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Famous Poem in Book Form.

No poem produced by the war has been so universally popular as "In Flanders Fields." Sentiment has always been something, perhaps most, to do with the appeal in a poem that captures the heart of mankind as this poem has done all over the world. This sentiment will not keep a poem alive, it will not bring to each new reader a fresh and engaging mood of beauty and enjoyment. Sentiment is like one of those perishable fabrics in which the texture is destroyed along with the pattern. "In Flanders Fields" is the embodiment and expression of a mood crystallized by a profound and durable idea; an idea born from the stress of a great experience in the eventful and critical hour of human sacrifice. The experience itself will pass, has passed away along with the terrible realities of time and place and participation, but the spiritual residue that is left becomes one of those eternal and immortal symbols which keep true and unwavering the vision of men's vision and preserves for them the benediction of sacrifices so gladly and unselfishly made. I really think "In Flanders Fields" is a great poem, great in a sort of solemn temerity which blooms with conviction at every reading. It has the same elevated mood, the same profound substance, and communicates the same exalted vision as Lincoln's Gettysburg address. As often as McCrae's rondeau has been quoted, it is always a privilege to have it make the occasion rich by its presence.

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 above 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.

As has often happened in times of great stress among mankind, the substance of the stress is gathered and focussed by the non-professional poets. Though Col. McCrae wrote and published a number of poems and perhaps loved the art with an almost professional passion, he was a phy-

sician who had made a name for himself in scientific medicine. "In Flanders Fields" has been printed in a volume with twenty-nine other poems, none of which is touched with anything like the finality of force and substance of that poem. Indeed, except for three or four, they are rather commonplace in theme, though expressed with that distinction of form which characterizes the "poppy" poem. He affected quite often the form of the rondeau, and in one other effort at least, in "The Night Cometh," gives us a glimpse of the grace and conception which we associate with him in the one supreme performance. This is the poem:

Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro;
Around the church the headstones gray
Cluster, like children, strayed away
But found again and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go:
They do not see the shadows grow;
"There yet is time," they lightly say,
"Before our work aside we lay";
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

Another poem of McCrae's which shows the profound side of his nature, which was, as Sir Andrew Macphail tells us, deeply religious, a characteristic of his Scotch breeding and environment, is "Anarchy":

I saw a city filled with lust and shame,
Where men, like wolves, slunk
Through the grim half-light;
And sudden, in the midst of it, there came
One who spoke boldly for the cause
Of Right.

And speaking, fell before that brutish
race
Like some poor wren that shriek-
ing eagles tear,
While brute Dishonor, with her blood-
less face
Stood by and smote his lips that
moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that
word
Hath not been uttered! Our own
king are we."
And God stretched forth His finger as
He heard
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues
of sea.

The "Essay in Character" which Sir Andrew Macphail appends to the poems in this volume, is a sympathetic and informing memoir of the physician-poet. Sir Andrew's picture of the man, and the account of his

life, are intimate and detailed. They are filled out from McCrae's letters and diary, which give not only a complete narrative of his experiences in Flanders up to the time of his death, but also his services and adventures in the Boer War.

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Has the Record.

The story of the Creation was told in four hundred words. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech was a model of brevity. General Pershing of the American Expeditionary Force made a famous speech in four words: "Lafayette, we are here." The palm for the longest sentence ever constructed surely must be awarded to Hon. J. J. Reid, Minister of Railways and Canals for Canada. He moved in Parliament to-day a resolution of 1,300 words, all crammed into one sentence. Hon. Edward Blake was noted for long sentences, but Dr. Reid's effort would make three or four of Blake's. It contains 71 commas, 33 semicolons, two parentheses and one period. It would fill more than one column of the Globe—Toronto Globe.

Always save and dry orange and lemon rinds—they can be used all Winter long for flavoring.

A Girl Who Loved a Monkey

Although She Must Have Married a Duke.

(Pearson's Weekly.)
Of the fair women who flitted round the throne of our second Charles, in the early years of his reign, Elizabeth Hamilton, a daughter of the noble House of Abercorn, was unrivalled Queen.

