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HAS A REAL BACKBONE

ADAM SHORTT KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS AND GETS IT.

Head of Canada's Civil Service Commission is in One of the Most Delicate and Difficult Positions in the Public Employ—His Native Village Has Disappeared From the Map.

There are not many men, even in this land of "mushroom" growths, who lived to see extinguished the village in which they were born. Villages are usually slow growing and usually are persistent as well. Especially is this true in the old settled Province of Ontario. Yet the tale that I am now telling is of such a man. He was born in the village of Killworth in the valley of the Thames, and he is yet in the prime of life. The man is Dr. Adam Shortt, Civil Service Commissioner, says Francis A. Corman in The Toronto Star Weekly.

The village in which Dr. Shortt was born was one of the old mill villages of the early days of Ontario. It was situated on the River Thames, not far below Springbank, which again is not far below the City of London. London was chosen as the site of the capital of Canada by Sir John Graves Simcoe, who was Governor of Canada at the end of the eighteenth century, and this portion of the province was settled early in the century that followed. Killworth consisted of a mill, a store, and a half dozen houses. Its reason for existence was the mill to which the farmers from roundabout brought their grain to have it ground. In the middle of last century the mill was prosperous, and gave a living to two partners, of whom Dr. Shortt's father was one. With the growth of London and the drift of business thither, however, the mill fell on evil days, and had eventually to be closed down, and then dismantled. A few years ago Dr. Shortt visited his native village, and found not a building standing. Even the old bridge was gone, the only means of identifying the spot were the few remains of foundations that it had not been profitable to carry away. The place has gone, and the name has been picked up and bestowed upon another hamlet in a slightly varied Killworth Bridge in the same valley of the Thames, but is some miles distant from the hamlet in which the present Civil Service Commissioner was born.

There is a tendency to consider university men as narrow. Dr. Shortt is an outstanding figure among university men in the Dominion. Yet, whatever justification there may be for the tendency just referred to, there is no justification for regarding Dr. Shortt as narrow. He came into public notice first as an economist, and perhaps the dry-dust reputation of political economy may have attached itself to him. But Dr. Shortt was not one of those men who was a "calculator and economist" from his youth up. His first love in the halls of learning was philosophy, and his turning to political science was an evidence of his underlying practical bent. He was a gold medalist in philosophy at Queen's University; and he began his career as a teacher in the department of philosophy at the same university. In the meantime, however, his mind had turned to the practical problems of the science of wealth, and at the end of the eighties he transferred to the department of political science.

It was while engaged in this branch of university work that he became a public figure in the Dominion. Soon after the organization of the Labor Department by the Dominion Government he was chosen as chairman of commissions under the Conciliation Act, and later under the Laidlaw Act. In his capacity of combined mediator and judge he showed a keen insight into labor troubles, and won a reputation as a skillful adjuster of relations between employers and employees. He entered upon this work known only as a college professor. By his success in it he became a national figure in the world of practical affairs.

Dr. Shortt has always been a student, and he is a student to-day. He was a close student when he was attending high school at Walkerton. He was a student who had been teaching school and putting himself through Queen's by the extra-mural course which has made that university a blessing to so many men, who have had the zeal for knowledge, but not the financial basis of leisure. When he was teaching philosophy, he was delving into economics, and when he was teaching economics he was studying the problem of labor and capital at first hand in Government commissions. Now that he is a civil service commissioner, he is devoting his evenings in the investigation of the history of the Dominion.

As civil service commissioner, Adam Shortt is the cynosure of the eyes of all politicians and of all civil servants. He is also the head at which all criticism is directed. He is doubtless human, and consequently he may err. But one does not have to be a champion of all his official acts to recognize that here is a man who is somewhat of a rarity in our political machinery. He is not afraid of the politician, even of the politician in power. He has backbone. If he thinks he is right he is not easily to be moved. Such men are needed if we are to have an efficient staff of public servants. The principle of competitive examinations may be pushed too far in choosing Government employes, and there must be allowance made for other qualities than come out on a written test. The Minister and his Deputy have points of view which require consideration. But after all, it is quite impossible to "take the service out of politics" unless you have men of backbone at the head of the Civil Service Commission.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but there are several still uncovered. When a woman has a long talk with a man it means that he's a good listener.

THE FINICKY TROUT.

This Year Bait is the Means of Catching His Lordship.

