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THE CIVILIAN

VOL. V.

MAY 3, 1912.

No. 1

The Dominion Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior.

The Civilian hereunder continues the series of articles it has in hand dealing with the more important Departments and Branches of the Canadian Civil Service. The object of these articles is in part to educate the public as to the nature and importance of the work carried on by the Service, but also to create in civil servants themselves a keener appreciation of the great machine to which they belong.. The Dominion Lands Branch of the Department of the Interior is one which of late years has been very much in the public eye in Canada.

The Dominion Lands Branch deals with lands open to settlement from the time that the Surveyor General reports the completion of the survey until by the fulfilment of the necessary conditions the holders of the entries are entitled to patent, which, it may be explained is a title in fee simple.

To administer the law as provided in the Dominion Lands Act and the Departmental Regulations, a large staff is employed at the Head Office in Ottawa, with a numerous body of officials stationed at points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and in what is known as the Forty Mile Belt, in British Columbia, that is to say a strip running parallel to and twenty miles on either side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The provinces above named are divided into 22 land districts, and in the centre of each a main office under the charge of a Dominion Lands Agent who with a capable staff handles the business pertaining thereto. These number 229 in all. As a matter of public convenience and in order to save settlers from travelling long distances, sub-agencies seventy-nine in number are established at out lying points. These

are under the direction of the Agent to whom they report all transactions, the whole of which is periodically reported to the Head Office there to be checked and recorded. To bring the Department in touch with the actual settler, 46 Homestead Inspectors are employed whose duties are to visit the lands and report upon them or investigate difficulties that arise from time to time. This large staff is under the direction of the Dominion Lands Branch which is presided over by the Commissioner, Mr. J. W. Greenway.

The work of the Branch may, speaking generally, be described as a multitude of units, each representing a particular quarter section of land, and having its own file of papers containing its complete history. Let us take one as an example. First we find that John Smith made homestead entry for a certain quarter section. By law he is required to go into occupation and begin the performance of his duties within six months of the date thereof; but John Smith's wife is ill, or he may be employed harvesting as a hired hand, or he has some other story to tell, and begs for a little consideration, asking for an extension of time, which under ordinary circumstances

is granted him, at the expiration of which period he is expected to satisfy the local agent that he is on the land, in bona fide occupation. But perhaps he fails to do so, and neglects his subsequent obligations. Then someone hunting for a homestead marks him down, goes to the agent, takes an affidavit that the duties are in default and files an application for cancellation. The agent gives John Smith notice to show cause within 60 days why his entry should not be cancelled. If he fails to do so he loses the land by default. If he files a defence the papers are referred to H. O. and are fully considered by officers experienced in such matters. Perhaps an investigation is necessary, so the Homestead Inspector visits the land, takes evidence under statutory declaration, makes his own report, and the agent submits all to H. O. Here the case is laid before the Commissioner or his Deputy, and John Smith's entry is cancelled, or he is triumphantly vindicated, or more often allowed to go on doing his duties "cautioned by the Bench". Supposing then that he retains the land and fulfils the requirements as to residence and cultivation he in due time, after three years, appears with his witnesses before the local Sub-Agent or Agent and submits evidence under oath, answering questions on a prepared form calculated to extract the truth from the most evasive of mortals. If the Agent is satisfied that everything is all right he recommends it and sends it to Ottawa. Here it is subjected to the closest scrutiny, the whole history of the case being carefully reviewed and should there be discrepancies they must be inquired into. Sometimes a Homestead Inspector's report is found to be necessary, and when all is well and in good order the application for patent is accepted as satisfactory, receives the signature of the commissioner or his deputy and then is passed over to the Patents Branch where the preparation of the

patent itself is proceeded with. Then may the homesteader like the Peri before the gates of Paradise sing:—"Joy! joy for ever! My task is done. My work is finished and Heaven's gate won!"

This is a single case, but there are many in which all sort of difficulties and complications arise, resulting in copulent files, showing memorandum after memorandum, legal opinions, rulings, appeals, further considerations, until at length a final decision is arrived at. Some such files have a historic reputation in the Department and are looked on with awe by the uninitiated.

Many weary hours "after five" are devoted to long and intricate cases involving questions of policy or practice, the result of which may be far reaching, leaving its mark on the great north west. And when long afterwards we hear it commented on in public, or see it criticised in the press, we think with a sigh of how familiar we were with its growth and development and how much time we devoted to helping it along.

The correspondence of the Branch has for years been increasing greatly and as shown by the last annual report, amounted to 271,184 letters—a good record, involving as it does answers and counsel on an infinite variety of subjects—not always directly connected with lands. As may readily be supposed we hear from "all sorts and conditions of men", often in strange languages requiring translation. Very characteristic are many of them, sounding strangely in our ears, and one of the most significant signs of assimilation is the difference a few years of Canadian life brings about in the writers. They soon acquire our habits and ideas—a change, let us hope, for the better.

There is a story told of a farmer coming across a newly arrived settler from the old country whom he found planting potatoes in the month of August. He good natured-

ly pointed out that it was too late in the year to do so with any expectation of success.

"Them's my pertiters, aint they?" asked the immigrant.

"They are".

"It's my land, aint it?"

"It is".

"It's my loss if they don't grow, aint it?"

"Certainly."

"Then what the 'ell is it to you? Seems to me some folks is too fond of interfering."

But to the credit of such new chums it must be stated that though they generally try their own way first they invariably adopt the methods of the country and prove a success.

There is probably no Department that represents the Government to the population in the West more prominently than the Interior does to the settlers, and it is with them that this Branch has to do. It is in direct touch with the public, looking after them with almost paternal solicitude, keeping them in the right way and eventually rewarding them with patents for the lands they have taken up, whether as homesteads, pre-emptions or purchased home-steads.

What the Dominion Lands Branch has done and is doing is best known to those whose connection with it and the country dates back to the early days before settlement actually commenced. Under its rule the lands have been taken up, conditions made and sometimes changed, but having always in view the welfare of the settler. The vast tracts of land hitherto untenanted have been occupied, villages and towns established, with railways and other signs of civilization. The result of the policy in administering these lands is apparent in the progress of the country and the general prosperity which we find reflected in the splendid reputation enjoyed by Canada throughout the world.

The staff employed at the Head

Office in administering lands numbers as follows:

Commissioner and his staff	11
Dominion Lands Branch	51

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THE EDITORS,

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

Ottawa, May 3, 1912

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

On the 8th May, 1908, *The Civilian* made its initial appearance in the world of Canadian civil service activities. Accordingly the present issue begins the fifth year of uninterrupted conversations amongst the diversified membership of the civil service body politic. By a coincidence the first numbers of our preceding three volumes have been occupied with reports of the annual meetings of the C. S. Federation of Canada and therefore convenient opportunities for appropriate views and reviews of our past, present and future as a civil service organ have been omitted. These omissions the present writing is intended in some measure to correct.

Of the four members of the original board of editors, from whose confed-

erate head *The Civilian* sprung "full armed" four years ago, but two remain, and it is quite possible that within the present year circumstances will compel these also to retire from the work. It is, however, conceded in sufficient force to compel conviction that a medium of news and views is a necessity in the service, and so in spite of the sometimes discouraging vicissitudes which inexorably pursue all human efforts, *The Civilian* will go on.

