

PAGES

MISSING

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No. 26

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

CHAPTER I.

Jimmy Carew.

Jimmy had gone down to our boats on the beach, and to make sure that nothing was being left behind I was giving a camper's last look over the ground from which we had just pulled pegs, and where we had been held up by the elements for a day or two.

A whistle of surprise from Jimmy made me look up, and then join him. He had found in the sand a locket, containing the miniature in oils of a woman's face. It was a beautiful and bewitching face, dimpled and smiling. The eyes were blue and saucily bold; and the 'crowning glory' was of a rich red-golden hue, the hair of a Jean Jacques Henner head. The painting had the miniature perfection of Meissonier's brush. It was beautiful art. The locket was an unlettered oval of burnished gold, exquisitely chaste.

"She's peachy, isn't she?" I said, with enthusiasm.

"She's certainly a good-looker," Jimmy said in a judicial tone. But I fancy she would be like Miss Fortune, a fickle dame. I would christen her Helen Blazes, offhand."

"We make hasty estimates by faces," I retorted.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I never cared for red hair."

"Hair of that particular hue," I answered, with a lateral nod at the locket as I walked over to my canoe, "is pronounced by artists to be the most beautiful and rare of all; and students of human nature say that red-headed women are the most constant and affectionate."

"And this one separated from somebody right here," said Jimmy, stepping back to the bushes along the bank. "I wonder who is the unlucky beggar that lost this? For no woman would wear the likeness of another as good-looking as the original of this must be."

"Lucky beggar if he has a claim on the original," said I, as I adjusted the cushions in my craft.

"That's *your* opinion; but I was thinking of the possibility of the original having a

claim on him," Jimmy retorted, as he closed the oval case. "No doubt the wearer had the locket on a watch chain. In pushing his way through the bushes here the locket caught, and separated from the chain without sufficient jar to attract him, perhaps because a connecting link was weak. Perhaps, though, he did miss the locket a little later, but couldn't find it in the sand; and I suppose I ought to go over to the hotel there and inquire for a reported loss." Jimmy is nothing if not conscientious — or thirsty — so he went.

I smoked a pipe till he came back. He said that no guest or any one had reported a loss at the hotel; though there had been a brisk business lately with yachting parties, tourists and fishermen, besides paddling people like ourselves on the way to the big Canoe Meet in the St. Lawrence; and some of these canoeists had camped on the ground just vacated by us. So Jimmy had penned an ad. on the hotel stationery and posted it up by the main door:

FOUND—At Johnnie's Falls, a locket, containing a miniature. Owner can recover same by applying to the Secretary of the A.C.A., St. Lawrence River, proving his claim, and PAYING FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

We were twain, Jimmy and I; physically and metaphysically twain; emphatically and indisputably twain. Jimmy stands six feet unshod, and I—but why particularize? I had the *soul*, Jimmy said; and so, to adjust our differences, though I thought it emphasized them, Jimmy had at all times an appetite built for two. But, as Mr. Riley says, we were "twain as one."

"What's the name of the next summer resort or hamlet on our way?" Jimmy inquired, as we pushed out from the Johnnie's Falls camping-ground.

I consulted our time-table and chart.

"Rome," I said. "Population, five hundred — post-office — three general stores — blacksmith's shop — Carnegie Library — woollen mill — connections by stage with Athens and the Stop-and-carry-one-Railway — wharf — steamer Fairy Queen calls Wednesdays and Saturdays — hotel, the Roman House."

"We may hear of the owner of this at the Roman House," Jimmy remarked, as he slipped the locket on the key-ring of a steel chain at his belt.

An hour later we came in sight of a spire, indicating to our trained intelligence the whereabouts of the Roman House bar, on the farther side of a hill at the head of a bay. We had been rather quiet over our paddles and pipes as we dipped our way inland from the lake; and when the silence was broken by a shout, and its echoes spoke from bank to bank, we experienced a shock.

"HELP!"

The voice was masculine, beyond a doubt; and "murder" was the thought that flashed through our minds, as we sat up, open-mouthed. We took a few strokes, staring uncertainly about; for there was not a human being in sight, and the cry was as great a surprise as if we had heard a report that we had both been promoted into the First Division. But scarcely had the echoes of that shout died away, when the word came again, and this time from a throat unquestionably feminine.

"Hel-l-l-l-pp!"

It sounded bad, at first.

Just for a moment we sat perplexed, with pursed lips and knit brows; then, like a hound that has found the trail, Jimmy dashed straight on. And I went with him. Inside of three lengths it was a race; but heroism, pure and unadulterated, didn't animate me. I simply wanted to beat Jimmy out. We had paddled at half a dozen meets that summer, and were 'in the pink'. The water curled and bubbled at our bows, and we left a wake that would have made an old-time Mississippi side-wheeler bury her nose in a bar out of sheer chagrin. Once our boats came together, and Jimmy said a bad word, and glared at me with the affection of a senior member of a Kentucky feud, while we shortened paddles and pushed viciously apart, as if a referee had said 'break.' But that was in the first round. Jimmy woke up then, and I got in his wake.

There came a sudden bend in the shore, and the Roman wharf and boat-house and other panoramic effects loomed large to my vision as I laboured busily on. Jimmy was now bearing heroically down upon a cap-sized skiff, to which were clinging a man and a girl. Jimmy's cedar blades were flashing with the rhythm and radiance of a white seabird's wings, the spray flew from their tips, vanishing gems in the sunshine, and I had to envy him his phenomenal speed. It was a grand practice spurt for the big championship Trophy Cup race at the International Meet, and Jimmy had said he was going to capture that cup or drain defeat out of it to the dregs.

To add to the variety of the movement of the scene, a man who had put out in a skiff from the boat-house was rowing toward the capsized boat as though going after a

record or chased by the sheriff; and for the moment, out of my petty envy, I harboured the hope that the man might beat Jimmy out. But for James he was only a pace-maker and spur all in one. Those lithe, bronzed arms of Jimmy's were propellers of steel.

The polished hull of his craft gleamed in the light of the morning sun as the hero dashed alongside the inverted skiff, and came to a short turn and sharp stop by a bit of work that would have done credit to Bruce Ridpath. The man in the skiff was lengths away, and before he or I could negotiate the mark Jimmy had drawn the girl into his canoe and was paddling smartly to shore. It was very sharp work, even for James; but a minute or two later I understood how inspired and stimulated his mind and muscle had been.

The man from the boathouse and I administered to the needs of the chap in the water, and towed him ashore. He was a long-armed fellow, and his nerve as he clung to the skiff took the gratifying vocal form of cheek of an unmistakably British sort. He admonished us, with an accent, to "hurry and be devilish quick about it." But when he struck up the bank, and I saw that his legs were in proportion to his other extremities, I wondered why he hadn't just taken a long breath and walked ashore; for he was taller than Jim. The latter, meantime, looked as though he felt himself in the King's suite of the Seventh Heaven House, and all the little cherubim bell-boys flying up with wine. He hadn't turned a hair over it all; but it was just elementary inference to settle how he felt about it.

The girl, as she squeezed the water out of her skirts, was chatting and laughing and making seventeen sorts of glad eyes at Jim. She didn't seem to have an arrow left in her quiver for her late partner in peril. But he stood stubbornly by, frowning fiercely at James from beneath a wealth of matted Saxon locks; and in his clinging wet flannels he managed to look about as haughty as a bent pin on a railway track. I saw that envy held the reins with a high and iron hand in the vehicle of his emotions, for he glared at Jimmy with such a bad eye that I didn't fancy the look of the other danger-lamp any too well either; and he alternated these ocular flashes of hate by staring at the laughing girl in a fashion that was cut out of the whole cloth of a directly opposite feeling; while she and Jimmy paid about as much attention to him as if he had been one of the wooden posts down at the Roman wharf.

I hitched Jimmy's craft to mine, the boat-house man being busy righting and draining the capsized skiff; and while we were thus supering Jimmy and his prize capered over the intervening meadow toward the village, the hero making her for a six-minute clip so she wouldn't take a chill, with the

August temperature already eighty in the shade; while the tall young man who couldn't swim, but who could run all right, loped lovingly at their heels.

CHAPTER II.

At the Roman House.

I didn't hurry to Rome myself. I felt that in the gooseberry role the flaxen-haired young Englishman with the envious eye would beat me to it, and score such a shining success that the Hero would appeal to the manageress for a change in the cast, or take the task of elimination into his own capable hands. And I knew that when Jimmy undertook to do that, it was the good-night sign for the other chap in one-two-three-you're-out style.

