

# THE CIVILIAN

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## THE CIVIL SERVANT.

*“Everyman,” a publication of the United Kingdom, printed in its issue of Sept. 5th a prize essay on “The Civil Servant,” which is reproduced in part herewith:—*

“Such a steady young fellow! He is going in for the Civil Service.”

Everyone knows the air of finality with which the maiden aunt, of legend and of life, sums up everything and everybody that come within her line of observation. In a word or a phrase she crystallises character, capability, and destiny; and the queer part of it is that her summing up, having regard to the limitations of language, is often admirably apt.

For generations maiden aunts have dubbed Civil Servants and would-be Civil Servants “steady,” and for generations obedient nephews have lived up to the designation. No other word epitomises so neatly the capabilities and limitations of the Government clerk; no other word praises him so cautiously or damns him so gently.

A single word may appear, at first sight, a trifle inadequate to sum up a vast body of individuals; and to venture on a survey of the characteristics of an imaginary “average” Civil Servant might seem to be about as profitable as to attempt to describe the size and weight of an “average” piece of coal. The frock-coated secretary, the tweed-clad junior, and the uniformed messenger are such essentially different types, drawn from points on the social scale so diverse, that generalisation cries its own warning. Each class and each grade, one would imagine, must be examined apart and judged on its own merits. The chiefs must be described as discreet, gentlemanly, and cautious; the juniors as methodical, courteous, and

careful; the messengers as obedient, respectful, and attentive; and so on. But, no matter how minutely the analysis is conducted, the net result tends to show that, whether there be an “average” Civil Servant or not, the traits of all Civil Servants are remarkably constant. To be discreet, methodical, or obedient is to be but one thing, called by a different name according to one’s place in society; to be gentlemanly is to be courteous, and to be courteous is no more than to be respectful; and one may not be cautious except by being careful and attentive. There is not one of the nine adjectives that is not included in the word “steady,” and there is no class of Civil Servant that escapes that word’s praise and condemnation.

Aspersions on the ability of the Civil Servant, his acumen and his energy, have been part of the stock-in-trade of the humorous journals ever since there have been humorous journals. They are not intended maliciously. Their authors realise, perhaps, how impossible it is to judge of the industry of the units in a Department from their output in Bluebooks and statistics.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted by those “in the know” that there is a basis for this humour. It is sad to relate, but it is true, that there are many Civil Servants who could use much more ink than they draw in official rations, and much more brain. But it is infinitely more sad (and no less true) that there are many who would be glad to do so. It is not

necessary to try to apportion the blame in order to observe that in the Civil Service there is less incentive to exercise ability, and more temptation to "slack" through sheer boredom, than in any other profession.

But what a man does in particular circumstances is no criterion of what he can do. There have been, and there are, Departments where an official seven-hours' day is a thing to dream of and to smile at; where weeks are made to hold seven days, each of many hours' solid industry, and where the staff might be held up as an example by the most tyrannous of commercial slave-drivers. Yet there is no grumbling; chiefs and juniors bend their backs with a will. And not infrequently in such Departments men are heard to mutter, sotto voce, that "this is a jolly sight better than the old — Branch, where we had nothing to do but laze."

By other means, too, the Civil Servant vindicates his character as a worker. In the world of Literature he holds a place of which he may rightly be proud. There are many names entitled to respect that, once appearing daily in the official attendance book, now adorn the pages of publishers' catalogues. There are dramatic critics who still spend the hours of daylight at their desks in Whitehall (and King Edward VII.-street). There are hosts of minor lights living a double life: John Smith from ten to five; Algernon Snooks in the monthly magazines. It is confidentially asserted that a certain London Review (the boldness of whose opinions entitles it, perhaps, to a wider circulation than it has yet attained) perseveres in its existence only by reason of the gratuitous contributions of gentlemen who live on salaries provided in the Parliamentary Estimates.

In many lesser ways, also, the Civil Servant often finds an outlet for energies that are imperfectly exhausted in his official capacity. He is an office-holder in the Church or the Fab-

ian Society; he spends his annual leave on Salisbury Plain with the dignity of a stripe or two on a khaki tunic, and talks to rookies in words he wouldn't for the life of him use before his staff-officer at any other time; he is secretary of a tennis club, wins medals when he swims, or has a taste for boxing; he may point a bit, or sing a bit, or have something to do with Toynbee Hall; or he may merely have a passion for rose-culture. But he is a glaring exception who has not some occupation outside his ordinary duties—some nice, interesting, steady occupation.

As far as the purely personal virtues are concerned, the Civil Servant is, on the whole, very much the same as the rest of humanity. In one or two ways his environment affects him favourably, but not to any extraordinary extent. As a cog in an enormous, slow-moving machine, his life runs smoothly, and that cannot fail to have a soothing effect on his temper. He is far removed from the hurry and rush and petty bickering of commercial life; his salary is assured, and it is not essential that each shilling he can call his own should have been culled from the pocket of someone else by his own fingers. If he is of a frugal mind, he can frequently live within his income; his official worries stay inside when he closes the office door behind him in the evening; his colleagues are, as a rule, men with tastes similar to his own, and any annoyances that come his way are trivial. Granted that he is married (and that is no wild assumption), there is no serious hindrance to the cultivation of a mild and genial disposition and the acquisition of a pleasing degree of obesity.

It is a frequent cry that the chiefs delight to adopt an attitude of snobishness toward their official inferiors. There is an element of truth in the allegation, but the vice is not so prevalent as the outcry it evokes. Some ultra-sensitive junior observes that his chief, engaged in conversation

with a friend, fails to return his salute or neglects to bid him (and some twenty-nine others) good-morning as he passes them in a corridor. "Snob!" is the comment; and the twenty-nine, confident that if he is not a snob he ought to be, echo the libel. Sometimes it is true; even the best universities occasionally turn out men who cannot get over their amazing superiority to the rest of mankind. But all the snobbishness in the Civil Service is but a drop in the ocean of general good-fellowship.

A few years ago the peace of mind of the Civil Servant was seriously threatened; the introduction into official life of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts was undoubtedly a revolution. But he has survived it. The ladies have not interfered with the even tenor of his way. They keep to themselves (perhaps one should say "are kept") and leave him to himself.

The Civil Servant is a steady young fellow when he starts, and, as a rule, he does not run off the tracks to any serious extent right up to pension age. He might dress better, and he might work harder on occasions—notably in August. He has ability, and he is even capable of "push." But he is quite a good sort as he is.

### Department of the Interior Rifle Association.

There was no shoot held on Saturday, the 18th inst. on account of the rain.