It may be of interest to those of our readers who are fortuitous rather than fixed in their allegiance to *The Civilian* to review the subjects treated in our pages in the past. Some of these are as follows:—

(1) Short popular articles descriptive of the work done by each branch of the service. These stories are written by civil servants and it is hoped that they will ultimately be published in book form for the enlightenment of the public as to the important work done by the service.

(2) Silas Wegg's articles on civil service life,—clever, amusing, elucidating and philosophical.

(3) Editorial department.

(4) News department, giving reports of meetings of societies, etc.

(5) A review of the important athletic events of the day.

(6) Personals, — appointments, promotions, etc. These items do not appear in any other publication.

(7) Articles of a great variety appertaining to civil government, with especial reference to the important subject of superannuation.

(8) Correspondence.

In addition to the above, two new features will be introduced in volume No. 5, viz.:—

(1) A serial story written by a civil servant, having for its topic the adventures of a civil servant while on his statutory holidays. The story will be bright and the plot exciting.

(2) A list of inventions copyrighted in the United States with particular regard to subjects of interest to civil servants, such as the following:—Typewriting, Shorthand, Office Systems and Appliances, Astronomical, Photographic, Draughting and Surveying Instruments, Arms and Ammunition, Kitchen and Domestic Science.

It should be a work of supererogation to justify the existence of *The Civilian*, and yet it is necessary some-

times to do so. Wherever a body of men are engaged in a common task, a community of interest suggests a convenient means of communication in the shape of a publication. *The Civilian* has demonstrated its usefulness to the various organizations of the service from the federation itself to the latest product of effort for unity in the service. Moreover, information has been gleaned and published in these columns which is of paramount importance to the government in settling its schemes of administration. An illustration of this appears elsewhere in this issue, in the article on the subject of superannuation reprinted from the pages of the Colonial Office Journal, giving a history of the course of superannuation in the British Isles from its earliest inception. In these respects and in other respects, only relatively less significant, *The Civilian* has proven the usefulness of its vocation.

We have endeavoured to remind the service of the intimate nature of the relationship existing between it and Canada. During the first forty years of the existence of the federal government, many anomalies crept into the service. Some of these seemed inexplicable and some almost insuperable as far as immediate remedy is concerned. The awakening of the government to a realization of past neglect in respect of a scientifically managed public service happened scarcely four years ago and much good has already been accomplished. The government is lending a credent ear to representations made on behalf of the service at large. The service is well organized for the purpose of supplying both information and ideas that will advance the cause of happiness, harmony and efficiency, and to this cause *The Civilian* will endeavour, as in the past, to contribute its humble share.

TORONTO CUSTOMS NOTES.

Mr. John Slean, for twenty years in the Customs house and an efficient civil servant died last Friday evening at his home in Toronto, after a few weeks' illness. Mr. Slean was Past District Master of the Orange Order of Centre Toronto, and a Past Master of William Johnston L. O. L. No. 127. He was fifty-six years old. The widow, two sons, and a daughter survive. His eldest son is a member of the Customs staff. Mr. Slean it is understood carried an insurance of \$1,000 in the Orange Order, and \$2,000 in the Independent Order of Foresters. His death is the fourth that has occurred among members of the staff within a year.

* * *

Mr. Charles W. Baxter, one of the oldest and most popular members of the staff, expects to leave shortly on a trip to the old country, in the hope that his health, which has not been of the most ruggid kind lately, may be improved. The best wishes of his friends in Toronto follow him.

Mr. Herd. J. Laville, formerly secretary to the collector, has been transferred to Ottawa. He will be missed here, particularly in connection with the ball team.

* * *

Mr. B. Anderson, one of the oldest members of the staff, has been laid up for a few days with an attack of erysipelas in his face. His many friends will be pleased to know that he is able to resume his duties.

* * *

Mr. Robt. Millburn, another old member of the staff, has been on the sick list for nearly three months, and it is to be regretted that very little improvement is reported.

Mr. J. J. Davidson, dry goods appraiser, was an uncle of the young man (son-in-law of the late C. M. Hays) who lost his life in the Titanic disaster.

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

The Filing-Clerk's Revenge.

[Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Roger Rearguard is a Canadian civil servant. His Retirement Fund accumulations amount to \$42.46. He has paid 27 monthly instalments on his \$1,200 brick-veneer house on Tenth avenue. He still owes \$1,342.50.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Art thou armed?"

It is none other than Roger Rearguard, the filing-clerk, who speaks, for it is he. Who then, you ask, is the lean, straggling man, not mentioned in the synopsis above, whom he addresses. It is none other than Alfred Mynx, the poet, for it is he.

"Armed to the teeth," replied Alfred, removing a tooth-pick from his mouth.

"It is well," rejoined Roger, "it is well,—as far as it goes. Hast thou no lethal weapons, however?"

Alfred unsheathed a fountain pen.

"None other?" queried the impatient Roger in his friendly gruelling way, for he had partaken of oatmeal that morning.

"I have a poem on Spring," began Alfred, noble Alfred, faithful though dull.

"Produce it," Roger exclaimed, and a fierce, expectant light glowed and gleamed and glittered in his otherwise gloomy eyes.

The faithful Alfred produced the poem from the depths of a large old-fashioned portmanteau in which he had it artfully concealed.

"Read it," whispered Roger, as the two desperate men withdrew into the deeper shadows behind the towel rack. They had become conscious of a hun-

dred pair of eyes fixed upon them from the seat in which the fair stenographer sat.

Alfred read in that tone of voice which the gentle ibex uses when, proud of its silken coat, it flees before the onrushing emu. (The Author employs this figure with some and with all due apologies to Mr. Arthur Stringer.)

But to return to Alfred Mynx. He read, in dulcet, fearsome, ibex tones,—

"Softly the night advances;
Slowly the day retreats;
A star on the fir-tree dances;
The street-cars run on the streets."

"Hold," cried Roger. "I must remove these tears from mine eyes." Thus is shown his ever-watchful cunning in getting behind the towel rack. "Is there more?" he inquired eagerly.

The ibex tones were heard again,—

"This is the style of stanzas
I make in the month of May,
When softly the night advances,
Eke slowly retreats the day."

Alfred restored the manuscript to his portmanteau with a proud look and his right hand. Roger remained for some ten minutes in deep thought. At last he broke silence, "eke the towel rack," as Alfred would say, for he leaned on none other support than that frail railing.

"Is it — is it copyrighted?" Roger inquired concerning the poem, for the towel rack was patented, which is another story, although coming under the same Department.

"It is," replied Alfred.

"Alas, we are undone," exclaimed

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Roger. "I thought that we could fix it upon our grim chief,—and he would be damned. But thou hast copyrighted it, and thou alone canst bear the shame of it. Oh, Alfred, on what a broken reed have I leaned!"

He gazed sadly upon Mynx and upon the towel rack.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is midnight in the Capital, and midnight also at all other points using Eastern standard time. But of this anon. It is midnight at the Capital, or was when this chapter opened. It is now one minute past twelve a.m. But of this more anon. Roger Rearguard sat with a copy of the *Free Press* in his fevered hands. And that lean, straggling man, now grown leaner and stragglier from long, lone vigils with the sleepless Roger is none other, as per usual, than the poet Mynx.

"Alas, we are undone," cried Rearguard.

"Hold!" interrupted Alfred. "You said that in the last chapter."

"Oh, Alfred," sighed Roger, "hast thou no powers of observation? It was Roger who said 'We are undone' in the last chapter. It is Rearguard who says it now."