So I towed Jimmy's canoe to the boat-house, and chatted with the boat-livery keeper as he rowed alongside, towing the lately capsize skiff. He was a sturdy, florid little Britisher of still another type; so here I had three of them for my notes now, three separate sorts and shapes—all the latest spring styles; and the latest looked as interesting to me as I knew Jimmy to be. For Jimmy is an Englishman, too, with a cross of Scotch and a dash of Irish besides, topped off to perfection my being thoroughly Canadianized, westernized—betterized, in short. A thoroughbred; good-looking as Apollo, good-hearted as Colonel Sellers; clean-cut, clean-limbed, rejoicing in his muscle and exuberant in the sheer joy of being alive, and the finest all-around athlete in Canada; fine in his ideals; tender as a womanly woman with women and little ones; strenuous as Teddy Rosenfelt with men, and like Jim Bludso "an awkward man in a row."

My sturdy little friend, the boat-house man, said his name was Tommy Giggs, and that he had a horse livery as well, and also that he had the Government contract for the carriage of His Majesty's mails between Athens and Rome. He was garrulous and interesting. He said that the young lady who had just passed through such a thrilling experience in the water was Miss Bessie Moore, of Quebec, and that she and her mamma were guests at the Roman House. The tall, fair youth with the bad blue optic was Mr. Algernon Cholmondeley Potts, popularly known out of his unpopularity as "Dude"; Potts, Mr. Potts, was the local Johnnie, and correspondent of the *Limestone Snorer* and the *Brickville Snooze*; and an individual upon whom the florid and perspiring Mr. Giggs now poured his bottled ire.

"Fellow-country of yours, isn't he?" I remarked.

Giggs cocked a comical blue eye at me. "I ain't proud of it!" he said. "E's a type of young Englishman that ought to be kept at home for the good of this country. 'E's snobby and vain, and there isn't a

young chap between Athens and Rome that don't aboar 'im. Tries to lord it over me, too, 'e does! Fancy! 'E's told people 'e was eddicated at 'Arrow an' Hoxford. Hoxford! 'Im! Rich, I call it. As if I didn't remember 'im well enough w'en 'e used to run around barefooted in Puddleborough, w'en I used to drive in from Diddleby on market d'y. An' 'e's told 'em, too, that 'e's related to the Hearl of Casino, of Castlekards, in Kent. Fancy that! I wish they'd see 'ow 'e'd slobber over a lord! 'E's done nothin' lately but talk about the Duke. 'E's got 'is 'ead filled with a notion of goin' to Hottawa an' gettin' a Guvverment 'berth' an' gettin' in with the swells. 'E'd swell all right, till 'e'd bust."

"He wouldn't be the first to fill a Government berth and go bust," I said. "Are his people here?"

"Them? No! 'Is father was a little parson, with a living in Kent, in my time; and there was seven other little 'Pottses along with Algernon Chumley. The parson 'ad a sister, unmarried, living in Diddleby, well enough to do on account of 'er being a favorite niece of some rich aunt, an' this sister must have died an' left 'er brother the parson something, for now an' again Algernon gets a remittance from 'ome, just enough to let 'im know they 'aven't forgot 'im but dont want 'im back, an' not enough 'ardly to buy a steerage passage 'ome. An' they know 'e wouldn't go anything but fust class. Everybody 'ere knows 'ow much 'is remittance is, on account of them being money orders w'ich 'e 'as to cash at the post office, w'ich is run by a woman 'ere, you know. An' she tells. An' 'e blows in every blooming bob on 'is back."

"He'll need some new dry flannels after his dip," I said.

"'E's got 'em! Don't worry," said Mr. Giggs.

"Does he neither toil nor spin?" I inquired, as we reached the landing.

"'E spins yarns!" retorted Mr. Potts' biographer. "'E was a typewriter, or something, last season, for Old Man Green, the fruit grower 'ere, an' called 'imself Green's 'private secretary'. Fancy! *That's* Algernon Chumley Potts! It takes about ten real Englishmen," concluded Mr. Giggs, as he shipped his oars, "to wipe out the prejudice that 'as been created over 'ere by one cheap 'boulder like Potts. In Ontario, anyway. But they'll ship 'em off to Canada, just the same."

"He should go West," I said, stretching my legs on the landing, and eyeing Mr. Giggs' boathouse sign. "The real Englishmen would knock it out of him there."

"'Im! Not 'im! 'E don't want to work!" Giggs pulled the lately capsize skiff over the rollers of the float. "E's a sample of 'is style! Two planks sprung, a oar broke, an' a pair o' polished brass rowlocks gone. An' now I'll 'ave to keep

a sharp hey out for 'is next remittance from 'ome. The only w'y I can make 'im pay up," added Giggs, closing one eye tight, "is to talk of Puddleborough an' 'is fat uncle, 'is mother's brother, wot kept a little green grocery, y' know. Well, I 'ope Miss Moore 'as rumbled Mr. Algy Potts's style now, 'im that can't swim a stroke. And I do 'ope," he concluded, fervently, as he ran out a pair of trucks on which to take the canoes over the portage leading to the mill, "I do 'ope that if 'e goes sticking 'is oar in up at the 'otel, your big friend 'll knock 'is bloomin' block off."

"He'll do it," I said. "He's a *real* Englishman, you know."

"O, I spotted 'im," said Giggs. "University man, too. But Lor', 'ow they do 'finish' 'em in this country. Well, Potts thinks 'e's pretty 'andy with 'is dooks, so per'aps your friend can give 'im a lesson in the manly hart. Potts is strong enough. 'E certainly can row an' run a bit. 'E learned to scull 'ere, in my boats."

I found Jimmy on the veranda of the Roman House, smoking a cigar, and amusing himself by reading a poster which announced that a 'garden party' would be held that evening on the lawn of the rectory of Sweet's in aid of the organ fund. I stretched myself in an easy chair and asked how about the health of the fair rescuee.

"Fine!" Jimmy said, with enthusiasm. "She'll be down presently, and I'll introduce you." He looked happy, happy as a woman who beats another to it at a bargain counter; and he spoke with such a proprietary air that I grinned as I asked if he had yet to endure the ordeal of receiving the gratitude of the young lady's mamma.

His face grew as properly and profoundly grave as that of a fledgling M.D. over his first case of influenza. He informed me earnestly that Mrs. Moore was taking her customary morning drive, and he earnestly hoped that no Roman rustic would intercept her with a sensational account of the affair of her daughter's dip, as she was of a delicate constitution and a highly nervous temperament, he said.

"Pretty solicitous about the elder lady, too, eh?" I remarked.

His handsome face jumped back from grave to gay, and he showed his milk-white teeth in a sunny smile. "Why, they are quite old friends of mine, old chap!" he said blithely. "Come! I've been as dry, ever since we sighted that church spire, as that dusty road there. But I've saved up my thirst and waited for you." And he led the way to the bar.

"I brought the canoes down to the mill", I said, as Jimmy ordered bottled beer. "So that whenever you're ready to start—"

"Indefatigable Brooks!" he cried, but looking at the beer. "We'll have dinner here, you know."

"Why", I protested, "we were to dine

at Athens, and push right on from there in order to get into camp at the meet to-morrow night."

"Are the Athenian ladies or the beauties of the Thousand Isles fairer than the ladies of Rome?" he said, laughing, and drinking his ale. Jimmy's laugh is infectious, and good to hear. It even cracked the ice of the pale and blasé countenance of Gus, the bartender of the Roman House.

"But", I insisted, "Rule Ten of the Racing Rules—"

"Bother the Racing Rules!" cried Jimmy. "After that sun, this beer's a treat; but I'll drink to the health of Sir James Whitney just the same. May his shadow never grow less!"

In the momentary silence that followed there came to our ears from the veranda a ripple of girlish laughter, the laughter of the particular Roman lady that Jimmy had in mind. And I saw, as I drifted with the current of things, in Jimmy's wake, that athletic ambition was going to be a bad betting proposition with Bessie Moore in the books.

She was an amazingly nice-looking girl, slender and tallish and straight, and distinctly pretty and fresh-coloured—fresh as a wild rose with the dew on it. Her complexion had the bloom of an early peach; her hair was dusky dark, and her eyes large and brown, with a glance that was at once modest and direct. She had carriage and distinction, too; and ingenue though she was, she had changed into the colours of our Club. She wore a white piqué and Yale blue yachting suit, just as if she were throwing a dare at the old bay beyond, now that a real live sailorman like Jimmy had come into port. And she looked, of course, more fetching than before, because her new rig had starch in it and didn't cling to her the way wet fur sticks to a kitten. Even her hair didn't seem to have suffered, as Chumley Potts' had; so I concluded she must have thought of it, like a woman, and kept her head, like a little man, when she upset.

She didn't give me time or chance, when Jimmy introduced me, to butt in with my little cut-and-dried I-hope-you-are-none-the-worse et cetera piece. She gave me her hand, slim and firm, with a dazzling smile for a premium, and said that I must have thought her very ungracious in not thanking me at the time for having paddled so hard on her behalf, but that her surprise at seeing Mr. Carew must be her excuse.

We sat on the veranda overlooking the main street, and talked. Bessie said:

"I know I screamed dreadfully—until the water got in my mouth. Did you really recognize my voice?"

