Service Commission. We do, however, conduct the examinations which must be Passed in order to qualify for such appointments. These examinations are known as the "Preliminary" and "Qualifying." The first or "Preliminary" examination qualifies for lower grade positions, such as messenger, packer, sorter, etc.; also for the position of railway mail clerk. The examination is of a very elementary character, comprising the subjects of writing, spelling, and the first four rules of arithmetic. The second or "Qualifying" examination qualifies for clerical positions of Various kinds in the several branches of the Outside Service. This examination is necessarily of a higher standard, and consists of the following subjects: writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, composition, and copying manuscripts. The examination papers are prepared by the staff of examiners appointed by the Civil Service Commission. Neither examination is competitive, the list of successful candidates being published in alphabetical order, not in order of merit. The candidate who obtains the minimum percentage of marks necessary to pass is in just as good a position to secure an appointment as the candidate who has passed a brilliant examination. After a candidate is successful in an examination he must have recourse to the good-will and assistance of his political friends, in order to secure his appointment. These examinations are held twice a year at the same time and places as the competitive examinations for the Inside Service.

(To be concluded.)

## "TO ONE WHO TAKES HIS EASE."

Look in your heart! make inquisition there
Of service done in this supreme of hours—
What sacrifice for Britain's sake you bear,
To what high use or humble put your powers!
If, pleading local duty's louder call
Or weight of years that checks the soaring wing,
You are excused the dearest gift of all,
What of the next best thing?

A hundred needs cry out to such as you
For willing labour—watches of the night,
Shells to be filled, a turn of work to do
That sets a good man free to go and fight;
But tasks like these entail a lack of rest;
They put a strain on people's arms and backs;
And you've enough to bear with rents depressed
And all that super-tax.

Well, if you're satisfied, then all is said;

If, sheltered close and snug, you shirk the blast,
Immune in idleness of hand and head,

False to your cause, disloyal to your caste,
When gallant men from younder hell of flame

Come back awhile to heal the wounds of war,
And find you thus, you'll hear no word of blame,
But they will think the more.

—From a poem by "O. S." in Punch.