

THE POET "LOW-RATE."

I hark me well to many a night,—*The Civilian* upon my knees,
 When I sat me down in my old arm-chair for an hour of comfort and
 ease.
 And each of these times I've turned to the rhymes that "Low-Rate" wrote
 and say—
 They've done me good, as poetry should,—though few of us write that
 way.

And now I learn that "Low-Rate's" gone to answer his country's call;
 The poet turned to an aeronaut bold; he's offered his life and ALL.
 And we know he'll fight with all his might; yea, fight to the very end,
 Jack, we're proud to call you Friend.

There are many of us who for reasons galore can't do their bit, as you know;
 How I wish your spirit could be instilled in the laggards who will not
 go!
 But for you we'll pray, while you're far away, that the Lord will watch
 o'er thee,
 And send you back—the same old Jack—to your friends across the
 sea.

—*Blackie Dawe.*

Ottawa, February 18, 1916.

"A BALLAD."

I wish I were a nightingale, and so were you,
 We'd flutter from our little nest and drink the morning dew;
 You'd carol to me sweetly, as you sang your love divine,
 And all the world would envy me that little bride of mine.

I wish you were a nightingale, and so were I,
 We'd leave this dismal, gloomy earth, and wing our way on high;
 We'd build our home in heaven, where true hearts do ne'er repine,
 And all the world would envy you that little mate of thine.

You'd fly to me, and I to you,
 Exchanging kiss for kiss,
 We'd weave our nest of sunbeams
 And we'd live our life of bliss;
 And at your feet I'd throw my love
 And everything I own,
 To build that little mate of mine
 A well deserved throne.

Low-Rate.