"I did," said Jimmy solemnly. I am a good deal of a liar myself. But I was comforted, because it was an excuse for my having been beaten out by such a wide margin in the race on the bay.

"But Mr. Potts positively *roared*", Bessie said. "And he insisted that I had better call, too, as he didn't believe that there was a soul within hearing except Giggs, who wouldn't come to *his* help, he said. I really couldn't understand that, because Giggs is a good-hearted little man".

"Artful Mr. Potts!" Jimmy said. "That was one for you and two for himself".

"You mustn't be too hard on Mr. Potts, because he can't swim", Bessie said. "But I really believe", she added, with her silvery rippling laugh, "that he was more frightened than I was".

"No man who isn't a strong and capable swimmer has a right to take anyone who can't swim well, out on dangerous water," said Jimmy sententiously, as the "man" in mind appeared on the scene. Mr. Potts was togged up, evidently to kill. He had changed into a suit of flannels—of close fitting English cut, right up to date—with an ultra wide stripe, and the trousers had a beautiful cuff or roll. His shoes and socks, collar and tie, were noticeably fashionable details of the whole; and his fair locks were crowned with a Panama having a particularly raking brim, tilted up in the front and down at the back, like a fireman's helmet. He seated himself in an arm chair, produced with a flourish a silver cigarette case, and sized up Jimmy in a look of comically mingled menace and respect.

"You look quite yourself again," called Miss Bessie graciously; and Mr. Potts, possibly embarrassed by a sudden consciousness that he had neglected to express regret for the misadventure, flourished a cigarette and a cuff, and shifted in his chair. The girl turned to Jimmy and said:

"How shall I ever be able to thank you? I don't believe I could have held on much longer, that skiff was such a slippery thing! Though it was quite inspiring to see you coming along so fast. Where were you when you heard me scream?"

"We were just inside the mouth of the bay when we heard your escort," said Jimmy with a grin. "Sort of mouth to mouth, you see. As to thanking me, you can do that best by forgetting all about it; or by just remembering that you would have been all right if Brooks and I had been on the other side of the globe, paddling through the Inland Sea of Japan, because Mr. Giggs was making a record for himself with the oars. We were all three—Giggs and Brooks and I—keen rivals for the honour of relieving a charming young lady from a situation that must have been at least very tiresome."

Hot shot for Mr. Potts. Jimmy was rattling on in this vein, when a vehicle of the Giggsonian Roman type—a sort of a cross between a cabriolet and a chariotee—appeared, drawn by a jog-trot horse, and was stopped at the hotel. A rather stout and dignified looking lady in black descended, while Bessie cried:

"Mamma!"

(To be continued.)

THE WAGES OF OFFICIALS.

(From The Morning Albertan,
Calgary.)

The Dominion government will hold civil service examinations in a few weeks and is inviting men to write or compete in those examinations. The Dominion desires a large number of men for clerks, and the inducement is \$500 a year. The government should be ashamed of itself to ask men to work at such a salary.

The men who are to receive this monumental wage—the word "monumental" being used advisedly—must pass examinations. They must have a certain amount of education. They will become clerks, and accordingly must have good appearance and dress very well. They are asked to do all that for about \$1.50 per day, which is considered less than labourers get in most parts of Canada.

The government is setting a bad example. It is bad business. We believe that the government should be a good example in this matter instead of lagging so far behind. The government should give the best wages and then should insist upon the very best men. The Dominion of Canada is a big institution and it should have the best employees. It cannot get them by starting men at \$1.50 a day.

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

Ottawa, April 19, 1912

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.

Novelty is of the essence of progress, and *The Civilian* offers no exception to the rule. No magazine of this sort in the present day and age should consider itself as having "arrived" until it has published a *serial story*.

Such a story we are in the proud position of beginning to-day, under the striking title of "*The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew*." If we were to borrow from the fashion in naming popular songs, and disregard brevity, we might call it the amusing and amazing miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew. For the story is not only amusing in a high degree, but the hero's adventures and miss-adventures in his delightful love affair, are amazing besides. Thwarted by the Machiavellian mischief of an "Athen-

ian" girl, with a determined big young Englishman fighting his progress at every turn, and even the elements apparently conspiring to beat him, Jimmy's grit and go are simply great, and it is a battle royal for him to the bitter end. Is it bitter or is it sweet? Or is it something of each? Does he lose the girl and the Cup, or does he win? The story will tell. It is a rattling good yarn, wholesome, bright and breezy, written in a fascinatingly up-to-date and humorous vein. As the interest deepens, the plot thickens; there is climax after climax, and there is snap and go and excitement until the last word of the big climax at the end.

The story will have especial interest for civil servants, the ladies as well as the men, for the hero is drawn from one of the best-known civil servants and figures in Ottawa, and is the best all-around amateur athlete in Canada. And Jimmy Carew is the most virile hero we have read about in a long time. But all the characters—and there are many—are well drawn. The action of the story—and the plot is really immense—takes place during a summer vacation, while Jimmy and his paddling "pal" are on statutory leave, canoeing through waters well known to many civil servants, especially those of the Capital. The story will run through the summer in about thirty chapters, and every one of them is full of interest, swing and "go." We highly commend our serial not only to all readers of *The Civilian*, but to their friends as well.

We have only to add that *The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew*, ("from the Log of Harold Brooks") is from the pen of a very well-known civil servant, Mr. Gordon Rogers ("our own G. R. of the Department of Agriculture," as "our own" Silas Wegg says), whose literary experience and connections, through his contributions of stories and verse to most of the best known United States and Canadian periodicals, such as *Collier's*, *Munsey's*, *New York Sun*, *Outing*, etc.,

etc., are too well known to require comment here. His book of verses, "Ballads of Government Clerks," published a few years ago, will be well remembered for its humor, wit and satire by those who had the good fortune to read it. We hope none will miss *The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew*, which the author has penned right up-to-date for *The Civilian*, and which, as we have said, begins in this number.

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PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION.

The business of the Public Service Commission is to learn and report the facts upon which to base the improved methods of public administration which the people of Canada demand and for which the leading men in public life, and especially the Prime Minister, have strongly declared themselves. This task is not only an arduous but a delicate one, and its success depends upon carrying through the work of the Commission to not merely the interest but the approval and sympathy of the vast majority of the people.

It is announced, apparently on the highest authority, that Hon. A. B. Morine, Chairman of the Commission, has resigned his office and will retire as soon as those parts of the work in which he is now engaged are completed. This resignation follows charges made against Mr. Morine in the House of Commons by Mr. Carvell, M.P. The charges grow out of Newfoundland politics in which Mr. Morine was conspicuously engaged for a number of years. It is not necessary for those interested in civil service affairs to have an opinion upon the truth of the charges or upon their bearing upon political affairs. The fact that Mr. Morine could continue his work only with the loss of the approval and sympathy of a considerable section of the community is a good reason why he should leave that work to other hands.

Mr. Morine has done good work and

has made the way much easier for his successor. Immediately after his appointment he gave out a statement which demonstrated that he had high ideals in the work to which he had been called, and also that he had good ideas on the subject of civil service reform. He took up the business of the commission in a comprehensive way and exhibited notable powers of leadership in completing the organization over which he had undertaken to preside. Had he felt free to continue the work, and had he gone on as he began, the results would have been most advantageous to Canada.

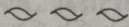
Mr. Morine's retirement, under present circumstances, is in keeping with the spirit he has shown throughout. We believe that he carries with him the thanks of the civil service for the good work he has done. All will hope that his successor, whoever he may be, while excelling Mr. Morine in fewness of enemies and multitude of friends, will equal him in desire for civil service reform and in practical ability for the duties of the Chairmanship.

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DISMISSAL OF CIVIL SERVANTS.

In the last two sessions of the New York Legislature the organized civil employees have attempted to secure by amendment to the civil service law what in their statement of principles they call "protection against unjust removal." The Walker bill, as the amended act was called, would have placed upon the removing officer the burden of proving at a formal trial that the employee whom he wished to remove had been guilty of specific acts showing incompetency, misconduct or insubordination, and the entire removal proceedings would have been subject to court review under a writ of certiorari. In the last session of the legislature the Walker bill lay dormant until within less than two weeks of adjournment, when it was amended and advanced to third

reading, while three days later a companion bill was introduced in the Senate. Statements appeared in the press representing the Civil Service Reform Association as satisfied with the bills in the amended form. This, however, was not correct. The Association worked to the end for the defeat of the bills and was successful. "Their defeat," says *Good Government*, the organ of the Association, "was, we believe, no less fortunate for the employees than for the State. To block the way to getting rid of the generally incompetent would bring discredit on the law under which employees hold their places and would render its successful operation impossible." But it seems to us that it should be possible to avoid the horns of this dilemma. Surely it is possible to have an arrangement by which incompetents may be dismissed at the same time that competents are protected from unjust and cruel dismissal. We suggest that the New York Association may not appreciate the function of a superannuation law.