Scores for Saturday, the 25th October:

	500	600	200 Tl.
H. L. Mainguy . . . . .	34	31	32—97
A. Purdy . . . . .	33	33	30—96
J. M. Roberts . . . . .	32	30	34—96
E. Turcotte . . . . .	30	32	31—93
F. B. Inkster . . . . .	28	29	33—90
W. R. Latimer . . . . .	32	25	33—90
A. A. Cohoon . . . . .	30	29	29—88
J. J. Carr . . . . .	30	20	30—80
J. H. Corry . . . . .	28	22	28—78

1st Class spoon won by H. L. Mainguy.

## A State Prisoner.

There is a civil servant at Ottawa who is a member of the Jail and Hospital Committee for the County of Carleton. On a recent occasion this civil servant appeared before the Prime Minister with the following letter of introduction signed by the member for Carleton:—

"Dear Mr. Borden: This letter will introduce Mr. Blank, an energetic member of the Jail and Hospital Committee for the County of Carleton, who wishes to speak to you in behalf of a certain prisoner. I shall be pleased to have you help him in the matter . . ."

The Prime Minister read the letter and inquired:

"Who is the prisoner, Mr. Blank?"

"I am the prisoner," replied the civil servant. "I have been for years in the Third Division and cannot get out."

How should this story end? The Prime Minister should have seized a hammer and struck the shackles from the prisoner's limbs instantaneously. Alas! Alas! There was no hammer handy. The Civil Service Act does not provide even Prime Ministers with all the tools necessary for the attainment of either mercy or justice.

### When Autumn Comes.

When autumn comes with golden gloss  
 I fill my cabin chinks with moss,  
 And give up all my Summer games  
 And fix my harness and my hames.  
 I saw about a mile of wood  
 And on my buggy put the hood—  
 I put some varnish on my frau  
 And store away the rake and plow,  
 And clean my stables and my shed,  
 And take a bath and wash my head.  
 I do these things before the Fall,  
 So when I hear the tempest call,  
 And snow lies 'round about a foot  
 Or two in depth—I simply put  
 A log into the kitchen range  
 And nurse my dog who has the mange  
 I never need, like some folks do,  
 To saw wood till my nose is blue  
 And get my fingers full of frost  
 And wade thru snow, and p'raps get lost.  
 I sit inside and smoke my pipe  
 And wait until the Spring is ripe.  
 My frau gets water from the well  
 And learns from me the way to spell.  
 She scrubs and washes all the pans  
 And shuts off the electric fans,  
 And bakes a pie and pot-pouree,  
 And makes some chicken broth for me.  
 Then I get out a favourite song  
 And sing the blamed thing all day long,  
 And put my feet upon the grate  
 And let my heart and lungs inflate.  
 I pity the poor weary fool  
 Who waits until the weather's cool  
 Before he starts to do his chores  
 Amid the blizzards out of doors.  
 There is no joy in such a life—  
 A man should linger with his wife,  
 When winter roars, and tell some yarns,  
 Whilst she his Sunday stockings darns.  
 I see my neighbor—Hiram Ray—  
 Who owns a farm across the way,  
 A-working when its so darned cold  
 T'would freeze a healthy marigold.  
 I like to see the wise old jay,  
 Who, when the sun shines, makes his hay,  
 And in December by his fire  
 Sits down and plays his golden lyre—  
 And lets his wife sit on his knee,  
 And listen to the melody,  
 Instead of freezing, just because  
 He hasn't done his winter chores.

## "To Low Rate"

*In Genesis we find the ban the Almighty placed on single man. "Not good for man to live alone," by such as "Low Rate" plainly shown. But I may err; perhaps "Low Rate" was not of woman born, worse fate! If mother, sister, he had known like ours, he would not "groan, groan, groan." So I infer his Monkey Mother—he surely could have had no other—just gave him sense enough to "wonder" and not enough to scent a blunder; else he had "Adam" understood, and also "Judas," bad and good, learned how through Woman we are given our only chance to enter Heaven. So, poor "unfettered" man "Low Rate," we sure must leave thee to thy fate. Amid the jungle some fine day, when we in foreign lands may stray, we hope to see thee climbing higher. 'Twill help thee to escape the mire of thine own mind. I tremble though, lest Mistress Monk leave thee below.*

"VENOMOUS WOMAN."

### THE "COST" AND THE "STANDARD."

("Let 'em eat grass."—Foulon.)

Joe found that an Assistant Clerk  
Can hardly live the life of Riot,  
But no one needs a generous diet  
To keep alive the vital spark.

So Joseph getting out of bed  
Solaced with milk his void inside,  
And all that day when Nature cried  
For meat he gave her milk instead.

It would not do. Joe gave it up,  
Feeling he'd been a fool to risk it.  
Disconsolate he gnawed a biscuit  
Reft from the unreluctant pup.

Joe had a manly share of "guts"  
(Excellent Anglo-Saxon word!)  
And though he might be thought absurd  
He swore he'd try a day on nuts.

So Joseph at the office desk,  
When surly seniors turned their backs,  
Produced a fusilade of cracks,  
A mad composer's Humoreske.

It would not do, for Joseph found  
He scarce could stand upon his feet.  
"O Lord," cried Joe, "I must have  
meat!"  
And pawned his watch and wolfed a  
pound.

Then shone his face, then gleamed his eyes,  
Then rose his spirits high and higher,  
Hope burned within him like a fire;  
He felt that he at last was wise.

—T. H. L. in London *Civilian*.

### THE BROWN OLD EARTH.

By G. R.

How, like a tired child outworn with play,  
The brown old earth today  
Lies deep  
In tranquil sleep;  
Yet, in its slumber, seems  
To smile, as if it lived again the prime  
Of its lost summer time;  
Or like Endymion on Latmos' steep,  
To hold in glorious dreams  
A life forever fair, forever young.

And like the dream-born babblings of the  
young,  
The stream, with murmurous tongue,  
Recites  
Its lost delights;  
And thrilling with its theme,  
June's laughing tide, returning, flows once  
more  
Along the lonely shore,  
Whispering its memories of summer  
nights;  
Till from that glorious dream  
It wakes upon the bosom of the sea.

# THE CIVILIAN

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Communications on any subject of interest  
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receive careful consideration.

Ottawa, Oct. 31, 1913

*"The law pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rigidly enforced, to the end that merit and ability should be the standard of appointment and promotion, rather than service rendered to a political party."*

\* \* \*

*"Entrance to the civil service should be at the bottom, and the custom of securing men from outside the ranks and placing them ahead of old employees should be discouraged, and only resorted to when public interest demands. Civil service protects employees in their positions, but it holds them there in stagnation unless a method be found to not only secure the time of its employees, but to stimulate and reward their ambition."*

## REARRANGING THE BURDEN.

"The first suggestion which I have to offer," says Sir George Murray in his epoch-making report, "is that many of the powers now vested in the Governor in Council should . . . be transferred to individual ministers." He goes on to suggest also that much of the detail now attended to by ministers might be left to their deputies.

