sullen face of the creek, and turned the white pages of the silver maples along the shore as if to write on them with ghostly hand the fate of those that were foredoomed.

I got my marine glass and hurried to the head of the bluff. The storm was coming up indeed, lazily like a giant sure of his prey, from the south-west. There was not a trace of colour to show where the westerling sun was dropping low, but southward there were intermittent and ominous flashes from the giant's eye, and sullen mutterings from his guttural throat of gathering wrath. The sky was still unclouded along the east, where already "one naked star had waded through the purple shallows of the night,"—and got his feet wet, I guess. But here where I was, on the

bluff, the breeze was stirring the strong grasses to sibilant complaint, while all the visible lake, crepuscular and vague, was shuddering into life.

A light glimmered in the window of a cottage across the lake, and midway between that dimming shore and me were two rapidly moving shapes. I was down in the grass on the bluff's uttermost edge in a moment, and in the next the two objects swam into the circumference of the lens and loomed big before me, their outlines faintly nebulous but definite to my eye.

They were Chumley Potts and Jimmy Carew.

(To be continued.)

Personals.

Promotions.

Brantford City Post Office. — T. R. Snodgrass to 4th class; W. E. Tisdale and G. Taylor to Sr. 2nd class.

Charlottetown City Post Office. — J. McCarey to 1st class, W. H. Gill to 1st class; W. M. Brehaut to Jr. 2nd class.

Calgary City Post Office. — Fred Packman to 4th class, W. Lee to Jr. 3rd class, E. G. Chudley to 4th class, R. C. Hill to 4th class, W. Pennell to 4th class, R. V. Gummer to 4th class, W. W. Webster to 4th class, H. G. Curliss to 4th class, W. R. Salisbury to Jr. 2nd class, W. T. Toye and G. A. Staggs to Sr. 2nd class.

Edmonton City Post Office — M. R. Cryderman to Sr. 2nd class, J. N. Tessier to Sr. 3rd class, C. E. Greaves to Jr. 3rd class, A. E. Third to Jr. 3rd class.

Halifax City Post Office — J. P. Connors to Sr. 3rd class, E. R. Gordon to Sr. 3rd class, P. F. Brennan to Sr. 2nd class, W. S. Fultz, J. N. Meagher, A. P. Healey, T. J. O'Brien, J. M. Donovan, J. H. Smyth to Sr. 2nd class.

Hamilton City Post Office — A. J. Kerr to Sr. 2nd class, R. H. Kell to Sr. 2nd class, Wm. McFarland to Sr. 2nd class, F. Hodd, A. C. Blake, J. Campbell, R. W. Moore, R. Woolley, J. J. Dorsey to 4th class, Chas. Judd to Sr. 2nd class, J. McCulloch to Sr. 2nd class, J. C. Richter to Sr. 2nd class, Miss J. E. Mackey to Jr. 2nd class, Miss G. Smith to Jr. 2nd class, Miss M. L. Cussaek to Jr. 2nd class, Miss A. M. Hamilton to Jr. 2nd class, L. J. Enright to Jr. 3rd class, H. M. Fitzgerald to 1st class, W. L. Waterman to 1st class, Wm. Flynn to 1st class, John A. Webber to 1st class, Wm. McFarland to 1st class, J. H. C. Dempsey to Sr. 2nd class, F. Hodd, A. C. Blake, J. Campbell, R. W. Moore, R. Woolley, J. J. Dorsey to Jr. 2nd class, J. H. Dempsey, J. C. Hill, F. J. Carroll, G. W. McIntosh, D.



“Fitwell”

—\$4.00—

Here You Are!

The most comfortable as well as the most stylish shoe sold.

Wears as well as any \$5.00 shoe and only **\$4.00** costs you

Fitwell shoes are made on 50 different styles and all leathers.

The **2 MACS** Ltd

Outfitters for Men and Boys

MOVED

TO LARGER PREMISES.