The discomfited Mynx made no reply, and his friend repeated:

"We are undone." Then he added, "Our plot is discovered. Read this, Alfred," and he handed him the newspaper.

Mynx read the paper slowly and painfully, for, poet though he was, he had entered the service in the good old days before 1908. Slowly and painfully he read the telegraphic news, the society news, the classified ads. and the editorials.

"I see nothing here to alarm us," said Alfred, breaking silence.

"Oh, Alfred," cried Roger impatiently. "I would that thou hadst some sense."

The faithful Mynx produced a quarter from the old-fashioned portmanteau which he carried with him always now.

Roger seized the coin and added, "Oh, Alfred, I would that thou hadst some intelligence."

The faithful Mynx began to open the portmanteau again, but, at a look from Rearguard, paused.

"We are undone, Alfred," said Roger. "The *Free Press* has divulged our secret intentions. The maxim guns which we have stationed on Parliament Hill over against the office of our hated chief have been observed. Our identity may not be known but our schemes are frustrated," Roger groaned.

"Is there nothing we can do?" asked the faithful Alfred.

"Nothing," Roger replied, "without friends. We must raise the standard of revolt, even as the commission has raised the standard of examinations. The third division is disaffected. The women in the service are ready to turn their hat-pins into tuning-forks,—no, I mean, into pruning hooks,—no, into,—why, canst thou not help me out, thou numskull?"

"Into toasting-forks," ventured the faithful, though somewhat dull, Alfred, in whose heart there burned the secret fire of love unknown to Roger.

Roger looked at him with a pained expression on his face. He sighed and continued as if Alfred were not present:

"The time is ripe. Oh, that Alfred were a man! Yet he might do something. *The Civilian* would be glad to have even his verses. I will have him made Editor,—in time,—and that paper will be on my side. The Retirement Fund shall be seized first and distributed. Gold! Gold! Gold! The battle is won."

He ceased speaking to himself and became aware again of the presence of Mynx.

"Alfred!" he thundered. "Take this coin thou gavest me and hie thee to the public ways. Buy up all the newspapers,—from the newsboys."

"It is past midnight," Alfred re-

marked, "and the newsboys are asleep."

"Gadzooks," shrieked Roger, "is the whole newspaper world in league against me? But I will have vengeance. Cancel my subscription to *The Civilian*. O, excuse me, Alfred, thou art not yet on the board of management. Forgive me, also, for I say much beyond my meaning when I am in these moods."

Encouraged by his softened manner, Alfred ventured to suggest that they betake themselves to bed. But at that moment, such is the flight of time in books, the clock struck nine and the conspirators knew that they must dissemble for a while longer, and hied them to their department to sign the book before the fateful line should be drawn.

CHAPTER XXX.

Roger Rearguard, the resourceful filing-clerk, for it is none other, sat at his desk filing his nails.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE CHAS. D. FRASER.

After an illness of less than a week Charles D. Fraser, a member of the staff of the Halifax post office, passed away yesterday evening. Suddenly on his return to his home from duty on Monday night he was stricken with paralysis and wholly deprived of consciousness; and thus he laid, with an occasional slight glimmer of an awakening, which inspired no hope, until the end came.

The postal service of Canada contained no more faithful employee than Charles D. Fraser proved himself to be during the more than thirty-five years that he filled the position of clerk in the Halifax post office. He has left an unblemished record.

Mr. Fraser was in his fifty-fifth year of age. He was a son of John W. Fraser, a merchant tailor in Barrington street for many years, and a grandson of John Fraser, of the firm

of Grant & Fraser, merchant tailors, who carried on business in Granville street in the early thirties. The senior Mr. Fraser was one of the first victims of the cholera plague that carried off so many of the inhabitants of Halifax in 1834.

CIVIL SERVICE CLUB NOTES.

A very interesting little 'send off' dinner was given at the Club on Wednesday, April 17th. The occasion was the eve of Mr. James M. Macoun's departure for British Columbia on his summer mission. About 15 gentlemen were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The cuisine—not the least important feature—was excellent.

* * *

The committee in charge of the Club Library would be grateful for any volumes contributed by members.

* * *

Mr. James Bates, one of the Club's most popular members is leaving on May 11th on his summer survey work.

* * *

Dr. Matte, of the Department of Agriculture, has returned from his recent visit to the Agricultural Colleges at Guelph and St. Anne's, Que.

* * *

Mr. Walter Rowan, one of the Club directors, has been elected vice-president of the Canadian Swimming Association.

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The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

SYNOPSIS.

Carew and Brooks, on statutory leave, are canoeing to races in St. Lawrence. Carew finds locket containing miniature; and later rescues Miss Bessie Moore from capsized skiff in bay at Rome, her escort, Potts, also being pulled ashore.

CHAPTER III.

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts.

"My dear girl!" cried Mamma, as she climbed the steps. She was a trifle palpitant, and dusty besides. But she clasped Bessie's fleckless piqué in a maternal embrace, filling James C. with indescribable envy as she bit Bessie several times. It looked like a small boy with a peach, and keeping it all to himself. Then, beaming on her daughter through a pair of rimless pince-nez, she ran on:

"I heard all about it, my dear, at the mill. The foreman there said Giggs told him you had gone down three times, that he and two gentlemen dived for you, and that he thought he would have to use his grappling irons when one of the gentlemen succeeded in recovering you, but not a moment too soon, as you were quite out of breath. I said, my dear, that some accident would happen if you persisted in going out upon that treacherous bay unless accompanied by some one to be thoroughly depended upon." She flashed a disapproving look at A. C. Potts, and A. C. took a walk this time. "And which is your gallant preserver?" continued Mamma. "Is this the noble young man?"

She saw I was a more convenient size, I suppose, for the work of maternal gratitude in hand, and she made a break for me. For the first time I was glad it was Jim. But I wasn't in any real danger. Bessie was going to look after that. Jimmy wasn't to lose any of the floral wreaths that were coming to him. The girl exclaimed with a good deal of unnecessary feeling, if she had only appreciated mine at the moment:

"No, no, Mamma, dear, it was Mr. Carew. This is Mr. Brooks."

"How do you do, Mr. Brooks? Mr. Carew, how shall I ever be able to thank you even out of the gratitude of a mother's heart?"

I couldn't tell her myself, so I stayed mum. And he was so busy just hating himself for being a hero that he didn't seem to be the ready push-the-button bureau of

information that Mamma took him for, and Bessie filled in.

"You remember Mr. Carew, of course, Mamma. He was 'La Salle' at the historical ball at Quebec a few years ago—the year I came out, you know."

"Of course, my dear. How stupid of me! I remember Mr. Carew perfectly now. I felt there was something strikingly familiar about you, Mr. Carew. Le Sieur de La Salle had such an heroic air. And now pray sit down and tell me all about it."

I managed to drift away, but I could have ridden off in a flat car, they would never have noticed it. I didn't want to hear that story again, not even from the red lips of Bessie Moore. I knew that Jimmy felt he would like to get his grappling hooks into Mr. Thomas Giggs, or the foreman of the mill, or whoever had embellished the facts with grappling irons. At the farther end of the veranda I encountered Algernon Chumley Potts.

"Aw!" he said, somewhat loftily. He could do it, for he stood six feet two. "And how long are you chaps going to be here, by the by?"

"Better ask my long friend," I suggested amiably.

"Aw. Going to the canoe meet, are you?"

