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Canadian Verse

BY THE ST. JOHN.

"By Margaret Gill Currie. The broad round-shouldered giant Earth. Upbeats no land more sweet than that whereon in heedless mirth. West face my childish feet; No fairer river furroweth. With its strong steel-blue sheen. The hill-sides and the vales of earth. Than that which floweth there.

For rigid fasting hermit John. As seamen on his holy morn. Behold its harbor's gleam. It was like rigid hermit John. A voice, a mal, the wild. Its honey and its fatness drawn. From forests undelled.

Now that the green is on the plain. The azure in the sky. Where with clear sunshine after rain. Decketh the rich July. Broad is the leaf and bright the flower; Close to the pale gray sands. Coarse, alder grows, and virgin's bow. Grasps it with slender hands.

With honeysuckles, meadow-sweets. And rue the banks are lined; O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites. To pipe of merry wind. By the tall tiger-lily's side. Stands the rich golden-rod. A king's son wooing for his bride. The daughter of a god.

When fresh and bright were all green things. And June was in the sky. The dandelions made them wings. And did as riches fly. Now the bright buttercups with gold. Empave a toil-trod road. Can wayfarers their beehind behold. Nor sigh for streets of God?

The birds are homed amid the boughs. Of oak and elm trees grand; As for the snipe, her lowly house. She maketh in the sand; The robin loves the dawning's hush. The eve's the chickadee. The "thistle-bird" the garden bush. The boblink the lea.

From intervals and swampy dale. Are wafts of fragrance blown. Of fern and mint and calamus. And wild with newly mown. God's fiery touch hath reached the earth. And let its odors rise. Like incense pure of priceless worth. Offered in sacrifice.

Canadian Verse

THE SWORD.

By Isabella Valancy Crawford. At the forging of the Sword—The mountain roots were stirred. Like the heart-beats of a bird; Like flax the tall trees waved. So fiercely struck the Forgers of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—So loud the hammers fell. The thrice-sealed gates of Hell. Burst wide their glowing jaws; Deep roaring, at the forging of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—Kind mother Earth was rent. Like an Arab's dusky tent. And monster-like she fed. On her children, at the forging of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—The startled air swift whirled. The red flames round the world. From the anvil where was smitten. The steel the Forgers wrought into the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—The maid and matron fled. And hid them with the dead; Fierce prophets sang their doom. More deadly than the wounding of the Sword.

At the forging of the Sword—Swift leaped the quiet hearts. In the meadows and the marts; The tides of men were drawn. By the gleaming sickle-planet of the Sword.

Thus wert thou forged, O lisome sword; On such dusk anvil wert thou wrought; In such red flames thy metal fused; From such deep hells that metal brought; O sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word. But dumbly rul'st, king and lord!

Canadian Verse

SKATER AND WOLVES.

By George Herbert Clarke. Swifter the flight! Far far and high. The wild air shrieks its savage cry. And all the earth is ghostly pale. While the young skater, strong and hale. Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh! Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly! Mild moon, let not thy glory fall! Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm; thou canst not vie. With that low summons, hoarse and dry. He hears, and oh! his spirit's gull. He leaps, and oh! his spirit's gull. O, hush thee, storm; thou canst not vie. With that low summons, hoarse and dry.

Failures in Canada during the past week was 23; same week, 1910, 32. United States government will appeal to the supreme court in the Harriman merger suit. Silver stolen from Lucky Godfrey, at Elk Lake, has been found.

BOTHA A GOLFER.

Premier of South African Union Plays a Very Fair Game.

General Louis Botha, one of the colonial Premiers now in England, was one of the most skilful and aggressive of the Boer commanders in the South African War. He it was who planned the defence of the Tugela, and foiled for so long the late Sir Redvers Buller's efforts to effect the relief of Ladysmith. On the death of General Joubert he became commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, and in the long struggle his military exploits were brilliant and skilful. General Botha's genial humor, his tranquil, well-balanced mind, his sane outlook, and shrewd common-sense have served him and his country well in the past. It goes without saying that they will do so in the future.

There is no South African of either race whose name commands such wide respect. In all the whirlwinds of passion after the war, as well as in the tempestuous scenes that occurred at Pretoria, before the final outbreak of hostilities, he at least was never brotreated on. A Liberal opponent of President Kruger's fatal policy of exclusion was never in doubt. His chivalry, his humanity, his courage, and his skill were gladly recognized by all the British generals who faced him in the field.

