

THE CIVILIAN

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Concerning Personal Appearances.

The Civilian has long been sighing for a new cover. To tell the truth, it has never been greatly struck with its personal appearance. The sincere admiration it has always felt for itself has been based entirely upon the beauty of its excellence and the consciousness of virtue.

But what with the new leaves coming out, and the return of good times, and one thing and another, we begin to feel more than ever like a new suit of clothes.

Shall we be perfectly frank in discussing this matter with our readers? We might very easily make a joke about the frivolity of clothes and pretend that the present austere cut of *The Civilian's* jib represents the triumph of mind over manner. But no; our real feeling is one of the tremendous seriousness of the question. A cover design that shall express as well as adorn the lofty purpose of a journal which aims to represent the civil service of Canada! Put that way, our point of view appeals, does it not?

Here a bright idea strikes us. Why shouldn't we obtain this, like so many of our benefits, from the civil service? In other words, can any of our readers design a cover for us? We would not wish to intrude mercenary considerations, but for the best design offering we will pay as good a price as is going, and for ideas that may be adopted, in proportion.

Perhaps we may be allowed a word as to our own notions on the subject — not that they are to be considered as final or binding by any means. They are, as we have said, pretty ambitious. *The Civilian's* cover design should be an apotheosis of two basic ideas — public service and Canadianism. Without being able to put it on paper, what we see in our mind's eye on the front of the future *Civilian* is something like this: A lordly pine and maple parting their boughs to allow a glimpse of the stately towers of Parliament Hill, set in a landscape of cornland, river and mountain unequalled for splendour on the globe! So much for the still life. As for the rest, we are bound there shall be a beaver. The beaver stands for Canada. And why should it not stand for the civil service — uncanny, almost, in its intelligence, simple and faithful in its habits, indefatigable in its industry? Yes, the beaver must be in it.

If anyone can help us to realize something like the above, we will, as we have said, be properly grateful. There is no hurry. In fact, we may admit that our purpose in giving so much prominence to the matter is partly to show, as it were while passing along, on what high lines in every detail the policy of this paper is constantly and consistently being directed.

Governor Hughes, of New York, on Civil Service Reform

No man in the United States is held in higher esteem by the people than the Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Governor of the State of New York. A prospective President, and for some years past an effective champion of clean politics in his own State, his acceptance a few days since of a vacancy in the Supreme Court has called forth a demonstration unique of its kind — of felicitation mingled with regret that the gain of the Bench must be purchased by the loss of so potent a force for good in politics. The incident makes timely a reproduction of an address which the Governor made last year at the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, held at Buffalo, N. Y. Shorn of introductory matter, the address was as follows:

Some Basic Principles.

"It is said that we are a government of laws and not of men, and most important is it that we should never lose sight of that fact. The government depends upon principle, upon the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental law and in legislation enacted according to popular desire, and does not depend upon the wish or caprice of individuals. But in another and equally important sense we have a government of men and we will have no government better than the men who administer it.

"We notice that fundamentally we need two things: first, the untrammelled expression of the people in the choice of their officers who administer and in the choice of their legislators who make their laws. We want no limit placed upon legitimate political activity. There is a vast amount of earnest political endeavor, of honest effort to achieve what is right in the world of politics. We want more and not less of it. But we want no perversion of our party or political machinery so as to set up obstacles in the way of that freedom of choice by which the people can get the men they want and the laws they want. And then the second thing is efficiency,—the highest degree of efficiency in the management of the business of the state. If you have those two things,—untrammelled expression of the popular will, through necessary organization and political machinery, of course, but created and active for the purpose of expressing and not preventing the expression of the popular will, and, on the other hand, efficiency according to approved standards, recognized in the world of business, in the management of public concerns,—then you have true democratic government.

The Object of Civil Service Reform.

"Now, the object of civil service reform is not to provide theorists with a pet idea and

an opportunity to maintain a propaganda of interest to a limited few. The object of the movement with which we are connected tonight in this public meeting is not to hamper or interfere with any legitimate political work. The object is not to protect a class of people who happen to be engaged in the state service and to give them privileges and immunities apart from what may be considered fair and necessary in order to promote the public welfare. The object is only one, and that is to have the business of the state conducted as well as it can be conducted. And so when any proposal is made in connection with this matter we ask not how does this square with what Mr. A. has said, or how does this comport with the theory advanced by Mr. B.; we ask not what effect it will have upon the fortune of this party in or out of power; we ask and should ask but one question:—What will be the effect of this in giving us better administration of government?

Qualities Needed in Public Servants.

"Now in the administration of government we want at least three things:—We want capacity, we must have disinterestedness, and we must have accountability. How are we to get men of capacity? I doubt not that many an honest man, single-minded, taking an important position, with the burden—for it is a burden—of making appointments to subordinate offices, has often felt that he was restricted in doing what he desires to do and in giving the administration he wants to give because of the civil service law, and probably the intensity of his emotion will be in inverse ratio to the length of his experience in office. Here and there a man may feel that he knows just the man for a particular job. He wants him; he can't get him; he feels limited and restricted; he thinks the people will be the sufferers. But if the government is not to be administered as a matter of individual caprice or according to the dictates of a particular officer's judgment, it must be administered in accordance with principles as embodied in a system which in the long run, and covering the multitude of cases which must be covered, gives us men of capacity. And no one has long, I believe, been honestly under the burden of office without being grateful that some means has been afforded of testing capacity and of relieving the appointing power from the onslaughts of those who desire the appointment of dependents or favorites.

"Despite the fact that I had something to do, in a very humble way, with civil service reform work and thought my position was entirely clear, I was surprised after taking office to find that there were men who

thought they deserved appointments at once because they had known me when I was a baby or because they were intimate with those who were friendly, or because at one time or another chance had given the opportunity for a most agreeable acquaintance. While, of course, in my position I have very little to do with appointments in the classified list, I did have this much to do with them—to announce that I would not recommend to any one whom I appointed as the head of a department the appointment of any subordinate to office, but would hold the head of the department accountable for his discharge of his duty. The pressure of improper influence, the pressure upon a man's sense of good fellowship, the efforts to come close to a man on the side of ordinary human generosity, to appeal to him in the name, the sacred name of friendship,—these efforts are so various and multitudinous that we have long ago concluded,—and it needs no debate,—that we must have the determination of capacity in appointment to subordinate positions by some other method than the unrestrained will of the appointing officer.

Competitive Examinations.

“Now, we have got it embodied in the Constitution of the state, we have it written by the people of the state, that appointments in the various civil divisions of the state shall be according to merit and fitness,—so far as practicable to be determined by examinations, and those examinations so far as practicable to be competitive. And there is no clause in the Constitution since those great clauses embodying our fundamental rights were written which is of greater importance to the maintenance of high standards of administration than that clause, the full scope and meaning of which have not yet been fully determined by the courts but are destined to be in time. And so to night it gives me particular pleasure to say that from the viewpoint of office we have nothing more important in relation to the administration of government than a system — the best that has yet been devised — of securing men of the needed capacity by competitive examinations wherever such examinations are practicable. I believe in that, I thoroughly endorse it, and I hope to see it extended throughout the states of the Union.

“I have said that we have a great many who are eager to give their service to the public. That is true, and we can sift out of that large class the men who are worthy of that service only by a competitive test. Now, I do not attach undue importance to examination papers. I once was a teacher and I know well enough the qualifications which do not appear in answer to questions; but as compared with the system of making public office a partisan encampment by which the people at large can be charged by reserve forces in time of emergency, or

the system by which those holding important office are distracted and worn down by the importunities of friends and of those who believe themselves to hold them under some obligation, the system of competitive examination is so far in advance that there is no debate among reasonable men upon the question.

Responsibilities of Public Service.

“The activities of the state are constantly extending. The number of those who must be drafted into the service of the state is continually increasing. We may talk of our schemes of legislation for this or that supposed improvement in the law. One of the first things we need is to show the adequacy of our existing institutions, and the full scope and effect of our existing laws by having men administer them as they would administer a sacred trust in private life. We want in office, therefore, men who are not simply just over the line of availability, but the best men that can be obtained; sorted out by the best means; held to the highest standards of efficiency; made to feel that it is the highest honor to serve the state; that it is just as sacredly a place of honorable obligation as to go to the front in defense of the country in time of war. Indeed, there may be a severer test of character in the room where, unobserved, a paid official of the government performs the work for which he gets his stipend, than in the rush, hurrah and enthusiasm of the charge upon the fields of battle.

I have said that we must not only have capacity and disinterestedness but we must have accountability. Therefore, from such observation as I have been able to make, I have very little confidence in schemes which tend to restrict the responsibility of the officer who holds the power of appointment or removal. I would have him be compelled, wherever it is practicable, to choose disinterested men from those who according to the best tests have shown their capacity for the place. I would have those men held to disinterested service and inspired by the fidelity of their chief, and I would have that chief in a position to call every one to account and himself accountable for the efficiency of his department.”

“Isn't he done with that speech yet?”

“Yes, he's been done for twenty minutes, but heaven only knows when he'll stop talking.”—Cleveland Leader.

“What's this?” demanded the Customs officer of a certain British Colony, pointing to a package at the bottom of a trunk.

“That's a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'” answered the man who had just landed.

“I'm afraid I must charge you a duty on it,” rejoined the inspector. “It competes with a small struggling industry in this country.”—Strand.

A STRANGE CATCH.

By Garrett J. O'Connor.

When Gerald Dillon, the mail clerk with the dreamy Irish eyes, first saw the maiden standing near the railway crossing to watch him "catch" the mail bag which the old courier from Lorraine hung daily on the "catching post," he looked back from the door of his mail car on the Bridgeport and Brantport run until an envious turn in the road hid from his sight the beautiful figure of the girl with the white face, ruby lips, and great mass of bronze hair coiled upon her shapely head.