"That's the idea."

"Aw. Come from Ottawa, I believe?" Jimmy had registered that fact in the hotel. I nodded, and Algernon offered me a cigarette.

"By the way," he said, semi-confidentially, "what are the chawnces down there, you know, of a fellah getting a good Government berth, and in that way—er—the entré into good society, you know? Eh?"

"That depends, of course, on the fellow," I said.

"Aw, of course."

"But I should think you would have an excellent chance," I added, "especially in regard to Society."

He looked pleased at that, and drew himself up another inch, throwing back his head, and putting out a cloud of smoke, like a long chimney.

"Jove, I believe I'll have a try!" he said. "I'm sick of this hole! By the way, ever see the Duke?"

"O, I live quite near to Rideau Hall."

"Jove, how lucky! Really? By the way, about this Government berth. How does a fellow go about it, now?"

"I'll tell you, confidentially, the best way to pinch something good," I said. "My

friend there, with the ladies, has a splendid thing, you know, quite a fine berth."

"Really?"

"You bet! And I'm not so badly off myself."

"By jove, are you in a Government berth, too?"

"Tucked in up to the chin. And each of us got in" — I dropped to a confidential tone, and Algernon Chumley brought his willing ear down a foot or two, like Mutt does with Jeff in the pictures — "and each of us got in," I repeated impressively, "by writing to *The Civilian* about it!"

"Aw—er—*The Civilian*. A—er—paper?"

"The official organ of the Service, and when it peals the other bells stop ringing. And if you have literary qualifications—"

"Aw! Capital! I—er—correspond, you know, for several leading British and Canadian periodicals."

"Then you should write to Professor Shortt as well. And as to the entré into the Capital's best society, being English, you know, will be your very best card."

He looked as happy as the hero in a comic opera when the final curtain falls and the girl and the money are all his. But he had a jealous eye on Jimmy all the time, and he switched back to the canoe meet.

"Going to race, I suppose?" he inquired.

"My friend is."

Mr. Potts blew another cloud of smoke from his superior altitude, and laughed airily. "He won't be in it with Weatherbee!" he announced. "Weatherbee's won everything so far, hands down, don't you know?"

"Then it's time for a change." Weatherbee was the noted paddling crack of a famous New England States club.

"Weatherbee passed through here a week ago," communicated Algernon Chumley, as he twiddled an incipient moustache of the pale lemon variety, with his weather eye on Miss Bessie Moore. "I think I'll take a gee-gee run down Thursday to Gannanock to see him lift the International Trophy Cup."

Declining Mr. Potts' invitation to a "peg," I strolled back to the happy trio. They had never missed me, but, thank goodness, the rescue yarn was concluded, and they were off on another tack.

"Otto Weatherbee is ahead of you at the meet," I remarked, as Jimmy looked up. "And, according to Mr. Chumley Potts, Otto has a corner in all the events and you are wasting time in going after the Cup."

"O, yes!" said Miss Moore. "Mr. Otto Weatherbee spent a whole day here." A cloud came over Jimmy's face. "You remember him, Mamma? He was almost as big as Mr. Carew, and very sunburned, and—and bald. So many sunburned canoeing men have passed through here on their way to the races that——"

"That all coons look alike to your mam-

ma!" said Jimmy, lightly. But the shadow of the cloud was still in his eyes.

"I thought Mr. Weatherbee rather nice," Bessie said. "But I shouldn't think he would have much chance as your rival, Mr. Carew." And she bent on Mr. Carew a beautiful look of admiration and sunshine, enough to clear up all the clouds in the world.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mamma.

"I meant in a canoe race, of course," said Bessie. A blush mantled her pretty face. But her eyes met Jimmy's bravely, and the shadow of the cloud was gone.

"Still, I'm afraid Jimmy won't have a bit of a show against anybody if we don't tear ourselves away from Rome," I put in, as Chumley Potts came into earshot, by the veranda rail. "Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, Mrs. Moore, expressly states that one must have been in camp at the meet for two days to be eligible for entry in the events; and as it is, we should be in camp there by noon to be eligible for Thursday's events, which include the Trophy Cup race and are the last of the meet."

"The Regatta Committee may, if they choose, waive Rule Ten," said Jimmy, airily. "We lost two days at Johnnie's Falls on account of bad weather, you know."

"We should be making up for them now," I said.

"We are," retorted James; and Bessie laughed.

"O, you can't think of leaving before dinner!" exclaimed Mamma. "I expect you to be my guests."

I saw that Jimmy was nailed to the mast, so I gave in then. Jimmy strolled off to "do" Rome with his fair guidess; while Algernon Chumley, following them with his eye, sauntered toward the mill. I remained to tell Mamma what a really fine chap Jimmy was, in spite of his good looks, and how high he stood in the opinion of the Service and *The Civilian* and the Government and his tailor, and what splendid prospects he had; but as I had my eye on him just then, as he walked up the main street with Bessie Moore, Mamma didn't realize the particular prospects I had in mind. However, I laid on Jimmy's japan with a generous if artistic hand, not forgetting to add an extra high finish by remarking that news might be expected at any moment of the death of Sir Owen Carew, baronet and bookworm, who was on his last consumptive pins in Colorado, and that Jimmy was Sir Owen's brother and next in line.

By the time the romantic pair returned I had about exhausted my conversational treasure-house and needed a whole box of throat pastilles; and I think Mamma was glad of it, and was grateful too for the diversion offered by her daughter in the suggestion that we should go down to the mill and be photographed by Mr. Carew whose camera kit was in his canoe. And as we

reached the little river, Jimmy's canoe came into sight around a bend, forcefully if erratically propelled by Mr. Chumley Potts.

Jimmy, in his mingled amusement and wrath, gave one of his forty-five inch expansion war whoops, and Mr. Potts was startled from his equilibrium and repose. He lost his seat, the long nine and a half foot double-blade paddle was plunged deep down and passed under the canoe, the aspiring occupant retaining his grip upon it, and the craft perforce capsized. Even Jimmy, seeing his paddles and fine cushions floating briskly down stream, followed blithely by Algernon's Panama, could not but join in the merry laughter of Bessie Moore, which, like his own, had an infectious quality, while Mamma permitted her academic countenance the brief recess of an Augustian smile. Jimmy quickly put out in my canoe and recovered his flotsam, while Potts clung fiercely to the rotatory craft.

"O, save Mr. Potts, too, please!" cried Bessie, and Mamma's countenance assumed a tragic expression.

"Only at your command," called Jimmy. "But the valuables first, you know." He secured the painter of his canoe and towed the clinging Potts ashore.

"I've half a mind to dress you down for your confounded cheek!!" said Jimmy, wrathfully, as Potts, with dripping garments, climbed the bank. But the river seemed to have reversed the order of the dressing process that had been executed with so much care by Mr. Potts. His finery was half ruined; the wide stripe of his flannels, if perpendicular, seemed now to stand for his desserts; and his linen, in common with its wearer's morale, lacked starch.

"I think Mr. Potts has suffered enough for to-day," said Bessie, viewing Jimmy's menacing attitude with girlish alarm; while Mamma, adjusting her pince-nez, remarked that at least Mr. Potts' clothes had, and expressed the hope that Mr. Carew would take a lenient view of the case.

Potts glowered half-defiantly, as if about to retort. Then, with a maple branch, he went down the shore and secured his Panama, as it drifted in. He climbed the bank and stalked away, leaving a trail across the dusty road, and followed by the irrepressible laughter of Bessie Moore.