OTTAWA, ONT.

in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing attendance has moved to larger premises. Nearly double the room. The school will be open all summer. For particulars write the principal—

W. E. GOWLING,
Cor. Bank and Wellington Sts.

THE Pritchard & Andrews
Company of Ottawa, Limited.

GENERAL ENGRAVERS
AND BRASS WORKS

264 Sparks Street, Ottawa

WEAR



Masson's Shoes

Polson Iron Works Limited

TORONTO

Steel Shipbuilders, Engineers and Boilermakers

Steel Vessels, Tugs, Dredges and Barges of all Sizes and Descriptions. Sole Canadian manufacturers of Heine Safety Water Tube Boilers. Write us for illustrated catalogue.

WORKS AND OFFICES—

ESPLANADE EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

C. Dowrie to Sr. 2nd class, J. Keenan to 4th class.

Kingston City Post Office—C. A. Bunt, W. Harkness, D. C. Hiscock, W. White, S. C. Porter to Sr. 2nd class, J. B. Cochrane and Miss M. Ford to Jr. 2nd class, J. B. Cochrane to Sr. 2nd class, J. C. Strange to Asst. Inspector.

London Post Office Dept. — T. M. Bidner, W. E. Potts, G. W. Grimshaw, G. B. Nash, R. Walsh, D. Martin, G. W. Oliver, O. McCallum, J. J. Fitzmaurice, M. Haystead to Sr. 2nd class, F. W. Matthews to Asst. Inspector, C. E. Moore to Jr. 3rd class, R. S. McKay to 4th class.

Moosejaw City Post Office — A. M. Ward to Sr. 3rd class, R. M. Manahan to Jr. 3rd class, T. C. Russell to Sr. 2nd class, Miss E. M. Wright to Jr. 3rd class, A. M. Ward to Jr. 2nd class.

Montreal City Post Office — Miss G. A. Steben to 4th class, J. M. Merineau to 4th class, J. E. Guillemette to

1st class, A. Grenier to 1st class, C. Gould to 1st class, J. E. Pepin to Jr. 2nd class, E. D'Aoust to Jr. 3rd, G. Maltais, J. A. Desilets, C. A. Archambault, F. J. Caron, R. Bennett, J. A. Lamarche to Sr. 2nd class, A. Duboulay to Jr. 2nd class, S. Pellerin to 3rd class, R. Lahaye to 3rd class, G. E. Lefebvre to 4th class, J. E. Hurtubise to Jr. 2nd class, M. Bell to Jr. 2nd class, Miss M. A. Curran to Jr. 2nd class, Nap. Deguire to Jr. 2nd class, J. E. Pepin to Sr. 2nd class, G. Valois to Jr. 2nd class.

Ottawa City Post Office — W. Q. Ketchum, M. Patrick, M. A. Coughlin, Miss M. J. Farrell to Jr. 2nd class, C. Lacelle to Jr. 3rd class, C. J. Neville to Jr. 3rd class, H. E. Rochon to 4th class, F. R. Sparks to 4th class, A. C. Layeux to 4th class, H. W. Mix to 1st class, J. W. Ross, F. A. Knaut, M. H. Fagan, A. R. Desrosiers, J. N. Larue, M. St. Germain, W. Eastwood, J. J. Fair, E. L. Fairbanks, N. Bayly, W. E. B. Mann, J. Egan to Sr. 2nd class.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

PARKER'S DYE WORKS 260 SPARKS STREET

Thirty-five years in the one stand doing the best work in Canada is our greatest recommendation.

ONLY ONE STORE—ONLY ONE PHONE: 708

Don't make a mistake. When you want the best work, done promptly, call on the old firm.

A Phone Message Bring Our Driver

Spring Shipments of House Furnishings



OUR Spring stock of Curtains, Carpets, Beds, Bedding, and General Household Furniture is opening up splendidly, and is of a character to appeal to a fastidious circle of trade.

Cash or Credit. Easy Terms of Payment

S. A. LUKE, The Metropolitan

49-51 Rideau St.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

Peterborough City Post Office—H. E. White to Jr. 3rd class.