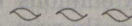


WOMEN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

Some months ago a bill which proposed to equalize the sexes in the government departments in Great Britain was introduced by Mr. Philip Snowden. For one reason and another it did not come to the front. Mr. Snowden, however, has recently re-introduced the measure.

Its proposals are severely simple. In the first place, it seeks to make women eligible for all examinations, and in the second place it adumbrates that the rate of remuneration shall not be differentiated by reason of sex. *The Civilian* (London, Eng.), which opposed the bill vigorously on its original appearance, now returns to the charge as follows: "Lest those ladies who did us the honour on that memorable occasion to accuse us of obscurantism and male arrogance

and selfishness unrelieved, and what not, should imagine that in the meanwhile we have surrendered to their point of view, we would re-state our objections to Mr. Snowden's measure however much pain it may give us to do so. Let us at the outset observe that the bill is fathered by a gentleman who holds somewhat advanced views on the destiny of woman. The bill actually asks the State to sanction the principle of the economic equality of the sexes, a principle which, having regard to the dissimilarity in the economic statutes of men and women, directly due to their physical differences, is economically untenable. It seeks to equalise the industrial points of view of men and woman — an ideal which, we fear, can only be consummated in a more "enlightened" and, perhaps, less realistic age. It would introduce the overwhelming anomaly of paying a spinster, with few or no encumbrances, the same rate of wages as the married man with the not inconsiderable responsibility of having to provide for a family. It would encourage woman to remain in the civil service rather to adopting old-fashioned maternity. And in its essentials, the bill involves the fundamental fallacy that a woman is economically as valuable as a man. Now, having given vent to this orgy of narrow-mindedness and industrial provincialism, we invite the ladies to attack us as bitterly as their femininity allows them."



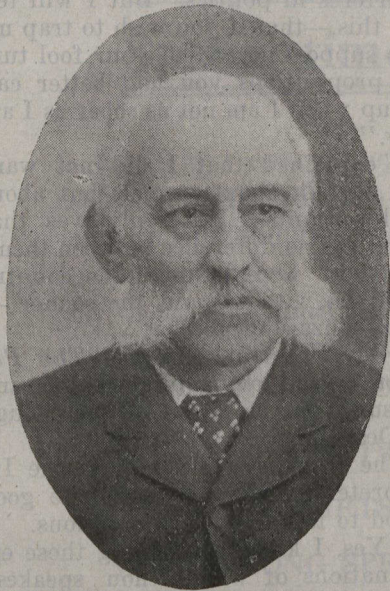
HIGH STANDARDS.

In our mail one day the other week we received a copy of our last issue returned with this legend: "Date of issue, April 5; date received, April 9; cancel." It is good for the soul to have much demanded of it, and for our part we are cheered to know that some one missed his *Civilian* so keenly, was so inconvenienced by the printer's observance of the Easter holiday, that he couldn't bear the thought of being made to suffer in

that way again. We like to see such standards revealed among civil servants, because we are sure that the man who would refuse to support *The Civilian* when it takes a day off in holiday time must be a bright and shining light to the office which has him on its working staff.

DEATH OF COL. WHITE.

Colonel White entered upon his appointment as Deputy Postmaster Gen-



THE LATE COL. WHITE.

eral with a singularly complete equipment for the duties of his office. When he joined the Canadian service, after some years in the English Post Office, the postal system was a very small affair; and it was quite possible for a clever man to master the working of all the branches of the Department. He worked in the Money Order office, and afterwards as Secretary, he assisted the Deputy Postmaster General in the general administration of the Post Office from 1862, and for a number of years, owing to the increasing age of the Deputy Postmaster General, he virtually took on himself all the important du-

ties of the office. When, in 1887, Mr. Griffin, his predecessor retired, and Colonel White was appointed in his place, the change was not so much in duties as in title.

Colonel White had a nice combination of firmness and geniality, which enabled him to get from the staff the best that was in the men, and at the same time to retain their good-will and loyalty. If things went wrong, as sometimes happened, his general course was to help to minimize the ill-consequences, and to see that the persons chargeable with the fault were dealt with with as much mercy as his strong sense of justice would warrant. While he had a sense of discipline, which was military in its nature, his kindly human qualities took the edge off the severity belonging to that characteristic.

It is with great regret that those associated with him in the Department learned of his death.

CIVIL SERVICE CLUB NOTES.

Since the management of the Club was placed under the direction of Mr. J. H. Digman, there has been a marked improvement in all directions. A new cook has been secured and the dining room patronage is increasing daily. Members of the Club should try a lunch or dinner. It is beyond question that the table d'hote lunch cannot be equalled for the price charged, thirty-five cents, at any club or restaurant in Ottawa. The à la carte dinners are also excellent.

The bridge tournament is drawing to a close and it would seem that the first place will be won by Mr. Digman, a result which is more appropriate than that which usually obtains in contests of this kind. Mr. Digman is the 'Dalton' of the Club, *inter alia*.

The Club premises, being on the expropriated Government land, will have to be vacated ere long. It is hoped that a central building may be secured, convenient to most of the Federal offices.

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

Examination Echoes.

Question No. Five of the English Literature paper in the Hansard reporters' examination, concerning which I had some personal knowledge as you know, reads as follows:

"Describe the following works, naming the author in each case: *The Fairy Queen*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Spectator*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pamela*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Rasselas*, *Tristram Shandy*."

Acting under instructions from *The Civilian*, I endeavoured, after the examination, to obtain interviews with the individuals named in the question that I might learn their opinions on these civil service subjects so near to our hearts. I employed the Rural and Psychic Research Telephone lines for the purpose. As there are no numbers used on these lines, but you have to make your calls by name, I cannot vouch for the identity of all the people with whom I talked. I am quite sure that I failed to connect with the real book-people in some instances, but I leave the Editors to worry over that feature. I have done my best.

I took the assignments in the order given in the examination paper and called up *The Fairy Queen* first.

"Yes, this is *The Fairy Queen*, Capt. McPherson, 180 tons burthen, running between Charlottetown and Cape Tormentine. What can I do for you?"

"I should like your views on civil service examinations. You know they mentioned you in one of them."

"Mentioned me, did they? What have I done? This is no Public Works dredge you are talking to, but a first-class steam packet that never interferes in politics. But I will tell you this,—that if you wish to trap me into supporting any of your fool tunnel propositions you had better call me up when I am not as sober as I am now."

I explained that I did not want him to talk about tunnels but about civil servants. His reply was that there was no difference between them; they both were luxuries the country could do without, and the sooner — buzz—buzz—buzz.

"Say, Central, give me *The Pilgrim*, a land-loving pilgrim, too, and be sure that he is out of the Slough of Despond."

The Pilgrim was found at the Interpreter's house and was in a good mood to talk about examinations.

"Yes, I know concerning those examinations of which thou speakest. The Interpreter was much affected with reading of them, and said, of a truth, that they would give him much concern in the answering of them. I minded him of the many riddles he had set for wayfarers like myself. He replied to me that he was testing folks who would enter the Celestial City, but these questions were for those who would enter the civil service. I marvelled that the civil service should be the harder of the two to enter. He told me that there were more competitors striving in that direction. But I must address myself to my journey. If you are the man with a wooden leg you should stick to the government's work."

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I was connected next with *The Spectator*. I think it must have been on the Hamilton branch. There was a distinctly provincial flavour to the profanity used. I gathered that the person replying to my call had tried the Hansard examination himself. His opinion, being not entirely free from prejudice, need not be reported.

Capt. Lemuel Gulliver was located at Juan Fernandez, where he was making a call on Robinson Crusoe. This was fortunate, considering the high rates charged on the R. & P. R. lines. I stated my case and read some of the examination papers to him. He said that he had heard of similar things on the Island of Laputa, but of nothing quite so terrifying. He would speak to Crusoe, he said, before he would make a statement. Crusoe thought that it was not so bad on his island after all. A fellow named Cowper had written disparagingly of the island to the effect that it was better to dwell in the midst of alarms than to reign in this horrible place, but Cowper had died before the Civil Service Act was amended. He, Crusoe, was thinking, though, of coaching his parrot up on the history paper. Friday was interested somewhat in the Geography paper, especially as it related to the strategic importance of Walfisch Bay, but decided to stick by Crusoe, who was conducting his own civil service on the old-fashioned methods which brought the chief and his staff into friendly intercourse.

I did not learn much from Pamela. It was a patent medicine establishment that replied to my call. I explained my wishes and was told that three bottles of Pamela would put me on my feet again within a month. I said that I had only one foot. That being the case I was advised to take the same treatment and I would be all right in a fortnight.

"But, what about the civil service?" I asked.

"No good," came the reply. "It don't advertise. Give it more Pamela, however, and it may recover. If

Pamela don't do the job, try Clarissa. Prof. Shortt is doing the best he can under the circumstances."