"You do look so funny, Mr. Potts, that I really can't help laughing!" she cried. Mr. Potts said naught, but there was that in the Parthian look he shot at Jimmy which meant mischief, to my mind.

The air-tight lockers in Jimmy's canoe, bow and stern, had saved his traps from harm, so that he was able to execute the camera act. It took him a long time to get us all right and grouped effectively, with the mill for a background, and the mill-hands lined up to a man; while Bessie remarked that Mr. Potts had taken a picture of herself and her mamma on the hotel steps

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last week. And I had a pretty safe and sane idea, as he was focusing and fussing, of about how much Jimmy was trying to get mamma and me to figure on the plate.

Mamma and I, of course, led the way back to the hotel; and when Jim and Bessie joined us at length, he said he had told Giggs to take the canoes and traps on a truck back to his boathouse, as the bank of the local Tiber wasn't a safe depository for them with a gentleman of A. C. Potts' persistently suicidal tendency in the neighbourhood. I said, wouldn't it have done just as well to pay a mill-hand to keep an eye on them until we should get away, but Jimmy said he wouldn't trust even the foreman, as Giggs had hotly denied having enlarged the affair on the bay by a mendacious reference to grappling irons or diving feats. I got Jimmy alone for a bit, in the toilet room of the hotel, as we brushed up for grub, and threw Rule Ten into him again.

"Girls are all right in their place," I said, "but they have no license to be in our schedule at present, and you know that it's thirty-five good miles from here to the meet."

"And what's that to you or me?" he said burnishing a bronzed fourteen-inch forearm. "But, of course," he added, "if you didn't feel fit, we could drive down and leave the boats for the time being here."

"So already you think of returning to

Rome, if you should ever get away from it!" I said. "Well, you are hard hit!"

Gravity and mirth danced together in his gray eyes. "I am, old man!" he said, cheerfully.

"Then you're just another Marc Antony, that's all!" I retorted. "You've had your level nautical head turned by a petticoat!"

"Don't remember that Cleo ever wore 'em," he remarked. "Anyway, the only event I am really out for is the International Trophy Cup double-blade paddling race, which is Thursday's big card. As to your old Rule Ten—" What he had on his mind or tongue concerning Rule Ten I didn't learn. For he strode suddenly to the door, which was just slightly ajar, and opened it wide with a swish, disclosing in a startled attitude the tall form of Chumley Potts.

"Confound you!" Jimmy roared. "Is eavesdropping another of your games? I've more than half a mind now to—" One big brown fist was doubled for a short-arm jolt, and Potts was startled into a pugilistic attitude. It was not exactly according to the art of Corbett or McCoy; and Jimmy, who knows the game from a left-hand lead-off to a solar-plexus jolt, dropped his hands. His ire passed, he smiled, and turned back.

"Aw! I thought he'd cool off!" I heard Potts say, as he sauntered away. He mistook Jimmy's sudden pacification for caution or even fear, and actually preened himself. Potts was a big-boned chap, and I reflected that if put in a corner he might give even Jimmy an argument before going out. He had got into dry things for the third time that day, and was once more the walking fashion-plate of Rome.

As we went into the dining-room, Mamma said:

"I suppose you canoeing men acquire quite robust appetites, Mr. Brooks. I hope you will be satisfied with a cold collation now. They serve dinner here sharp at six, and I think I can promise you a very fair one for a village hotel."

So that was their little game. In supposing that her invitation to dinner was for the noon hour, I had let myself in for an all-day sojourn in Rome. Jimmy, with an amused eye on my gravity, said that we could make an early start after dinner, as there would be a "fine moon." But I felt that he had no very serious idea of employing Diana's illuminating advantages to a proper, sober and dutiful end; and I knew what this procrastination policy would mean for me: that while J. and B. were exchanging mottoes and fairy tales in some sylvan Roman glade, Mamma would be my vis-à-vis mealtime and all time.

CHAPTER IV.

The Girl in the Locket.

Well, Mamma had a corking good chance—and she took it, adroitly, through her glasses—of observing what a "robust appetite" her prospective son-in-law possessed. And perhaps she reflected upon what an expensive luxury Jimmy would be around the house after marriage if the Civil Service Union should go out on a long strike. But when I suggested an hour later that we should cut the evening dinner out and get away, Jimmy had the nerve to say that he thought it would be hardly safe for us to set out on a long, arduous paddle on the strength of a mere cold luncheon, and that the means would defeat the end.

Of course, the end just then was that he and Bessie went off for a turn in his craft on the bay, as she was anxious to make good her piqué yachting suit dare, and have another dip and get rescued all over again, of course. And Mamma, beaming on them as they tripped away—a mighty handsome pair, all right—begged me to excuse her while she took her customary siesta. I excused her all right; but of course I had only Gus, the bar-tender, to fall back on. And so the long August Roman afternoon came and went, and dinner came and went. And we all sat together on the veranda once more, and talked, while the midsummer twilight merged into moonlit night. Bessie had changed for dinner into a heliotrope mousse-line de soie gown, and looked deliciously peachy and sweet, not only to the eye of Mr. James Carew, but also in the pale blue one of A. C. Potts, Esquire, who had insinuated himself once more into the conversational circle and was apparently tolerated for the sake of harmony and peace. Potts appeared to bear no resentment for his humiliation over his second upset at the mill; and I slyly suspected that he wore the expression of a gentle virtue which he did not at the moment possess.

I said to Jimmy that his "fine moon" was now in sight, and reminded him of his remark at luncheon that we could make an early after-dinner start. He remained diplomatically mute, like a dismantled gun in a fort. But Bessie did the firing. She said:

"The idea! How could you make an early start at this late hour? Besides, it would be positively dangerous to go by Blood Rock at night."

"Blood Rock?" I echoed, but thinking how fast Diana was making the night look like broad day.

"Yes. Blood Rock is a perpendicular place at the mouth of the river and head of Bellamy Lake. It's barely a mile from here as the crow flies, but three miles by the river, which is very serpentine. The direct passage into the lake is a very narrow one, and goes by Blood Rock."

"But why is it called Blood Rock?" I asked.

"A tragedy was enacted there, I believe. What is the story, Mr. Potts?"

"Aw. Two chaps, Rube Fuller and Jake Blood, had a row and a—er—scrap—one night in this village, three years ago, you know," said Potts, flourishing his cigarette and a cuff. "Fuller got the short end, you know. The other chap, Blood, left the village late, in his skiff, for his place on Bellamy Lake. But he didn't get home, and the skiff was found next morning floating bottom up in the lake. The water was dragged, you know, and Blood's body was found near the Rock with a big bruise on the head. The —er—Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of death by accidental drowning. But the thing got talked about, you know, and the Government sent a rather clever detective chap here, and Fuller was arrested on a charge of murder, laid by the Crown. The case went to the Assizes, you know, and the Grand Jury returned a true bill. The prosecution claimed that Fuller had thrown a stone from the top of the Rock with intent to kill Blood. But the Petty Jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty.' They thought the evidence against Fuller wasn't circumstantial enough, you know. Fuller's counsel, a rather sharp fellow named Gannon, of Gannanock, made a name for himself as a criminal lawyer out of that case, particularly as the Judge charged rather strongly against Fuller, you know. Gannon had a scientific chap in the box to prove that the Rock could have done for Blood without Fuller's being there at all. I forget what was the matter with the Rock as a rock—some beastly long name he gave it."