A glance at the report shows that we are trying to run the Canada of to-day on the lines that were laid down before Confederation. All sorts of petty details, even to the acceptance of a tender for the erection of a pump or the appointment of a light-house keeper, must come before the ministers as a body; while all other sorts of details, down even to the ordering of furniture and repairs, must come before the minister.

Is it any wonder that need arises for some better organization of the civil service? How can ministers, whose time and attention, when at their desks or in council, must be given to the consideration of a thousand and one technicalities and formalities, find time to organize their staffs on the best lines, to discern and reward merit and to check ambition which has not deeds to show?

It may be said that, in spite of all difficulty, marked ability and conspicuous merit are sure of their reward. But so in a crowd, every man who is markedly taller than his fellows is easily seen. Every man cannot be taller than his neighbors, however, nor can every man show greater ability than those with whom he is associated in his daily work. If the organization of the civil service were merely the management of a number of people, all prodigies of merit, there would be no need of a civil service law. But the bulk of the civil service are just common folks, like other folks. They have about so much ability and perhaps not quite so much devotion to the performance of tasks

that are often monotonous and irksome beyond any conception of those who have never spent years at a desk.

To follow the doings of a staff of average workers, to know how the best work is to be got out of them in the long run of a lifetime spent in the service, this is the proper business of a minister. Practically without exception every man who has ever assumed ministerial responsibilities in Canada has been ambitious to leave behind him a good record as an administrator. But when to all his other necessary duties are added a mass of detail which represents nothing except the clatter of an administrative machine set up years ago and now utterly out of date and useless, it is not to be wondered at if cases multiply of civil servants who feel that their work is not appreciated and their just claims receive but scant attention.

The fault is nobody's, the fault is everybody's. The system is completely wrong and it cannot be altered too soon.

\* \* \*

No point is more clearly made in the report of Sir George Murray than that there is need of some co-ordinating authority to apply to all departments of the public service those principles that it is deemed desirable to maintain. And, of course, the very appointment of an expert like Sir George Murray to investigate and report upon the whole situation is, of itself, proof that the powers that be are desirous of working out some such plan of co-ordination.

The departments and branches are many, but the Dominion Government is one. To let each department run on its own lines may be very handy for the departments, but it is sure to raise difficulties for the public service as a whole.

Need is constantly felt of some means by which the results of the work of one department may be made

available for the use of all. Sir George Murray suggests at least two things in this line. The first is that the Commission of Conservation should be made a small working body with power to map out work in relation to waterways and other natural resources, thus preventing duplication by several departments that may desire to cover the same ground; and the other is that there should be some uniform plan of accounts for all departments. In other similar respects the lack of co-ordination is felt. For instance, very recently a commission was appointed by Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce to work out some uniform plan of statistical reporting for the departments. And *Civilian* readers will remember the essay of Mr. Bowman, winner of the prize offered by Mr. Charles Magrath, ex-M.P., setting forth a plan for linking up and standardizing the engineering work under the government.

From the point of view of the civil service, there is great need of some understandable system of classification and promotion. As it stands today, there are some branches of the service which are recognized as most desirable places of appointment while others are shunned by those in a position to choose. In fact there are branches in the same department which differ so greatly in their attractions that men employed in one are constantly planning to be transferred to the other, while chiefs of divisions are heard to declare that their work is made difficult by their men being "stolen" by chiefs of other divisions.

A civil servant should be able to feel that he is working for the Dominion of Canada, and that so long as he does his work as well as he can, his employee will advance him as he earns advancement. His success should not be made to depend upon mere luck in being appointed to a place in a "good" department.

## “Low Rate” and His Critics.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

The comments drawn from a number of writers in *The Civilian* of Oct. 17th in criticism of your poet “Low Rate” cannot be allowed to pass unheeded. The publication of “Venomous Woman” has certainly drawn forth a shower of adverse criticism and the editors will do well not to repeat the experiment of speaking out its mind quite so lustily in its poetic department. This is a conservative age and anything out of the ordinary rut brings tears to the eyes,—especially if the eyes belong to your Simon-Pure-officially-innoculated civil servant. Is there nothing to be said on behalf of the much abused “Low Rate,” apostle of the “open mind”?

I understand there were some few honest souls so over wrought on reading “Venomous Woman” that they considered the application to be to women in general, to all women, which is absurd, as Euclid would say. The poet should have provided against a mis-understanding of this kind. Perhaps he assumed too much in according to all the readers of *The Civilian* a capability to a broad interpretation of his “low” art.

Well then, it being granted that all women are not venomous, may I ask if there are not *some* who are? If this be so, is there any reason why all such should not be roundly cursed? There are precedents for good, round vindictive cursing in classical literature, sacred and profane.

In the 27th chapter of Deuteronomy will be found abusive epithet, yea cursing, meted out to certain unfit, unworthy folk:—

“Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbour secretly. Cursed be he that removeth his neighbours landmarks.”

In the Commination service, the Anglican Church adopts these curses and winds up with the following:—  
“Cursed are the unmerciful, covetous

persons, slanderers, drunkards and extortioners.”

In the modern classics Kipling has written the Vampire and Shakespeare his Richard III. The language of Queen Margaret and Lady Anne is coarse. The language of “Low Rate” in his *Venomous Woman*, addressed as it is to a hypothetical and immune individual of the female order, is beatitude compared to the incessant cursing of these two women. In the literature of anathema there is, perhaps, nothing more bitterly coarse than their cursing, but they anathematized coarse deeds and a *venomous* man. I have never seen letters in the press after Richard III. has been presented on the stage, protesting against the righteous indignation of these women in damning the venomous haunchback, Richard Duke of Gloucester. If there is no venomous woman in the world, no harm is done. If there are such, should they not be roundly abused.

But “Low Rate” had better take warning. It is not polite to give offence. In an age of coarse deeds of every description, he had much better revert to the platitudes and rhapsodies of the pulpit and the press, and so conform to the *respectable* usages of society.—POLONIUS.

### Bad Manners and Bad Handwriting.

It would probably never occur to you to insult a friend by calling upon him when carelessly or untidily dressed, or by entering his room in muddy boots, or carrying a dripping umbrella, or by displaying bad manners at his table. No! You have probably too much respect for him and incidentally for yourself to display such utter disregard for his feelings. Yet you have no scruples about insulting his intelligence, harming his eyesight, and wasting his time by sending to him a carelessly written communication. Whether the sending of such a communication injures your own self respect we do not know, we hope so.—The Educator.