It is a bait fishermen's season so far. In the trout waters of the North woods of Ontario and Quebec. The temperature of the lakes and streams has been low owing to the tardiness of the spring and the speckled things seek their living below the surface when the water is cold. This may not be a providential dispensation to keep the angler from injuring his health by wading in ice water, but it is a fact in any case.

What bait to use is a question answered the easier the farther North one goes. Where the fish have not been regularly educated, or, in other words, have not become accustomed to being angled for, nearly anything—a junk of tough salt pork for instance, will do very well. There are numbers of lakes from 80 to 150 miles north of the northern settlements where in certain favored spots a man can pull out large fish all day long with pork for his bait. The streams flowing into Hudson Bay, at least those west of James Bay, are said to contain no trout.

If, biting becomes slow a bit of trout skin with one red ventral fin attached is pretty certain to prove more attractive. Hooks may be, of ten are big pickersel, lines like strong whipcord, sinkers four inch nails—any tackle goes with the unsophisticated denizens of these little known waters.

When little ones, i.e., trout under 12 or 15 inches come up it is a sure sign that the hole is fished out or that feeding is over for the present. The big fellows never give their smaller relations a chance, when it is biting time with them. The better known lakes and brooks, more care must be taken for the fontinalis is by no means adverse to learning by experience. For example, there is Coons' Pond in the Eastern Townships well preserved by wealthy men, since the lumbering days, where no one ever hears of trout being taken by bait, excepting through the ice or in coldest weather in fall or spring. There are lakes in Quebec Townships north of the St. Lawrence, where the lumbermen used to take out pairs of fish with chalk lines, cod hooks and pork, where now the choicest of flies and finest of tackle must be used to coax the larger fish into striking humor.

Generally, however, men of experience will have no difficulty in finding the necessary bait. One veteran and his guide were found hard at work felling a dead tree, to which a diligent cock-o'-the-woods woodpecker directed their attention. As soon as the ramprick had fallen the two cut in at the top where the sagacious bird had marked the place and took out two or three fat grubs, which were what the four or five pound trout in the pond near by were waiting for.

Perhaps garden worms would have answered the purpose equally well, but then these are never found beyond the confines of civilization. Experienced guides generally know of spots where the soil is ploughed year by year by the stamping and fighting of wild stags. Here are easily to be found the large yellow larvae of that humming nuisance, the June bug or beetle, and these are what the trout are waiting for. The larva of the bumble bee answer equally well, though it requires the preternatural instinct of the Indian to discover their nests.

It is certain that the best fish in the lake will not bite unless the correct bait is discovered. While companions were taking occasional half-pounds in Lac Bleu, the writer sat amongst them in his canoe taking out in quick succession glorious fellows ranging from two to seven pounds. The big equivoque was so anxious to feed that day upon canned shrimps, just touched with a little oil of rhodium.

Did Lightning Kill Flies?
Stories come from the Muskoka district that the weather has joined in the great-the-fly-bait. The story goes that a vivid flash of lightning of a peculiar red tint was seen during the course of a couple weeks ago, and immediately afterwards there was not a fly in existence. This colored lightning is a phenomenon by no means unprecedented, although decidedly rare.

Blood Shed by Queen.
The late Sir William Alexander Smith, the founder of the Boys' Brigade, who was in Canada at the time Earl Aberdeen was governor-general, used to tell an amusing story. He said, "Thousands of Her Majesty's subjects have shed their blood, and other people's blood, for their Queen, but I am the only man whose blood has been shed by his sovereign. When I was decorated by Queen Victoria she was old and blind. I was wearing a very thin suit of clothes, and in pinning the decoration on to my coat the Queen forced the pin right into my skin, with the result that when I awoke I found that my vest was covered with blood."

Increase in Strikes.
There was a slight increase in the number of trade disputes reported to the Department of Labor during May. Ten new disputes were reported, twenty-six less than in the corresponding month of the previous year. Although the disputes occurring in May were more than in April, industrial conditions were not seriously affected. The total number of strikes in existence at the end of May was fifteen.

After a young man's mustache becomes heavier than his eyebrows, his knowledge of the world begins to decrease.
When a widower begins to tell his troubles to a widow, she knows.

GETTING ONE'S WAGES.

How a Canadian May Coerce a Slow Paying Employer.

