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The DOMINION BREWERY Company, Ltd., Torontooriginal poems show the effects of his familiarity with French, for they are written with Gallic deftness and wit. From his "Poetical Works," a memorial volume recently published in Montreal, by E. G. O'Connor, we take the following verses, which are fairly representative of Mr. Murray's distinguished talent."

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

"'Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God''—New Testament.

O NCE, at the self-same point of time, Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a King of caste sublime,
But base the other's birth;
And each had led a stainless life Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight
Enfranchised and elate,
Till soon they reached the realms of light
And paused at Eden's gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate, one lustrous stone,
And ushered in the King,
While the poor peasant, left alone,
Heard songs of welcoming
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet.

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide
Flung back the Gate again
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train;
But, strange to say, no Angels sang,
No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried,
"Why chant no choirs for me
As for yon Monarch in his pride?
Am I less dear than he?
Can aught but equity have birth
Here, in high Heaven, as on the earth?"

"My Son," the Saint replied, "thou art
As dear as kingly clay;
But men like thee, of lowly heart,
Come hither every day—
While Dives at the Gate appears
Once only in a hundred years!"

Barr and Lodore

(Concluded from page 16.)

he was old enough and had money enough he was old enough and had money enough he would go to England and see the waters that had so excited the poet's admiration. "Them are falls," he mentally cogitated. "Well," added the humorist, "I did grow old enough and did get money enough and I took the first opportunity thereafter to gratify my ambition. Upon arriving in London I took the next train for Cumberland and a ticket for the nearest station, and as ambition. Upon arriving in London I took the next train for Cumberland and a ticket for the nearest station, and as I handed my bag to a clerk at the inn to which I had been directed, I asked breathlessly, 'Where are the falls of Lodore?' 'If you take the road, sir, and follow that stream for a bit, five or six miles, sir, you will come to them, sir, he replied. It was a warm, muggy afternoon in August and I started out to walk. After walking for what appeared to be an interminable distance, I was bot, sweaty, tired and footsore. Taking off my boots and socks, and rolling up my trousers, as I used to do long ago, I decided to wade into the stream and ease my aching feet. Just ahead of me was a rock in midstream with a swirl of water about it, and I went forward to rest myself and wait for some passer-by who could give me definite and quieting information on the subject of my quest. Presently a pedestrian, one of the farm labourer class, hove in sight, and when near enough I megaphoned to him: 'Can you tell me where are the falls of Lodore?' In blank, stupid amazement, he gazed at me and finally recovering his wits, he shouted back, 'you fool; you are sitting on them.'"

Not stylish.—Dr. Boyd Carpenter was to perform the ceremony at a very smart wedding in a London church. As usual, a great crowd of people stood about the doors and lined up on either side of the strip of red carpet. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rolled up and disgorged the splendidly dressed guests, but at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a deplorable ramshackle old four-wheeler. It drew up, gloomily opposite the strip of red carpet.

A couple of policemen dashed at the

A couple of policemen dashed at the

cabby.
"Here, hi!" they shouted. "You can't stop here! The bishop's just coming!"
The old cabman regarded them with

a scornful eye.

"Keep yer 'air on!" he said. "I've got the hold buffer inside!"

And Dr. Carpenter opened the door and stepped out.

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