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HERE will be High-class Entertainment of exceptional variety at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on Wednesday evening, nineteenth November proximo—an event that should be of particular interest to readers of the *Civilian* if not all members of the Service—when **Mr. Gordon Rogers**, of the Department of Agriculture, will give impersonations of Albert Chevalier's world-famous character songs and monologues. **Mr. Rogers** is possibly better known to all readers of the *Civilian* as the author of "*The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew*," the canoeing serial which ran through the *Civilian* last year, and of verse; and also as the artist of a series of *Civilian* cartoons on the 'Cost of Living,' a fourth of which from his pencil appears on the cover of this issue. But his reputation, both at home and abroad, as a character actor and entertainer is certified by the following excerpts:

"Inimitable."—*Utica Globe*.

"A monologue star."—*Toronto Saturday Night*.

"His monologues gems of art."—*Montreal Herald*.

"The equal of Chevalier himself."—*Ottawa Free Press*.

"As an elocutionist notably fine."—*Brantford Expositor*.

"In humor and in pathos equally at home."—*Chatham News*.

"It was my good fortune on a recent Saturday afternoon to be at the Rideau Street Convent where Mr. Gordon Rogers—our own 'G.R.' of the Department of Agriculture—was giving a lecture and entertainment under the auspices of the d'Youville Circle. The subject of both the lecture and the entertainment was 'Albert Chevalier, poet, composer, dramatist, and master of make-up and the dramatic art.'

I don't know whether G.R. is a composer or not (he is in the Public Health Branch, and must know something of decomposition), but the other titles listed above might have been written with fidelity under the name of Rogers on the programme. What pleased me most was his interpretation of 'The Workhouse Man.' Rogers has a wide and well-earned reputation as an interpreter of the humorous and whimsical; but to know his *ability* one should see him in a more serious role. *I would give you this tip. If Gordon Rogers appears in another entertainment of Chevalier impersonations, go and see and hear him. I've seen him as Mr. Dooley and as Harry Lauder, but I think he out-Gordons Rogers as Albert Chevalier. And if he does not have 'The Workhouse Man' on his programme, call for it.*"—SILAS WEGG in the *Civilian*.

Mr. Rogers will be assisted on the Nineteenth November by Talent, Youth and Beauty—an irresistible triumvirate, identified with the best musical circles of the Capital. The programme will be issued with the next number of the *Civilian*; and at the popular price of "One Shilling the Seat," as the price appears on the tickets, now out, Mr. Rogers should have a bumper house on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NINETEENTH NOVEMBER NEXT.



## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### Esprit de Corps.

Pronounced as it is spelled, the phrase which caps this column gives one a suggestion of a funeral procession impatient to attain its goal. Spelled as it is pronounced, the phrase is redolent of convivial associations and hip-hip-hurrah-have-an-other-old-boy.

Looking over the civil service I see two classes grappling with the phrase in all the horrors of monolingualism, one class relying on pronunciation and the other on spelling for the interpretation of our phrase. As for myself, and a few others who go to the back of the dictionary for information, there is granted a golden mean of interpretation, the diagonal of truth which touches but does not embrace the two errors of the monolingual schools.

That is to say, for we must get into our subject some time, there are at least three ways of translating our phrase into actual civil service life. *Esprit de corps* for some is the impulse, or say rather the compulsion, to hang together for some definite purpose. It is the organizing principle of the funeral procession. The poor brother must be buried, and we must put on our top hats and get into cabs and follow him, with what speed is allowed by the rules of decency, to his last home. This instance is typical only, and is introduced merely because some people west of the Ottawa will insist on pronouncing words as they are spelled. They can be sure now what *esprit de corps* means and may grow in charity, as they ponder

the phrase, towards the feeble minded folks who invented it.

Life, say our esteemed expounders of the principles of automatic pronunciation, is filled with disagreeable duties. We must work for a living, save for old age, provide against disease and death, purchase and pay for food and fuel, et cetera, et cetera. Let us then band ourselves together in order that the incidence of the taxation of circumstances may fall on each and all with some measure of equality, if not of equity. It is a dreary business at the best, say they, but let us get about it and be done with it—on a six per cent. basis with a return of contributions in case of death.

Such is the *esprit de corps* of the automatic pronouncers. It has its origin in the recognition of the awful seriousness of existence, and the accent is always on the *corpse*. It realizes the necessity of facing certain unpleasant facts of this existence, and is one of the unpleasant facts itself,—

"For men must work and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep."

If we were to call this phase of activity Self Interest, Incorporated, we might be speaking unjustly. The meanest of us does not join a funeral procession because of some complex calculation of the number of carriages that will follow us to our graves in turn. We sometimes do Duty's work and know it not, as Wordsworth says. But, after all, there is a certain justness in the cor-

poration name we have suggested, and we do violence to more than the rules of pronunciation when we make esprit de corps mean life insurance and funeral benefits and buying cabbages by wholesale to elude the exactions of the middleman.

There are some who have never seen "esprit de corps" in print, and they, living also west of the Ottawa, seize on the idea that the phrase connotes quite other than funeral processions or even five per cent. off for cash.

Esprit de corps is the impulse to slap your fellow worker on the back and whoop-her-up generally. Let us have a banquet, say they. You must get together and be, if not brothers, and help pay one another's debts, at least good fellows and help spend one another's salaries. Our example is, of course, taken from one extreme. The central idea of these ultra-phonetic interpreters of our phrase is that of gush. Esprit de corps signifies falling on your fellow workers' necks and assuring him how much you care for him.

"Well," says one objector, "I suppose there is not much of that thing in the civil service I am sure. Nobody soils my collar with his tears of joy; anyway not if I see him first. We are too English, you know, for that, old top."

Perhaps so. An Englishman's main boast is that he never makes a bally fool of himself. But gush is not dependent on any one form. Apart from embracing in spirit, and in spirits, which Englishmen sometimes do, there are other ways in which one may bubble over with his friends. One may gush in a handshake or a nod. There are people who would never think of touching you save through the finger-tips, who yet make you uncomfortable with the gush of their presence.

And to many, that is all that esprit de corps means, whether for praise or blame. To many others, we found, it means the principle of organized activity towards definite utilitarian

ends. Is there a true esprit de corps, the golden mean between these, the diagonal of truth of which we spoke before, that is possible in civil service life and which is needed also? I believe there is, but how to introduce it into our midst is a problem I am afraid I cannot solve. One or two of the things it will do when it comes I think I can foresee.

