

COURIER
COMICS

What Saved the Baby.
The family were entertaining callers one afternoon, and while the grown-ups were talking, the baby crept on the floor. Suddenly there was a loud bump and wild wail. It came from the direction of the piano.

"Oh, the baby has hurt himself," cried the mother. "Run quick, dear!"

The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropped on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured offspring. Presently he returned.

"He fell down and bumped his head on one of the pedals," he reported.

"Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests.

"No," he answered. "Fortunately, his head hit the soft pedal!"

Besides, It Would Revive Old Longings.

The manager of the new theatre was a wise guy. He had a poor stock company and he knew it. So when the opening night came, the audience saw this advice on the curtain:

"Food will win the war. Please don't throw it at the actors."

The Beauty of It.
"This is a beautiful specimen of German helmet."

"What is there particularly beautiful about it?"

"It has eight bullet holes through it."

More Prussian Law.
"Don't let me forget this idea when the next international law is written," said the Prussian admiral.

"What is it?" queried the counsellor.

"It should be provided that when anybody is sailing U-boats in the ocean the use of depth bombs should be prohibited."

The Proper Diagnosis.
"You missed me about that story of young Swift," complained the sub-reporter. "You stated that he died of auto-intoxication, and here I find that he was killed trying to beat a train to the crossing in his super-six."

"Well, ain't I right?" snapped the cynical informant.

Cheered Him Up.
"Call—I sent you a poem about three weeks ago. What have you done with it?"

Editor—"I'm holding it. Every little while lately I get to thinking that we are not getting out as good a paper as we ought, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Say, how much'll you take for it?"

Cheering Information.
Man in Chair—Here, be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me.

Barber—"Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a cent for every cut. Why it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won a dime off me."

Red Deer, Alta., Dec.—Ald. W. E. Lord was elected Mayor of Red Deer by acclamation.

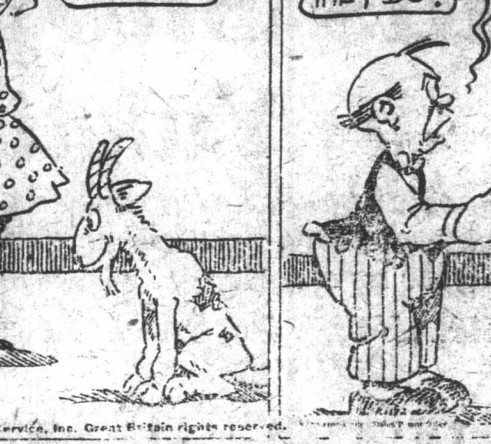
THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

(By Wellington.)

DANGGONE IT, MA, BE SENSIBLE! YA CAN'T KEEP A GOAT IN AN APARTMENT!



IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE HAVE TO KEEP IT, AND CEDRIC PRIZES IT TOO HIGHLY TO THINK OF GETTING RID OF IT!



BUT IT AIN'T FAIR TO THE GOATS! GOATS NEED LOTS OF OUT-DOOR EXERCISE, THEY DO!



When It Comes to Exercising Goats, Pa's the Goat.

YES—YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! THE POOR DEAR SHOULD HAVE MORE OUT-DOOR EXERCISE!



I THINK A TWO-MILE WALK THROUGH THE PARK EVERY DAY, WILL BE SUFFICIENT, HOWEVER. SEE THAT YOU GET HIM BACK SAFELY!

Lieut. Col. McCrae Left
Few Poems to Posterity

Author of "Flanders Fields" Wrote Less Than Twenty in All, But Every One Admirable in Sentiment and in Literary Workmanship

BY C. H. GIBBONS

Discriminating readers will welcome the announcement that the few maverick poems of the late Lieut. Col. John McCrae, C. A. M. C., have recently been brought together and lovingly arranged by his proud if deeply bereaved mother and are long will be issued in book form—a little volume but every page illuminated by the clear fire of true genius and exalted patriotism. It, indeed, contained but the one outstanding contribution to the poetic literature of the new century by which the dead soldier, scholar and sterling gentleman will be known to generations as yet unborn, it would be well worth the while.

