

markable achievements as a wheat grower. For years this unassuming man has worked through summer's heat and winter's cold, with a sublime patience and perseverance that entitle him to the highest respect. His farm is not large and he has never become rich as some have done by huge operations that have spread over large acreages. But he has by careful handpicking and intensive experimentation, practically revolutionized the wheat growing business until larger productivity and greater immunity from frost have been won. A man of that kind should be at least pensioned so that he could, without the cares incident to making a living, carry on his beneficent work. Perhaps that recognition would be better than the somewhat empty and meaningless honor of knighthood in a democratic country. But our point is that he ought to be recognized as a builder of empire.

IN FLANDER'S FIELDS.

The passing of Colonel Jack McCrae at Boulogne Hospital, in France, has caused profound grief throughout Canada and elsewhere. Brought up on a farm in a home where right principles and a fine conception of life's duty would be constantly taught him, young McCrae went on to the study of medicine, and became one of the brightest ornaments of that devoted profession. He belonged to a race that can fight as well as pray, and when the war broke out he dropped his brilliant work in Canada to go abroad on service as a physician. His intense efforts at the front no doubt left him unable to resist the attack of pneumonia. So he fell like a true soldier at his post. He was a born poet with an afflatus of soul that would have lifted his name high in literature had he followed in that direction. But while not following letters he wrote from time to time, pieces of great beauty. To most people he will be best known as the author of that remarkable utterance of the anxious dead, "In Flanders Fields." It contains only fifteen lines, but it shook Canada from end to end and did more to make this Dominion persevere in the duty of fighting for the world's ultimate peace than all the political speeches of the recent campaign. For that we must recognize the enduring impress he has made for good upon this country and the world. For Canada's failure would have enormously reinforced the power of a materialistic enemy.

The Prince

Our gallant Prince came o'er the main
To claim the crown that was his ain,
But lang on feckless brows had lain
Sin' Jamie gaed awa';
Our Prince was young; his een were bright,
Wi' gracious mou' and heart as light
As summer deer's that tops the height
Ere even 'gins to fa'.

When first the earth was buskit braw
Wi' flowery lea and greenwood shaw,
Our stubborn hearts he stole awa'
And aye he hauds them still.
Through winter's snow, through summer's sun,
From dawn of day till day was done
Hanover's rats he set to run;
We followed with a will.