It will cast out jealousy for one thing. We are apt to consider jealousy, that is each one is apt to consider his own form of jealousy, as natural resentment of injustice done in the apportionment of work and pay among us. With a perfect organization, which implies an administration faultlessly wise and just, there would be no complaint. So each one of us says. But the faultless administration would not eliminate jealousy. That we know. The ejection of jealousy, envy, or covetousness, call it what we will, can come only through esprit de corps—that is, through ourselves being decent one to another.

The true esprit de corps, when it arrives, will revive a host of civil service activities now sleeping because of weak pronunciation and faulty spelling, but, since I have written about the casting out of the demon of jealousy, I feel that further details of the good work that the new spirit would do is unnecessary. I am convinced, in fact, that with that demon exorcised the millenium would dawn upon us. There is nothing for us to do then but call in the spirit at once, but let us be sure that its orthography is on straight, else it may lose its spell and be pronounced a failure.

### Mr. J. W. BEARDER

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## Co-operative Notes.

### The Co-Operative Army.

The co-operators in the Civil Service are part of a great body. In delivering the inaugural address at the ninth International Co-operative Congress, held at Glasgow in August last, Canada's former Governor General, Earl Grey, who is himself a co-operator, said:

"Today, about six million members are bound together in the societies and unions which form this Alliance, and the countries represented in the Alliance contain about twenty million co-operators all told."

The 600 delegates to this Congress came from Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Holland, Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, the Balkan States, India, Japan and the United States. Canada, unfortunately, was not represented.

In the British Isles there were in 1912 a total of 1,520 societies, with 2,876,892 members, a share capital of £38,413,963, sales of £122,885,411 and profits of £13,289,306, representing a dividend of nearly 11 per cent. on sales. The two per cent. dividend declared by the Ottawa Civil Service Store seems small in comparison, but when the co-operative movement in Canada becomes strong enough to establish factories and wholesale societies, we shall begin to compare with our British co-operators in the matter of dividends. And it may be of interest to say here that the first Canadian co-operative wholesale society has recently been opened at Sydney, C. B.

There are in Canada at present 23 co-operative distributive societies, spread throughout all the Provinces except New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Particulars of the business done by these stores will be given in future articles.

### The Ottawa Store.

The sales at the Ottawa store are keeping pace with those of last year. For the weeks ending October 18th and 25th they were \$1,400 and \$1,040 respectively. So far as the analysis shows, the trade of the store with members is larger now than with the general public, a fact which shows that the membership is more constant in its patronage than was the case at one time.

The directors are instituting inquiries to learn why members who have patronized the store once, twice, or for a brief period, have discontinued, with a view to finding out if these discontinuances are due to any fault of management. Members who are not constant buyers at the store would greatly assist the directorate by letting them know if any reason exists for dissatisfaction. The store is not afraid of honest criticism, and the editor of this column will be glad to note in this column any criticisms which are really pertinent.

---

### CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The Civil Service Commissioners hereby give public notice that applications will be received from candidates qualified to fill the following position in the Inside Division of the Civil Service of Canada:—

An assistant to the Dominion Field Husbandman in the Experimental Farms Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Subdivision B of the Second Division, initial salary 1,200 per annum. Candidates must be graduates of an agricultural college, with considerable experience in practical farm work, and should be able to speak in public in a clear and forcible way.

Application forms, properly filled in, must be filed at the office of the Civil Service Commission not later than the 10th day of November next. Such forms may be obtained from the Secretary of the Commission, Ottawa.

By order of the Commission,

WM. FORAN,  
Secretary.

Ottawa, 17th October, 1913.

## Correspondence.

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

### Re Superannuation—The Age Limit.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:—

In a recent number of *The Civilian* it was intimated that any member of the Civil Service, who so desired, would be given an opportunity of expressing his views on the subject of Superannuation and that his views would be accorded full consideration. If it be that *The Civilian* was intended as the medium through which this subject might be discussed I beg space to comment on the matter of the age limit in regard to superannuation.

In the bill submitted by Senator Power, which is the only draught of the subject that has come to my notice, it is stipulated that superannuation shall be compulsory at the age of 65. Now Senator Power's bill is a most liberal one and covers about all of the many different conditions existing throughout the service, and if adopted no one could but feel very great satisfaction in it. But in only one particular is the bill, to my mind, faulty, and that is the clause stating that compulsory retirement shall take effect at the age of 65. Why should the Government bind their own hands and feet, so to speak, by creating an enactment that would perchance, compel the very best officials to drop out of office at the time of life when experience and judgment have attained their fullest development, whether their further services were required or not? If a man's physical condition is good at 65 his mental faculties are at their very best. Men in good health at 65 are liable to live a good many years still, and to retire good healthy men at that age on substantial allowances and pay other salaries to their successors in office would be a very costly system for the country; so costly as to probably cause in the near future a second revocation of the Superannuation Act. Why, the most important positions of trust in the world to-day are held in many cases by men past the age of 65. Business and professional men do not retire at age unless their health is impaired. The Government should be perfectly free to retire an official when his ability to satisfactorily discharge his duties fails irrespectively of age. A man might be engaged in business in which the country's interests in a great measure depended; his 65th birthday arrives, he drops his pen and leans back in his chair, and his signature then to his unfinished report would be invalid; and the government would be in the ridiculous position of not

having the power to retain his services no matter how important they might be.

R. E. WATTS.

Ottawa, Sept. 30, 1913.

### "Outside" vs. "Inside."

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Some of the boys on the "Outside" think the fellows on the "Inside" have the best of it. For my part, I think the reverse is the case.

There is absolutely no advantage, that I can see, in being "right at the seat of government," when it comes to dealing with the salary problem. When the "Inside" men get an increase of salary it is after hard argument with the government, Dominion-wide publicity and criticism, a long debate in the House and volleys of malignant mud-slinging by the "back-benchers." The "Outside" men have opportunities of getting their salaries "evened up" with the cost of living without so much noise and trouble. The Ministers of Customs, and Inland Revenue and the Postmaster-General can deal with the needs of their "Outside" men on their merits, but can do nothing at all for their men on the "Inside."

Then there is the question of Superannuation vs. Retirement Fund. I have heard men on the "Outside," who are under the Superannuation Act, express the wish that they were on the "Inside," because they could come under the Retirement Fund Act. For my part, I prefer any old system of superannuation to the retirement fund system.

Then there is another,—and a very serious,—matter to consider,—viz. :—the cost of living. The man on the "Inside" service is compelled to live in Ottawa. The Capital, is, without exception, I am confident, the dearest city east of the Lakes. It has been said that there is "nothing cheap in Ottawa." In a large measure that is true. I do not know of any necessity of life that is not cheaper in some other place than in Ottawa, and I feel

sure that the average is much higher in Ottawa than elsewhere.

