

Mark well the page of history—the sordid, sinning strife !
 Because man would not organize, small states could not unite.
 In feigning futile freedom, his eyes himselfward bent
 Man prates of selfless homage to King and Government.
 A Judas to fair Freedom, at heart his one desire—
 "Myself, and then my Party and (well—let us say) Empire."

For so it was with ancient Greece and mighty Rome of old,
 Both built by selfless sacrifice of God-like men and bold.
 Composed of many nations, many tongues and many creeds,
 They were Greek and Roman first of all, and then the lesser breeds.
 But they lost the key of unity and found the party knife,
 Stabbed the noble heart of Empire, raised the party flag of strife.

Fell to earth these noble Empires; all their freedom, peace and light
 Were supplanted by oppression, petty states and feudal night !
 All but perished, too, the noble arts, the sciences, the laws
 'Neath the pall of those dark ages ; hushed It seemed was
 Freedom's cause,

Never more to lift her pinions, never more hold high her head
 In the old God-gallant fashion of the Empires which are dead !

Lifting high her flaming brand Freedom groped with eager hand,
 Cast about and roamed uncertain for a space ;
 Found a new and alien strand, her own Anglo-Saxon land,
 And she fired the Soul of Empire in our race !

There is magic in our Unity, and marvel in our might,
 There is sinew in our struggle when we wage the Empire's fight.
 When it's Empire first, my Briton,—be you Anzac or Canuck,
 South African or Indian, (if none of these, worse luck !)
 Brood of Empire, whelped in Canada, Australia or the Cape,
 United we are brothers, independent, peaceful, GREAT !

A. R. R.

An Essay On Pants

Pants were made for men and not for women. Women were made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, these, my friends, are a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses, because they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. A man cannot keep up his pants in hot weather without suspenders, but a dog can. Men sometimes make mistakes in pants, and these pants are called breeches of promise. Now, in my mind, when a man wears pants they are plural—but when he does not, it is singular.

—*Canadian Red Cross Special.*

"It is better to have a few ideas raised on your own premises than a whole orphan asylum of ideas which you have adopted."