Quebec City Post Office — R. Wilkinson, D. A. Bryson, J. Emond, P. Boutet, J. J. Blondeau, F. E. Kindellen, J. A. Therien to Sr. 2nd class, A. Burroughs to Sr. 3rd class, J. A. Laperge to Jr. 3rd class, F. N. Martineau to Sr. 2nd class, E. Darveau to Sr. 2nd class, L. N. Bolduc to Sr. 2nd class, S. Boiteau to Jr. 2nd class, Miss A. Burroughs to Jr. 2nd class, Miss M. M. Shaw to Jr. 2nd class, Miss A. D. O'Farrell to Jr. 3rd class.

St. John City Post Office — P. J. Meagher to Jr. 3rd class, Miss L. L. Howard to Jr. 2nd class, J. C. Henderson to Jr. 2nd class, H. S. Steele to Jr. 2nd class, J. Malcolm, J. McClaverty, E. B. Kierstead, A. W. Lingley, L. N. Roberts, T. J. Buckley, T. F. Cochrane to Sr. 2nd class, H. A. Steele to Sr. 2nd class, Thos. Jenkins to 1st class, J. H. Ritchie to 1st class, T. F. Walsh to Sr. 3rd.

Sherbrooke City Post Office — H. P. White to Sr. 3rd class, Miss M. L. Doherty to Jr. 2nd class.

Toronto City Post Office — R. St. B. Young, L. Giroux, F. G. Savage, D. H. Howe, S. E. Curran, E. P. Rogers, F. W. Garrow, W. F. Storey, R. E. Roome, R. McLeish, W. E. Sykes, J. R. McKerrihen, V. S. Langley, A. H. Potts, E. A. Stuart, J. T. McCurry, T. Hillock, H. Pascoe, A. J. Walsh, H. Bavington, J. R. Howard, N. Ross, W. H. Horton, C. R. Willis, A. C. Shepherd, W. H. Wilson, H. W. Roberts, T. A. Miller, S. P. Smith, S. J. Cuttall, J. Hart, G. S. Graham, C. McCorrie, H. Regan, E. F. Scott, F. J. Cooney, W. J. Turk, J. S. Williamson, W. J. Carson, T. H. Carson, J. A. Grayson, J. J. Hayes to Sr. 2nd class, D. Latimer, J. Reid, T. Quinn, F. Kirk, T. Smith, J. Drew, F. W. Davies to Jr. 2nd class, W. G. Gordon to Sr. 3rd class, W. L. Allwell to Jr. 2nd class, W. R. Shields to 4th class, M. McDonald to 1st class, H. R. Horn to Jr. 3rd class, Robt. Sparks to 1st class, G. G. Farr to 4th class, A. T. Bruce to 4th class, Miss F. Pollock to Jr. 3rd class, Miss M. Hodgins to Jr. 3rd class, J. A. Kirkpatrick to 1st class, W. Sparks to 1st class, G. D. Murray to Sr. 3rd class, W. O'Hagan, H. Krugel, J. Cumming, J. G. Colter, J. F. England, W. Allen, E. St. Denis, A. J. Sinclair, S. Cameron, G. S. Freeland, C. J. Coolahan to 4th class, W. P. Falvey to Jr. 3rd class, D. Latimer, J. Reid, T. Quinn, F. Kirk, T. Smith, J. Drew to Sr. 2nd class, J. E. Walker to 4th class.

Victoria City Post Office — C. E. Ray, J. M. Nollins to Sr. 2nd class, Miss K. M. O'Connor to Jr. 2nd.

Vancouver City Post Office — M. L. Devane to Sr. 2nd class, T. H. Cross to Sr. 2nd class, E. McAllister to Jr. 2nd class, G. E. James to Jr. 3rd class, E. C. Murray, C. S. Ogilvy, R. W. Longworth, A. Joben, F.

Evans, J. A. Charbonneau to 4th class, C. F. Greenwood, R. S. Macdonald to 4th class, J. H. Lee to Jr. 2nd class, J. B. Marshallsay, H. Hargreaves, J. A. McConaghy, J. W. Jones to Sr. 2nd class, C. Cook to Sr. 3rd class, C. C. Storey to Jr. 2nd class, Miss J. S. Orr to Jr. 3rd class.

