

with the dead, with some feigning death and with others feigning life. And the Sirens! We have heard the song of the Timid and the Bold. The plaint of Timid Siren is that the proper term is not the "Civil Service" but the "Silent Service"; the vociferous Bold Siren desiring that the Government be damned. Escaping the lure of these various Sirens, we set sail for Sicily and on Thursday, March 4, in steering our bark between Scylla and Charybdis were drawn into the whirlpool of party politics. In thiswise it happened:—

On Sunday, February 28, an editor of *The Civilian* wrote an article entitled, "Is the Service Overmanned?" On Tuesday, March 2, the article was transformed into type, and on Thursday, March 4, in the afternoon, the great presses were printing it. By an unhappy coincidence, at the very moment when the presses were printing this article, the subject of it was becoming a matter of stern political debate in the House of Commons.

Except by destroying the whole product of the presses on that afternoon, the contretemps became inevitable and so for the first time in our experience, to our knowledge, *The Civilian* became apparently partisan in a question dividing the two great parties. It may seem hardly necessary to assert that we possess the one virtue without which our existence as a publication is impossible, viz,—non-partisanship in politics. Nevertheless the breach we committed on March 4, while accidental and unintentional, was apparent to ourselves and to many of our friends and also no doubt to members of the Government. We therefore take this earliest opportunity of solemnly stating that neither on this occasion, nor on any other occasion, have we published an item intended to have a party significance. While holding strong views upon the subject of patronage, we have always endeavoured to make our references as broad as the Dominion and as wide

as the expanse of time that stretches from July 1st, 1867. In justification of this attitude it is fit and proper to add that our estimate of a waste of \$5,000,000 in the cost of our public service was based proportionately upon an estimate struck over ten years ago, when the present Opposition was in power. Servants of the Crown do not possess, and in our humble opinion should not possess, any political rights beyond the depositing of an unostentatious and silent ballot. Having told this simple, plain, unvarnished story, let us continue our allegorical journey from Helen, the lascivious to Penelope the meritorious and pure in heart.

Shipwreck and delay are decreed by the immortal gods. Succour is to be enjoyed with thankfulness. Malice is to be endured with fortitude. Neptune is to avenge the injury wrought against his favourite. Aëolus is to befriend us and afterwards give us over to despair. The Phæacians are to furnish us entertainment and the means to continue our journey. How long shall be be detained on Calypso's Isle? The soft caress of the nymph and the lascivious pleasing of the lute, lull our senses into forgetfulness. Promises of release are sung upon the lute; postponement of our hopes are played upon the lyre. Then there alights upon a Heaven-kissing hill Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, with guerdon from the Olympic god for passage to Ithaca.

After decades of hazard we arrive to find Penelope still faithful but surrounded by importunate suitors, who seek to break her allegiance to her lord. The task of disposing of these interlopers and despoilers is now before Ulysses. Minerva, goddess of Wisdom comes to his assistance and he succeeds.

Interpretation.

Penelope is emblematic of Merit, the merit desired in the King's service in Canada, pure and undefiled