

## (1) A Dedication.

To Jean Eugène Marcouin, with best wishes for his success  
as a poet Canadian-François.

My dear old boy, you speak of  
love, hope, tenderness and  
passion,

Away from artful voices of  
society and fashion ;

You understand the stalwart  
heart ; you know who brings  
you sorrow ;

And who'll present his face to-  
day, and show his back to-  
morrow.

We've walked along the crowded  
streets and through the hills  
together ;

We've heard the song old na-  
ture sings in June and August  
weather ;

And, like two lovers on we go  
and share each others sor-  
row ;

We "shake" the heart's good  
will to-day, and meet again  
to-morrow.

No pretty creeds estrange our  
hearts ; we are each others  
brother ;

Our minds dwell on those  
thoughts that are akin to one  
another.

Then let us "shake" again, old  
boy, in happiness or sorrow,  
And smile at woes that come to-  
day ; they'll steal away to-  
morrow.

J. KENNETH TOLKIEIN.

(1) Extrait de *The Inn of Gahnobway* par J. Kenneth Tolkien,  
Bennallack Litho, éditeur, Montréal, Canada.