There was some difficulty experienced in getting Tom Jones.

"Which Tom Jones?" Central asked.

"Fielding's Tom Jones, of course," I replied.

So I was connected with the Finance Department, Central not being up in political news. She asked me, when I signalled a second time, if it were the wrong Jones. I explained that it was the wrong Fielding, and she connected me with a baseball club. On my explaining that the Fielding I was after was spelled with a capital F, she tried again and gave me the mayor of a town out west founded during the reciprocity negotiations. Anyhow his name was Jones, and he had plenty of opinions to offer, so I stayed with him and let the literary Jones rest in his tomb.

"Oh, yes," he informed me, "we have heard of the civil service out west. A moving picture concern was here last month, showing the civil service at work. Excuse me, it wasn't a moving picture show after all, though it was advertised as such. Ha! Ha! That is one of our little jokes. We have lots of jokes out west. But, seriously, I am glad that they have started that examination system in Ottawa. It will catch a lot of Oxford and Cambridge graduates before they can get out on the ranches. It is a kind of filtration basin viewed from our standpoint. If you only had the system developed enough to catch the Doukhobors also, I would get our member to see that your pay was raised all around."

Much more he said, but I must cut the interviews shorter if *The Civilian* is to appear this week.

The Vicar of Wakefield, P.Q., had an exhaustive discourse on all civil service activities to give me. The one feature that I remembered of it all,—that Vicar's conversation cost me a good penny; he must have thought I

was a Goldsmith,—was that he had counselled his son Moses to leave the homestead and take a position at Ottawa, but that Moses reminded him that he had been bitten once already in the matter of a trade involving a horse and some green spectacles. Moses would stay at home.

Rasselas, the Terrible Turk, informed me that, if he ever got a half-Nelson on a government job, he wouldn't let go for all the examinations between here and Ballyhack.

"Where and what is Ballyhack?" I asked, "and tell what you know about its probable development in view of the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba."

"Go to Ballyhack and find out," he thundered back, and rang off.

I didn't go. I had another call to make, the last on my list. It was Tristram Shandy that I called for, but Central, who was getting wearied of me seemingly, gave me Tam O'Shanter instead, and I was a-weary too and made no complaint.

In answer to my questions about civil service examinations, he said that

the nearest he had come, in his experience, to such things was when his old mare's tail was plucked.

I told him that this was interesting, of course, but not exactly to the point. I asked him if he could not speak for Mr. Burns, who had served in the government's employ in his day, and who must have some views on the subject in hand. He admitted that Bobbie Burns had gauged beer barrels for a living but he could not say whether he gauged beer barrels because he was a poet or whether he wrote poetry because he was a gauger of beer barrels. At any rate, he said, an excise-man offered no standard by which to measure other men.

Somewhat disappointed with the results of my day's work, I cudgelled my brain to find some person from whom I might get some definite knowledge, or opinion, on this matter of examinations. Who should I turn to but to that fallen son of Heaven who gave mankind its introduction to the Tree of Knowledge?

So I called Central and asked her to give me The Devil.
She did.

Canada's Chief Civil Servant.

In one sense the Sovereign is over all Departments of the Imperial Civil Service. In Canada, his representative, the Governor-General, occupies a similar position.

* In this connection, *The Civilian*, in this issue, has great pleasure in reproducing a most interesting photograph of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught. The occasion is the presentation of a casket to him on his first birthday by the Duke of Wellington from whom he was named. Before our next issue His Royal Highness will have reached another birthday, the event occurring on May 1st; consequently the time is most opportune and we take this occasion of wishing him "Many happy returns of the day."

Field Marshal, His Royal Highness

Arthur William Patrick Albert, 1st Duke; Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was born May 1st, 1850. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and traversed the various ranks of the army until he attained that of Field Marshal. His Royal Highness served in the Engineers, Artillery, Rifle Brigade, and Scots' Guards. He went through the Fenian rail in Canada of 1870, and was with the Egyptian expeditionary force in 1882; present at battles of Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir, and was mentioned thrice in despatches. Subsequently His Royal Highness held the command in Ireland and the Mediterranean. He is also a Field Marshal in the Prussian Army and a General of the Swedish. He became Governor-General of Canada in 1911.



Painted by Winterhalter, and reproduced in the *Illustrated London News*, 1853, at the time of the opening of the Crystal Palace.

Copy kindly loaned by Mr. L. M. Fortier, Dept. of Interior.

Filing Systems.

By N. Desjardins.

The summary of the report of President's Taft's Committee on Efficiency and Economy, as published in *The Civilian* of March 8, is certainly very interesting for every one having any knowledge of the many difficulties that beset the path of the conscientious recordsman.

The requirements of the system, given in a simple and concise manner, cover all the essential points.

The recommendations, however, are somewhat light, compared with the importance of the requirements.

But where the difference of opinion is sure to arise is in the understand-

ing of the nature of the problem as given by the Committee. Their criticisms of the effort that seems to be made in Government offices to provide against every contingency, no matter how remote, are certainly unjust.

These criticisms are based on a comparison made between the systems in practice in business concerns as against those adopted for Government purposes. This is the part of the subject on which the members of the Committee have evidently omitted to observe the many points of difference existing between the nature of the purpose in view in each particular field.

If an adequate view of every little action be taken into consideration, the problem will present itself in a different light according to the requirements of any particular administration.

First of all, why a filing system at all?

The action of to-day will become the history of to-morrow, which will itself become the basis of experience and therefore a guide for future action.

Some little tradesmen acquire experience through memory only, thinking it unnecessary to keep track of any little bit of paper, except receipts, or even to use the rudiments of bookkeeping. This may do in a business of very small proportions, but, in those larger enterprises of to-day, where the administration must be carried on by different chiefs, this way is impossible, and each action, either in the form of an entry or of a document of whatever nature, must be recorded and be easy of access whenever wanted. These actions or facts must afterwards be properly grouped in order to either devise some new rule of conduct or justify those in existence.

Naturally, these materials are being constantly accumulated in the daily administration of any concern, either business or governmental, but the object is exactly the same in each field.

The difference comes, however, when the purpose in connection with which these various groupings are brought up is taken into consideration.

The commercial concerns aim solely at profit. It is not surprising, therefore, that their grouping of materials, however large, is rather simple and does not require a large variety of subjects.

When the problem comes to be dealt with by the Government functionary, it widens considerably. This is due to the larger field which the representatives of the people have to survey. In fact, what is the purpose of the public man in his capacity either of administrator or legislator?

It is to enact wise laws and efficient regulations to properly govern the people, and, in this sense, it means no less than the harmonious development of the moral, intellectual and economic forces of the nation.

The object, then, is entirely different, and, naturally, the means to obtain a full knowledge of the requirements from the point of view above mentioned, are much more complicated than in commercial concerns.

In Canada, particularly, where the population inhabiting it is composed of various nationalities and religions, and where the principles for the governing of the country, to aim at giving each race and creed a proportionate share of influence in the government proper, and, as a result, in the public positions, the problem is still more complicated.

There is an army of public functionaries attending to the carrying on of the business of the nation under the guidance of the Administration. But this number, however great, is no doubt not larger than that of the employees of certain vast industrial undertakings in the United States.

The first and main question asked of an employee of a private corporation is that concerning his ability. But, for a public employee, in this country, independently of the ques-



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tion of ability, very often, enquiry will be made respecting his nationality and religion. In the classification of documents pertaining to the staff, for instance, would a system of filing which does not indicate these two features be complete? Assuredly no.

From the purely economic point of view, the groupings necessary to illustrate the various fields of activity of each section of the country must not be omitted. Although they may sometimes be required to serve political purposes, the public servant should not, on account of the view he may take of the ideal that ought to guide the legislator, so arrange his systems as not to be able to comply with the many requests of his employer.

This does not mean, though, that in some Departments of the public service, some methods of recording documents may not be too elaborate, while too loose in some others. It simply shows that some branches of the service are drawn upon for information more frequently than others, and as a result, their employees realizing the deficiencies of their classification, try to devise systems which will meet any contingency, however ungrounded.

These defects could be remedied in a great measure, if not entirely, by giving uniformity, not only from the purely administrative point of view in each Department, but especially from that of Parliament.

This uniformity could, no doubt, be attained through a careful compilation of the various questions asked and requests for production of papers, etc., made by members of Parliament since Confederation, in order to divide them into the different heads under which they have been presented. A proper examination of these questions, with the number of their recurrence, would surely indicate their relative need and importance for the legislator, in order to either criticise or frame laws, or devise standard principles of administration. The more a special grouping is wanted, the more it shows its necessity.

A booklet showing the various groupings wanted by Parliament could be distributed in the various Departments of the service for the help of the employees attending to the recording of correspondence, etc.

