

KING PATRONAGE DEAD OFFICIALLY

The Old Rascal Took a Lot of Killing, Says Gadsby.

COMMON SENSE IS WANTED

IN REGARD TO THE CIVIL SERVICE ADMINISTRATION

A Rap at Prof. Adam Shortt—The Present Civil Service Reform Will Hardly Please the Extreme Reformers.

Ottawa, May 18.—King Pat—Pat being short for patronage—is dead, at least officially. The old rascal, who has ruled this country for fifty years or more, took a lot of killing. There is a doubt in some minds whether he is thoroughly dead yet. Convulsive twitches are still to be noticed in the remains of the deceased, particularly in the matter of Government railway employees and military appointments which do not come under the Civil Service Reform Act.

However, King Pat is dead—so long are the new King, Civil Service Reform, who is distinguished by certain of the jokers in Parliament, who do not believe in the new order of things, Civil Service Reform. King Pat, as I said before, took a lot of killing—three days in committee—and even then there were signs that he might not be dead but sleeping. For example, an amendment was rejected to cut out pill with the Ministers and Deputy Ministers in which timid souls foresee a mere shift of the recommending power from the members of Parliament to the Cabinet at Ottawa—another phase of the tendency to strip the people's representatives of their rights and centralize everything in the Government.

At any rate, patronage, as we know it, is dead, and what strange new form it may take—if any—remains to be seen. Civil Service Reform, as we have it in Canada, will at least be as good as Civil Service Reform as they have it in England, where the higher branches of the service are so hedged about that only graduates of Oxford and Cambridge and the aristocratic public schools are eligible. We have had British experts report on the defects of our Civil Service from time to time, but we have never asked them to report on the defects of their own, which was perhaps the best thing to do if their word was to carry any weight. I think heaven, the deities on Civil Service Reform said very little about British precedent, which, in my experience knows its gamut from distance. This is a Union Government, as Richardson, of Springfield, well said, and it can make its own precedents.

For some years now we have been trying to reinvent the Civil Service—that is to say, to abolish patronage—by administering gas. We had a Civil Service Commission headed by a college professor, whose plan was to make examinations, so plain that nobody could get near the thing. Many a good man clerk has been kept out of the service by such questions as "describe the difference between the homocidians and the homocidians." "What were the underlying social and economic causes of the Protestant Reformation in England?" and so on. This system of examinations, untempered by merit or anything else, lasted long enough to make everybody tired. The college professor was translated to the Archives Department, where his historic sense will feel more at home. What is wanted is a Civil Service Commission in common sense and that kind of Civil Service Commission we are supposed to have right now. The system it pursues is merit, tempered by reasonable examinations, and its common sense is implemented by the Civil Service Reform Act, which passed Parliament this week. Civil Service Reform embraces both the inside and outside service. The Civil Service may not be quite as pure as the reformers would make it, but it is at least sanitary. The system is reasonably flexible, and other things being equal, it does not run counter to an inviolable trait in human nature which says that friends must be rewarded. If the friend is as good as the other fellow he will probably get the preference as usual.

The score report with the average member of Parliament, brought up under the old spoils system, is that it's the Government's friends that will be rewarded and not his. The circle of friends has been greatly narrowed by concentrating choices at Ottawa, Burnham, or Peterboro, but it plainly when he said that it is the candidate's recommended office in

PUBLIC LIBRARY BULLETIN

On Saturday the 25th inst. the first children's story hour will be held in the Library rooms from ten to eleven p.m. All children from the ages of six to twelve, are invited. The rooms will be closed during the hour and our subscribers are asked to please remember this and until eleven o'clock before coming to change books.

his own constituency he might as well quit. There were other members whose own constituency he might as well quit. There were other members who felt the same as Burnham, only they were not so vocal. It is true that the job hunter is a great nuisance to the average member of Parliament, three-quarters of whose correspondence is devoted to stalling him out, but he is a nuisance who may be very helpful at election times. He may be a cross, but Mr. Burnham and others like him shoulder him cheerfully. No cross, no crown—you remember the old motto.