His honor and his loyalty to his pledged word have always been equally above reproach. General Botha is not at all loquacious, and his voice was seldom heard in the old Volksraad. To crown his other perfections, he speaks English perfectly. When he was in England in 1907, General Botha was initiated into the mysteries of golf and promised to lay out a course in South Africa. He did this, and now plays a respectable game. During the voyage to England this year, he set an example to the ship, retiring early and up early in the morning. He was out soon after six and walked briskly round the promenade deck for an hour and a half.

Occasionally he took part in the deck game, and the passengers elected him chairman of the Sports Committee. In this capacity he helped to arrange a two-days' program. The events included tugs-of-war, potato races, egg and spoon races, flat race, and, capping the pig's eye.

Premier's Ramble.

Immediately on arrival in England as one of the Dominion representatives at the coronation, the Hon. James S. Astor, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, carried out a promise which he gave his aged mother (who emigrated from Lancashire fifty years ago) that he would spend his first day rambling among the green lanes of Old England, and he was charmed with all he saw.

Mr. McGowan was born at sea when his parents were about three weeks' sail from Melbourne, on August 16, 1855, but the career of the Sydney Premier has no sensational chapters. He had quietly pushed his way from the foundry to the Premiership by determined, useful work in the unions and in the ranks of the State Parliamentary Labor party. He graduated in Labor politics in 1891, when he became member for Redfern in the New South Wales House of Assembly. Redfern—the railway suburb of Sydney—has been loyal to him ever since. After three years in Parliament he was elected leader of the growing Labor party in 1894; and has been re-elected every three years since.

Like most of the best and ablest men in the Australian Parliament, James McGowan is an unaffectedly religious man. For twenty-four years he has been superintendent of an Anglican Sunday school in his own constituency.

My Pew.

The recent death of Mrs. Ware, widow of the Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, reminds a correspondent of an amusing experience which that lady had. Her mother, the late Mrs. Goodwin, and she visited a North country church in a place where they happened to be strangers to the majority of the congregation. They were directed to a well-cushioned pew occupied by a fashionably dressed woman. The entry of the ladies excited the envy of the occupants, and in a tone more forcible than elegant they insisted on them clearing out. They needed no second bidding, and repaired to another part of the church where they could sit undisturbed. After the service, some one acquainted with the identity of the strangers approached the irate pew owner. "Do you know who those ladies were who wanted to sit in your pew?" "No; they were nobody in particular, I'm sure."

"Oh! well, one was the wife of the Bishop of Carlisle, and the other, her daughter, the wife of Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness."—Yorkshire Post.

Ready For All-Comers.

Mr. Clement Edwards, M.P., who triumphantly survived a stormy scene at a meeting at Tonypandy, in the Rhondda strike area, recently, was lionized at the British House of Commons two days later. From lunch till tea he "held court" on the terrace and spent the time in receiving the congratulations of conferees and giving demonstrations of the famous "knee-dip"—a wrestling throw—by which he saved an awkward situation.

He hurled an intruder from the platform, and when the police arrived, some seventy strong, he assured them: "It is all right; we can manage this affair ourselves." When he found himself outside the hall Mr. Edwards saw that, in addition to the police, the military had been called out! A lane was formed for him through the crowd, but he refused the proffered protection, and mingled with the crowd.

A Wheelbarrow Tramp. A Wandsworth sweep and window-cleaner has set off on a wheelbarrow tramp to Brighton for the inevitable wager. He is to arrive at Brighton on a certain date, and is to earn his living by window-cleaning en route.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waggott, Milford, have returned from the coronation. He purchased an automobile while at Montreal and hired a chauffeur to bring them to Milford. They are at home with her brother, N. B. McKibbin.

THE WELSH INVASION.

The Cymric Race Is Pushing to the Front in London.

Clever young men in England get less advertising than their contemporaries in France or in the United States, for the English need solid and long proof of merit before they raise their voices and say: "He is great." This is especially true of the world of art and letters.

Yet to-day seems to be the day of the "young" writer in England, and but two innings by the most effective kind the tremendously high percentage of Welshmen among the newcomers is striking.

As it is, they have taken their turn in Fleet street, which first succumbed to the Irish and then to the Scotch, and they have invaded the realms of book-publishing as well.

