

adopt. The motto of the service as a whole is "Fidelity," and it is one that the country as a whole should appreciate and reward, as a business firm would, in its own interests, do. The service is an able one, a faithful one, and a patient, long-suffering one, and deserves better treatment than it has received. There is not anywhere a business house of note or a great commercial or banking institution, or a leading railway, or a civil service in any part of the English-speaking world where administrative ability and responsible advisory positions obtain so meagre a rate of remuneration and so little recognition as the civil service of prosperous, wealthy Canada. This condition is neither healthy for the service, nor creditable to the country.

SNAPS AND SPECIALTIES.

By Mercutio.

"The price of canned goods is coming down shortly."—Market Report.

There are bargains here aplenty;
Walk up, men, and help yourselves!
Canned goods for the poor and gentry
Line our departmental shelves.

Canned, Canned, Canned!
There's enough to stock the town
With a big reserve on hand
To supply the whole broad land,
For the price is coming down.

Here's the J. M. C. Commission;
Come and take it if you will,
Ripened slowly to fruition.
Now we keep it on the Hill
Canned, Canned, Canned!
We have done the goods up brown,

Sugar-cured and double-tanned;
But supply exceeds demand,
And the price is coming down.

Here are scores of scoops and hunches,
Gathered in the anxious days,
Days when rumours grew in bunches,
And the humblest had their says.

Canned, Canned, Canned!
They enjoyed a high renown,
Tickled palates through the land,
But we need a fresher brand;
So the price is coming down.

Here's the promise of a bonus,
Once the daily Service fare,
Swallowed whole like ancient Jonas,—
Broken now, the worse of wear.
Canned, Canned, Canned!
How it cheered the wretched clown
In the long weeks through the sand
Now its rated second-hand,
And the price is coming down.

Here are many hopes assorted,
Dreams that eased our hearts a while,
Home-grown hopes, and hopes imported,—
Some have felt the Sunny Smile.

Canned, Canned, Canned!
O for adjective and noun,
Booster words whose wings expand,
Fit to grace the visions grand
Ere the price was coming down.

So we ask you scan our tables,
Let no casual view suffice;
Rusty tins and dusty labels
May conceal a thing of price,

Though
Canned, Canned, Canned!
In November we renew
Business at the same old stand,
And you'll buy the same old brand
At the same old prices too.

CAPITAL BLEND TEAS

From Garden to Consumer

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