Among those who treated Civil Service Reform with a sort of grim levity was Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, who suggested that appointments to the Senate should be included in the act as being Government jobs which were held for life for good behaviour. Sir Sam could afford to laugh at the Senate, but when the Hocken amendment was broached Sir Sam took the ground that it was no joke to cut out nepotism when there might be families particularly gifted for the civil or any other service. There are families like that, resembling as it were with accumulated skill, stuffed with projected efficiency, generated by their very heredity, and the Hughes family, as everybody knows, is one of them. So when Mr. Hocken proposed that the names of those in the Civil Service be published from year to year along with their relations by blood or marriage who might be in Parliament or in the seats of the mighty Sir Sam was all for such things being left mute and inglorious so far as Government blue books were concerned.

Other members who might have had or who expected to have relations in the service spoke in the same vein. McQuarrie, a new member, with a sense of humor—and heaven knows this serious Parliament needs all the humor that can be infused into it—waxed facetious about the "jungle of family trees" that the Government would have to watch, the Hocken amendment passed. The Quebec members took the ground that the Hocken amendment slanted at the motives which induced men to run for Parliament—to plant their relatives and possibly themselves in soft jobs. The imputation was scorned by several members as a reflection on the Civil Service Act, which ought to be taken in good faith when it promised that merit and not favoritism would prevail. Besides, why tear open the graves of dead statesmen who were so devoted to their country that they had staffed the service with cousins to the forty-second degree? One bleeds for one's country first and bleeds it ever afterwards. After the Hocken amendment had a hard fight, it was voted down by a tremendous majority, in which the Opposition joined heartily. In fact, the Opposition saved the Government, not perhaps, because it loved the Government, but because it suspected that the "finger group" were playing old-time Tory politics with the subject. Thus it happens that we have Civil Service Reform of a kind that will hardly please the extreme reformers. That is to say, there is considerable of the milk of human kindness left in it yet.

—H. F. GADSBY.

The Man on Watch

Although Kingston is drinking polluted water, the health of the community was never better.

Kingston is declared clean by the police commissioners and not in need of inspection. Of course the commissioners mean clean materially, not morally.

The City Council is unconvinced as to the neat of a fuel controller, and it may remain unconvinced until the evil day comes.

Oats for the Presbyterian General Assembly in London, Ont., and tea for the Anglican Synod. If these feeds were continued long the Calvinists would surely emerge the stronger.

When another general knowledge examination is held the Lampsman suggests these questions: What house in Kingston contains the most liquor? How long will the Unionist Government last?

After having served twenty-one years as a member of the City Council why does someone not come along and present Ald. R. E. Kent with a life membership?

A visiting lecturer to Kingston says the second world war had and we are living in the third. Well, it is a pretty lively third spam.