"Geological disintegration, perhaps," said Mamma. "The Rock is gray limestone, I believe."

"Well, it seemed to strike the jury as a pretty good thing, you know," said Algernon Chumley, opening his cigarette case. "Perhaps it was just the scientific terms that impressed them, as they were only a lot of farmers and mechanics, you know. Fuller left the locality soon after his discharge; and then a lot of people who hadn't opened their mouths before, said they believed he had killed Blood. Anyway, he had left Rome the night of the row, breathing vengeance against Blood, and wasn't able to prove a really decent alibi, though it was said his people perjured themselves in his defence. It was my—er—first criminal case, you know," concluded Mr. Potts, with another cuff-and-cigarette flourish. "I reported it for my—er—papers, you know."

"Interesting, very," I said. "But wherein does the present positive danger at the Rock lie, Miss Moore?"

"Why, in the perennial disintegration due to denudation and other elementary forces," said Mamma.

"Dear me, Mamma!" exclaimed Bess.

"I'd no idea it was quite so terrible as that. No wonder the jury were impressed."

"It *does* sound as though it would be much safer to make the passage by daylight," Jimmy artfully remarked. "Besides, Blood's ghost by moonlight in a narrow way is a rather depressing prospect, isn't it?"

"And besides, you should really not miss taking a photograph from the top of the Rock," said Mamma. "There is a very fine view from there of Bellamy Lake and the country around. The approach from the land to the brow of the Rock is rather too sensational for my nerves. One has to walk a plank over a natural rift in the Rock to reach the view-point, and the chasm under the plank is forty feet deep or more. But there is a path, reached by boat, up the Rock on the lake side."

"Me for the path!" said Jimmy, with a grin.

"I think we should patronize the garden party in aid of the organ fund, this evening, on the rectory lawn at Sweet's," Bessie said. "The Rector said he counted upon Mamma and me. We might drive, of course, but I know Mamma can enjoy a good walk as much as I do. There is a short cut by way of the meadows and lanes, and the walk should be delightful, with such a moon. Don't you think so, Mr. Brooks?" And then she looked at Jim.

Of course I said I thought it should, just as though she had said 'with a pretty girl in a heliotrope silk muslin gown.' What she had meant, as her glance at Jimmy plainly showed to me as well as to Mr. Potts, was 'with such a man.' And, indeed, Jimmy looked very fine and fit. The love-sick Hercules had made a change for dinner out of his knockabout clothes (olive-green flannels), into his togs, a double-breasted smart suit of blue, in which his long, trim figure and fine shoulders looked particularly well.

"The meadows and lanes by all means! After dinner walk a mile," Jimmy said.

"You will meet some charming girls, Mr. Brooks," Mamma said. "The Rector's daughters are remarkably pretty girls. One of them, a decided blonde, about my daughter's age, I am quite sure is——" What she was quite sure about I didn't catch. My mind had flashed back to Johnnie's Falls. For the first time since the morning I thought of the blonde in miniature Jimmy had found on the beach there. The locket was on the ring at the end of the steel chain on Jimmy's belt, in the company of a whistle and some keys, and tucked deep down in a trousers' pocket. It had been a case of out-of-sight-out-of-mind with me, and I guessed that Bessie Moore had quite put it out of Jimmy's mind, too. I said:

"I'm sure if the Rector's blonde daughter is just one-half as handsome as the lost beauty that Jimmy has in a locket, on his chain, she's altogether too dangerous a flame

for an inflammable moth like me to approach.' And then, in the brief silence that ensued, we heard the guttural basso of a frog in the bay, and it sounded as pianissimo as a wooden-legged man falling down four flights of uncarpeted stairs at two a.m.

Now, I hadn't wanted to do Jimmy any harm by that thoughtless reminiscent remark. But in a hundredth part of the time it takes to tell it, while the temperature on the veranda dropped to freezing point, and Bessie shivered in her muslin gown and drew a chiffon scarf about her shoulders, I saw that good and *good-night* might follow my careless reference to the girl in the locket. If Bessie (being in love and therefore jealous) took umbrage, Jimmy might get huffy, too; for I knew his pride. The garden party might be cut out, and we could get under way, *right away*, after all.

Mamma readjusted her pince-nez, and the pale blue eyes of Algernon Chumley glistened expectantly in the moonlight, as Jimmy, who was partly in shadow, drew forth the locket and detached it from the ring. To me the burnished gold gleamed wickedly in the moonlight, as if charged with the mischief that lurked in the blue eyes and the dimples it concealed. He opened the case and held it toward Mamma.

"Brooks omitted to conclude," said Jimmy, in his deep voice, "that I found the trinket this morning on the beach at Johnnie's Falls. Do you care to see the 'lost beauty' it contains, for mental comparison with the Rector's decidedly blonde daughter?"

"The moonlight, I'm afraid, is not sufficiently clear for an unprejudiced view of such beauty as Mr. Brooks has insinuated the locket contains," said Mamma, in a tone beautifully bland.

"Perhaps the artificial light would be best, Mamma," said Bessie, in a voice that made me feel guilty and sorry, too.

Jimmy rose. "Let us step into the hall," he said, lightly. "Possibly you may recognize the face in the locket, and so help me to find the owner of it."

We went in and stood under the hall light. Mamma turned the locket slowly in her plump, well groomed fingers, examining the case. Then she turned the mild but penetrating searchlight of her orbs upon the face within. Her gaze rested upon it critically for some seconds of time. The big clock in the hall audibly ticked them off. Her eyes raised to Jimmy's phiz. She seemed to look through him this time, with a reminiscent but refrigerating eye, as, by a delicate evolutionary process of articulation she graduated from a dulect "Ah!" "H'm!" to a bronchial yet significantly interrogative "Ahem!" that Jimmy misunderstood.

"Well, she's hardly my style, you know," he said, with his pleasant smile. "What's your opinion?"

"A beautiful face, Mr. Carew. A very beautiful, *bold* face." Mamma's tone was perfectly even, but there was ice in it. "I am quite unable, however, to identify it among my acquaintances—quite!" And she handed the locket back.

"Aw! She's rather a beauty, eh?" said Algernon Chumley, who lounged, six feet odd, in the doorway. "I say, by Jove, who could have lost it, I wonder, don't you know?" He looked at Bessie, and with a laugh peculiarly Pottsonian turned back to the veranda and lit another cigarette.

Jimmy's face had grown grave, but he held the locket out to Bessie Moore. "Have a look?" he said, lightly.

"I am not very curious," she said, coolly, and seemed to withdraw in her chiffon scarf.

"My dear!" said Mamma, with a 'look.'

Bessie extended her hand for the locket, took it, and glanced at the miniature with seeming indifference in her big brown eyes. But in that glance she raked the blue-eyed beauty from red-gold hair to dimpled chin.

"I quite agree with Mamma," she said, handing back the locket to Jim, and went out.

Jimmy seemed to hesitate. Then his brow cleared, a kindly smile lit his dark face, and with a bow to Mrs. Moore he turned smartly on his heel and followed Bessie Moore.

"I—I don't quite understand," I said, rather haltingly, to Mamma, though I thought I did very well. "Surely I'm not to suppose that you have thought for a moment that Jimmy *didn't* find the locket, Mrs. Moore."

