

For many years past it has been incumbent upon all candidates seeking employment in the post-office, as in other public departments, to undergo medical examination with the view of securing healthy persons for the service; and in the course of such examinations it is necessary for the medical officer to inquire into the health of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the candidate, etc. The following are examples of answers received:

"Father had sunstroke and I caught it of him."

"My little brother died of some funny name."

"A great white cat drawed my sister's breath and she died of it." A parent died of "Apperplexity," another died of "Parasles." One "caught Tiber rever in the Hackney Road," another had "goarnders," a third, "burrager in the head." Some of the other complaints were described as "rummitanic pains," "carracatic fever," "indigestion of the lungs," "toncertina in the throat," "pistoles on the back." One candidate stated that his "sister was consumpted, now she's quiet well again," while the sister of another was stated to have "died of compulsion."

We cannot better conclude this article than by reproducing the description given by Lewis, in his "History of the Post-office," of the proceedings at the closing of the mail-box at six o'clock in the London Central office:

"The newspaper window, ever yawning for more, is presently surrounded and besieged by an array of boys of all ages and costumes, together with children of a larger growth, who are all alike pushing, heaving, and surging in one great mass. The window with tremendous gape is assailed with showers of papers, which fly thicker and faster than the driven snow. Now it is that small boys of eleven and twelve years of age, panting, Sinbad-like, under the weight of huge bundles of newspapers, manage somehow to dart about and make rapid sorties into other ranks of boys, utterly disregarding the cries of the official policemen, who vainly endeavour to reduce the tumult into something like post-office order. If the lads cannot quietly and easily disembody they will whizz their missiles of intelligence over other people's heads, now and then sweeping off hats and caps with the force of shot. The gathering every moment increases in numbers and intensifies in purpose; arms, legs, sacks, baskets, heads, and bundles seem to be getting into a state of confusion and disagreeable communism, and yet the cry is 'still they come.' Hears of papers are now sent in sackfuls and basketfuls, while over the heads of the surging crowd are flying back the empty sacks, thrown out of the office by the porters inside. Semi-official legends, with a very strong smack of probability about them, tell of sundry boys being thrown in, seized and thrown out again. As six o'clock approaches nearer and nearer the turmoil increases, for the intelligent British public is fully alive to the awful truth that the post-office officials never allow a minute of grace, and that 'Newspaper Fair' must be over when the last stroke of six is heard. ONE—in rush files of laggard boys, who have purposely loitered in the hope of a little excitement; TWO—and grown men hurry in with the last sacks; THREE—the struggle resembles nothing so much as a pantomimic mêlée; FOUR—a babel of tongues vociferating desperately; FIVE—final and furious showers of papers, sacks and bags; and, SIX—when all the windows fall, like so many swords of Damocles, and the slits close with such a sudden and simultaneous snap that we naturally suppose it to be a part of the post-office operations that attempts should be made to guillotine a score of hands; and then all is over, so far as the outsiders are concerned. There may be some lingering regrets that these stirring scenes are among the things of the past. This bustling method of operation has been superseded by a quieter and more efficient system which provides branch offices or pillar-boxes for all large cities, thus altering the excitement which used to prevail at the chief office—the great central point where correspondence had to be deposited for despatch."—*Canadian Methodist Magazine*.