Among the younger literary set of the day is Alfred Noyes, who is regarded as a "certainty," if one may be pardoned the expression, for the Poet Laureateship. Noyes is 28. He was famous at 22. Yes he is unsopit. An orthodox, athletic-looking young man, clean-cut, very "Oxford," and a product of the fire. He writes like a Cymr (Welshman); his fairy tales and tinking verse are Welsh in spirit, though he is a big enough poet to be international. "Drake," that rather long but stirring epic, the ballad of the "Forty Singing Seamen," and the very poem he dislikes most of all his work, the "Barrel Organ," are known to all readers of English verse.

Noyes has been influenced by Oxford—he was at Exeter College—but the typical young Welshman, the golden, extensible Celt, is a product of Wales in education. He is far different to the genial autocrat of Oxford or the silently independent Cambridge man. He loves reading, sonorous verse, is a natural orator, takes to the theatrical with a born leaning that way. This is not one isolated example, mind you, but is typical of the hundreds of golden youth who come from Gwalis to London seeking fortune or fame.

Two years ago C. W. Miles, a young newspaperman, founded the Welsh Drama Society, and already connoisseurs and those who are on the lookout for new theatrical possibilities are hoping for great things from a very modest beginning. Mr. Miles is now editor of a leading London weekly, although but 27 years of age. These are but two out of scores who could be named in literature—all sailing from Wales. As an indignant Scotch writer remarked, when reference was made in his hearing to the "rat plague" that might devastate the metropolis: "It is the Welsh plague, you mean."

In art the Cymr is coming to the front. There are a score of Welsh artists in London, all earning good livings, who are practically self-taught.

In music the Welsh are too well known to need further eulogy, but it is especially in dramatic art that they should prove interesting. The average Welshman has a natural "artistic" sense. It is this that has enabled David Lloyd-George to reach the heights he has. Although he is not a highbred of English literature, yet he is a very natural and a very clever man, so the writer may be forgiven for mentioning that Mr. Lloyd-George appears to wonderful advantage in social ceremonies. But he should be heard speaking down in the valleys among his own people. He is sometimes awkward in the House of Commons, but in Wales never, for he knows that the people, his people, are with him, and he rises to dramatic heights that would astonish the stranger who knew not Wales and its inhabitants.

His Master's Leg.

Lord Brassey, who has announced his conversion to votes for women, holds many unique records, one being that he is the only colonial governor who sailed to his colony in his own yacht—a feat which he successfully accomplished on his appointment as governor of Victoria.

After yachting, Lord Brassey's favorite recreation is cricket. On the magnificent grounds surrounding his beautiful Sussex seat matches are frequently played during the season. Of one of these fights, his lordship told a capital story. It appears that there was a scarcity of available talent, with the result that it was necessary to secure one of Lord Brassey's footmen as umpire. In due course his lordship himself went in, and a local bowler was put on. The second ball he stopped with his leg, and the cry was raised, "How's that?"

It was the footman who had to answer, and turning to his master, he exclaimed, in a half-apologetic tone, "I'm afraid I must say, 'Not at home,' your lordship." "Not at home?" cried Lord Brassey. "What do you mean?" "Well, then, if you will have it," the footman made answer, "I mean you are out."

Coincidences of Dates.

Attention has often been called to the curious fact of the date Sept. 3 figuring so largely in the history of Oliver Cromwell. That very dominating man was born on Sept. 3, 1599; he won the battle of Dunbar Sept. 3, 1650; that of Worcester Sept. 3, 1651, and he died Sept. 3, 1658.

The number 88 had fatal influence on the Stuarts. Robert II., the first Stuart king, died in 1388; James II. was killed at the siege of Roxburgh castle, 1488; Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded in Fotheringhay, 1588 (new style); James VII. (II. of England) was dethroned in 1688; Bonnie Prince Charlie died in Rome, 1788, and with him died the last hopes of the Jacobites.

Weight of Trains.

Lord Allerton has been commenting on the modern demand for convenience and luxury of every kind in traveling, and he asks us to think what this means in the increase of the weight of trains. While a few years ago trains were of about 100 tons weight, we now had trains running at an average speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour—and weighing 240 or 350 tons.—Tit-Bits.

River's talcum powder. "Prouse's Drug Store." H. C. McIlratney, working the Murphy mica mine in Bedford, is installing a steam hoist, steam drills, etc., and intends working the property to its full capacity.

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