"Most assuredly you are not, Mr. Brooks. How can you yourself suggest the idea? Mr. Carew is, of course, a gentleman." There was asperity and haughtiness as well as sarcasm in the lady's tone. She passed out to the veranda, and I followed, wondering how it would all end.

I felt downright sorry, and sore. How could they suspect such a fellow as Jimmy Carew? But it was plain to me that Bessie was hard hit, and that things must have travelled pretty fast that day between her and Jim. He had forgotten to mention the locket, all on account of this girl, and yet she couldn't see it that way.

Bessie was standing at the veranda rail, apparently gazing at the man in the moon, though perhaps she was studying the profile of another blonde beauty, the girl there. Mr. Potts stood a little apart, smoking the inevitable cigarette. Jimmy was going down the steps. I followed him.

"We'll start at once," he said. "It's barely half-past eight, and we can make Athens for a bed." He strode on down the hill in silence, like an angry seven-league booted giant balked of his prey, past the mill and up the portage road. Then suddenly he turned to me.



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"Confound it, Brooks, why did you mention the wretched thing? I'd clean forgotten it since changing my clothes at dinner time, and I hadn't been reminded of it since the morning until then. And that fellow, Potts! I ought to take it out of him!"

"Well," I said, soothingly, "if she thinks so little of you as to let petty jealousy make her doubt you, I——"

Jimmy drowned my eloquence by banging on Giggs' boat-house door. "It's reasonable enough, I suppose, for them to doubt me," he said, between hammerings. "Most people *would* think it queer that a man should find a thing like that and straightway forget all about it, people *do* think so much of such *little* things."

"Well, *she* made you forget it. Did you tell her that?"

"Truth seems to be at a discount now," he said, moodily, pacing the float. "Though I don't blame her mother for *her* skepticism, most men are such flirts and liars nowadays." He assaulted the door again. "Hang it!" he shouted, "I believe the place is locked up!" He hammered again with big but impotent fists till the boat-house quivered, and then raised his voice in a way that sent Giggs' name echoing clear across the placid moonlit bay.

"What did she say on the veranda that sent you down the steps so fast?" I inquired mildly, as Jimmy stood as though awaiting an answer besides the echoes to his call.

"Quite enough to send me farther than the street," he said. "When I mentioned the garden party, she said she did not care for it, it was now *too late*. I said that in that case you and I should make a start. She said 'good-bye.' Now, I wonder where Giggs hangs out?"

We went back to the hotel. The veranda seemed to be deserted now. Gus, the blasé dispenser of beverages, told us over some bottled beer that Giggs "hung out" in the hotel, but that he had driven some of the hotel guests to the garden party, and doubtless had the boat-house key with him.

"Doubtless, too," I said, consolingly, as we walked out of the bar, "when she said *good-bye* so readily she knew very well that the boat-house was locked up tight, and that we couldn't make a start to-night. I dare-say she saw Giggs, as I did, when he drove off from the hotel after dinner with his fares."

Jimmy refused to appear to be comforted, and I left him in a corner of the veranda morosely smoking a strong cigar. He growled after me in his bass to be prepared for an early start. I secured a room, and Sleep beckoned me up the staircase of the Roman House.

But as I ran up the roller blind of my

window so that the awakening daylight might flood the room, my ears as well as eyes opened wide enough. For two voices I knew came up to me; and leaning out, I saw Chumley Potts and Jimmy walking together up the moonlit street!

(To be continued.)

THE FORTNIGHT IN SPORT.

The official programme of the Olympiac games to be held this summer in Stockholm, Sweden, has been issued and shows that this great international contest bids fair, in 1912, to surpass any of the four preceding Olympiads.

At a cost of about \$250,000 an enormous stadium has been erected, capable of seating 25,000 people. Within this enclosure all the events except the Marathon race will take place. The field and track events, in which the public are most interested, do not begin until July 15th. It is to be hoped that Canada will be able to send a strong aggregation of athletes. There is some talk of a team of 50 young men and boys going to represent that leading athletic organization of Canada, the Montreal A. A.

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There seems to be some unaccountable connection between pugilism and the church. Last Sunday, in the Ottawa Y. M. C. A. the 'Rev.' Alfred Allen delivered a very practical address to young men. This is none other than our old ring favourite Alf', on whom we placed our money a decade and less ago. His younger brother Billy is still raking in the shekels in the squared circle. Then too, the father of the mighty Jeffries was a clergyman, while Sam Langford, the Canadian coloured pug, has a brother who is pastor of a flourishing little Baptist Church, at Weymouth, N.S. John L. Sulli-

van started to study for the priesthood, but was lured away by the fascination of the 'ring.'

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The lacrosse situation in Eastern Canada has resolved itself into two leagues of four clubs each. The N. L. U. will consist of the Capitals, Cornwalls, Shamrocks and Montreal teams. The other league will be made up of the two Toronto teams and the Nationals and Canadiens of Montreal. At present there is a regular war on between the managers of the rival organizations for the good players. Between lacrosse and hockey the redoubtable Mr. 'Newsy' Lalonde bids fair to be a millionaire in a few years. It is possible that his annual income from the two sources is greater than that of any of the 'stars' in American baseball.

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On Saturday, May 4th the Ottawa City Baseball league will open their series, with practically the same clubs as last year. It is to be hoped that the wrangling of last season will be eliminated. A system of fines

for disputing the umpire's decisions would be a good thing.

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The Ottawa Jockey Club are starting in with vim to have their premises at Connaught Park on the Aylmer Road, ready for the Ottawa meet which begins on Sept. 19th.

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At the annual meeting of the Civil Service Amateur Athletic Association held in St. Patrick's Hall the following officers were elected for the present year:—

President—J. A. Watson.

Vice-president—J. P. Doyle.

Treasurer—C. P. Roche.

Secretary—P. Phelan.

Executive—W. J. McCaffrey, J. E. Beliveau, J. W. Shore, G. Beardsley, G. Lindsay, S. L. T. McKnight, T. Grindlay, G. G. Jones.

It has been decided to increase the annual membership fee from one dollar to two dollars. There was a large number of the members present and everything pointed towards a very successful season. The secretary's address is Dept of Indian Affairs.

Pension Schemes for Civil Servants.

The following interesting article is from the current issue of the Colonial Office Journal, a quarterly unofficial organ published with the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies—The writer is evidently a close reader of *The Civilian*.