He who said that a ship in full sail was the most entrancing sight in the world had not been favoured with a glance at Irene Dunn.

"Aha, young man," cried the veteran conductor as he turned from the open door, "you need not look for a smile there, for, though farmer Dunn's girl has the sweetest smiles in the world, they are very hard to win."

"Well, Mr. Sheridan," replied Gerald, "they must be trebly valuable to the man who may be blessed with one on that account; I would give much for one."

But, you may ask, what is a "catching post"? It is a device by which mails from small communities are received without stopping or delaying mail trains. A tall post is sunk four feet into the earth, seven feet and one inch from the railway track, in front of which stands a platform with a couple of steps. The post has two iron arms, adjustable, from which the courier hangs his mail bag, secured at top and bottom by simple springs. The arms stretch towards the track for four feet two inches.

What next? If you are not tired of such dry details I will ask you to imagine the mail bag hanging and the mail train coming nearer and nearer down the track. If we peep into the mail car we will see our friend Gerald open the door of his mail car, grasp the handle of a strange iron device, with a thick butt stuck into an iron socket screwed on the door post and having two great prongs, the longest, when the device is raised, standing out from the side of the car for a distance of two feet. Quick! back now to the side of adorable Irene Dunn, standing near the aged courier, and watch! Look! There is Gerald at the car door, his "catcher" turned out.

Longingly he gazes at the girl on the road below him, for, as weeks rolled past, his soul began to hunger for a smile from that gentle face. Listen to the air-brakes hiss as the train slows up. Bang! The mail bag is caught in the crotch of the "catcher," the arms on the post fall. Gerald pulls the bag into the car, still looking back with the Irish eyes full of yearning.

On speeds the train.

Irene Dunn walks down the green lane to her home with the courier, and bids him good-bye at her father's gate.

Is there a new look in her eyes?

Oh! if the lonely man in the mail car saw the figure in the clinging green dress rest her chin on the gate and gaze dreamily after the train, now out of sight, it would be as a peep into Heaven for him.

If Gerald could see her now!

One day a strange thing happened. Gerald had shaken out the meagre contents of the bag from Lorraine on his sorting table, when a small package fell apart disclosing a photograph—hers!

But, "che, sara sara!"

Then came days when Gerald, to his alarm, noticed Irene's frequent absence from the crossing and that, when she did come, as of old, to see the train pass, her glance avoided him.

This maddened him, and his powerlessness was a torture. He framed a score of plans all aiming to place himself and his great love before her. He had almost concluded to fall out of his car door some day when the train slowed up in the hope that he could speak to her, feel the touch of her hands, or look into her eyes.

One day he was actually preparing to take this desperate chance when the kind Providence that sometimes helps true lovers worked a miracle.

But are not the days of miracles past? Oh, no; the most wonderful mysteries are forever being unravelled by good spirits around us.

This is the explanation:—

One day when old George Hamilton, the courier, started up the steps of his platform to hang the bag for the coming train, he tripped, fell, struck his poor, old head on the edge of the platform, and lay, for a moment, almost unconscious, on the ground. Irene, trembling with sympathy, ran to help him, but he cried, in faint voice: "Hang the bag, Miss; hang the bag; I will soon be all right."

Hang the bag! But how?

Hark! A long whistle from the coming train, now in sight, and rapidly drawing near.

Irene raised the bag, tried to hold up the arms on the post, almost succeeded, but it fell away from her. Quickly she tried again to adjust the mechanism of the post, but too late.

Gerald Dillon, as was his daily habit, when near the "catching post," opened his car door, turned out his "catcher" and began to strain his big, grey eyes in an effort to see the adorable form which he now loved so well. But where was she—absent again?

The engineer slowed up, looked back to see that all was well, saw the slim figure on the platform look up with a cry as the "catcher" threatened to dash her from the

platform. His fireman heard him utter a fierce "hell" as he reversed his engine and almost made it stand still. A sob rose from his over-charged heart as he again looked back and saw the brave girl grasp the "catcher" and fall with it against the side of the mail car.

Gerald—What of him?

The disappointed, grieved look on his face gave place to a frightful expression as he felt the handle of his "catcher" torn from his grasp and saw the girl whom he passionately loved clinging to it. When Gerald's strong arms drew Irene into his car, her small hands were bleeding from contact with the rough iron "catcher," but there was no terror in the brave face—only a smile, a beautiful, strong, womanly smile of surpassing sweetness. When the train crew, realising that a strange, uncommon thing had happened (the train having stopped), rushed back to the mail car, Gerald had placed the girl in a chair and was wiping the wounds on her white hands with his handkerchief, kissing them with fierce thankfulness.

They saw the great, wondering eyes resting on the face of Gerald. Then the lissom figure bent over and trembling lips met those of the eager face upturned to hers.

Conductor Sheridan softly closed the door of the mail car.

"Come away, boys. Oh! it was a strange, grand catch," he cried with a happy sigh. Bridgeburg, Ont.

RIISING AGAIN.



THE COMET.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Salutation to the Halley Visitor in 1835.

The comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail.

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back
"The Dream of Beelzebub":
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gossling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!

Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wretched each wooded hill;
Stranger, if enough thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.

THE CIVILIAN

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

Ottawa, June 3rd, 1910

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

The Board of Education of Toronto has under consideration a system of superannuation for Toronto school teachers. In February last the services of an actuary were retained, and he has now submitted a report outlining several plans for the establishment of a fund which will permit teachers to be retired when worn out with service. This report has been printed, and has been submitted to the teachers to receive their comments, after which it will be finally discussed by the Board. Thus is added "line upon line and precept upon precept," all for the benefit of the Government of Canada.

CIRCULATION.

The Civilian proposes to institute a movement looking toward the doubling of its circulation within the next twelve months. We see no

obstacles in the way of accomplishing this end, and the wisdom of it will appeal to all friends of the magazine. Hitherto a very large proportion of its subscribers have, naturally, been the members of the Inside service at Ottawa. Now we are making a determined effort to overtake the large field of Government employees from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

During the last two or three months we have been favoured with a very material increase in our advertising patronage, including many of the leading concerns in Montreal, Toronto and Western Ontario, and it is due to our advertisers to increase the area within which *The Civilian* circulates. But, above and beyond this consideration, there is the advantage accruing to the service generally by the enlargement of the scope and influence of this journal.

Since the beginning of its career *The Civilian* has grappled fearlessly with such live questions as salaries, promotions, insurance, etc., and from the many inquiries and letters of endorsement we have received it is evident that our efforts have met with the approval of a very large proportion of the members of the service. What the trade journal is to the mercantile community the medical and legal publications to the members of these professions,—such is *The Civilian* to the service generally. In the beginning of our third year of existence we earnestly hope that each member of the civil service will co-operate with us in the effort which we are making, and assist us both with patronage and criticism to realize at least a part of what is possible.

A LAY SERMON.

The present is a trying time in Canada for employees of which civil servants are the outstanding type—

men on salaries, small but not diminutive, in the midst of such a general bustle of money-making as this country has not before seen. Our friends, pedestrians like ourselves a week ago, pass us to-day in their motor cars, covering us with the dust and the smell. What are we to think about it?

It is easy for the civil servant to fall into envy and discontent. But that will prove nothing more than his stupidity. If he becomes soured and listless, smitten by the bacillus of extravagance which is the twin brother of all this profusion and prosperity, he is doing nothing else than miss the whole meaning of things. He should take himself in hand, and end or mend the trouble. End it by leaving a place where such apples are plainly out of reach. Or mend it by taking some stock of values — by asking himself if in spite of the common crosses he cannot make his life a thing of some beauty and orderliness, and if after all there is anything much better than the combination of useful work, means removed from the curse alike of poverty or riches, and the exceptional opportunities of friendships that may just as well belong to his lot.

CIVIL SERVICE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Owing to the increase in work caused by the growth of the Society and want of sufficient time to devote thereto, Mr. Ross finds himself unable to continue to perform the duties of the offices of Secretary and Manager. The Board of Administration have therefore appointed Mr. F. S. James, B.A., of the Auditor General's Office, to succeed Mr. Ross. All payments should in future be made to Mr. James, who will have power to do all business connected with these offices.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Mr. William H. Robertson, of the Customs Department, Ottawa, died on Friday, May 27th, at his residence, 186 Second Avenue. The end came after an illness of many months, borne with incomparable fortitude and optimism.

Mr. Robertson was born at Benmiller, Ontario, February 22nd, 1870. He attended the High School at Goderich from 1882 to 1887, after which he became a teacher in the public schools of Ontario. In 1896 he entered Toronto University, where he studied for two years. In 1900 he entered the Government service in the Statistical Branch of the Customs Department, in a temporary capacity. In January, 1902, his appointment was made permanent.

Mr. Robertson's record in the City of Ottawa was confined largely to the civil service, where he left a mark not soon to be eradicated. He was responsible for the formation of the Athletic Association in the service, which was the forerunner of other organizations and movements of great advantage to that body. He was in every sense a "great civil servant," and his disinterested and unobtrusive labours to benefit his fellow officers in the service have never been appreciated except by those who know him well. He was a man of the highest ideals in sport, and the impurities which were tolerated in athletics in the past were repugnant to him. As an ardent supporter of the amateur principle in sport he gave his time and his talents to the consummation of his object, and lived to see his efforts rewarded. Of his personality all we knew him can testify. In his home, in his office, and amongst his friends, the sound of mourning is heard. A loving husband and father, a devoted friend and a patriotic civil servant and Canadian has departed and left the world the poorer.

‘Official Recognition’ of Civil Service Organisations

Important Pronouncement upon the Principle by the Postmaster General of Great Britain.