Take the big item of rents. A civil servant of my acquaintance has a house,—part of a solid “row,”—in a respectable part of Ottawa. He has parlor, dining-room, kitchen, shed; one large, one medium and one small bed-room, and bathroom. The halls and stairs are narrow, and, being in a solid block, there are no side windows in the house, all being at the front or back.

The plumbing and electric fixtures are of very poor description, the house being by no means new. This costs him twenty-two dollars per month and he is glad to get it at that price. The rent includes water-rates, but the city water is unfit for drinking, so Ottawans have to buy bottled water or carry their own supply from the widely-separated civic wells.

Gas costs \$1.10 per thousand feet,—meter rent extra.

Electric light rates on the house described are forty-two cents per month, “area rate” and an additional three cents per kilowatt for current used. The “area rate” is collected whether any light is burned or not.

Coal, stove size, on October 24th, was selling in Ottawa at eight dollars per ton,—and, in the cold climate of Ottawa, coal is a very important item in the cost of living.

Some other current prices on the same date were:—

Butter, creamery, 30 to 35 cents per lb.

Cheese, Canadian, 18 cents per lb.

Eggs, new-laid, 45 cents per dozen, “fresh” 35 cents per dozen.

Bacon, 25 to 27 cents per lb. (some fancy brands much higher.)

Potatoes, 65 cents per bushel.

Apples, No. 1 Baldwins, Greenings and Kings, \$5.00 per barrel. Spies, \$5.50.

Milk, 9 and 10 cents per quart.

Let our “Outside” friends consider these.

“OTTAWA.”

## PUBLIC SERVICE NEWS.

It is announced that contracts have been awarded for installing automatic fire alarm systems in the buildings on Parliament hill. The cost is upwards of \$40,000.

\* \* \*

The staff of the Central Experimental Farm mourn the loss of the main barn, silos and crops, destroyed by fire on the 11th inst. The loss will total nearly \$100,000 and the Government carries no fire insurance.

\* \* \*

Contracts have been awarded to Warne & Swasey of Cleveland for the mechanical, and to the John A. Brasher Co. of Pittsburg for the optical, equipment of the largest telescope in the world which will be erected at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, at a cost of over \$90,000.

\* \* \*

A telegram was sent to President Wilson by the Chicago Civil Service League, urging him to veto the deficiency appropriation bill which carries in it a clause taking the protection of civil service from United States Deputy Marshals and other civil service employes. The message read as follows:

“We, the undersigned, officers of the Chicago Civil Service League, in behalf of forty thousand government, state and municipal civil servants employes of Chicago, do earnestly request that you veto the amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill which takes the protection of civil service away from the United States Deputy Marshal and other civil service employes, as the said amendment is vicious, unprogressive, undemocratic, and a step backward to the old spoils system.”

\* \* \*

The long fight of the railway mail clerks for permission to use their official transportation during their off hours may result successfully at the regular session of this Congress.

P. J. Schardt, president of the railway mail association, is now in Washington, D.C., conferring with the department and with leaders in Congress on the matter. Representative Pepper of Iowa has promised to introduce a bill in the House covering the desires of the men in this regard. As Pepper is chairman of the House Committee on Expenditures in the Post Office Department, his backing probably will bring success to the fight.

\* \* \*

Hon. L. P. Pelletier has given another evidence of his belief that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Heretofore the minimum salary for rural postmaster was \$35 a year. Hon. Mr. Pelletier has decided to increase it to \$50.

\* \* \*

The National Association of Supervisory Post Office Employees met in convention at Toledo in September. It was their sixteenth annual gathering and much business was transacted. A six-cent phono-card was one of the novel suggestions made by J. D. Lamson. He suggested that the government sell a postal card, on the back of which there would be 20 ruled off spaces for 20 words in a message, and that when the card arrived at the post office from which delivery is made to the addressee, that the post-office telephone the message instead of sending it by special delivery. This plan, Mr. Lamson thought, would fill the need of special deliveries in the country districts and especially along rural routes.

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### C. S. CLUB OF OTTAWA.

The annual meeting of the social club of the service in Ottawa was held at the club rooms, 12 Bank street. A good attendance of members were on hand to hear the reports of the secretary, treasurer, etc.

There has been a net increase to the membership of forty during the

year; the list showing at the close of the club year, 185 members in good standing.

A number of amendments to the constitution were adopted. The principle of these was the admission of non-civil servants as associate members at the usual club fees, but without the proprietary privileges of the ballot or the holding of office. A second amendment was the reduction of the number of directors from 12 to 9.

The ballot for the directorate for the ensuing year was as follows—

J. M. Chalifour, T. M. Doody, Capt. F. A. Ferguson-Davie, E. J. Lemaire, P. Marchand, Dr. M. O. Malte, C. H. Parmelee, E. A. Primeau, J. W. Reid.

At a meeting of the directors held subsequently officers and committees were elected as follows:—

President, T. M. Doody; vice-president, E. J. Lemaire; treasurer, P. Marchand; secretary, J. W. Reid.

House committee—Capt. Ferguson-Davie, (chairman), Dr. M. O. Malte, E. J. Lemaire.

Finance committee—E. A. Primeau (chairman), J. M. Chalifour, J. W. Reid.

Capt. Ferguson-Davie is chairman of the Entertainment committee with power to call to his assistance such members of the club as he may require.

The officers of the club are enthusiastic and optimistic that the ensuing year will be a highly successful one, will attract to the club rooms a greater proportion of the members of the service and so become a permanent home for the service, both Inside and Outside branches.

---

### New Post Offices.

Sixty new post offices were opened by the P. O. Department on Oct. 1st covering every part of Canada.

A paragraph in a South of England paper ran:—"Notice.—Owing to pressure on our space, a number of births have been held over until next week!"





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COLLEGE.

OTTAWA, ONT.

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

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Cor. Bank and Wellington Sts.

## CUSTOMS CELEBRATION IN OTTAWA.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Thursday, 23rd inst., at the Civil Service Club, when the members of the Customs Statistics Baseball Club, champions of the C. S. Baseball League, were banquetted by their fellow members of the staff of the Customs Statistics. A splendid spread greeted the guests, conspicuous among the decorations being the Birks' Trophy, emblematic of the league championship, and the hosts were given the title "champion entertainers," by the boys of the club. Those whose speeches added to the program included the club President, W. J. McCaffrey, H. R. Sims, A. Mac-Millan, T. V. Doyle, R. Persse and many others, while "Chuck" O'Connor and J. McFadden, the team battery, were formost in the musical program. This pleasant evening brought to a close a most successful season by this club, and the officers and members are to be congratulated on the good showing of their team.