For in "Flanders Fields" he has crystallized the finest ideal of the loftiest nobility of purpose of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, making articulate the soul of Britain's millions.

The sublimity of the thought in "Flanders Fields" is expressed with such charm, such royal dignity and such compelling force that its fifteen short lines compass a masterpiece of true poetry that will endure, vibrant and vital with its inspired message and the grace and imagery of its expression so long as English literature lasts. It has already been more than once described as one of the three distinctive examples of the best modern poetry of the English race.

The English race, "The Recessional" of Kipling and Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" being almost invariably selected for comparison's purposes. It voices powerfully, sublimely, the jealous guard of innermost British conception of the nation's straightforward course of right and duty through a war-mad world, of materialism, its silvery trumpet call attuned to the motif note of Britain's religion of universal service for civilization.

Poems Strong and Purposeful.

It is said that Col. McCrae has left as his legacy to posterity not more than a score of his poems, all admirable in their literary workmanship and concentration, distinctively original in structure and in form, educational in their rigid economy of words, and the finely displayed appreciation of word values, strong, true, ringing, purposeful.

"Flanders Fields" it is said once

written in a scant part of a single evening, the pencilled original containing but three inconsequential alterations in the revised pen copy, the most conspicuous of these being the substitution of "blow" for "grow" in the introductory line. It was as though the clear-headed man of knights chivalry had been chosen as a worthy medium for the transmission of a divine message to the world, in terms of universal comprehension, compelling dignity and grandeur.

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow

Between the crosses row on row,

That mark our place; and in the sky

The larks, still bravely singing, fly

Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

"We are the dead! Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved—and now we lie

In Flanders Fields!

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!

To you from falling hands we throw

The Torch;—Be yours to hold it high!

If ye break faith with Us who die

We shall not sleep though poppies grow

In Flanders Fields!"

Interpreter of Great War.

It has often been said that Col. McCrae to date has produced the one truly epic poem of the greatest of all world wars. More fittingly might it be said that the Greatest War produced McCrae as the interpreter of its lesson and established place in the Divine scheme. For the McCrae who spoke for the hero dead, marshalled as mute crusaders beneath the crosses of Flanders, was no longer the jovial, merry-hearted laughter-compelling, clean-minded gentleman, jolly companion and good sportsman, the prince of story-tellers, the zealous and conscientious physician, and the loyal friend who had so entrenched himself in the affections of all who had known him as schoolboy,Varsity student and practitioner, in the care-free, irresponsible days before the war.

"As a matter of fact," as Mr W. A. Craigie wrote, semi-biographically, as recently as in February last,

"Col. McCrae had about him few, if any of the earmarks of the poet. He was essentially a man, a fighter, a big, handsome jovial fellow and a fighter from his youth. He was neither reclusive nor pedant. He was especially social in temperament and fond of the companionship of his fellows and enjoying a firmly established reputation as a wit and storyteller."

Only his exceptional versatility contained the suggestion that he might excel in other lines than those in which he was customarily read—like Eugene Field, an understanding and devoted lover of the classics—and what he read he remembered, the retentiveness of his memory being exceptional. He was brilliant not only as a student out equally as a conversationalist and as an essayist and in his chosen profession he quickly won very special recognition for thoroughness and skill. He was, like all big-out-of-doors men, a tireless horseman and invariably attended by one or more of his faithful dogs.

After his fame will rest securely on one supremely great poem of his, it has not been by any means his one contribution to current literature both before and of the war. He had always been a writer, from his student days—if not of verse at least of stories and essays, their production being one of his favorite recreations. He wrote for the Varsity journals, and later he was a frequent and popular contributor to Sir Andrew Macphail's University Magazine.

Wrote to Mother of Experiences.