Windsor City Post Office — P. A. Clemenson to St. 2nd class.

Winnipeg City Post Office — A. Osovsky to Jr. 3rd class, J. T. Colton to 1st class, S. Bjorson, J. T. Gladstone, L. Kun, C. C. Cousins, G. A. Prentice, L. J. Sutton to 4th class, J. Sharpe, C. A. De Sansmarez, P. H. Pridham, W. Sands to Sr. 2nd class, R. A. Sargeant to Sr. 2nd class, S. Bjorson to Jr. 3rd class, L. S. Hobday, S. Spratt, R. R. Buchan, J. C. Badgley, R. Goodall, F. Butterworth, L. M. Barbour, W. T. Barclay, R. MacKenzie to 4th class, Wm. Scott to 4th class, N. H. Phinny to Inspector.

Inside Service — A. Stevens, S. T. Smith, M. M. Clarke, J. C. O'Connor, J. S. Simpson, J. M. Lorans, M. Fraser, T. E. Jolliffe, L. M. Wright, W. H. O'Halloran, J. Marier, E. Falls, R. N. Parish, R. Wainwright, E. St. Denis, J. K. Wilson, G. R. McLachlin, C. B. McDonald, E. Hudon, A. McDonald, M. F. Goodwin, F. Butterworth, J. Morgan, E. J. McCleery, W. H. Iveson, C. R. Robertson, J. J. O'Hara, B. A. Fauvel, E. K. McLean, J. T. R. Legault, M. Crowley, D. J. Casey, H. Dessaint, G. M. Tyrell, E. G. Bunel, W. H. Perrault to Div. 3A, H. S. Shaw, G. L. Plunkett, J. Bollard, W. T. Wilson, E. L. Taylor, E. L. Learoyd, E. J. Cousineau, W. J. Beatty to Div. 2A, John Graham to Div. 2A, H. H. O. Gray to Div. 2A.

Correspondence.

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

Sanitation of Offices.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

The problem of sanitary conditions in buildings used for government office purposes is one which demands immediate, constant and careful attention. A sub-committee of the Executive of the Civil Service Association has this matter in hand and through its efforts some material improvements have been made in the cleaning and ventilation of certain of the less sanitary buildings. In addition to this the Association

has memorialized the Government to go into the whole matter of sanitation and take steps to lessen all the attendant contributory evils of overcrowding, lack of ventilation, poor cleaning, defective plumbing, &c., &c. Some result of this petition has been noticed, notably in the case of the basement of the Langevin block. The agitation and consequent improvements go on and there are encouraging prospects of further material accomplishments along these lines.

However, civil servants should not leave all this work for the organization to do. Everyone can help the great work along a little. Thorough and systematic ventilation of an office every morning before work commences is a most desirable thing. Let the first clerk to arrive open all the windows wide and "ler 'er blow" till some chilly fellow demands that the draft be stopped. Let every instance of poor sweeping or dusting be promptly reported to the official in charge of that work, no matter whether the fault be found in office, corridor or lavatory. The Government pays large sums to have its buildings cleaned and it is up to the civil servants to see that the work is well done. And finally (and perhaps most important of all) let civil servants watch their own habits. The man who expectorates upon a floor or wall or throws down a reeking cigarette butt within a building is not only devoid of common decency but is a positive danger to his fellows. These things can be stopped, and I believe the Deputy Ministers and chief clerks want them stopped. A determined expression of feeling on the part of the sane and clean men of the service will soon have its effect. Everyone knows how tuberculosis and a score of more-or-less allied diseases flourish among office-workers, and where have they a better opportunity than in the over-crowded, ill-ventilated and often dirty Government offices, if the inmates themselves are not

careful to eliminate so far as is possible the danger of contagion? A few days ago I was in an office and saw a man who gave every evidence of suffering from a serious form of catarrh using his waste-paper basket as a cuspidor! That fellow is boss in his own room and, I suppose, his subordinates do not dare to bring him to a sense of the enormity of his disgusting offence. I wonder if he would spit in the waste-paper basket in his Deputy Minister's room?