"Everyone," Sir John Resesby tells us, "was her lover, from the King himself to the youngest page-boy. In his Majesty's frequent fits of gloom she was the only one who could bring a smile to his lips by her infectious and irrepressible high spirits."

Every man at court was, in fact, her avowed lover, and the most ardent of them all was James, Duke of York, the King's brother and successor on the Throne, who was her very shadow.

She Didn't Like Sweethearts.

Never was maiden's heart so persistently besieged; never did it prove more impregnable. To all her wooers she made it abundantly clear that she meant to keep both hand and heart in her own possession; and that she valued her freedom more highly than any wedding-ring, though it brought a ducal coronet with it.

But to Elizabeth Hamilton, as often as to the coyest and most unapproachable maiden, there came at last her "Prince Charming," and in such a guise as made the entire Court wonder and smile. For the man on whom she at last designed to smile sweetly was neither young nor comely. He was, in fact, just twice her age, and physically so unattractive that he was once described as "more like an ape than a man."

But the Comte de Gramont had gifts which are often more potent than a handsome exterior. He was a courier to his finger-tips, with a tongue skilled in the framing of pretty speeches and subtle flatteries. He was a past-master in all the arts of love; and, above all, he had that magnetism of personality which few women can resist.

It was at a Court ball that Gramont first set eyes on Elizabeth's queenly beauty and grace; and at sight of her, he was undone. The impression he made on her, however, was very different; for, it is said, she asked one of her admirers who was always at her heels, "Who is that ugly man, who looks so like a monkey?"—an unflattering speech which later came to Gramont's ears.

"So," said the Comte, "she calls me a monkey, does she? Well, I must show her some of my tricks."

Grew to Love Her "Monkey" Man.

So skillfully did he bring his weapons to bear on the contemptuous beauty that her disdain quickly gave place to admiration; and admiration to a passion as strong as his own. And thus it was, to the amazement and amusement of the Court, that within a few months of first setting eyes on the "monkey," Elizabeth Hamilton had promised her jealousy-guarded hand to the least attractive of all her legion of suitors.

But Elizabeth's dream of happiness was doomed to disillusion. She had not been affianced many weeks before she began to discover that her lover's ardour was cooling. He had won his prize from a host of rivals; when it was his, his glamour quickly faded.

To such an extent, indeed, that, when he paid his next visit to France, he quite forgot even to say "good-by" to the lady whose heart he had won. He had no sooner reached Dover, however, than he heard the sound of galloping horses behind him; and before he had well dismounted, found himself face to face with two of his lady's brothers.

Had to Drag Him to the Altar.

"Comte de Gramont," said George Hamilton, sternly, "is there nothing you have forgotten in London?"

"Pardon!" was the prompt reply, accompanied by a sweeping bow, "Pardon, monsieur, but I have forgotten your sister."

And thus reminded, the next morning he was riding back to London to do his neglected duty at the altar.

A wedded life thus inauspiciously opened could scarcely fail to be unhappy. And so it proved for the Court beauty, who found in a life of plety and good works a refuge from the worldliness and heartlessness of a husband whose passion had flickered out before ever he called her wife.

Dogs In All Ages.

Dogs are among the most widely distributed of animals. In few parts of the world are they absent or even rare. There were none in Polynesia until long after Columbus discovered America, and at a much later period they were so unfamiliar in the Maldiv Islands that the natives at sight of them took to the trees. The dog was doubtless the first animal to be domesticated by man. But its earliest use was for food. Even to-day its flesh is far more widely utilized as meat than is commonly supposed. —Philadelphia Record.

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Chasing Strangers.

"The Sydney tax chasing policemen still continues to harass strangers leaving that place on the ferry steamers," says the North Sydney Herald. "One day last week a Newfoundlander ship owner, who went to Sydney on business, was accosted by

one of Sydney's cops while awaiting the departure of the steamer for here. The busy cop was plying all manner of questions to the stranger when a friend of the latter quietly told the captain to refuse further information. This seemed to nettles the policeman and he endeavored to say something to the third party; but was rewarded

with a simple little bit of advice which had the desired effect, and the policeman walked ashore. The system of tax collecting in Sydney is about as Prussianized as in the worst days of darkest Russia; and unless the civic authorities call off these dogs of war, the city will some day and itself mulcted in heavy damages."