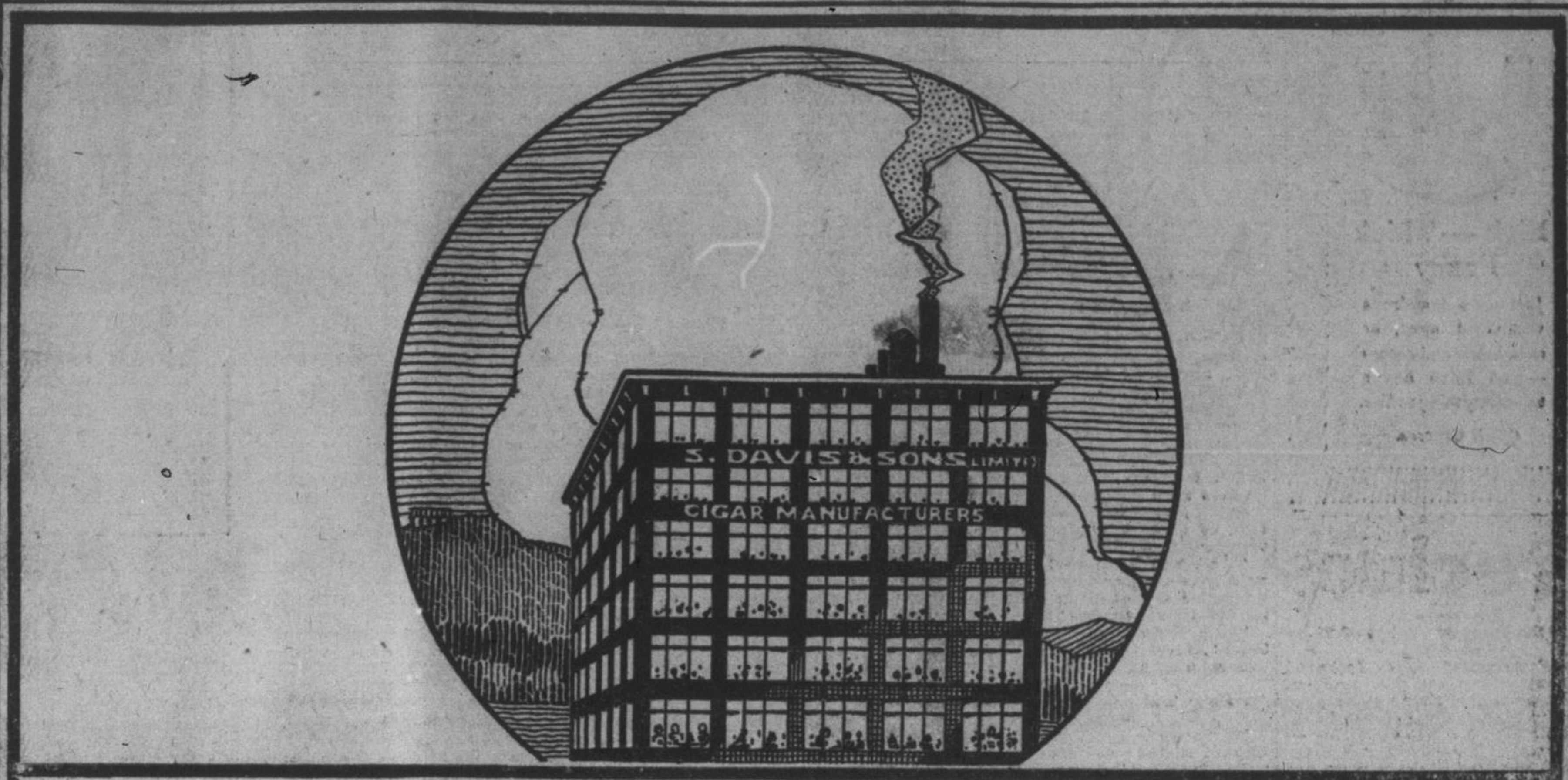
According to the Napanee press, the towing people up there play only the game of "nations." That's a German game and poker is to be preferred.

Here is a question an Odessa resident wishes answered: If a man is moving to another place to reside, can he ship his liquor supply along with his household goods? Who can ease the mind of this troubled Odessan?

In the clinics of the Lampsman the proper place for the food pledge cards is not in the front windows or doors, but in the kitchens and dining rooms, where the memories of the eaters will be jogged continually.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

When the Carleton Place public school cadets were at practice at the rifle range last Wednesday, Master Leslie Baird, aged eleven years, son of John Baird, had the misfortune to put a bullet through his foot.



The Making of a "Davis" Cigar

A man who looms large in Canadian Political Life strolled over to the cigar stand in the Chateau Laurier, and asked for Noblemen Cigars. He got them.

A western rancher pulled up his horse in front of the Royal Café in Yellow Grass, and asked for Noblemen Cigars. He got them.

A "Commercial" staying overnight at the Royal George Hotel, in Amherst, asked for Noblemen Cigars. He got them.

A lacrosse "fan" entering the grand stand asked for Noblemen Cigars. He got them.

And every man got the same blend of cigar. Whether you buy it in the East or West—from an environment of mahogany fittings or of general groceries, a Noblemen, mellowed with age, is satisfyingly rich and friendly to the nerves.

As a rule, a cigar is its own recommendation. You like it, or you don't like it—but Davis Cigars differ from all others. Find the Davis blend that suits you and you can always duplicate the quality. There is no variation. One Noblemen cigar is like every other Noblemen. There is no choice between two unopened boxes of Perfection Cigars. You KNOW what you will get on a repeat order. The secret of this uniformity is in the Davis factory and in the exact methods that are maintained on its many acres of floor space. Let us take a mental tour of the Davis factory.