This is an unpleasant subject but it is the unhappy awakenings from "fools' paradise" conditions that keep our sanitariums and hospitals over-crowded.

JUST BE CLEAN.

From a Peripatetic Civil Servant.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Last fall I inflicted on your readers a few wandering impressions received during a tour up the Ottawa Valley. I am now down in the Maritime Provinces (on an inside service job) and am moved to indite a few more inane remarks.

The people down this way are whole hearted and hospitable, to a degree. They have not the advantages of the farmer in Ontario, in brick houses, good roads, etc., but on the whole are very 'comfortable.'

I have been driving all over the Province of New Brunswick, and on several occasions I have skirted the borders of the State of Maine. Some peculiar anomalies have been noticed. One afternoon recently, our journey took us for many miles right along the border. The granite monuments erected in 1842 after the Ashburton Treaty were to be seen on either hand, alternately. At one point I saw a school house on the Canadian side, and a long line of farm houses on the United States side. In other words, Canada was keeping up a school for the Yankee kids.

In another spot I observed a

church on the American side of the road, while the preacher's house and the grave yard were in Canada.

At a point of the road, the highway curved, and the International line bisected a large barn, diagonally. In the nearest Canadian town, hay was selling that day at \$12 per ton, while in the adjacent United States town it was worth \$18. The barn in question was full of hay. It occurred to me that the owner of that barn would require a good deal of spiritual grace to prevent him shifting a little of the hay from one side of the barn to the other.

At another point, the line ran exactly up the centre of the road. I asked myself the question "supposing a crime (such as murder) were committed on that road; who would have jurisdiction to try it—Canada or the United States?"

Speaking of smuggling, a custom officer told me that women were the great transgressors in this respect. He said that a lady who would scorn to do some of the things which "mere men" were guilty of, such as swearing, drinking, or gambling, would think nothing of concealing dutiable goods in the numerous folds of her gown and thus get them across the line. His verdict was that they were all "free traders."

Arriving at an hotel in a town of 2,000 persons, I observed a notice in my room, as follows: "All noise, and other games, must be quiet after 11 p.f."

One night some commercial travellers spilled a lot of tacks on the floor of the halls. The penurious proprietor ambled round in his bare feet about 11 o'clock (to see if the lights were put out) and his language when he trod on the tacks was most edifying—to say the least.

Many persons whom I met were anxious to know my business. One man asked me if I were a priest. Another suggested that I was "buying lambs." I assured them both that I was neither in quest of lambs, spirit-

ual or temporal; but beyond that maintained a discreet silence.

To show how small the world is, I may say that in one small town I met, in one afternoon no less than three old boyhood acquaintances, none of whom I had seen for a dozen years. One was a preacher; the second was travelling for a whiskey house and the third was endeavoring to sell dynamite to the contractors of a new railway. Each in his way was more or less mixed up with 'fire.' When we four got together in the hotel and began to recount old incidents it was very amusing.

I shall 'inflict' some more wandering on you in my next.

Yours truly,

"VAGRANT."

THE BLESSING OF TOIL.

Thank the kind unkind fate that forces you to toil. Unyielding need has booted many a man into success—wealth—fame.

Gaunt necessity has wrung undreamed of results from many a brain; the thorn-pricks of need have energized many a hand; the perilous climb makes sure the foot.

The primrose path ne'er made a man; adversity oft has made the slave a king.

The thinker's brain, the athlete's arm, the master's power are yours — are you but forced to toil.

Thank fate for the pressing need—the relentless urge—the toilsome way—that gives you power.

Kind is the fate that makes WORK your lot.

—*Business Magazine.*

"Much business this morning?" said a chemist to his assistant. "Yes, sir," replied the man. "There's been six old women in to look at the directory, I've obliged eight people with postage stamps, and I've changed a sovereign!"