

Is it not time that somebody was taught a lesson?

At the next civic elections, something like two thousand civil servants will be entitled to vote. Thus they will have the power of determining the election of the mayor and of every member of the board of control. There should be no trouble in electing two aldermen in Victoria ward, and there will probably be a sufficient number of civil servants' votes to materially influence the result of the elections in every other ward in the city.

The co-operation of all right-minded citizens is expected, of course, and if civil servants will join forces in this, as they have in other matters, and measure up to the standard of their responsibility, we venture to predict a civic administration for Ottawa which will be the pride of its citizens and a model for our neighbors.

ON LEAVE.

THREE SONNETS AND AN AFTERTHOUGHT

By Mercutio.

Amid the bracken, yellow unto brown,
I lie and listen to the Autumn breeze
With angel swiftness passing o'er the trees,
And loosing now and then a sere leaf down.
Like foolish virgins, each in shimmering gown
Robed for the feast but left without to freeze,

The birches whisper of their miseries,—
And I am sixty miles away from town.
As barren of ideas as this hill
Is verdure-barren, save for fir and pine,
Which like the few great verities divine
Keep us from madness and uphold the will;
I half forget those bondmen at the mill
For whom the whistles blow at half-past nine.

II.

Yet they are busy now with forms and files,
Reports and memoranda for the Head,
With wondrous balances in black and red,
And each one all alert for Fortune's smiles.
What matters it to me at sixty miles
Who rises, falls, is living or is dead?

Their very names are blank, as if I said
John Doe and Richard Roe and one called
Stiles.

O ye that have the honour to remain
Obedient servants,—may your tribe decrease;

'Tis well to lodge with Duty in the main,
But be not anxious for too long a lease.
"TO LET" I stamp in letters good and plain
Upon her door. I seek the Golden Fleece.

III.

Ere I return to tread the treadmill's way
The thin ice will be formed on lakes anew,
And payments on last summer's ice be due,
And winter's coal be partly burned away.
And, peradventure they that have the sway
Of our material fortunes,—Red or Blue?—
Will have reorganized us through and through,

And based our salaries on our rates of pay.
And shall I come to find my name engrossed
On parchment heavy with the weight of
seals,

As Chief Comptroller of the Arctic Coast,
Or Sub-Inspector of Eccentric Wheels?
Far be it from me,—Me whose modest boast
Is six calm pipes a day and three square
meals.

IV.

One word ere I the wearied pen resign,—
I would not have the Cabinet construe
Remarks *re* Rank as meaning I decline
The salary appertaining thereunto.

THE SECRET MEDITATIONS OF A SERVICE MAIDEN.

To-day I begin to set down for my own instruction the most important incidents of my life, and I mean to persevere for a while. It will be great fun, I know. The amusing part is how I came to get the notion. George Carstairs mentioned night before last that he had been doing it for two years. He said something about a person going down to oblivion through lack of the "sacred poet's" services, and that he proposed to be his own sacred poet. Thinking this over afterwards, I decided that it would be