HERE, then, at the foot of Mount Royal, stands the spotless, sun-lighted, wide-windowed home of Davis Cigars. The pure, fresh air blows straight across the fields, but to make assurance doubly sure, it is forced through pure water and washed before it enters the factory.

Did you ever stop to think that the cleanliness of the factory, the cheerful, conscientious, skilled workmanship of contented employees and the most unending supervision and inspection of leaf and finished cigar, enter vitally into your enjoyment of the Havana weed? On this vast floor, bales upon bales of selected leaf are arriving from Cuba, Sumatra and other proven cigar soils. The tobacco, moistened so that it can be handled without breaking, is freed of every particle of the bitter centre stem. The leaves are sorted and graded so conscientiously that the top leaf in a bundle is an exact index of the whole bundle.

NOW, then, for the curing—a slow, leisurely process in the Davis factory. Six months, nine months, a year—the rule here is to take all the time required. Thorough curing means "body" brought out in a mild cigar, a satisfying smoke. You can readily see what this long process entails, when it is stated that the Davis investment in leaf being cured is never less than \$600,000.00.

Every Davis Cigar is hand-made, made by skilled hands. Twenty foremen and inspectors check up every detail and every process before Davis Cigars are finally packed and sent to the Humidor for the final seasoning in the wood, before the boxes are sealed in wax paper, the last protection that ensures Davis Cigars reaching the tobacconist or the country store in prime condition.

Infinite care is the price of perfection. It is this infinite care that gives force and substance to the most sterling recommendation known to the Canadian cigar trade and the public—"It's a DAVIS CIGAR"

A Few of the Davis Brands:

- Noblemen— Full of quality, rich, satisfying, mellow . . . 15 cents.
- Promoter and Perfection— Both mild enough for an all-day smoke . . . 10 "
- Grand Master— Mild, mellow, of fine aroma . . . 3 for 25 "
- La Plaza— Made to suit the Western taste . . . 15 "
- Davis Panatela— Known from East to West as an after-dinner smoke. 10 "

It's a Davis cigar!

S. DAVIS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.



WHERE ARE PLEDGE CARDS?

Many Have Disappeared From House Windows.

Where have the food pledge cards gone? Three months ago the majority of the houses in the city were displaying the little white card which showed that the inmates were observing the regulations imposed by the Canada Food Board upon the Canadian people.

It was a call to the patriotism of the people and they answered it gladly. The pledge card showed that they were willing to abstain from the use of beef and bacon on Tuesdays and Fridays in order that food might be released for the soldiers at the front. It was a little sacrifice that was asked and thousands of pledge cards in the windows showed that the people were willing to deny themselves for the men in France.

But where have the food pledge cards gone now? Only in an occasional house will the pledge be seen.

NO LACK OF TELEPHONES HERE

The Only Difficulty is the Installation of Cables.

Torontonians are suffering from a lack of telephones according to information in this city. The manufacturers of the delicate instruments necessary for telephone communication have been curtailed by reason of the war, and there is a scarcity of receiving instruments. At the local office it was stated that telephones were still being installed, but that the work was unfortunately delayed in some cases by the difficulty of installing cable facilities.

In the Queen city it is said that unless enough receivers can be secured to satisfy the demand it may be necessary to remove some of the auxiliary desk phones. That stage has not been reached in Kingston, however, and telephones, which have now become a necessity, will be installed as long as the materials in their construction can be secured.

Does it mean that the people are not observing the regulations of the Food Board? The need for the conservation of foodstuffs is greater than ever and those in touch with the situation say that even though the cards are not displayed the pledge should be remembered as a promise for the duration of the war. The image of the pledge card should be in the mind of everyone.

Litter of 19 Pigs.

Sidney May 17.—W. D. Reid, of the Front of Thurlow, has a brood sow that has a record for this vicinity. The sow has given birth to a litter of nineteen pigs, which are understood to be all thriving. With young pigs selling at \$18 a pair, there is value in a brood like that.

Some people are flammable because they are unable to exert attention any other way. The source of many a large fire is but a small spring.

The SAFEST MATCHES in the WORLD Also the Cheapest! — are

EDDY'S "SILENT 500'S"

Safest because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

Cheapest, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market. War time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.