A body of workmen who had worked faithfully on the erection of several duplex houses in Toronto were faced on a recent Saturday night by the builder's plea of "no funds," says The Toronto Star Weekly. Some weeks went by, during which the builder doled out occasional five-dollar bills here and there, the workmen's accounts meanwhile falling farther behind. Work was so scarce that few could afford to rebel openly. In any event a vigorous complaint would only mean the loss of back pay. Finally, the builder invited his employes to consult his lawyer in a downtown office building—which cost them hours of their time. The lawyer boldly offered to settle their accounts with the builder—less ten per cent, for his personal fee. The employes, picking on the tempting, and as each defrauded worker stepped forward he signed a release for the debt in full. A few rebelled at such a plain violation of a workman's agreement, but the fierce heat ran too long, the weather was cold, and the money looked good. The trap worked to perfection, and lawyer and builder no doubt enjoyed a hearty chuckle at their cleverness.

Not alone in Toronto, but everywhere in Canada, workmen hesitate to carry an account for wages into a public court, and on that well-known timidity the dishonest builder trades to his heart's content. The workman actually has small reason to stay away from the courts when he has a just claim and good evidence. Nor need he fear lawyer's fees and other bogies, for unless he expressly engages a lawyer he will receive no better known anybody, and may obtain the whole amount of his claim without deductions of any sort.

The correct process of any workman regarding himself as wronged by his employer in the matter of wages is to visit the clerk of a District Court, who will assign to him a summons on the employer, and if the latter fails to appear at the next sitting his admission of the claim is taken for granted. Usually he will dispute it, however, and it will be necessary for the workman to go on hand and give his evidence. If the judge renders him a favorable verdict, the court clerk is obliged to collect the debt and turn the money over to the plaintiff without any fee, but very carefully on the latter's part. He merely awaits for two weeks or so the processes of a court's machinery. If necessary a bailiff is placed in the employer's house, should he refuse or refrain from paying, and enough furniture or other property is seized to satisfy the debt. The court clerk is not allowed to meet the amount awarded by the court.

There are some curious clauses in the Canadian law referring to the collection of accounts of this kind. A married man is entitled to two hundred dollars' worth of goods as an exemption from seizure. One cannot take his cook stove in summer or his heating apparatus in winter, or his bedclothes or his overcoat. If he is a farmer, a farmer, his means of livelihood, such as horses, wagons, etc., are outside the bailiff's clutches. However, the average employer is not limited to one stove, or one set of bedclothes. He may own real estate, which with money, his claimant paymasters would be heavily mortgaged. So that the unpaid worker has only the option of waiting indefinitely for his money to come in dribs and drabs, or of issuing a summons in the District Court, which may take a month to get returns, or he may place a lien on the property to which he has given his services.

The Carcajou.
The carcajou or wolverine is the "black bear" of both the white and Indian hunter in Eastern Canada's hinterland. It is the personification of the devil among the Indians, owing to its destructive habits. Every Indian has wonderful stories to relate about both the ferocity and the intelligence of the wolverine. Scarcely any store of provisions or outfit can be made secure against its intrusion and theft. When once it breaks in, it not only eats all it can, but very carefully goes to work to soil and destroy.
On the Northwest river a few years ago, a wolverine carried away a trap in which it had been caught, and a few days later was taken in another trap on the Hamilton river, some thirty miles away from the place where it had picked up the first trap. It would not likely have been captured at all were it not that weight of the first trap and chain attached to it. It was unable to hunt for food, and being reduced to starvation and hampered by the trap attached to its front leg, it was impossible for it to spring the other one without being caught.

To Insure Sheep.
The Prince Edward Island government-in-council has approved of the by-laws of Sheep Breeders' Association, the most important of which are the insurance and protection granted the sheep industry from destructive agencies.
There are to be two classes of insurance—one for pure bred registered sheep, and the other for sheep not registered. In the first class is three per cent per sheep and the compensation for loss to exceed \$15. In the case of ordinary sheep or in cases where the sheep have not been registered, the insurance is one cent per head; and the compensation shall not exceed \$5.

To Farm Muskats.
It is the intention of one of the largest ranching companies in the Province of Nova Scotia to branch out this summer into other lines. Plans have already been made to establish a muskrat farm near Halifax, upon which a hundred pairs of muskrats will be installed, from which a handsome revenue is expected. Fox raising is also gaining ground, many farmers have started small ranches on their own account where foxes have been kept.

Fish may be excellent brain food, but in the case of any man who would wear a feather in his hat, what a waste of fish.
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