

Now, Government clerks, whatever your degree,
 If you wish to rise to the top of the tree,
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule :
 Always tot up your totals very careful^{ly},
 And you each may be a Minister and K.M.G.

Chorus.—Always tot up your totals, etc.

Sir Saml.—You have a remarkably fine majority here, Capt. MacA.

Capt.—It is a fine majority, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml. (examining a rather seedy looking party)—A Canadian Member is a splendid fellow, Capt. MacA.

Capt.—He is indeed, Sir Samuel. That gentleman is from one of our *remote* constituencies.

Sir Saml.—I hope you treat your crew kindly, Capt. MacA.—give them plenty of nice little sinecures, and all that sort of thing, eh?

Capt.—I hope so, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—Never forget how much you owe them, Captain MacA., and that they or their friends naturally expect to have the preference in any little matter of contracts, or anything of that sort. They never complain now, eh?

Capt.—Never, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—What! *never*!

Capt.—Hardly ever, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml. (looking round)—Desire that remarkably fine looking young clerk to step forward.

Capt.—Mr. Snifter, Sir Samuel desires to speak to you.

(*Sam Snifter steps forward*)

Sir Saml.—You are a very handsome young man, Mr. Snifter.

Sam.—Yes, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—I hope you work very hard for the Government?

Sam.—Very hard, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—What department are you in?

Sam.—The Sealing Wax Department, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—I should like you to explain to me in detail your duties.

Sam.—Well, Sir Samuel, I come every morning punctually at half past nine and sign the book.

Sir Saml.—Very good. And then what do you do?

Sam.—Then I take a rest, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—Quite right—Government officials should always be careful not to overwork themselves; the strain of official duties on the mind is very wearing. What next?

Sam.—Then I read the papers, Sir Samuel.