The two essential points of any filing system should be constantly kept in view: (1) *certainty* of obtaining *all* the information required; (2) *rapidity* with which this information can be gathered.

Unless the work be unduly multiplied, these various groupings, so diversified in their nature, can be attained only through a proper method of indexing. The self-indexing process may be practicable in commercial concerns, but it is hardly so in Government offices.

There is certainly a need for uniformity in this respect which would be highly beneficial to both the public employee and his employer, the Government and Parliament.

TORONTO POST OFFICE BOWLING CLUB'S SUCCESS.

This season the Toronto Post Office formed a bowling club and entered a five man team in the Public Utility League. This league was composed of twelve teams, and after an uphill fight the Post Office trundlers were tied with the Grand Trunk team for second place in the first schedule. They were subsequently beaten in the roll-off and finished third. In the second schedule they finished tied with the City Engineers for second place and won the deciding game in the roll-off by sixteen pins, and finished second. They thus obtained three points and finished second in the league. They also have the distinction of being the only team to defeat the Hydro Electric No. 2 team (the league winners) the majority of games rolled. The Post Office boys won four of the six games rolled against the "Bright Lights," who are a class 'A' team and can roll 2,600 every start.

The Post Office team came through the season with only seven rolling members: Messrs. W. G. Milligan, B. A., J. H. Landerkin, Thos. Vance, W. G. Graham, T. J. Shea, L. Lyons, with Arthur H. B. Potts as captain and manager. At a banquet held at the St. Charles on the 9th of April the Post Office boys were each presented with an engraved gold medal emblematic of second place in the league. In addition to these gold medals three of the Post Office men were among the ten high average bowlers in the league: Messrs. Landerkin, Vance and Graham, and they, together with Mr. W. G. Milligan, who was high average man on the Post Office team, were presented with magnificent cut glass services. The Post Office club also has a five pin team, "The Flying Posts," in the Toronto Bowling Club Five Pine League, and while "The Flying Posts" are not figuring as winners they are making it hot for the leaders.

Recently the Post Office Bowling Club held the largest five pin handicap yet run in Toronto. Among the competitors were Mr. W. B. Rogers, Postmaster, Mr. W. E. Lemon, Assistant Postmaster, Mr. R. Durston, Supt. of Letter Carriers, and Messrs. W. G. Milligan and W. R. Ecclestone, Assistant Post Office Inspectors. Eight valuable prizes were distributed. The Brio, a twelve piece orchestra, supplied music during the evening. A ten pin handicap was also held earlier in the season.

In inter-city ten pin matches rolled against the Hamilton Post Office team the Toronto boys won three and lost three games. The team rolls all of its home matches on the alleys of the Toronto Bowling Club.

OTTAWA ASSOCIATION NOTES.

There was a good attendance of representatives at the regular monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Association on the 29th ult., and several matters of interest were considered.

In response to the request of the Committee that any branch or individual in the service who desired to approach the Public Service Commission should avail themselves of the services of the Executive, the Patent Examiners of the Dept. of Agriculture sent in a memorial dealing with the organization of that branch. The memorial was referred to a special committee who will invite representatives of the memorialists to confer with them, and complete arrangements for waiting on the Commission.

Some discussion took place upon a number of recent decisions of the Civil Service Commission, and the standing committee on Salaries and Promotions will prepare a report for the consideration of the Executive. A notice of motion dealing with the increased cost of living and the position of the salaried civil servant in relation thereto was filed, and will be discussed at the next meeting.

Upon the motion of representatives from the Post Office Department the Committee on Representation was instructed to prepare a circular note addressed to the members who have failed to place themselves in good standing this year.

The Post Office representatives also submitted a memorial from a number of clerks of that department dealing with a phase of the salary question which will be reported on by the pro-

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per standing committee at the next meeting.

The following resolution, which is self-explanatory, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Executive of the Civil Service Association desires in its own behalf and in the name of the entire membership, to place on record its sense of the loss the service and country are sustaining in the retirement of our past president, Dr. J. G. Rutherford, C.M.G., from the office of Veterinary Director-General and Live Stock Commissioner. The loss to the country has been eloquently referred to by numerous organisations which have benefited by the expert knowledge and matured judgment which Dr. Rutherford has displayed in his official capacity, but the loss to the service is no less real or far-reaching. During the two years of his presidency, Dr. Rutherford spared neither time nor energy in forwarding the best interests of his fellow employees, and only those perhaps who were privileged to work with him on the Executive will be able to appreciate the substantial and very definite work which he accomplished. Many of the recent reforms secured were materially advanced by his good judgment and tactful advice, and the benefit therefrom will long remain.

To Dr. Rutherford and his family the Executive desires to extend the most cordial good-wishes with an expression of the fervent hope that he may be spared for many years of health, happiness and prosperity, and that whether near or far removed he may retain as pleasant memories of his association with the members of the service as they hold of him.

That this resolution be inscribed on the minutes and a copy forwarded to Dr. Rutherford.

COST OF LIVING.

Some Facts Culled from Labour Department Special Report.

In the last issue of *The Civilian* a diagram was given illustrating the course of wholesale prices during the year 1911. Such a diagram is made possible by the fact that Canada now has an "index number." A great many people, and even nations, have lived and died without knowing that there was such a thing as an index number, and Canada grubbed along without one for a good many years. It will be inferred, therefore, that an index number is not an indispensable article of furniture in national house-keeping. But, while not necessary, it is extremely handy. It is like a zero water-line or a bench-mark for a district. It affords a means of judging in scientific fashion whether prices on the whole are going up or going down. The Department of Labour found this index number by making an average of wholesale prices for the decade 1890-1899, and now this average is used as a line to judge of the movements of the past or the present. Instead of being called "zero," this average is called "100," and prices for any given date or period are shown in comparison with this line. The "100" line is calculated not only for the whole range of goods commonly used, but also for each of a number of groups of goods, as, for instance, "grains and fodder," "animals and meats," "dairy products," and others.

The report for 1911 does not bring much comfort to the salaried man. It breaks the news to him gently by opening with these words: "Wholesale prices in Canada reached during 1911 a general level higher probably than in any previous year within the present generation." The statisticians find that they have to go back to 1882-4 or possibly to 1892-3 to find a condition similar to that now prevailing.

And the later returns to the Department, instead of affording any consolation, show that the advance was maintained during January and February of the present year, and that March shaded off only a trifle. The prices according to these recent reports are 34 per cent. higher than the index number. Every group of articles but two showed an increase for the year over the index number; the two exceptions being silks (14 per cent.) and fuel and lighting (0.6 per cent.). The highest increase was furs (204 per cent.). Other great increases were lumber (65 per cent.), liquors and tobacco (51.2 per cent.), and hides and tallow (58.4 per cent.). As compared with 1910, there were 9 decreases of groups and sub-groups, and 16 increases. On the whole the increase for 1911 over 1910 represents an increase of 2.7 per cent.

It is to be supposed that the retail prices which the ordinary consumer has to pay have followed the line of the wholesale prices. That this is not always true, however, is indicated by the chart showing the movements in hides, leathers and boots and shoes. Hides went up almost steadily from the beginning of the year to the end, gaining in that time twenty points and reaching to 63 per cent. higher than the index number. Yet leathers varied only three points, while the three classes of boots and shoes quoted by the Department remained at one line—36 per cent. above the index number. Thus the increase in hides was not passed on to consumers at once. It may be that this will come later. On the other hand, it may be that the wholesale prices are not reflected in the prices paid by the consumer, but that the "shock" is absorbed by the market before the actual consumer is reached.

Correspondence.

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

A l'Editeur du *Civilian*, Ottawa :

Je vous inclus, par bon postal, la somme de \$1.00 pour votre gentil journal. Cette somme sera une partie de la somme due au 12 juin prochain, c'est-à-dire \$3.00. Par conséquent, je ne vous devrai que \$2.00 au 12 juin 1912.

Continuez les bons combats. Les employés du Service Civil seront avec vous dans vos réclamations justes et légitimes.

Je vous félicite des articles publiés dans l'intérêt des commis de malle du Canada.

Avec mes souhaits de succès,

Je me soustris,

ARTHUR DELISLE,

Commis de malle Victoriaville.

District de Québec.

Civil Service Model Suburb.

To the Editors of *The Civilian* :

My first communication on this subject was written with the feeling that possibly the idea was so utopian that nobody would consider it seriously, or of so little practical value that nobody would consider it at all. But when a man of Mr. McNeil's position in the world of practical affairs backs me up, and another of your readers takes the trouble to write about the matter and also commends the general plan, I feel encouraged to ask for further space in which to discuss the subject more fully.

In the hope of interesting more of your readers, let me state again, in a general way, what my scheme is.

I propose to find a place within easy reach of Ottawa where those civil servants who desire to band themselves together for the purpose can make a suburban village. The housing question is much under discussion just now, and this making of "garden

suburbs," as they are sometimes called, is one of the ways proposed for solving the problem.