While in France his letters to his mother in Guelph—between whom and her soldier-son the closest bond of deep love had ever existed—are said to have been of the most charming, weaving in minor incidents of his life of everyday life at the front such as only a man of keen insight, large sympathies and deep love of humanity could weave and in a way that would interest and strengthen of purpose from his father, Lieut. Col. David McCrae, who in his seventeenth year raised a battery of artillery for overseas service, took it to England himself and would unquestionably have passed on to France had not the War Office intervened to prevent an officer of his years going further in proof of his pure patriotism. The veteran's plea that he might at least be permitted to protect to France and help in the care of the horses (his hobby and

delight) was his last chance, and even it fell upon the character of the McCraes.

Lieut. Col. John McCrae was on his way home from Europe when the war cloud broke. He telegraphed from Halifax to his father that he felt he must be in the thick of things at once—to send his uniform on to the Nova Scotia port. And he re-crossed to England almost immediately. He was with his brigade all through that critical day in April, 1915, when along the Ypres Canal to the north of Ypres the scant line of the Canadian guns woefully ill-led with ammunition alone stayed the German flood from reaching the Channel ports.

"He felt the war intensely," later wrote Lieut. Col. Adams in the British Medical Journal of McGill, "and it had changed him greatly."

Loyal and straightforward ever he was no longer the cheery, light-hearted companion, full of merry quips. In the old time he had been as apt with a good story as Abraham Lincoln. His memory was extraordinary. There was a notable journey which the late Earl Grey, when Governor-General took with a chosen few, in canoes manned by Indians from Lake Winnipeg down the Nelson River to York Factory and thence by the Government steam yacht across Hudson Bay and around Labrador to Prince Edward Island and the St. Lawrence.

McCrae was of the elect. Lord Grey was wont later to recount that during the expedition he estimated that each working day Dr. McCrae poured out anecdotes and bon mots at the average rate of eight an hour, or, in all, over eight thousand; and nevertheless he never once heard the Doctor repeat himself.

In France the war was with him night and day; and while kindly and devoted to those under him or who came under his ministrations, he expected from one and the same military spirit and sense of high responsibility as his, and was impatient when he thought either lacking. Not all about him understood the pronounced change would rise to his level of service.

Next in accepted order of merit among the late Col. McCrae's published poems in his four-verse message of

The Anxious Dead.

Oh, Guns, fall silent till the dead men hear

Above their heads the legions pressing on,

Those fought their fight in time of bitter fear

And did not know how the day had gone.

"Oh flashing muzzles, pause and let them see.

The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar,

Then let your mighty chorus witness be

To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, Oh Guns, that we have heard their call;

That we have sworn and will not turn aside;

That we will onward till we win or fall.

That we will keep the faith for which they died.

"Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,

They shall feel earth enwrap in silence deep.

Shah greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,

And in content may turn them to their sleep.

Another of Col. McCrae's meaningful poems bears the title "The Pilgrims" and in its entirety is:

"An up-hill path, gun-gleams between the showers,

Where every beam that broke the leaden sky

Lit other hills with fairer ways than ours;

Some clustered graves, where half our memories lie

And one grim shadow creeping ever nigh,

And this was Life.

Wherein we did another's burden seek,

The tired feet we helped along the road,

The hand we gave the weary and the weak.

The miles we lengthened one another's load

When, faint to falling, onward yet we strode,

This, too, was Life!

"Till, at the upland, as we turned to go,

Amid fair meadows, dusky in the night,

The mist fell back upon the road below,

Broke on our tired eyes the western light,

The very graves were for a moment bright.

And this was Death!"

Authenticity is Questioned.

There is another short poem that has been attributed to Col. McCrae by various literary publications, but in which students of his work fail to find conclusive evidence of either his individual style or processes of thought. Let those who have read "The Pilgrims" and "The Anxious Dead," judge for themselves if it be no (although not lacking distinctive merit of its own), too common.

(Continued on Page 10.)

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