One of the most difficult of problems in connection with the management of large bodies of State employees is the extent to which, in the public interest, they may be permitted to exercise the privileges of organization. The difficulty is considerably accentuated when it is proposed to carry out the organization in affiliation with the labour movement in general. It is scarcely more than a year ago since the government of France was all but paralyzed by a strike of the post office employees' union. France, of course, offers an extreme example of the danger, seeing that the labour movement there, with which the movement in the civil service is affiliated, is frankly political and revolutionary. In England, on the other hand, full permission has been extended for some years past to the postal employees to affiliate with the general labour movement. Apparently the policy has worked well, for one of the first acts of the new Postmaster General, in the new Asquith ministry, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., has been to confirm it and to extend the application.

The pronouncement of the Postmaster General in the matter was made under the following circumstances. A deputation from seven of the English Postal Associations waited on the minister recently, with a request for an extension of the "recognition" principle, embracing (1) the right of the Associations to represent individual cases, and (2) the extension of the special leave for members of the Executive of the various organisations to attend their Executive and annual meetings. The following extracts from Mr. Samuel's reply will give its general tenor, which may rightly be regarded as the most important official statement in several years on this interesting question. Mr. Samuel said:

"Mr. Buxton, at the time when official recognition was conceded to the Associations, declared that it was experimental, and that its extension on the one hand, or contraction on the other, would depend upon the way in which it worked. So far, I think, there is general agreement that it has worked successfully. It has been useful in drawing attention in effective fashion to the grievances of various branches of the staff, and I do not think that the department has much to complain of in regard to the manner in which cases have been put forward. I have given the most anxious consideration to the questions you have put before me to-day, and I am very happy to be able to inform you that, both in the interests of the service and

for the sake of the well-being of the staff, I think a further extension of official recognition is now practicable and desirable.

"I should like, in the first place, to analyze what is meant by the representation of individual cases. It appears to me that the presentation of individual cases is not one question, but three. The department has relations with individual members of its staff which fall into three groups. There are the normal relations—the every-day relations concerning the conditions of work, wages, hours, leave, meal reliefs, &c. Then, if the individual does well, the department is able to promote him, and it has relations with the individual in that way. On the other hand, if the individual does ill, then disciplinary measures have to be taken, and that constitutes the third group of relationships.

"So far as trade union action is concerned, those three questions must be treated, I think, from somewhat separate points of view. With regard to the conditions of work, such questions as wages, hours, meal reliefs, classification, leave, and compensation for accidents, I think it is clear that these matters fall properly within the province of trade union action. In other employments outside the service of the State, and also to some extent inside the service of the State, it is recognized that trades unions should have the right, not only of representing questions of this nature affecting large bodies of men, but also questions of this nature which may affect only single individuals. I think that that is a sound principle.

"With respect to the question of promotion, that is, as you will at once agree, a matter which stands on a different footing, and, indeed, no one has suggested to-day that the individual should be able to present his claims for promotion through the officers of his Association. I am glad you have not suggested that, because I myself am very strongly of opinion that it would not be in any way desirable for the trade union to present the claims of individuals to higher office in the Post Office. Where it is a question of the individual personally, of the capacities of the individual as a Post Office servant, then I think that the selection for higher positions must rest with the employer. I do not know any case in which the choice of a foreman or under-manager is in any way dependent on the recommendations made by a trades union or by a branch of a trades union. They would find it, I am sure, a most embarrassing privilege. Unless

A SPLENDID SERMON

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

on health is the label on every bottle of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT. Just follow the directions:—

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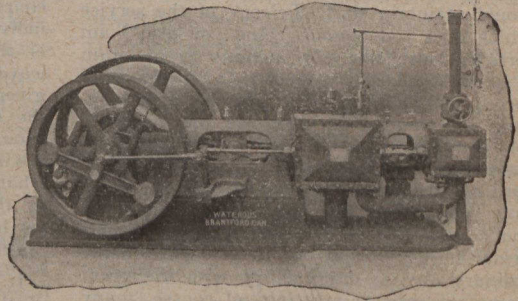
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they proceeded on the simple rule of seniority—that the man who was senior had a quasi-right to be promoted, trades unions would find themselves faced by most difficult and delicate personal questions, which might involve the branches in personal quarrels greatly to the disadvantage of the unions themselves. Now seniority ought not to be the only principle on which selection is made for promotion. Other things being equal, an army which is led by officers chosen by seniority alone will always be beaten by an army which is led by officers chosen by merit. I have stated this argument very fully, although you have not yourselves mentioned the word promotion in the course of the speeches that have been made, because I have arrived at a very strong and clear conclusion on general grounds of principle that it would at all times be improper for the heads of this department to make their selections for promotion on recommendations that come from the Association of Post Office servants.

“I turn lastly to the third group of cases, those relating to discipline. It is, of course, very unfortunate that disciplinary measures should ever be necessary, but with the vast numbers of Post Office employees, consisting of ordinary human beings, it is inevitable that such steps should from time to time be requisite. I am sure you are yourselves very greatly interested in the efficiency of the Post Office; you are not only promoting your own economic interests, but also you would maintain that efficiency of the service which does you honour. And you are, I am certain, most sincerely anxious to maintain a high standard of honesty and character throughout the Post Office service, and therefore you yourselves recognize the necessity for just and effective measures to suppress dishonesty, and to maintain that high standard of efficiency and conduct. At the same time you are anxious only to bring up what you consider to be exceptional cases of particular hardship, and not to take part in the ordinary day to day dealing with the great masses of cases numbering, of course, many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, in the course of the year — cautions, reprimands, minor punishments and so on, nor do you wish to intervene where a man has clearly been guilty of some offence, and has been properly punished for that offence. What you have in mind I take it are cases where you think a miscarriage of justice has taken place, and where the matter should be further considered by the Postmaster-General, and where you are able, as you think, to present it in a new light, or to bring forward fresh facts for his consideration. I do not see that the effective working of the department would be injured by a concession on those lines, and I am myself most anxious to provide every possible means by which a miscarriage of justice, which might take place, possibly with the best intention on the

part of those dealing with the case, should be prevented. I think there is nothing more tragic than for the machinery of justice — and after all, this is a quasi-judicial matter — to go astray and punish an innocent man. When I was at the Home Office, one of the questions that gave us the greatest anxiety was the consideration whether, by any means, some further safeguards could be provided for the individual, and some further opportunity be given to enable him to present new facts, or to throw new light on a case already decided. So I think the concession would not only be unobjectionable but it would be useful.”

Mr. Stuart (leader of the deputation) — “The only other point is with regard to special leave. That was raised when we saw Mr. Buxton. We have found that official recognition entails an enormous amount of work on executive committees, and the further concessions you have made to-day will entail more. After going into the matter most thoroughly we came to the conclusion that we might legitimately ask that the special leave concession granted before official recognition was given, to the extent of 20 days, might be further extended to 25 days.”

The Postmaster-General—“That is a comparatively simple matter, compared with those we have been discussing. I am not hostile to the proposal, but I should like to know what case can be made out for it. Of course, it is inconvenient for the service if individuals are absent very frequently. There is the ordinary leave, and occasional sick leave, and if an additional 25 days is to be given in the year, it means a great deal to the department. Perhaps you will be good enough to send me a memorandum, showing the necessity for the extra five days, and to what extent inconvenience has been caused by the restriction to 20 days. I should then be better able to form an opinion on the matter.”

It may be added that a general acceptance of the Postmaster-General's policy is beginning to show itself in other departments of the British service. The National Excise Federation, for example, is now recognized as the mouthpiece of the main body of Excise officials.

Since the above was written, the Postmaster General has decided that a certain number of the officials of Postal Associations will be given facilities for 25 days' special leave instead of 20 days. The special leave is, of course, granted at the expense of the Postal Societies, no financial burden falling upon the department, but the readiness to give facilities compares favorably with the condition of things only a few years since. Then the Marquis of Londonderry and Sir George Murray limited special leave to ten days.

At the Sign of the Wooden Leg.

Let us consider the Waste-Paper Basket. Here is a theme for poets, for the waste basket is full of poetry; a theme, too, for philosophers, especially those who dwell on the facts of pathology, for here we find evidences of arrested development, failures to conform to type, "all the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plump," and myriads of the waifs and estrays who comprise the grand army of the Might-Have-Beens.

I shall have little to say of the *form* of the thing, being more concerned with what in metaphysical language is called the *content*. Much could be written on the styles of waste baskets, but that may be better approached "from a woman's standpoint." A man rarely, I may say never, has the choosing of this article of furniture. Some few may be born in a waste paper basket, some no doubt achieve the waste paper basket, but the majority have waste paper baskets thrust upon them. A man may choose his own profession, his trousers, or his wife, but never his own waste basket. It comes to him, whether made of scented grasses that once waved their aspen lengths on the banks of the Ganges, or of birchbark stripped by vandal hands from the trunk of some giant of the Gatineau, or of papier-mache moulded into form at Eddy's mills, always with the imprimatur of femininity upon it. You need not apologize for its heliotrope ribbons and other adornments; it says more plainly than words of yours can say, "the woman gave it to me."

But its contents will speak of your habits and tastes. It needs no Sherlock Holmes to read a man's character from his waste paper basket. Each scrap of paper is a negative from which may be obtained a photo-

graph of its quondam owner true to life. The things we display as our own are like portraits that show our features as we would have them idealized by the artist, or even as masks that hide our faces from the world. These discarded things of the waste basket tell what we are by showing in complimentary colors the things for which we have no use.

The editor, who may be regarded as the Receiver-General of Waste-paperdom, uses the basket as the receptacle of other people's failures, or, as I comfort myself in thinking, what he in his heathen blindness considers such. In our dens the waste basket is a monument to our modesty, the tomb of our ambitions, the bloody Bangno at the feast of Hope. Into it goes the blue-prints of many a castle in Spain, the beginnings of many a sonnet that foundered in a rhymeless mist, squarings of the circle and trisections of the angle that failed because of a superstitious reverence of Euclid. It is the bottomless pit yawning beneath the Pons Asinorum, hungry for our theories, implacable and dark.