The arguments in favour of such a plan will at once suggest themselves to anybody who is interested. Land in Ottawa has become so valuable that it is no longer possible for the average civil servant to provide a comfortable home within walking distance of his office, and, on the other hand, the street car radius in any direction has its own special disadvantages. To go outside the city altogether would mean at least plenty of room, and, with the improvements that modern engineering has introduced, it might be made to mean all the conveniences of the city as well. Nearly all civil servants have the same hours of work, and so the problem of transportation to the office and back would present itself in its simplest form. And if there were enough business to be done, certainly some transportation concern would find it worth while to supply our wants. With the transportation question settled, everything else would be in shape to be discussed. And one can see that, beginning anew and taking advantage of all that is now known of sanitation, water supply, roads, schools, play-grounds, and other municipal needs, far better could be provided at less cost than can be hoped for in a place like Ottawa in which interest has to be paid upon past mistakes. It is easy to imagine—and you must have your castle in the air before you can put stone and brick around it and anchor it to the ground,—it is easy to imagine a suburb of Ottawa in which there would be room to live and means to live,—a wholesome, beautiful place where the children would have far better chances for the happiness that ought to be theirs than they can possibly have within the narrowing limits of Ottawa.

When we come to the consideration of ways and means, the letters of the two correspondents already referred to are the first things to be discussed.

Mr. McNeil gives practical assistance of the highest value, not only by his encouraging words, but also by showing, as he does, that the idea here proposed has been worked out in Great Britain and by giving the names of those from whom advice and direction can be had. It must be that practically every problem which the civil service suburb would have to meet has been met and solved by one or more of the places he mentions. And, with so large a movement, there must be literature the study of which would enable those who took up this project to anticipate every want likely to arise and provide the means of meeting it. With his knowledge of these matters, Mr. McNeil will be an invaluable helper should the attempt be made to translate this dream of a garden suburb into reality.

Your correspondent, A.B.C., while having clearly in mind the housing difficulty, seems to have in mind also a rather different way of settling it from that which I have proposed. Instead of settling a number of civil servants in one place and forming a suburb, he would provide means by which each civil servant can build a good house in a location chosen by himself. I am far from saying that that is not a good thing to do. I am not authorized to speak for anybody else, but I believe that if A.B.C. will get behind the Civil Service Loan and Savings Association of Ottawa and will push that concern as it ought to be pushed among members of the civil service, he will find it the best means for the realization of his wishes. As I understand it, the Savings and Loan Association is ready to take up this work as soon as it can get the money, and if those in the service who are saving money would deposit even a small portion of their savings in this association, houses could be provided for a great many, greatly to the profit and advantage of all concerned. But the plan I have in mind means the settlement of a number in the same place. My plan

may meet the wishes only of a minority, but, if the minority is large enough to make the new suburb self-supporting, the work will be well worth doing.

A good many of these garden suburbs, especially in Great Britain, owe their inception and much of their success to the efforts of philanthropists who see in these settlements a means of improving social conditions. But there is neither need nor room for philanthropy in the scheme I propose. On the other hand, there will be a good fund of increased land value which, divided among those concerned, would make membership in the new concern a very good business proposition.

I hope that other members of the civil service will take an interest in this project. With united effort it can be made a success.

A. C. CAMPBELL ("X.Y.Z.")

Ottawa, April 15th.

Regarding Recent Appointments to the Hansard Reporting Staff.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

I was rather surprised and somewhat concerned, upon reading your introductory to the publication of the examination papers in this case in your last issue, to find that you eulogized the method employed in filling the vacancies on that staff, that is by open competitive examination. Had there been no competent men in the lower grade—the Hansard reporters are all graded in Sub-Div. B of the First Div.—eligible for promotion under the C. S. A. Act, your remarks would have been quite appropriate and to the point, but as there are competent men in the Second Division doing work of a similar character — reporting for the Committees of the House — why should they, in view of section 25 of the Act which requires that "vacancies in the First Division shall be filled by promotion from the Second Division," be passed over in favour of candidates from

outside the service who have had no experience whatever in parliamentary reporting; the only reason which could properly be assigned would be that of incompetency, or at least a reasonable doubt as to their competency to discharge the duties of the office to be filled. In regard to that point there does not seem to be any room for doubt, inasmuch as they have already on various occasions been employed in Hansard reporting with entire satisfaction for periods ranging from one to three months at a time; and if any doubt still lingered, their competency could have been further tested by a promotion examination under C. S. Regulation No. 18. Surely the proper procedure under the Act would have been to have promoted the Committee Reporters (upon obtaining a certificate of qualification) to the vacancies on the Hansard staff, and then to have held an open competitive examination to fill the vacancies caused by their promotion.

Bonds & Investments

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There seems to be a great divergence of opinion in the service as to the meaning of many of the provisions of the C. S. A. Act, and it is possible that the action taken in this case was the result of misunderstanding or misinterpreting the provisions of the Act, but under the circumstances above stated I cannot find myself able to agree with you that it is a matter of congratulation to the service that these vacancies on the Hansard staff were thrown open to competition, at least without first giving those in the lower grade an opportunity of showing that they were qualified for promotion. If this case is to be taken as a precedent, and vacancies in the First Division are hereafter to be filled in a similar manner, I fear that there is rather a blue outlook for the Second Division-men, as far as promotion is concerned.

Yours,

"PROMOTION."

Ottawa, April 17th, 1912.

THE FORTNIGHT IN SPORT.

Now that the spring is on us, the various aquatic organizations are getting ready for the season's operations. All of the clubs in the Ottawa district have elected their directorates. Not the least among them is the Britannia Boat Club, which has recently selected as its President Mr. J. Saxon Fraser, whose photo appears herewith.

Mr. Fraser is a popular member of the civil service, being an official of the Immigration Branch, Department of Interior. He has been an indefatigable worker for the Britannia Club for the past seven years. As a tribute to his sound judgment, he has been selected as one of the judges at nearly all the aquatic meets held in the vicinity of the Capital in recent years. He is also secretary of the Canadian Canoe Association.

The Britannia Boat Club has over 500 members in good standing, and is the second largest club of its kind in

Canada, being surpassed in membership by the Toronto Canoe Club only. This year the Club is to be incorporated. It will also engage a coach. The Club members compete in row-



J. SAXON FRASER
Pres. Britannia Boat Club.

ing, paddling, swimming, sailing and motor boating. Under Mr. Fraser's energetic supervision *The Civilian* looks forward to the most successful season in its history.

The Civil Service Hockey League.

Although somewhat late in the day we publish with great pleasure a resumé of the above league's work.

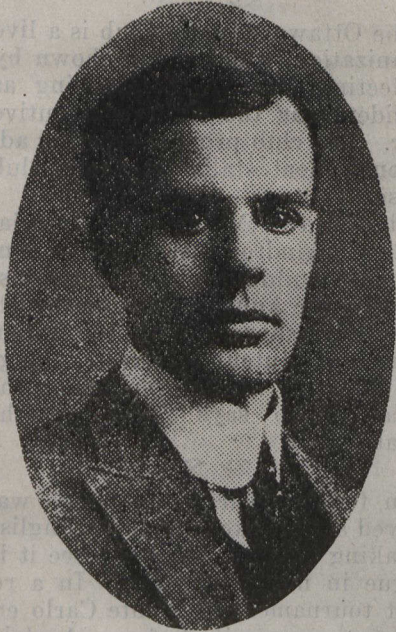
After a lapse of some years, civil service hockey was revived this winter and a splendid season resulted. Six teams were entered, the League being divided into two sections, East Block, Printing Bureau and Customs comprising Section A, while Census, Geological Survey and the Mines Branch made up B. Section.

Both sections put up fine hockey, East Block finally carrying off the honours in "A," while Census won out in their section. All the teams, however, did well and in "A" Print-

ing Bureau fought hard with East Block for leadership. In H. Lambe they had one of the best goal-keepers in the city, while W. Kane played a good game all season. Customs, Geological and Mines showed some good form, and although they did not succeed in running the winners of their respective sections very closely they had fair material, lack of condition and experience counting against them.

Slade also doing splendid work on several occasions at point. H. Fraser and C. O'Connor were ideal centre men, being very fast and good scorers, and they were unselfishly fed by Brankin and Pereira from their wings.

The Census as runners up for the championship had a fast young team, and their Captain Kyte played a good game. Lack of experience and poor



F. L. C. PEREIRA
President C.S.H.A.



JACK BRADLEY
Manager C.S.H.A.

The final game between East Block and Census was looked forward to with a good deal of interest, and a big crowd turned out to cheer on their favourites. From the start, however, the East Blockers completely outclassed their opponents, the final score reading 10 to 2. Although the champions could not boast of any stars, they were fortunate to have a team that worked together like clockwork under the very able captaincy of Jack Bradley and the coaching of Fred Monroe. In O'Connor, Coffin, Hazlett and the captain they had a strong heavy defence with speed enough to help out the forwards at all times, W.

shooting was the cause of their not making a better showing in the final.

