



A World Known Poem.

We have been asked for the words, as originally written, of the now famous poem "In Flanders Fields," whose author was Lieut.-Colonel John McCrae, of Guelph, Ont., one of the many true poets who have given up their lives in the World War. The poem, as it first appeared, in *Punch*, is as follows:

"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 amidst 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."

This poem has been translated into twenty languages and has been set to music. Many replies to it have been written,—one of the best by R. W. Lillard for the *New York Evening Post*.

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own life-blood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders' fields.

"Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us is caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' fields."

Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

July 25th.

THE great big world seems very cheerful to-day. We are buoyed up by the splendid news of General Foch's victorious advance, and also because there have been plentiful rains, and all nature is singing a chorus of joy after the long drought. A delightfully cool breeze is blowing, and in comparison to our anxious past weeks, we are, as the boys say, feeling "in the pink" generally. We have forgotten all about raisinless cakes and sugarless puddings, as well as worn frocks and last year's blouses, in our rejoicing, and fondly hope that there may at least be an ending in sight to all our troubles. It does not take as much to make us happy now as it did when all good things seemed to come our way whether we deserved them or not; when we were as care-free as children. Oh, those good old days before the war!

To-day my girls have brought me bunches of sweet peas and marguerites and offerings of lovely wild flowers, including heather in full purple bloom. "Fire-weed," as it is commonly called in Canada, grows to great heights here, and when combined with branches of tender oak and wild honey-suckle it is not to be scorned. The bouquet which I love best is on my desk and is of crimson rambler roses and "starry jasmine," a combination of perfumes which is almost perfect. This year the privet hedges have been permitted to follow the dictates of their own sweet will and are full of masses of white bloom resembling miniature lilacs, owing to the absence of gardeners and the fact that the clipping of privet hedges is not absolutely necessary to the nation.

One does well to avoid their locality in evening walks as the privet blossom emits a most unholy and skunk-like odor, and the old saying of nursery days, "Pretty is as pretty does," comes to our minds.

I have been snatching occasional moments to dip into two very interesting though widely different books of late. One is Mrs. Webster's "Thrift for the Housewife." It is not a book that would have found a particularly ready sale among English ladies a few years ago, but is in high favor at the present time. Mrs. Webster suggests that half the women who looked upon skill in house-keeping as the least of feminine virtues should realize that in leaving the duties of the kitchen entirely to paid helpers they were parting with a really wonderful weapon—something that, in the opinion of men, was "worth the notice of

all women." But the war has changed all that. There is no doubt that good cooking will soon be a shorter cut to popularity and power than a pretty face or a fashionably-cut frock. To be sure there will always be plenty of women who would prefer to feel that their hold on their husbands was based on something less prosaic than the ability to cook a perfect omelette, but we must not forget that it was this accomplishment that helped Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in spite of her many imperfections of temper, "to rivet the chains that her husband wore to the end of his life." One realizes very fully over here what wonderful cooks Canadian women are, and it certainly does not detract in any way from their charms to be able to turn their hands to this interesting occupation. It was meant that woman should "look well to the ways of her household," and that time is coming for the Englishwoman

of high class as well as her more humble sister. The taste she has had of cooking and other domestic work in V. A. D. hospitals has fascinated her, and one feels that she will not willingly relinquish it when the hospitals no longer require her services.

The other book is "Memories of the Fatherland," by Anne Topham, who a few years ago delighted us with her "Memories of the Kaiser's Court." This one is even more fascinating than the other and is most cleverly written. Her descriptions of German character which she had ample opportunities of studying in the seven years in which she held the position of English governess to the Kaiser's only daughter, help us to understand German methods of warfare, and the determination of the people, in spite of great hardships, to fight to the bitter end for the "Fatherland" which they adore. The five illustrations of her pupil and her numerous brothers add to the interest of the book, and one can hardly imagine the childish form of Prince Adelbert of Prussia, fondling his yards of German dog, as being now a commander in a navy who commit such cruel murders and other atrocities on the high seas.

DO you remember that some years ago a governor-general who was visiting one of our largest Canadian provinces, remarked publicly that Canadian children were "the most badly behaved he had known"? I was reminded of this yesterday. While well-brought-up English boys are like little old men in dignity and behavior in comparison to our virile lads, there are many others who are worse than any Canadian boys I have known. Aware that this is a manless house they throw stones at our windows in passing from school and do many other cowardly tricks. The climax was reached yesterday when one entered the kitchen uninvited and "pressed the button" in our fire extinguisher with the usual surprising result. I felt that the shock he received was sufficient punishment, and I was unsympathetic enough to laugh. In discussing the matter later with the policeman who patrols this street I was assured by him that English boys were not at any time less mischievous than others, but he said that at the present great leniency was used in dealing with them. He said he usually gave them a good fright and let them go for "compassionate" reasons, and remarked in explanation of this, "You know all the boys' fathers are away in France, and the poor mothers have all the care. They are getting beyond everything for need of a father's training and discipline," and sadly shaking his head he added, "I am afraid when he does come home—if he does—that it will be too late for their redemption." I saw that the policeman had had troubles of his own. He went off looking rather depressed, after promising to keep a special watch over us. I have now come to the conclusion that one cannot judge anyone correctly in these abnormal times.

MANY of the aeroplane workers in our hostel are married girls. Every now and then there is great excitement when a husband arrives from France. To-day I met one of the girls hurrying through the hall to the door to meet her husband whom she had seen approaching from her upstairs window. Her eyes were shining and the words "my husband!" were uttered as she met me. She had not seen him for eighteen months. There he stood in full marching order, and looking very happy to be here. We all rejoice together on these occasions and try to conceal the envy that is in our hearts. Leave is also granted to the wife when the husband appears. The fourteen days will pass only too quickly and it is harder than ever to see him go back; but a man in the army is no longer



Decoration by Prince Arthur of Connaught of D. S. O. to Flight Lieutenant Walter Ernest Flett, R. N. A. S., of Toronto.