There are some who keep no waste paper basket, either because they have nothing to throw away or because they scatter their litter upon the world, letting the public do the winnowing of their chaff for them. Some have no by-products of their industry, no failures, glorious or inglorious, to entomb, because they make no effort to create. Others are always creating, but lack the critical faculties. Their motto is, "Let it go at that." They cast their bread upon the waters, heedless of its quality, confident that it will return after the many days. These are the ultra-positive people who believe that energy exerted must bring results. They put in their time and haughtily demand their pay-cheques of the world. "What I have written I have written," they say, and no argument will convince them

that the law of supply and demand applies to their production. Carlyle's account of his searches for facts about Cromwell amid the "shot-rubbish" of the Seventeenth century stored in the British Museum gives a good idea of the kind of people who keep no waste paper baskets for daily use.

On the other hand, the history of literature has record of many who used their waste baskets to our present loss. Horace did so, and Tennyson, but the chief offender was Thomas Gray. Biographers have found certain stanzas of his which he did not consider of merit enough to be a part of his great *Elegy*, and in fact when the *Elegy* itself was published without his knowledge, after he had been working on it for seven years, he was much displeased. His rejected lines would make the reputation of a modern poet. In Hallam Tennyson's memoirs of his father we find many a verse that Tennyson regarded as unworthy of publication. If Alfred Austin had only become heir to his predecessor's waste paper basket as well as his laurels!

All this teaches that we are not fit to be judges of our own productions, and urges us to be afraid of modesty rather than of egotism. "Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." We seldom, I believe, appraise our possessions rightly, but are too willing to exchange our magic lamps for the gaudy chandeliers of the pedlar whenever he calls "new lamps for old" beneath our windows.

Halley's comet is less wonderful than the Sun, yet we strain our eyes at nightfall to catch a glimpse of the muffled mystery as it slouches its way stealthily to the horizon, and are all unmindful of the beauty of the sunset that has just been displayed. Is the comet more than a rustling in the waste basket of the Universe, at most a planet spoiled in the making, within whose atmosphere

there is neither thought nor life? If this object can excite interest, and even emotion, while the daily miracles of life in field and city are regarded as mere prose, who will stand up as censor and say that such and such things shall be cast into the waste paper basket, and such other things be printed on vellum and bound in gold for the King's library?

These are the thoughts that keep the spring poet away from the barber, and the housecleaning, and enabled Shakespeare to do his work day by day.

SILAS WEGG.

"III. A."

(By one of them.)

For the present it seems certain that a sort
of iron curtain
Cuts me off in no uncertain sense from hopes
I held of yore,
All my feats, though thrice repeated, are
extinguished and deleted
By the new ones who've competed in exams
I scorned before—
In exams. I might have taken and made
good in once of yore:
Their probation is completed, they have but
to pass *one* door—
To their "II. B"—nothing more.
Many a year I have been spending in a round
of toil unending,
Fondly hoping and intending to the highest
seats to soar:
All that energy I've wasted; rarely any lei-
sure tasted;
Only feverishly hastened to a goal I saw
before.
But the prize is to be given to a "II. B."
who has striven
In an entrance competition that I scorned in
days of yore—
I'm a "III. A."—nothing more.

The "saleslady" at the department store book counter adds constantly to the joy of nations. *Lippincott's* reports that a customer who asked early in December for Pepys Diary was told that "our 1910 diaries aren't in yet." The New York *Sun* has an even better yarn of a woman who asked for Lamb's Tales. "Fur department, third floor," said the girl.

Petition of Penitentiary Employees.

The following petition has been addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Justice by the members of the staff of Kingston penitentiary:

To the Hon. the Minister of Justice,
Ottawa.

Hon. Sir,—

We the undersigned members of the staff of the Kingston Penitentiary hereby beg to make application for an increase in our salaries, and respectfully beg to submit the following for your consideration:

1st. The cost of living has steadily increased each year during the past 15 years, and a careful comparison of the prices 15 years ago with those of to-day shows that in the necessities of life, such as meat, groceries, eggs, butter, fuel, rent, dry goods, etc., etc., the average increase in the cost for that time has been almost 40%. Several items, such as pork, house rent, etc., have doubled in price during that period, while the majority of the remainder of the items mentioned, such as butter, eggs, etc., have increased from 50% to 75%: were the item of dry goods not included, the increased percentage would amount to over 50% on the whole.

A few years ago you graciously accorded us, or the majority of us, an increase in our salaries, which amounted on an average to about 14% in the salaries of our officers. Thus while the cost of living for us has increased 40%, we have only received an increase of about 14%, showing that we were 26% better off as regards our living 15 years ago than we are to-day.

2nd. That almost all trades, and other employments in commercial life are to-day, and have been, enjoying substantial increases in wages, or salaries, in proportion to the increase of the cost of living.

3rd. That of all branches of the government service, the staffs of the penitentiaries are receiving much the lowest remuneration in proportion to the long hours, and actual work performed. Our day and night staffs divide the 24 hours continuous service between them. In any outside industry to-day, where a continuous service is necessary, the time is divided between three shifts, doing 8 hours each, and in all industries in this city 9 hours constitutes a day's work for a man. At the same time, the duties of the officers here demand the exercise of the most constant vigilance, and always involve considerable risk to our lives.

4th. That the duties of a prison official are such that he is entirely out of touch with

the commercial and industrial life of the country, and when age, or infirmity, renders it necessary that he should retire from the service, he is almost entirely unfitted to fill any position in the outside world of business, and has nothing but his gratuity to subsist upon.

5th. In connection with "Retiring Gratuity," we would respectfully draw your attention to sections 33 and 34 of "Penitentiary Act," the interpretation of which deprives the family of an officer, who dies in the service, of the gratuity he would receive had he resigned from his position. We respectfully beg, Hon. Sir, that you will see fit to amend this Act, so as to provide for the payment of this gratuity to the family in the event of the death of an officer while in the service.

6th. We would also respectfully draw your attention to the fact that the officers of the penitentiaries in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, immediately south of us, are paid fully one-third more salary than we receive. The cost of living in these places is very little, if any higher, than it is with us.

We therefore respectfully beg that you will give these matters your favorable consideration, and trust you may be able to see your way clear to granting our request. All of which is respectfully submitted.

THE STAFF OF THE KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

A presentation was made to Mr. E. C. Rochon, of the Topographical Surveys Branch of the Dept. of the Interior, on the 28th May, by fellow-members of the staff upon the occasion of his approaching marriage.

The members of the Topographical Surveys staff are congratulating Mr. Alex. M. Grant, who is also shortly leaving the bachelor's ranks for the ranks of the benedicts.

During the year of 1909 no less than nine members of this enterprising branch of the service entered the Courts of Hymen, and from all appearances the year of 1910 is not going to be behind, three members having already forsaken the single state during the present year.

From a Woman's Standpoint

"I am quite in love with your country." When Lady Merton, the heroine of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, has introduced herself after this fashion, no Canadian woman can fail to be interested in Lady Merton — a woman, "whose sympathies were all trembling towards the Canadians." In the past, heroines have not had the habit of being in love with Canadians, and one can only account for this strange, new thing by the fact that Lady Merton, without being aware of it, is a new woman. It is contact with the life of a new country which develops in her a sense of individualism, a distinct mark of the new woman. Hitherto has she been groping blindly towards a new woman's ideals, and only in the wilderness, far from the congested life of an older civilization, does the spell come upon her. She is held by the vision of a colossal future, a vision of what a country might become, of what she a woman can do towards fulfilling this end.

She was no ordinary woman, wrapped in the narrow interests of a selfish life. She was so different from others that the world thought her incapable of deep feeling. She herself supposed it must be true, "and yet there were moments when a self within herself surprised and startled her; not so much in connection with persons as with ideas, causes, oppressions, injustices, helplessness suffering; or as now with a new nation visibly striking its "being into bounds." The sense of social responsibility was taking possession of her — another distinctive mark of the new woman.

But Lady Merton is a higher type of the modern woman, than the one whom we ordinarily meet in fiction. She is not the new woman who purposes to follow her individualism to the exclusion of everything else — the woman who follows wherever

her ambition leads, whom the world pronounces a success, but who feels within herself that her life has been less complete than that of her unambitious sister. The woman who is presented to us by Mrs. Ward combines the best in the old with the best in the new. The sentiment which comes into her life is modified by her own high ideals.

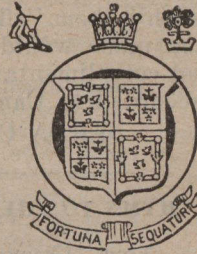
The glorification of love in itself as the only thing in the world worth living for was very common to the older writers. Mrs. Ward, on the contrary, directs this woman's love into the channel where will be found the greatest scope for her individualism. When the "sehnsucht," the longing for she knew not what, took possession of her, when the desire for companionship came to her, the image of the cultured Englishman, wrapped in the scholarship of an old world did not satisfy. She was not satisfied until she met the man, who had a great vision of his duty to his country. In George Anderson she found a person who could express the ideals, which were struggling for expression within herself. So she deliberately sets aside the narrow interests of a life of luxury, and the companionship of one to whom the mere accumulation of knowledge is all, in order that she may identify herself with the cause of a new country. Before the story closes, she has already in mind a clear outline of how she may actually contribute to the higher life of the province where they make their home. Mrs. Ward gives her heroine a poet vision, which does not admit of failure; and in this Lady Merton differs from the ordinary woman of her type: the cause is a great unselfish one, which demands the sacrifice of much which might seem enviable.