The Executive were very much pleased with the success of the new League and are looking forward to a larger entry list for 1913. It is hoped that arrangements may be made next season for the playing of all games on a closed rink, which will no doubt tend to very materially increase the attendance of civil servants at the contests.

The officers for the year were:

President—F. L. C. Pereira, East Block.

Vice-President—W. Bradley, Customs Department.

Secretary-Treasurer — G. Simpson, Mines Branch.

The results in the two sections were as follows:—

SECTION A.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
East Block	4	3	0	1
Printing Bureau	4	2	1	1
Customs	4	0	4	0

SECTION B.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Census	4	4	0	0
Geological	4	2	2	0
Mines	4	0	4	0

CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.

East Block defeated Census by 10 goals to 2.

Civil Service Bowling.

The past winter's season was the most successful on record. Twelve teams took part. The C. S. bowlers beat the best records of the non-service men of Ottawa. The Interior No. 1 team won the championship for the third consecutive year. The team was composed of Messrs. Hutton, Shore, Edwards and Turcotte. Their record was 53 wins and 13 defeats; and are thus permanent owners of the P. D. Ross Cup. They also hold the Bilsky Cup, for a year at least.

The team from the Royal Mint was second, with 48 wins and 18 losses. Customs followed, with 45 wins and 21 losses. The Mint team won the Cup presented by that prince of all round sportsmen, Mr. Louis Rubenstein of Montreal.

In the individual honours, Mr. E. R. Douglas, of the Customs Department, captured the Grand Aggregate, while Mr. J. Reardon of the Printing Bureau got the highest cross alley score.

The officers for 1912 were as follows: President, J. M. Roberts; secretary, G. J. Artz; executive committee, Messrs. W. Hull, A. J. Baker, C.

M. Goddard, R. S. Raby and E. R. Douglas. To the above officers, who have held numerous meetings this season and have worked hard for the welfare of the league, a great deal of the credit for the successful year must be given.

It is interesting to note that the O. A.A.C. team, champions of the Ottawa League, is composed entirely of civil servants.

The Ottawa Aquatic Club is a live organization, which it has shown by re-electing Mr. W. E. Gowling as president for the sixth consecutive year. The club propose erecting additional boat stalls at their club house.

The Ottawa Motor Boat Association — a kindred institution — contemplate building a club house just opposite the Aquatic Club, on the Ottawa East shore. With the extension of Bank and Mutchmor streets, things will be lively in the evenings on the canal. Who says 'close up the canal'?

In former years lawn tennis was played almost exclusively by English speaking persons. Now we see it in vogue in many countries. In a recent tournament at Monte Carlo entries were received from Austria, Russia and the Argentine Republic. It is a splendid game no matter where it is played, as ex-President Roosevelt found, and he did not take it up until after he was fifty.

It is possible that "war" in lacrosse circles will—as George Kennedy of the Canadian Athletic Club says—do good. He adds that this is the history of nations and will be of the national game.

It appears to *The Civilian* that there is a measure of truth in what was said recently by one of the lacrosse leaders, viz., that the game might be changed with advantage, i.e., the field made smaller and the spectators brought closer to the field, and per-

Nowadays, the crowd want "quick haps the number of players reduced. action" and a continuous performance. The long throws and constant waits in lacrosse tend to lessen the interest of the onlooker. If Dr. Beers, of Montreal,—the founder of the game as it is now played,—were alive no doubt he would favour amendments looking to the above ends, for he was above all things a "progressive."

* * *

Down in Pinehurst, North Carolina, our own lady golf champion, Miss Dorothy Campbell, is holding her own with the best of them.

After winning the English, American and Canadian championships, the little lady experienced an off year last season and lost the United States title—let us hope only temporarily. Judging by her present form, there seems good reason to hope that Miss Campbell will come into her own again.

* * *

One of the most energetic aquatic organizations in the vicinity of the Capital is the Britannia Boat Club. At their annual meeting recently a popular member of the Civil Service was elected President for the ensuing year, in the person of Mr. J. Saxon Fraser, of the Immigration Branch, Department of Interior. Mr. Fraser has long been one of the most energetic spirits in the club, and the coming season will, *The Civilian* has no doubt, be the most successful in its history.

* * *

The world's record for the running high jump of 6 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. has stood for nearly 17 years. It was made in New York by the great Irish athlete, M. F. Sweeney, in 1895. Last week it was surpassed at Stanford University, California, by a student, George Horin, who jumped the great height of 6 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ in. It is very doubtful whether this will be beaten for many years. At many athletic meets a competitor would stand a good chance of winning whose performance was a foot lower than the above record.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

From an article in a recent issue of *Queen's Quarterly* we cull the following succinct account of the Indian civil service. The article is entitled "British Experience in Tropical Colonization," and is by Professor W. L. Grant:

Thus to control the selfishness which would exploit the natives, a strong civil service is necessary, and to attain this Great Britain has spared no pains.

India, with its millions of inhabitants, is so much the most important British possession that it is under the control of one of the chief ministers in the British Cabinet, the Secretary of State for India. His powers, however, are limited by a well-paid special body, the India Council, composed of experts, the majority of whom must have passed a number of years in India. The functions of this Council are mainly advisory, but in questions of revenue, though it cannot originate, it can impose a veto on the Secretary of State, which can be overridden only by Parliament. Under the Secretary of State is the India Office, in London. For India itself a neelaborate civil service has been organized, to whose opinion great respect is paid. The method on which these two Indian services, at home and in India, have been organised, has been described by an eminent American scholar, Mr. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, who gives to it the highest praise. I can at most point out one or two of its chief features.

(1) The British Government has realized that to get good men it is necessary to pay them well. The chief permanent official at the India Office in London receives £2,500 per annum. Beneath him are six secretaries, each with £1,200. Then come six assistants, who begin with £800, and rise to £1,000; then eight senior clerks, who begin at £600, and rise to £800. Some of these also earn extra allowances; thus if one of them becomes private secretary to the Min-

ister, he receives an extra allowance. On retiring, each of them receives a pension. The higher ranks of those sent to India are even better paid. The young Englishman sent out to India at the age of 23 begins with a salary of £400 per year, and can rise to the position of governor of a great province, with 40,000,000 people under his sway, and with a salary of 100,000 rupees a year. At the end of twenty years, still in the prime of life, he can retire with a pension of £1,000 a year. Certain periods of leave are also granted him during his service, so that every five years or so he may hope to return for some months to England. Of these highly paid positions about 65 are filled yearly, the salaries being paid by the Indian government. They are nominally open to natives of India as well as to Englishmen, but as the examination is held in London, few come forward. This is considered to be a grievance by the educated natives of India and by their sympathizers in England, and for some years attempts have been made to have the examination conducted simultaneously at London and at one of the great Indian towns, but so far without success.

Promotion is practically always made from the ranks of the service itself; a young Englishman, installed in office at Whitehall, or in India, knows that if he does his duty he is sure of steady promotion, and that there is no fear of political, social, or royal influence putting in a new and untried man over his head. Offering these inducements, the British government has been able to place in the India Office, and to send to India, the pick of the English Universities, sons of the *haute bourgeoisie*, and of the professional classes. For both the India Office, and for the service in India, the young men, between the ages of 22 and 24, are chosen after the same examination as is set for the highest functionaries in the English civil service, an examination so severe that nearly all the candidates are graduates with honours of Oxford or

of Cambridge, or of one of the other English, Scotch or Irish Universities. Further, most of those from Oxford or Cambridge, and practically all from the other Universities, put themselves before the examination for a period of from three months to a year under the care of a special "crammer" and work under his directions. Even so, the number of those who fail is not inconsiderable. In writing on this examination a wide margin of choice subjects is given to the candidates, but all the subjects are general, such as Mathematics, Classics, or English Literature, the object being to secure a man with a broad basis of knowledge, and trained in methods of study and application. This examination passed, the clerk who has won a position in the India Office enters at once upon his duties; if, however, he is to be sent to India, he must spend another year at a British University, where he devotes himself to the study of Indian law and history and to the language of the district in which he is to be placed. At the end of the year he must show proficiency in these studies, or be rejected. At the commencement of his final year of study he is compelled to pass a very strict medical examination into his physical fitness and health, and at the end to his other examinations is added one of some severity in the art of riding, an accomplishment of absolute necessity in India. This examination in riding has more than once proved a stumbling block to the intellectually astute but physically timid natives of Bengal. One of the chief agitators against the British rule in India today passed among the first ten into the ranks of the Indian civil service, but failed to qualify in his riding test. Owing to the good class of man brought forward by these advantages, there is in the Indian civil service a very high level of *esprit de corps*. It contains, and has contained, very few failures, very few who do not give their best efforts to understanding and to solving the difficult problems presented to them.