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For winter blooms in the house and spring flowering outdoors there is nothing so easy to grow as Dutch Bulbs. Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, Jonquils, etc., can all be flowered successfully by any amateur.

We import these direct from Holland, and handle only the choicest stock of the most select varieties.

Our free catalogue tells you how to grow Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, Snowdrops, Lilies, Iris, Lily-of-the-Valley and many other sorts.

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Extra Quality Mixed Hyacinths -	50c	\$3.50
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Single Early Tulips. Special Mix.	20c	1.25
Double Early Tulips. Mixed - -	20c	1.00
Darwin Tulips. Mixed - - -	30c	1.50
Narcissus. Choice Mixed - - -	25c	1.25
Narcissus. Poeticus- - - -	15c	.75
Narcissus Paper White - - - -	30c	1.50
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## "VAGRANT" ON TOUR.

### NO. I.

Last year my friend in the service and I hiked to Montreal from Ottawa, via the North Shore, and, notwithstanding the drawbacks, enjoyed it so much that we determined to go farther a field this year.

We chose Toronto as our goal, via Prescott, distance by the road, approximately 275 miles. Profiting by last year's experience, we added two or three features to the trip. We took along a camera and a pedometer, and found both useful, if for nothing else, to verify our itinerary. We also had a valise of clean, dry, clothes sent ahead each day, by express, and anyone who has done long distance walking will appreciate the luxury we enjoyed thereby.

We agreed to start from Ottawa on Saturday, Oct. 18th at noon for Manotick, 13 miles. Fine weather had been the country's portion, as everyone knows, until the very day we left. Then down came the rain. After leaving Billings Bridge we tossed a coin as to whether we should take the railway track or the highway. The coin declared for the former, and for the next 70 miles of our journey we traversed the ties for at least 50.

If anyone had doubts as to the merits of local option, he need only start on a walking tour out of Ottawa to experience the discomforts attending the adoption of this fad. I say "fad" advisedly, as the well meaning but mistaken persons who advocate it, never by any chance have to put up with it themselves. No, they are safe and sound in their own cosy homes, with good warm food and clean beds. I suppose human nature is the same everywhere. Wherever there are two or three hotels under license and local option puts all but one out of business, the sole survivor invariably starts to "put the hooks" into the travelling public by raising the prices and lowering the standard of accommodation. At any rate, this was our

experience, at close range. So much for local option.

One cannot revel in the beauties of the landscape where the rain is coursing down one's spine and into one's boots. We arrived at Manotick wet to the skin—but happy withal.

Next day opened fine and clear and we made the long jump to Spencer-ville, passing through the ambitious little town of Kemptville. I say "long," for it seemed long on the railway sleepers. Finding that there was no convenient stopping place of a public nature between the two last mentioned places, we were driven to soliciting supper at a farm house on the road. I trust that Mr. Jacob Van Allen will forgive my mentioning his name. Hospitality accorded us by himself and his genial family will always be green in our memories.

Next day, Thanksgiving, we were still on the track, all the way to Prescott. A good turkey dinner at the Daniels House partially restored our drooping spirits; after which we again took the trail in the rain. The G. T. R. being double tracked, affords a good highway between the two sets of rails, and helped us materially. The writer, however, for the first time in his life, developed a very large and painful blister from the continuous track walking, and when Brockville was reached "we" were all in. Next morning the wound was so raw that a visit was made to the nearby hospital of St. Vincent de Paul where the foot was neatly dressed by a fresh faced little nurse, and we were advised to "lie up" for a day at least. Now this upset our whole apple cart (i. e. our "schedule") and there was much lamentation in the camp. But there was nothing for it, but to acquiesce.

It strikes me that the advent of the auto and the electric street car have witnessed a sad decadence in the old and once popular game of walking. At any rate, everyone met with on the road seems thunderstruck at the foolishness of it. One village postmaster, to whom we explained that we



Old Farmhouse, Near Brockville.

[Snapped by "Vagrant."]



View of St. Lawrence River.

[Snapped by "Vagrant."]

were tired of riding and driving and wanted simply to get out in the country and *walk*, remarked (in telling us the distance between certain points.)

"Well, anyhow, you needn't worry about the distance. You can take the boat for 35 cents or the train for 50 cents."

Shades of Edward Payson Weston! We handed him some of our best

Munchausen, remarking incidentally, that we each owned a horse at home and had an interest in an automobile. This simply confirmed the *mattre du post* in the belief that we were crazy. And so we left him.

Before leaving Brockville, let me say that it is a little burgh much to be desired. If I can ever close in on enough of the gilt to "buy me" a

little home, I hope it will be—in summer at least — on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, and right in Brockville. It is a treat to walk around the town and see the artistic homes, and well kept lawns sloping down to the grand old river. We took a number of views along the way, but this being our first effort with the Kodak we hope the developer will work the soft pedal and endeavour to square his conscience afterwards.

But to the fray. Notwithstanding our game foot, we could not tarry at the hospital Strathcona. It was "Pike's Peak or bust" with us. So after a day on the sofa, we started out again, one day behind our schedule.

After a short walk to Mallorytown (12 miles) we rested over night and then proceeded to Gananoque, where we arrived without incident the next day. As we entered the pretty little town we passed the century mark on our pilgrimage.

*(To be continued.)*

## C. S. ASSOCIATION OF OTTAWA.

Mr. Walter Todd, Secretary of the Ottawa association has issued this notice to departmental representatives:

By a resolution adopted at the last meeting of the executive of the Civil Service Association of Ottawa, I am directed to remind you of the near approach of the time for the annual election of the Departmental Advisory Boards, which under section 19 of the constitution, must be effected on or before the fourth Monday in October, which this year falls on the 27th instant.

As it is of the utmost importance in the interest of the Association, that all these boards should be duly elected and organized prior to the annual general meeting to be held next month, you are earnestly requested as the representative of your department on the executive, to take the initiative in this matter, and to do everything in your power about the election of your departmental advisory board within the time prescribed.

WALTER TODD,  
Secretary C.S.A.

Section 19 referred to in above notice reads as follows:—

In each department, for the guidance of the representatives, the several subdivisions of civil servants shall elect an Advisory Board, consisting of one member for each sub-division, and one for the messengers. Such elections shall be held on or before the fourth Monday in October of each year, and it shall thereupon be the duty of the representative or representatives to send a list of the names of such Advisory Board to the Secretary of the association.