Of woman in Canada, Mrs. Ward makes her hero say: "They have a great place among us. It is like the women of the early races. We listen to them in the house and on the



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land; we depend on them indoors and out; their husbands and their sons worship them." To give woman a higher place would be hard. It is indeed complimentary to find that place accorded to Canadian women.

FREA CANNAIAD.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

From "Chantecler."

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées,
 Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon,
 Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées
 Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
 Les amandiers de Roussillon.

Je t'adore, Soleil, ô toi dont la lumière,
 Pour bénir chaque front et mûrir chaque miel,
 Entrant dans chaque fleur et dans chaque chaumière,
 Se divise et demeure entière
 Ainsi que l'amour maternel!

Translated by Gertrude Hall in the June *Hampton's* as follows:

O thou that driest the tears of the meanest among weeds,
 And dost of a dead flower make a living butterfly—
 Thy miracle, wherever almond trees
 Shower down the wind their scented sheds,
 Dead petals dancing in a living swarm—

I worship thee, O Sun, whose ample light,
 Blessing every forehead, ripening every fruit,
 Entering every flower and every hovel
 Pours itself forth and yet is never less,
 Still spending and unspent—like mother's love!

ECONOMY.

When on the tumbril to the scaffold hieing,
 She heard the raucous voices round her crying,

O Liberty, she cried, with cheek aflame,
 What crimes are these committed in thy name?

And closed her eyes before the dead and dying.

And thou, Economy, O virtue far less thrilling,
 Thou canst call forth a crowd all bent on killing.

Economy, thou virtue cold and chaste,
 Thy blessing sometimes falls on secret waste—
 A guinea squandered to secure a shilling.

Correspondence.

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

We Stand Corrected.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Your last issue had quite a display of historical erudition here and there. But you made a break or two, to which permit me to draw your attention.

The last occasion on which Westminster Hall was the scene of a great public ceremony was not the incident you mention in connection with the coronation of George IV., but the lying-in-state of the great commoner, Gladstone. To my mind, the fact that King Edward's body rested on the exact place from which Gladstone's set out on its last journey was significant of the high and serious place our late beloved King occupied in the practical politics of the country.

Then, again the Battle of Hastings occurred in 1066, not 1060. We may blame this on the printer.

Also, Austen Chamberlain,—not Austin.

While I am at it, I may as well remind Silas Wegg that Atropos is the Fate who wields the "abhorred shears," not Lachesis, as he stated in one of the best of his *causeries* an issue or so back.

Yours,

STICKLER.

* * *

Style in Government Correspondence.—The Trials of the Drafting Clerk.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

As a rule, I am very particular in choosing friends, but I have one who is a solicitor. Though he is a solicitor, this man is—being my friend—a man of discernment. In the course of his long practice, he has had almost continuous dealings with various Government departments; and the other day, during an argument on style in literature, in which I had said how difficult it was for a man to disguise his style, my friend retorted that for a Government official it seemed easy; and he added, by way of proof, that all the letters he had received from a certain Government office during the last 20 years might well have been composed by the same man.

"So they have!" I replied. (I have only been in the service a year, but I ventured the remark).

"The same man!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

I then explained to him that daily attendance at a Government office, daily contact with seasoned officials, daily concern with official matters, daily breathing of the official atmosphere, reduced all men, irrespective

of source and personality, to a definite standard, so that whilst they would continue to differ in their manner, customs and conduct outside the office, they would, inside the office, practically all do and say the same thing in a given set of circumstances. They would all have adopted the official point of view, and they would all say the official thing in the official way. Even a college prizeman writes official English quite nicely and quite naturally after being ridden on the curb for six months.

The licking into shape of the cub is often a little trying to the cub. He probably believes that he is a master of the English language (not to speak of the Latin and Greek); he probably prides himself on his *flair* for the "*mot juste*," and he probably pretends to a perfect sense of rhythm. And conceivably he is right. What happens? He writes his draft—it is the one and only draft in the circumstances. He reads it to himself. It is good sense and good sound. He initials it and sends it on. In a day or so it comes back to him. And what does Mr. Cub see? A tangle of transpositions, deletions and additions, a thing of confused sense and barbarous sound. And who has perpetrated this outrage on Mr. Cub's fine piece of work? A University man? No! a mere chief clerk from nowhere. Mr. Cub is inclined to kick. But he contents himself with pawing the ground. Gradually he gives up his ideals and — drafts are no longer returned to him amended. In the fulness of time (the fulness of time is, I believe, from two to twenty years according to *circumstances*) he becomes a maker of orders instead of a writer of drafts, and he amuses himself by transposing and deleting and amending the phrases of the young torch-bearers who have succeeded him.

Though I am new to the service, as nearly as I can find out there is no case on record in which the person who makes the orders has been strong enough to resist the temptation to make trivial alterations in the draft. Apparently a microbe gets into the spine — that is all that science can suggest. And when the microbe is in the spine, it becomes a momentous matter whether the Department "states," or "acquaints," or "informs." The uninitiated clerk finds difficulty in deciding which of these verbs is the verb to use, and he is apt to use them indifferently. But the initiated Chief Clerk has a presumption to guide him. That presumption is, that whatever is, is wrong. So if the clerk makes the Department "state," the Chief Clerk will see to it that the Department either "acquaints" or "informs," and if the Drafting Clerk makes the Department "acquaint" or "inform," the Chief Clerk will see to it that the Department "states." The obtuseness of the cub clerk in these matters is distressing. What use in hiring a clerk, if, for example, he insists on "adverting" when he should obviously be "re-

ferring," if he cannot discriminate between "as regards" and "with regard to," and if he will persist in "drawing attention to" when the case is clearly one for "pointing out"!

When I had finished talking in this strain to my friend the solicitor, he said I had thrown a flood of light—that was his vulgar phrase—on many things that had puzzled him in his dealings with Government departments. I pressed him for an explanation, but he could only laugh.

Yours very truly,

CUB.

* * *

Government Annuities.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

You have done such good work in emphasizing the benefits accruing to the service by investment in Government insurance that I feel constrained to solicit your valuable assistance in another branch of 'economics.' I refer to Government Annuities. Some of us are confirmed bachelors, and therefore the insurance scheme does not appeal to us so strongly as it does to our brothers who are benedicts. But all of us, without exception, grow old, and perforce are compelled to think of the 'rainy day.'

While the Department having in charge this beneficial proposition sends out its lecturers, male and female, throughout Canada, we here in Ottawa,—'right under the gun'—are perhaps not so well acquainted with the merits of the Annuity scheme as outsiders.

Could I trespass on your time and space to make a few categorical inquiries of you respecting Annuities?

1. A man, born in 1868, starting in now: What must he pay in per month, so that at 55 years of age he may have an annuity of \$600.00?

2. Same as above,—at 60 years of age?

3. If he pays in for several years and then fails to pay any more, what becomes of amount already paid in?

4. The above are based on the assumption that he does not desire to have anything paid after death. Presuming, however, that he desires to leave something to his heirs, what additional amount must he pay in per month to accomplish this end?

Yours,

CIVIL SERVANT.

The following answers to the questions asked by our correspondent have been supplied by the Annuities Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce. The answers do not follow the questions as asked, consideration of clearness and space making it desirable to give the information in another order.

"A man, aged 42 on his last birthday, may buy an annuity to begin at age 55, or at any age greater than 55. The payments for this annuity may be made under various

forms of contract. Plan B, the one especially inquired about, provides simply for an annuity at the age chosen, the purchaser to pay his premiums up to the annuity age should he live, but to have no return of these premiums made to his heirs in case of his death. Under Plan A his premiums would be returned to his heirs with 3% compound interest in case of his death before he reached the annuity age. This is of course a more expensive commodity than the Plan B contract provides. But there are still more cautious people to consider, and for these a form of annuity is provided, insuring the return of the premiums as under Plan A, should the purchaser die before the annuity age, and guaranteeing the annuity for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years should the annuity payments be entered upon.

"As a civil servant will rarely retire as early as age 60, it may be well to present rates under these various plans for annuities beginning at age 65, as well as at ages 60 and 55.

"The following table will give the figures asked for:

Plan.	Annuity to begin at ages		
	55	60	65
A	\$5.79	\$3.25	\$1.90
B	\$5.16	\$2.68	\$1.40
Guaranteed			
10 years	\$6.21	\$3.62	\$2.26

"The answer to question 3 is, that there are no lapsed contracts in the Government Annuities business. Should a purchaser discontinue his premium payments the amounts paid in remain at his credit, and the accumulated value of them is available at the annuity age to purchase an annuity, provided this value is sufficient to provide an annuity of \$50.00. Otherwise the money is returned with 3% interest."

The Civilian expects to give space at a later date to a review of the Government Annuity scheme. Should any of our readers wish further or fuller information on this subject or information upon any subject of government or departmental interest, we will be glad to procure same and publish answers and questions, in the same issue. — Editors.

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THE HEALTH OF OFFICE WORKERS.

A distinguished London physician, Dr. Alexander Bryce, has started a discussion by asserting that office workers should not take exercise after their day's work. He says:—

"The root reason is that though head work is not exercise in the sense that it develops the body, it most decidedly is exercise in that it quickly induces 'fag' and physical lassitude. So it is almost pathetic for a man to expect any good to come from taking more exercise when the exercise involved in the day's work has already tired him out.

"One takes it that young people have had sufficient outdoor exercise to reasonably develop their frames before beginning office work. So when once they have started in the office in earnest it is much better for them to realize at once that their days of hard physical strain are over and done with and that henceforth they must confine these efforts to week-ends and holidays. They can follow this advice calmly enough for it does not mean at all that they are going to deteriorate suddenly into wrecks.

"The body and system easily attune themselves to circumstances, even to overcivilized and consequently rather unnatural circumstances, and indoor head workers will soon find that a very decent state of health can be maintained with little or no apparent exercise.

