

will admit I think that the work of the Department has gone on smoothly whilst you were temporarily filling the Superintendent's post."

The three murmured assent.

"Good," said the Chief. "Therefore, I have drafted and submitted a minute to the President of the Department suggesting the suppression of the vacant post, as unnecessary. That, gentlemen, is a solution which enables me to avoid making an invidious choice, and will, I think, commend itself to you all as making for economy and efficiency. Good morning."

The three almost staggered from the room. Their remarks were mainly unprintable. But even if he had heard them, they would have produced no effect on the Chief. He found an unexpected reward. The

Chancellor of the Exchequer was so amazed at the idea of a departmental head suggesting the abolition of a £1,200 a year post, that he said Campion must appear in the next Birthday Honours list. That is why the head of the department now is Sir Alwyn Campion, G.C.B.

The Civilian's faithful correspondent, Mr. R. Herrod, of the Saskatchewan Railway Mail Service, sends the following cheery word regarding the crops:—

We have every evidence of a bumper crop in Saskatchewan. All along the Soo line the wheat is coming along splendidly. The different postmasters we come into contact with on our runs come to the car door with a broad smile spread all over their features.

Linotype and monotype operators of the Government Printing Bureau presented members of their committee which conducted successful negotiations for an increase of wages with silver tea sets.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE "SLEEPING GIANT"

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:—

"He is not dead, but sleeping."

This I take to be the text of your editorial on the present condition of that "giant,"—the Civil Service Federation of Canada. Granted that the giant is sleeping, may I ask "What sleep is this?" Is it the sleep that follows honest labor,—“tired nature's sweet restorer”? Or is it the sleep of the sloth,—the sleep of the five foolish virgins,—the sleeping sickness,—or that sleep which knows no awakening? It is well to sleep,—when we have earned the right to slumber. Has the Federation earned its rest or has it partaken of the subtle and enervating lotus? Perhaps it is chloroformed! Whose treacherous hand would administer the stealthy anaesthetic? Yet, if, perchance, this be true, is not the time opportune for an operation? Let us take our giant to pieces and examine the works for loose cogs,—even if it does amount to vivisection. It were better a thousand times that the conscientious surgeon should wield the knife than that some ruthless Jack-the-Giant-Killer should decapitate our giant and end his possibilities for wide-awake activities as well as his present profitless dreaming.

M. E.

Ottawa, July 1st, 1913.