

gentlemen, who have been sparing neither of labor nor cost in the good work, and whose very names constitute a guarantee of the undertaking being carried out in effective and fitting style: Mayor of Toronto, Thomas Urquhart; President of Board of Trade, John P. Ellis; Chairman of Old Home Committee, Noel Marshall; Secretary of Committee, Stewart Houston; Chairman of Publicity Committee, William Stone; Chairman of Aquatic Sports, Capt. R. K. Barker; Chairman of Land Sports, A. F. Rutter; Finance Committee, A. E. Ames (chairman), J. F. Ellis, J. W. Flavelle, Edward Gurney, Robert Jaffray, Chester D. Massey, Noel Marshall, Frederic Nicholls, H. M. Pellatt, D. R. Wilkie, E. R. Wood (treasurer).

The programme is planned to cover four days, thus including the great national holidays of the Dominion and of the United States, and includes such events as a Military Review, Dominion Regatta, Home Comers' meeting in Massey Hall, Home Comers' banquet, and sports of various kinds on land and water, besides affording ample opportunity for the private reunions and rejoicings which will be a hardly less important feature of the proceedings.

One further feature of the celebration remains for notice. The committee did a very wise and patriotic thing by offering liberal prizes, ranging from \$100 to \$25 for the best poems embodying the spirit and sentiment of the occasion, and in response thereto nearly two hundred were submitted by Canadians at home or scattered all over the continent. They were carefully examined by a competent committee of college professors, with the result that Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, was awarded the first prize, Miss Helen Merrill, of Picton, the second, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall, of Toronto, the third.

Although poems of occasion are very apt to fall short of fairly representing the genius of their authors it may be said with regard to these that they manifest a high order of merit and we are glad to give them a place upon our pages, in order that they may become known to a wider circle of readers than if their publication be confined to the local papers.

THE HOME-COMERS.

From the smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
To the land that gave us shelter,
To the land that gave us birth;
We, the wanderers, the dreamers,
That for lore or fortune roam,
In the gladness of the morning,
In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers, mocked and broken
For the honor of a name,
Would not wear the conqueror's token,
Could not salt their bread with shame,
Plunged them in the virgin forest,
With their axes in their hands,
Built a Province as a bulwark
For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,
Europe and her weary ways,
Saw the fading emerald headlands,
Saw the heather quenched in haze,
Saw the coast of France or Flanders,
Like a glimmer sink and cease,
Won the ample land of maples,
The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,
Held it by the axe and sword,
Bred a race with brawn and marrow—
From no alien over-lord.
Gained the right to guide and govern;
Then, with labor strong and free,
Forged the land a shield of Empire,
Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,
Labor makes the heart grow fain,
Still wherever we may wander
We are of the lion strain;
We may trample foreign markets,
We may delve in outland loam,
Yet when memory cries and calls us,
All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
Come we to our land of shelter,
To the land that gave us birth.
Lo, we bring thee our achievement,
Won by strength and patient pain—
Thine the strength, and thine the patience—
Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,
Under snow and under sun,
Where the spruces root and thicken,
Where the waters flash and run;
Bid the towns of glad Ontario
Gather to a diadem,
Deep encrusted round Toronto,
As with gems the peerless setting folds and
holds the gem.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.