"For all people living under the undoubted inconvenience of earning a livelihood a most excellent rule of thumb in regard to this much misunderstood question of work and exercise is the following: Never try to mix the two, and stop exercising at once if you do not find that it gives you real enjoyment.

"And I need only add," he concluded, "that the rational way home after a day's work in the office is by train, tram or omnibus, not walking, and that the proper time for real exercise is when no thought of work need intervene for at least forty-eight hours after the exercise has stopped."

To this it may be added that a military doctor of France has discovered, and undertakes to prove by statistics, that smoking, instead of being bad, is good for the health. Better still, smokers are almost immune from meningitis. Tobacco, therefore, instead of being tabooed by some medical men, ought to be hailed with delight, and anyone threatened with the terrible brain or spinal attack should be at once told to take the nicotine cure.

Athletic Grounds for the Civil Service at Ottawa.

Report of the Sub-Committee on "New Athletic Grounds" for the C.S.A.A.— Some letters that tell their own tale.

To the President and Members of the C. S.
A. A. A.

At the beginning of the association year 1909-10 a sub-committee of five was appointed for the purpose of considering the possibilities of getting new grounds. The committee was composed of Messrs. the President and Vice-President (Urquhart and Wilson), Williamson and Grierson of the Executive, and W. W. Moore. The committee got into communication with Prof. Shortt of the C. S. Commission, who aroused the interest of the Department of Public Works on behalf of the Association in this particular. The Department thereupon paved the way for an interview between the Ottawa Improvement Commissioners and representatives of your committee. Mr. Cunningham of the Improvement Commission gave such countenance to the proposals of your committee that Mr. Hunter, Deputy Minister of Public Works, felt justified in instituting a very extensive survey of grounds in Rockliffe Park for athletic grounds, and also a survey of the soundings of the water-front contiguous to the athletic grounds, for the purpose of an aquatic clubhouse. In due course, though after considerable delay, the subject of the proposals of the Association were finally and formally dealt with by the Improvement Commissioners, meeting as a whole, and the request of your committee was then, we regret to report, refused.

Your committee is of the opinion that the service is not prepared at the present time to undertake the financial obligations involved in the purchase and maintenance of a large athletic grounds in the ordinary way of business, and therefore would not entertain that idea until some sentiment on the subject exhibits itself throughout the service.

Accompanying this report is the correspondence in connection with the negotiations with the Ottawa Improvement Commission, as well as a copy of plan prepared by the engineers of the Public Works Department.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

F. GRIERSON,

On behalf of Committee.

(Copy)

Ottawa, Sept. 3rd, 1909.

The Chairman Ottawa Improvement Commission, Ottawa.

Dear Sir,—

Acting upon the advice of the Department of Public Works, representatives of the Civil Service Amateur Athletic Association called

upon C. R. Cunningham, Esq., on Aug. 20th, during your absence from the city, in connection with negotiations which have taken place between the Department and the Commission relative to the setting apart of a playground in Rockliffe Park for the joint use of the members of the Association and the general public. In this interview Mr. Cunningham requested us to set forth in writing our views as to the privileges our Association would desire, and the responsibilities we would assume in connection with the upkeep and protection of a playground within the park limits, and we therefore beg on behalf of the Association to submit the following proposal for your consideration:

The Association would agree to bear a reasonable proportion of the expense of making ready and maintaining the grounds for those games which require a specially prepared turf, and would employ a groundsman either wholly or in conjunction with the Commission, in order to keep the grounds in proper shape. The Association would desire to have exclusive use of the grounds after 4 o'clock p.m. on week-days, excepting Saturdays, after 12 o'clock noon on Saturday and during the whole day on civil service holidays. The accompanying plan prepared at the instance of Mr. Hunter, Deputy Minister of Public Works, will show you the area the Department thinks necessary for the purpose in view.

The plan indicates tentatively the location for the games of tennis, lawn-bowling, and baseball. Within the quarter mile track all field events could be carried on, as well as lacrosse, cricket and football in their proper seasons. The plan also indicates a location for a boat house for the encouragement of aquatic sports. This house the service would desire to build and maintain at its own expense and for its own exclusive use and benefit. In the meantime if we could obtain the use of one of the houses near the grounds it would be convenient and desirable for the purpose of dressing.

We respectfully submit these proposals for your consideration, and trust that you will favour us with an early reply, so that if your response is favourable the matter may be submitted to a meeting of the members of our Association at an early date, and preliminary work in the way of levelling, etc., may be done before the frost comes.

Yours faithfully

F. GRIERSON,

On behalf of the Ground Committee of the
C.S.A.A.A.

Ottawa, March 8th, 1910.

Dear Sir,—

Your communication of the 3rd September last, asking on behalf of the Civil Service Amateur Athletic Association, for the use, on certain conditions, of a portion of National Park, was brought before the Ottawa Improvement Commission at a meeting held on the 4th inst.

After the matter had received careful consideration, I was directed to inform you that the Commission could not grant your request as it did not feel justified in giving any organization special privileges on any of the grounds under its control.

Yours truly,
STEPHEN E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary.

F. Grierson, Esq.,
Civil Service Amateur
Athletic Club,

Finance Dept., Ottawa.
March 15th, 1910.

J. B. Hunter, Esq.,
Deputy Minister of Public Works,
Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Hunter,—

I beg to enclose a letter received from the Secretary of the Ottawa Improvement Commission in reply to the application made by the Civil Service Amateur Athletic Association in connection with the plan prepared by Mr. Corriveau of the grounds in Rockcliffe Park.

If there is anything further we can do in this regard will you kindly let me know.

Yours faithfully,
F. GRIERSON,

On behalf of the Ground Committee of the
C.S.A.A.A.
(Encl.)

16th March, 1910.

Dear Mr. Grierson,—

I have your favour of the 15th instant, enclosing letter from the Secretary of the Ottawa Improvement Commission, in reply to the application made by the Civil Service Amateur Athletic Association for a location on the grounds under the control of the Commission in Rockcliffe Park. I am very sorry to learn that the decision of the Commission has not been a favourable one, but do not think there is anything further that I am able to suggest at the present time.

I return you herewith the Secretary's letter.

Yours very truly,
J. B. HUNTER,
Deputy Minister.

F. Grierson, Esq.,
Dept. of Finance,
Ottawa, Ont.

UNLAWFUL SPEED.

"The charge against you," said the magistrate,

"Is that of walking at a furious rate.

"Tis further charged against you that last night

"You trod the public streets without a light.

"Four miles an hour upon a public way

"Is most preposterous; what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," the pedestrian said, "I went,
"Without a light because my oil was spent.

"But surely this policeman here will tell
"That I did not neglect to ring my bell."

"Sir," quoth the magistrate, in tones quite
gruff,

"Simply to ring your bell was not enough.

"We are resolved, let me again repeat,
"To protect autos in the public street.

"Only last week a coupé was much hurt
"By an unlucky child who did a 'spurt.'

"The car was blood-stained, and its front de-
stroyed:

"The garage company was much annoyed.

"We must protect our autos, if we can,
"Against the reckless, bold pedestrian.

"Fine: Ten dollars and costs, sir—your de-
fence is vain,

"And never walk without your light again!"
—Amy R. Miller in *Puck*.

Witter Bynner in the American Magazine:

Luck was the lass he chased,
Seeking the wide world over,
But she laughed his love to waste
With many a lighter-lover.

Now, though his life is paid
And no more shall he love her,
Luck loves, like any jade,
One who is careless of her.

Now where he lies abed
And never stirs the cover,
And never turns his head—
She will not leave her lover.

THE SIMPLE VERSUS THE LUXURIOUS LIFE.

(By a Civil Servant's Wife.)

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of the *Outlook*, in a recent essay, defines luxury as "comfort that enervates," and comfort as "luxury that does not enervate." I take it, therefore, that in this country the antithesis set forth in the title of this article must be between the "comforable" life (that is, the life of ample means) and the "simple" life, (that is, the life of moderate or perhaps less than moderate means, otherwise the life of more or less discomfort) — for few in this country are either wealthy enough or idle enough to live the genuinely "luxurious" life, the life of some of the 400 of New York for instance, the life that enervates.

Now the upholders of the simple life as preferable to the luxurious life (these terms to be understood as above) may be divided into five classes:

1. The saints, who are so taken up with things spiritual that their intensity creates inhibition of the realization of things temporal.

2. Some men who really know nothing about it, as they are made so comfortable through the exertion of their women-folk that they have no chance of realizing what the simple life would mean to them.

3. Some women who, having to live it willy-nilly, "*font contre fortune bon cœur*," and finally persuade themselves that it is the very life they would have chosen. We will classify these under the name of idealists or humbugs.

4. The faddists, who will uphold anything.

5. The slovenly and the incompetent.

Before proceeding any further, it may be here stated that the husband of the writer belongs to the second category and she herself to the third.

When the words "simple life" are pronounced, we all have visions of a most beautiful existence, free from care, spent basking in the sunshine, eating berries kindly provided near at hand by nature,—the existence we imagine Adam and Eve to have lived before the fall, the existence De Quincy led for two months, nearly died of, and became an opium fiend on. It is "always fine weather," too, in the simple life of our ideal. All this is very nice, but it is not what the simple life, as we have to live it in this country and in these days of railways, factories, and all disfigurements of our Garden of Eden, means. The simple life up-to-date means working hard all the time just to keep our own bodies and those for which we are responsible clean and well-fed, and our surroundings healthy and as beautiful as we can make them. When this end is attained by people who have "to do the reaching for themselves," it means that the whole time of

day has been taken up until the body is so tired that the mind is stupefied and the temper slightly (ahem!) ruffled. The process alone of checking the progress of "matter out of place" in these days of enlightenment means a continual fight. Our ancestors may have lived the simple life, some of them, but they were not what we would now consider dainty in their personal habits. If in doubt about this, read over Pepys' Diary, and remember that the daily tub is an institution of the 19th century! Besides, we live faster, and what were the luxuries of but a few years ago have become the necessities of our day, without which we cannot hope to keep up a decent pace in the race at all.