The conditions on which Civil Servants in Great Britain may retire with pensions have now reached what appears to be a final stage, so far as this may be said of human institutions, but this state of stability has only been arrived at after a vast amount of discussion and repeated legislation. Past controversies in such matters are lightly forgotten when a settlement has been attained, but they retain a considerable interest for countries which have not at-

tained to the same point. It has always been difficult to fix any principle in the matter, and the history of the legislative efforts shows a singular absence of any continuous policy. In fact, each successive enactment seems to have been passed to annual its predecessor. The first Act which granted pensions on retirement was in 1810, and was framed in a liberal spirit. But before long it came to be thought that the privilege was too great, and in 1822 an-

other Act was passed making it necessary for civil servants to contribute. This arrangement had a short life, and in 1824 the provision for contributions was replaced and the contributions which had been collected were returned. This generous spirit lasted till 1829, when the contributing principle was restored, the amount being $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on salaries up to a certain limit and 5 per cent. above it. This went on till 1859, when free pensions were granted, being one-sixtieth of the final salary for every year of service, not exceeding forty-sixtieths. The settlement on this footing remained undisturbed till lately, but the subject was frequently discussed. For a time the pensions were looked upon as a gift by the State which could only be gratefully accepted. The men already in office were of course directly benefited by the abandonment of the contribution. But as time went on and new men came in, the belief arose that the pension had an effect on the amount of salary paid to them, and was therefore in effect "deferred pay." It was, we believe, officially maintained that pensions were not "deferred pay," and this was correct in the sense that in fixing rates of salary it was not the practice to base the sum in any case on what appeared to be a reasonable salary and then to lower it according to the value of the pension right; but in a larger sense, as the attraction to the service consisted in not merely the salary but the salary plus the pension, men were in fact obtained for a smaller salary than would have been the case if there had been no pension. In other words, whatever may have been the intention of the treasury, the normal economical rule applied and the pension became part of the consideration offered to and accepted by the civil servant, and affected the amount of the other part of the consideration. That this was not merely theoretical but practical was shown by cases in which a higher

rate of remuneration had to be paid when no pension was granted than was paid for the same class of work where one was granted. It may indeed be argued that, generally speaking, it is cheaper, provided the work to be done is of a permanent character, to grant salaries plus pensions than to grant salaries alone. The moral influence of the expectation of a pension is very great, apart from its purely economical value. A higher standard of integrity and conscientiousness is secured, for the State is virtually holding something back which will be forfeited by misconduct. But as this view grew that pensions were "deferred pay," two objections began to be felt to the system on which they were granted. One was that civil servants could themselves do better with the amount of their contributions than the State could, and the other that it was unjust that the whole of the amount should be forfeited by death or resignation before the age of retirement. These arguments resulted in the Superannuation Act of 1909, which provided for the payment of a year's salary on death whilst still in the service, for a cash payment on retirement of one-thirtieth of a year's salary for each year of service, and on the other hand for the reduction of the pension from one-sixtieth to one-eightieth for each year of service. This arrangement secures a possible provision for widows and orphans whether an officer (after five years' service) dies in harness or after retirement. There is, it is true, no obligation on the employé to leave the money in either case to his widow and children, and no doubt it was considered that any attempt to secure it to them would be too great an interference with domestic arrangements. The option of coming into the scheme has been generally accepted by present members of the service, and it is clear therefore that the desirability of having a provision in case of death has been widely appreciated.

In this way therefore the civil service pension is recognised as a deferred annuity corresponding more or less to the difference between the salary received and the salary which would be payable if there had been no pension. From this point of view the system is really a contributory one, and it is so regarded in the report prepared for the United States Government by Mr. H. D. Brown (61st Congress, 2nd session, Senate Document, No. 290 of 1910). It is interesting to compare the experiences of that prolific hive of state systems, New Zealand. There pensions, without contributions, were granted in 1858. In 1871 they were abolished, but one month's pay was granted for each year of service. In 1886 a retirement fund was established, and in 1893 compulsory insurance was substituted. Both systems worked unsatisfactorily, and in 1908 an Act was passed setting up a contributory system, and providing for a pension on the British scale plus an annual allowance to widows and young children. This arrangement has given general satisfaction, and the press, though recognizing that a heavy charge would be laid on the revenue, was favourable to it. Here the contributory character of the system is open, but there is no material difference in principle between this and the British arrangement, except as regards the provision for widows and orphans.

This last provision is required to cover completely the requirements of the civil servant, and in the recently granted power of election and in the Widows' and Orphans' Fund established in several colonies the consideration is recognised. It must be admitted, however, that the case for such provision is not on all fours with that of ordinary pensions for the life of civil servants. Such pensions are really necessary to keep the service efficient. Without them many men would remain in office when long past the power to be of useful service, and in the govern-

ment service of this or any country it would be impossible to prevent this. It is this difficulty which has brought up the question in the United States. Mr. Brown states: "There is one problem of the service, however, that the law (Civil Service Law) has not solved, and that is the problem of superannuation. Without provision for retirement of the aged officeholder a law which in practical operation insures him a permanent tenure of office works an injustice to the Government, since it permits the retention in the service of many who have outlived their usefulness. It is true that the law does specifically provide for the removal of the incompetent on the proper record of the existence of incompetency, but such a provision has proved to be inadequate where incompetency is the result of old age. The majority of executive officials are undoubtedly too tender-hearted to dismiss a subordinate whose only faults are attributed to his weight of years. The result is that he is allowed to remain, quite unfit to perform his duties, practically a pensioner, and the work he is unable to do is divided among the younger clerks. . . Many of them are past 80, and nonagenarians have occasionally been on the Government pay roll. Paralytics are sometimes brought to office in wheeled chairs, and it frequently happens that a wife or child escorts the head of the house to his desk each day."

These are no doubt extreme cases, but it is clear that government servants in large numbers remain on in the United States long after their efficiency has been seriously impaired. It may be suggested that there should be, as in this country, a compulsory age for retirement, with provision for extensions in instances where they are plainly desirable, but it is difficult to carry out this system when it would lead to severe hardship in great numbers of cases. The result is that in the United States the country pays as much and

Very likely a great deal more in the shape of salaries to employees who have outlived their usefulness than it would if it granted pensions. It has thus all the cost of pensions, with the inevitable defects of a vicious system. It is these considerations which prompted President Taft's observation on the subject in his congressional message in 1909, in the course of which he observed: "Every reform directed toward improvement in the average efficiency of Government employees must depend on the ability of the executive to eliminate from Government service those who are inefficient from any cause, and as the degree of efficiency in all the departments is much lessened by the retention of old employees who have outlived their energy and usefulness, it is indispensable to any proper system of economy that provision be made so that their separation from the service shall be easy and inevitable. It is impossible to make such provision unless there is adopted a plan of civil pensions." . . . "We can not, in view of the advancing prices of living, hope to save money by a reduction in the standard of salaries paid. Indeed, if any change is made in that regard, an increase rather than a decrease will be necessary; and the only means of economy will be in reducing the number of employees and in obtaining a greater average of efficiency from those retained in the service."

Mr. Brown's proposal for the United States contemplates a deduction of from about 4 to 11 per cent., to be invested at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., from each payment of salary, without any contribution from the State, the accumulated amount to be paid over on retirement, or invested in a Government annuity. This would be similar to the Retirement Fund in Canada, where there is no superannuation measure. The objection to such schemes is that probably the civil servant could get a higher interest

on his savings or has to pay more for anything he borrows; thus he may be paying 6 per cent. on a mortgage, and it is not pleasant to do this when he is putting by money which earns only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *The Civilian* at Ottawa, which has discussed the subject in the interests of the Civil Service of the Dominion, objects to the arrangement on this ground. The objection is not felt so much if the State contributes, and, as the State in the long run really pays the same whether the employé nominally pays the whole or part, there seems no occasion to have an invidious system, at any rate for new-comers.

In British Guiana the Widows' and Orphans' Fund was established as early as 1873, when a superannuation fund, which had been in existence since 1860, was applied in this way. An abatement was made from salaries of 4 per cent., and the generous rate of 6 per cent. interest was allowed to the fund. Since then scales have been established fixing the amounts of pensions, and the pensions have been made chargeable on the revenues of the colony. A larger provision can now be secured by submitting to an abatement of 5 per cent. The system has been adopted in several Crown Colonies, and is undoubtedly well suited to places where climatic conditions increase the ordinary perils of life and make insurance expensive.

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