

appointed a stonemason to fill the vacancy, notwithstanding that there was in the office a man whose knowledge of the duties to be performed was not excelled by that of any man in the service, either *Inside* or *Outside*. These cases are typical. Thus the comic opera of political patronage is played upon the stage year by year.

The Responsibility.

Who is responsible for this system? The *Civil Service* or *Saturday Night*? One of the disabilities which civil servants incur in appointment is political disinheritance. They become political eunuchs. They are debarred from political discussions and many think it proper to deny themselves even the franchise. *Saturday Night* is a great newspaper, powerful to command attention to any imperfections in the body politic, and the foregoing is respectfully submitted to its attention in the prayerful hope that at least one great organ of public opinion will turn from its attack upon the **shadow** and level its lance against its real enemy, the **substance**.

There is one great hope for *Saturday Night* which is peculiarly its own. It is so near the Sabbath day that having, on the evening which it has appropriated for its own, duly performed its penance and received absolution, it may hope to repair the errors of its youth. As for those other Scribes and Pharisees, who have similarly offended, and who, less fortunate in the choice of a name, are further removed from grace, there is not the same hope of redemption and they may pass away without even the extreme unction either of the Service or of the Church.

OBITUARY.

—
JOHN HEAD.

—
By *Robt. Cuthbert*.

had known the deceased received that sad intelligence with a shock on the morning of the 22nd October. Up to Saturday, 19th Oct., he had been attending to his duties as Appraiser in Canadian Branch of Customs, Toronto, as usual. On Monday following he was feeling too ill to be at work. The writer, on hearing of his indisposition, telephoned his sympathy and telling him that he would be up to see him after office hours. This was Monday, Oct. 21st. It was my first visit to him in his new home, which he had recently bought and occupied. He was on the lookout for me, and hailed me from his bedroom window. Our friendship had grown to be so intimate and warm for each other that we felt the sight at once as mutually beneficial. I felt his pulse, and pronounced it strong and regular. He told me that he expected the Doctor every moment, and asked me to remain with him till the Dr. came. In the meantime Mr. Head signed a report, in which he and I had previously concurred. Never did he make a neater signature and more indicative of decision of character.

The Doctor came, examined Mr. Head in my presence, made his diagnosis and formulated his prescription for him. There was nothing to excite alarm. On the contrary, there was much amusing anecdote and laughter. The Doctor and I parted from him at the same time, about 6.15 p.m. Mr. Head followed us and hailed me from the verandah of his house, handing me the necessary change and requesting me to buy some car tickets for him. I reached home about 7 p.m., and after two hours had elapsed received a telephone message from the Doctor to say "Mr. Head is dead."

My dear friend and daily comrade, to whom I had been speaking only two hours previously—dead! The shock was terrible,—such as I had never before experienced. I could not imagine such a sudden cutting off. Angina Pectoris or Heart Stroke, was the deadly form his disease took in the case of the late John Head. Next morning, 22nd Oct., when I saw his remains, they had a juvenile appearance and indicated a happy release from intense pain and suffering.

The late John Head was a general favourite amongst all who knew him. He was a born comedian, but his sterling good qualities of head and heart far transcended those of a light or humorous character, and to know him truly was simply to love him. He had been a civil servant for fifteen years, and at time of death had attained the rank of Appraiser. He was an esteemed and enthusiastic member of the Customs' Appraisers' Association of Canada, who now deeply mourn his sudden demise. He is survived by his bereaved widow, to whom heartfelt sympathy and condolence are freely offered now in her great sorrow.

"John Head is dead!" Everyone who