And so the idealists, or humbugs, who are women, work hard and manage to make a brave show at the expense of much fatigue of body and non-cultivation of the mind. And the slovenly and the incompetent just let things go and say, "Behold, I believe in the simple life!" little realizing what sights they look, how unlovely their surroundings are, and what a prey to the fiend dyspepsia they and theirs are destined to be. Which is but justice! When in the course of conversation we comment upon some great character, there is always someone ready to point out that the G. C. descended from sturdy stock who lived the simple life. Sitting at dinner near a Scotchman of prominence a short while ago, and upon saying nice things about the Caledonians (the writer's husband is of Scotch descent), we were told: "Yes, you will find Scotchmen everywhere, and they r-r-rule the worruld." Which is true. And the simple diet of their ancestors, consisting of "parritch, encore du parritch, et toujours du parritch," is generally held responsible for the result: that brawny and brainy race. Which also is true. And no wonder: for it is in accordance with nature's law of the survival of the fittest: all the strong survived such a diet, but all the weaklings were killed right off, and so none were reproduced. Which would have made Nietzsche's heart glad, had he only thought of it!

For myself, I would believe — not only make believe — in the simple life if only the days were of 36 instead of 24 hours. If we could only have a daylight bill so providing! Then hurrah for the simple life, which would be delightful, for it would allow for the exercise of all one's faculties, which exercise gives that most pleasurable of feelings, the sense of power. One really finds joy in making things beautiful in the home, in cooking wholesome food for the light of one's heart, in making neat clothes to look pretty in, in watching over plants, in caring for pets, in accomplishing the thousand small duties that fill the day, but which we do not want to be the whole of existence. We want twelve hours more, so that when the work is done, the work due to ourselves

and our fellows, we may invite our soul.

If anyone *does* live the simple life with a vengeance it is the peasant, and yet! No, plain living does not, Franklin to the contrary, generally lead to high thinking. It is the men who can afford to lie down, eyes turned upwards, who have time to think the thoughts of the Infinite, to whom Truth and Nature whisper their secrets. They are the "sons of Mary." Would Newton have discovered gravitation if he had been grubbing along, living the simple life, instead of having time to cogitate over the queerness of apples falling on the ground at all? Would Science have made such rapid strides in this century if the men of science had had to live the simple life, forsooth! Would even Dr. Charles Wagner have been able to write his charming book! Why, he would not have had the time to do so, or if the time, not the inclination. For with the simple liver it is "Never the time and the place and the inclination altogether." And another thing: Cast a glance at men of 60 or 70, men of country and men of town. Who seems the older man? Who bent down, who crippled with rheumatism? Is it not he of the simple life? And look, oh, do look at the women! Old at 40 in the country, young charming grandmothers after being followers of the life that is not simple in the town!

The whole of our brief on behalf of the luxurious life comes to this: that ample means spell leisure, and that leisure means culture: that real simplicity in short is the *crème de la crème* of complexity,—the most beautiful blossom of the long and carefully nurtured plant of civilization. And that, when all is said, is wh— although a simple liver, I say with whomsoever it was who first uttered the maxim: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will do without its necessities!"

CIVIL SERVICE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Statement to 30th April, 1910.

Receipts—

Shares...	\$6,243 50
Fees...	55 70
Deposits...	1,365 90
Repaid on loans...	8,147 74
Interest paid on loans...	362 40

Expenditure—

Shares withdrawn...	320 00
Deposits withdrawn...	310 00
Interest paid on deposits...	20 64
Loans granted...	15,092 23
Expenses...	188 58
Dividends on shares...	29 96

Balance on 30th April, 1910—

Shares...	5,923 50
Fees...	55 70
Deposits...	1,055 90
Amount on loan...	6,944 49
Cash...	213 83

Loans granted to date—262.

Average amount of loans—\$57.60.

Here and There among Public Servants.

Edited by "Snap."

Henry Rutherford Eliot is the author of the following "Recipe for Sanity," in the Century Magazine:

Are you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off.

* * *

In an article which appeared in an Amherst, N.S., paper some days ago a serious typographical error occurred. In referring to the common use of profanity among our young lads it stated that they were "post-masters" of the habit. The word intended was "pastmasters." In connection with the above, the editor received the following from Postmaster Ralston of Amherst:

Dear Editor,—Herewith I enclose you a clipping taken from a recent issue of your paper. I may say, sir, that I was inclined to treat this matter lightly, but on receiving a communication from a distance saying that the item in question was being commented on, I thought it only proper that I should advise you, that unless some tangible amends are made I shall be compelled to consult my solicitors.

Postoffice regulations strictly forbid postmasters using bad language between 7.45 a.m. and 9 p.m. During those hours the profanity must be as a fire shut up in their bones, after that time by going away back some place they may indulge in a moderate way. In the case of this office, however, there is a special provision that it must not be in the hearing of the caretaker.

If you decide that it is in your interest to settle this matter without further trouble, I will place the damages at \$1,000,000.62. If you haven't the million you can send down the 62 cents. I will let the other amount stand against future good behaviour.

* * *

There are at present 271,000 postoffices in the world, spread over 97 states, which cover an area of 30,000,000 square miles. The United States has the greatest number

of postoffices, 63,663; Germany comes second with 49,838 offices; and the United Kingdom third with 23,738 offices. Russia has 18,000, France 13,000, Canada 12,500, and Italy and Austria each 9,500 offices.

The average daily postal business of the world amounts to 110,000,000 mail pieces of all sorts. The number of the world's postal officials is 1,391,247, to which Germany furnishes the strongest contingent, 314,251 persons. There are 767,898 letter boxes in the world.

* * *

No more significant index of a country's development is possible than the concurrent movement of certain civil service statistics. For example: In New Brunswick last year there was an increase of 12 in the number of post offices. In Prince Edward Island there was an increase of two offices. In Ontario, the increase was fifty-four; in Quebec, 72; in Nova Scotia, 15; in British Columbia, 24; in Manitoba, 12; in Alberta, 95; and in Saskatchewan, 121. What better testimony than the two last totals could be found as to the scale on which the new immigration is opening up the vast domain over which our Department of the Interior presides!

* * *

In the British House of Commons, recently, Mr. Herbert Samuel emphatically stated, in answer to a question by Mr. Bridgeman, that there was no prohibition placed upon Postmasters acting as Presiding Officers at elections.

* * *

A recent book, "The Adventures of an A. D. C.," by Shelland Bradley, presents some good entertainment. The gems of the collection (the work is a sort of glorified scrap-book) are certain native letters received at Government House in India. What magnate could resist an appeal which closes with the benediction, "And may the Almighty (whom Your Honor much resembles) grant you long life, etc.?" Some of us have had the trying experience of finding that we have included the dead in our invitations, but seldom is the fact so unequivocally brought home to us as by the polite reply: "I regret to inform you that my late father is now resident at Heaven." One letter must be quoted in full:

Honored Protector of the Poor: Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving-kindness to us worms, I make bold to tell you my circumstances.

By the grace of God, your Lordship, I have seven children, all babes and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter, I have many relations, male and female, all dependent upon me. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my

mother, I would require that you take this worm and wife and suckles and relations, both male and female, and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of rupees twenty per month.

I cannot read or write, and have only the suckle qualifications and male relations and feminine, but, by the grace of God and your Lordship, I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

We all sing loudly of your praises, your justice, and your mercy; therefore, call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness. Call quickly. Your faithful worm and beast,
Pindari Das
(despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

* * *

As showing how hard highly-placed civil servants worked in England in the old days, Henry Bushe in 1830 gave the following account of his place to the Sinecure Committee: that he was "Resident Surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence."

"Don't you do any work for it?"

"Nothing but receive my salary four times a year."

"Do you receive it yourself?"

"No; by deputy."

COOPERATIVE BUYING OF GROCERIES.

The following circular was distributed among Ottawa civil servants recently with regard to cooperative buying:

May 18th, 1910.

Dear Sir,—

Some time ago the question of the cost of living was discussed by a small number of civil servants who agreed that, in neglecting to take advantage of the benefits which might accrue from co-operation in buying, civil servants were missing a fair opportunity to modify, at least to some extent, the present high prices.

It was felt that, from the civil service standpoint, the purchase at several stores of such staple articles as flour, cereals, butter, eggs, etc., was an economic loss which might possibly be rectified in some small degree.

It was therefore decided to endeavour to inaugurate some scheme which, without involving any expenditure on the part of the individual, would to some extent meet the situation. The following is accordingly submitted for your consideration:

An offer has been obtained from Mr. F. W. Forde, who has grocery stores on Rideau and Bank streets, to allow a straight discount of five per cent. on all articles purchased in either of his stores, except sugar, provided that those civil servants who care to accept it will pay their accounts not later than the 20th of each month.

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Taste for Good Things. It is the
"SPIRIT OF THE SERVICE".

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Either Ladies' or Gentlemen's, printed from
Copper plate, \$2.00 per hundred,
including engraving of plate.

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Sparks Street, Ottawa.

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

The Standard of Excellence in Canada
for over 100 years.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

It might be explained that this discount is fully expected to be but the minimum benefit to be derived, and is agreed upon merely to get things in working order.

Articles can, of course, be ordered at any time, in the usual manner, but, in addition, employees will call for orders twice weekly at the homes of those accepting, and will, at the proper seasons, quote prices for winter supplies of apples, vegetables, butter, etc., which will, it is hoped, prove to be considerably lower than those obtainable elsewhere, but which you would be quite at liberty to reject. The amount of discount will also be increased, should the amount of business warrant it.

Orders amounting to \$10.00 or over will, during the summer, be shipped, freight prepaid, to any railway station, and will be eligible for the 5% discount.

