

bined made him a most valuable officer. Shortly before his death he made a tour of inspection of the field hospitals in France, and it is supposed that while on this trip he contracted pneumonia.

His literary gifts were well-known to his friends, but he did not seek fame as a writer, although when a student at Toronto University he captured a prize in Christmas story competition arranged by *Saturday Night*. The little poem, "In Flanders Fields", which he wrote on the spot, was first published anonymously in *Punch* upwards of a year ago, and was speedily reprinted throughout the English-speaking world. It was not until quite recently that the identity and Canadian birth of the author were revealed. Incidentally it was used with tremendous effect in the Victory Loan campaign of November last, and may be credited with having brought many million dollars into the coffers of the Canadian Government. It also had an undoubted effect on the views of many during the general election which followed. In fact, no other poem has so beautifully or intensely expressed the emotions of most Canadians as to the debt we owe to the fallen.—*Saturday Night*, 23rd February.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below—

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hand we throw
The torch: Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

—John McCrae, Lieut.-Col.