There is a section of the constitution which enables the messengers to maintain their autonomy as a distinct organization and yet enjoy the benefits of the influence of the general body. This is section 28:—

28. If any number of civil servants, members of this association, form an organization for the promotion of the special interests of the members of such organization, along similar lines to those for which the Civil Service Association exists for its members, and if membership in such organization is open to each and every civil servant, having interests similar to those for the promotion of which the organization exists, then such organization may be granted representation on the executive committee of this association. Application for such representation shall be made in writing to the secretary, shall be signed by each officer of the organization, and shall be accompanied by a written or printed copy of the Constitution of the organization, a list of members in good standing, together with a per capita tax of 5 cents per member.

If there appears to be no valid reasons to the contrary, the executive committee may by resolution, grant any such organization, representation on the same basis as to membership as representation on the executive is allowed to each department, under Section 13, and any such organization shall continue to be entitled to representation so long as it satisfies the executive, that it exists in accordance with the provisions of this section, annually pays the per capita tax for each of its members, and provided it appears to the executive that the interests of the civil service are better served thereby.

## Y. W. C. A.

Enrol now for Physical Training, Swimming, Home Nursing, Dressmaking, Millinery and all other Classes Opening on October 1, at

**Y.W.C.A., 135 Metcalfe Street.**

## Personals.

*The following list includes changes in the personnel of the service from July 1st to Sept. 30th as far as obtainable. The term Division (Div.) applies solely to the Inside Service.*

### General.

Mr. C. H. Parmelee, King's Printer, who has been ill for some time, is improving.

James Bates, C.E., of Carleton Place, who had been employed for several years on the Government's Alaska-Yukon boundary survey, was drowned on October 22nd in Mississippi lake, near his home town. He had come home on vacation and was duck shooting with his brother. Their boat upset at dusk and the unfortunate man became exhausted and drowned before he could swim to shore. He was thirty-six years of age and unmarried.

Miss Alford, of the Department of Finance, and Miss Splane, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. John Byrnes, chief of the Inspection Branch, Department of Trade and Commerce, has returned from a trip to the Pacific coast.

Prof. E. E. Prince was called to Washington to represent Canada's interests in negotiations concerning international fisheries regulations.

Mr. Alexander McDonald, a prominent citizen of Cornwall, who died on October 15th, was the father of Mr. Clarence McDonald of the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Mrs. Anne Facey Warne, mother

of Mr. W. A. Warne, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, died at her home in Ottawa on October 13th.

Messrs. W. A. Birchall, of Mitcham, Surrey, England, N. T. Allen of Ottawa, A. Boucher of La Tuque, Que., and L. A. Gauvin of Montreal, have passed examinations for draughtsmen in the Topographical Surveys branch.

Messrs. D. Donovan, of Brockville, and H. Schaefer, of Stratford, customs officials, have been temporarily attached to the staff at Niagara Falls.

Mr. P. Lorne Young, of the Department of Customs, was married on October 22nd by Rev. W. H. Bayley, in St. Barnabas church, Ottawa, to Miss Emily Daisy Boreham of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Benjamin Chilton, doorkeeper of the Privy Council, died suddenly on October 17th. He was eighty-one years of age and entered the public service in 1878 as personal messenger to Sir John Macdonald. He served that statesman until 1891 when he stood by his deathbed to the last. To Thompson, Abbott, Bowell, Tupper and Laurier he was Premier's messenger. The latter made him doorkeeper of the Privy Council chamber, in which capacity he had the unique distinction of being the only person, beside the clerk, permitted to enter the room when the cabinet was in session. Mr. J. P. Chilton, of the Post Office Department, is a son.

Dr. D. D. Cairnes, of the Geological Survey, has returned from the Yukon territory. He has visited the new Shushanna gold field.

Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt has returned from the West.

LADIES of the Civil Service and others will find

### STANDARD GLOVE CLEANER

a great comfort in cleaning Silk Gloves or Waists, also for kid or other Leather Gloves. It acts like magic and leaves no odour. 25c. A BOTTLE.

The Standard Drug Store - Cor. Rideau and Nicholas Sts.

John Gorman Kennedy, of the Chief Architect's branch Department of Public Works, died on October 24th, after three weeks' illness. The funeral was held on the 27th. Mr. Dennis Kennedy of the Department

of Public Works is a brother.

Ellen O'Keefe, widow of the late Thomas O'Keefe of the Department of the Secretary of State, died in Ottawa on October 24th.

### FROM AN EX-CIVIL SERVANT

(Recently of the Public Works Dept.)

I have to offer to the Civil Servants, a large collection of rare Central American and South American

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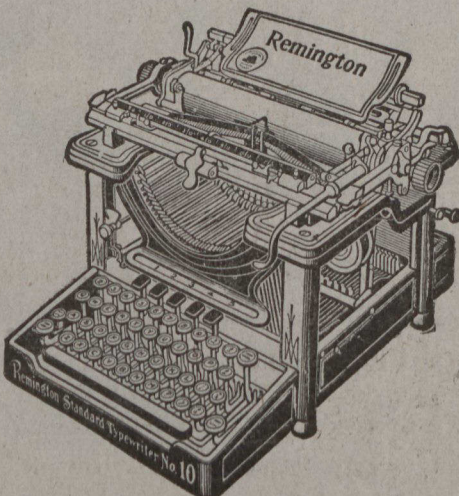
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### *Athletics.*

On Saturday the 25th inst. a game of football was played on Rideau Hall grounds between a team of Civil Servants against "The Rest" of the players in the new English Rugby league recently established in Ottawa. The result was C. S. 12, "The Rest" 0.

The interest in this game, centres in the attempt to revive the old English Rugby rules which were displaced some fifteen years ago by the rules now governing football in Quebec and Ontario. These two provinces are the only portions of the British Empire playing other than the English rules. On this account the New Zealand team now touring this continent cannot be invited to give an Ottawa audience an exhibition of their high art. At a later date, such a team touring the country from across the seas will

find leagues in the three larger cities of Ontario and Quebec.

The annual matches of the Toronto Postal Service Rifle Association, were held at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges, October 14th, under ideal weather and favourable conditions. There was a record attendance, and no less than seven ties were found in striking the aggregate points made over the 200, 500 and 600 yds. ranges. The possible being 105. The following is a list of the prize winners:—97 points, W. L. Allwell, first prize, donated by the Postmaster; 92 points, E. Hanbidge, second prize, donated by Deputy Postmaster; 92 points, A. O. Murray, third prize, donated by Superintendent; H. E. Groomes, S. J. Cuttle, C. A. G. Lown, F. W. Stokes, J. P. Girvan, P. W. Ellis, Geo. Ellis, W. Parrett, W. Sparks. The Ontario Rifle Association medal, was also won by the first prize man.



Dredging Branch, Dept. of Public Works.  
Winners of Tug-of-War, C. S. Sport, Ottawa, Sept., 1913.