It is understood that civil servants are not tying themselves down to dealing exclusively at Mr. Forde's stores, but for any articles purchased there with the exception of sugar, they will receive a discount of 5%, if the account is paid by the 20th of the month, and a considerable reduction in the prices of winter supplies, if buying upon any considerable scale is possible, and it is felt that a number of staple articles, at any rate, could without inconvenience be purchased there by all, any increase in orders given subsequently being dependent upon Mr. Forde and the service he gives.

This letter is not being distributed broadcast throughout the service, as it is intended to make a comparatively small start among those whose names have been mentioned as likely to be interested.

We would ask you to give this matter your consideration, and if you care to, notify your acceptance to one of the undersigned, after which you could start dealing with Mr. Forde immediately.

No financial interest, direct or indirect, will accrue to any civil servant, other than that which is offered to all, and we will undertake to bring to Mr. Forde's notice any complaints which may be received, and to arrange for the adjustment of the discount for 1911, on the basis of the business done during 1910.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) R. P. BROWN, Militia Dept.
H. W. LOTHROP, Privy Coun. Dpt.
G. P. PEREIRA, Interior Dept.
BERESFORD SCOTT, Interior Dpt.
C. H. L. SHARMAN, Agricul. Dpt.

The Plumber's Bequest.—Dying Plumber (to son)—“You'll find I ain't bin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters. But I've bequeathed you that there job at Mugley's we've bin at such a time. Don't 'urry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.”—Tit-Bits.

Athletics.

Except along the Pacific Coast, where the climate is always mild, outdoor athletics in Canada may be said to have its “Grand Opening” on Victoria Day. The “24th” was a particularly unlucky day for Ottawa,—a city which has produced probably more championship teams, in all branches of sport, than any other place of its size in the Dominion.

Our lacrosse and bowling teams went to Montreal and both suffered defeat, although in each case with honour. The Montreal cricket team came here and vanquished the local eleven. In the very successful Victoria Day sports which were held here we fail to find one Ottawa competitor winning first place, out of the nine open events.

We are not making these remarks in any pessimistic spirit. Some of the contests were so close that, in all probability, if they were fought over again the results might be different. We simply wish to point out that with such a proportionately large number of young men, Ottawa should,—as she has done in the past,—be in the front rank. If some wealthy, public-spirited citizen could be induced to donate sufficient funds to purchase a suitable athletic grounds, properly equipped,—where all crosses might train—generations yet unborn would rise up and call him blessed. That is the crying need of this Capital City.

Why should not the civil service make another start and endeavour to accomplish this laudable object? We should like to invite the views of members of the service on this subject. There is not a branch of sport, whether it be cricket, lacrosse, hockey, football, rowing, tennis, bowls, or field and track events, in which the service has not leading exponents, but at present there seems to be a dearth of champions. Let us hope that this apparent decadence is only temporary.

Notes.

Amateur baseball seems to be booming this year. Some very well contested matches have been played thus early in the season. Abuse of the umpire, however, will not tend to popularize this fine game with the right-thinking public. There is enough material in the civil service to have entered a strong team in the City League.

The Ottawa Cricket Club mourns the loss of its premier bat, Mr. Heygate,—a member of the civil service. If he had been with the locals on the 24th the result might have been different.

It is to be hoped that another member of the service, Capt. Foulkes, will be able to maintain his form in tennis and retain the championship of Canada which he so handily won last year.

The Civil Service Bowling Club should by

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EDWARD R. McNEILL,
Phone 1267. 166 Sparks Street.

"Have you ever thought of going on the stage?" "Yes, frequently." "What has kept you from doing so?" "The managers, the mean things!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

W. Wilson Stewart

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It is well known that "bucket-shops" make most of their shameless (or shameful) profit out of clergymen, ex-civil servants, and ladies.
—Daily News, London, Eng.

all means remain in the field. Their success last season shows that they are distinctly in the front rank in this interesting sport.

One of the most pleasing features of Victoria Day was the series of juvenile sports brought off in the morning by the Ketchum Co., Ltd. No less than 200 youngsters were brought together in a lengthy programme for which this enterprising firm gave prizes. Admission was absolutely free and the parents and friends of the youngsters were present in large numbers. It was a very laudable effort to develop good, sound amateur sport among the rising generation, and Messrs. Ketchum are certainly to be congratulated on the result.

In some of the cities of Canada there obtain what is known as "Supervised Playgrounds" for the children during the Summer holidays. Two or three fairly large plots of public ground are set apart in various parts of the city. Each is sub-divided between the boys and girls. A regular teacher is paid a small salary for the two months to attend daily from nine until five. In the city of Halifax they have been found most successful. The Board of School Commissioners make a grant of \$150 per year. The Women's Council took the matter up and held a Tag Day, during which they raised \$1,600, which sum is found sufficient to maintain three playgrounds for the next three years. Games of all sorts are carried on under the direction of the teacher. Boys and girls from the slums along with their more fortunate fellows are taught good manners, and the spirit of fair play is inculcated in their young minds. It would be a good thing if every Canadian community of any size had an institution such as this.

Bowling.

With the opening of the lawn-bowling season there is the usual array of new players ardent in their enthusiasm to learn everything that is to be known of this excellent

sport. *The Civilian* gladly assists in the work of enlightenment.

"Novice" writes to ask us (A) if any of the laws of the game are ever broken by good bowlers; (B) if so, which ones. We reply: (A) Yes, often; (B) All of 'em.

To "Constant Reader."—No; if a player inadvertently (or otherwise) drops a bowl on your corn, you have no legal remedy. Your best plan would be to retaliate "in kind" when a favorable opportunity offers itself.

To "Sportsman."—Yes, we are inclined to think that bowling is preferable to bridge, especially during the summer months. The method of scoring of the former is at least intelligible.

No, "Jimmy," there is no rule against carrying the wood up the rink; you can even drop it on the rink to your heart's content—provided the greenkeeper isn't looking. What you must not carry up the rink is the roller.

PURCHASING GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES

The Government of the United States has recently inaugurated a new plan for purchasing supplies for the departments at Washington. There is something in the scheme which should commend it to the various governments in Canada, which from year to year purchase large quantities of supplies for several departments. In the past it has been the custom for each department to call for tenders for supplies, and in many cases these tenders cover the same class of goods or material.

The plan outlined is to form a central purchasing agency, and through this department all the supplies for the various divisions of the government service will be secured. The central supply committee, made up of one representative from each governmental department and one representative from the important independent institutions

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under the government. This committee will conduct tests and experiments with a view of determining what shall constitute the standard in each class of products, and the result obtained in the case of goods in that class shall be the standard of quality, whether the quantity be great or small.

The benefits of this plan will be felt both by the government departments and by the manufacturers and others supplying the commodities. The quantities ordered will be large. The manufacturer will recognize the importance of the purchasers, and will endeavor to give material uniform and well up to the standard. In the past, the requirements of some of the departments varied so little from those of the other departments that it was misleading and confusing to the seller. The attempt to vary the material to suit the peculiar conditions in each department was not only expensive, but aggravating.

Such a system could be adopted here and work out to great advantage. It would make it possible for our government to furnish for themselves and others standard specifications. Many of our Canadian standards are rather the result of copying than a compilation from results of experiments. Such a central bureau would make it possible to prepare standards and improve many of our present specifications.

—The Canadian Engineer.

MY BUNGALOW.

Oh if you could see my bungalow,
 Delight would stir your heart,
 'Tis such a cozy entrancing place,
 Where the elm trees bend in their careless
 grace
 And the summer swallows dart.

Soft blows the breeze on my bungalow,
 Beside the placid sea,
 The sun shines white on the distant sail,
 And summer odors are on the gale,
 And Life is glad and free.

The roses bloom on my bungalow
 In the beautiful days of June,
 Wistaria, and clematis, too,
 With its wide-spread blossoms of luscious
 blue,
 Dark-blue in the golden noon.

And there's a porch on my bungalow,
 So deep and so wondrous wide,
 And leaded windows in every room,
 And flowered curtains to light the gloom
 And hardwood floors inside.

And there is cheer in my bungalow,
 The rubble chimney high
 Has an old-time fireplace oceans wide,
 The biggest logs it will joy to hide,
 The flame delights mine eye.

O brother, come to my bungalow,
 And I shall be wondrous kind.
 'Tis not completed, but what of that?
 Some time just come, and hang up your
 hat,
 I am building it,— in my mind.

The Toronto News.

A JUNIOR CLERK'S LAY.

(The following poem is from the pages of "The Civil Service Review" of 1893, and is "respectfully dedicated to the Superannuation Bill," which had just been introduced in Parliament.)

Air—The Vicar of Bray.

Fill up the pipe, fill up the bowl,
 Let smoke and drink abound,
 And every grievance of the soul
 In merriment be drowned.
 What recks if we are poor or rich,
 When 'tis by statue stated,
 If we but live to sixty five, we're
 Superannuated.

Throw care aside to-night my boys,
 And thus we quaff our glass;
 The trouble that to-day annoys
 To-morrow o'er may pass.
 For should our years reach sixty-five,
 And we to live are fated,
 We'll lay back on the Government,—as
 Superannuated.

There was a good old book at home,
 That once I loved to read,
 Which told that men of olden times
 Lived very long indeed.
 I wish that civil servants' lives
 Were by these figures rated,
 And that I was Methusaleh, and
 Superannuated.

But let our years be what they will,
 Our pay be what it may,
 To-night let not one anxious thought
 Cloud o'er the coming day.
 And when we reach that silent shore,
 O'er the dark valley freighted,
 That best abode may we all gain—none
 Superannuated.

The cost of living is declining in San Francisco. Orchids have been cut from \$2 to \$1.50, and the pressure upon the poor is relieved.—Philadelphia Inquirer.