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**SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.**

It is a little more than a quarter of a century ago since all England was chanting the rolling rhythm of

"Drake he's in his havelock till the great Armadas come,  
(Caption art tha' sleepin' there below?)

Slung between the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware and Walkin' as they found him long ago."

Newbolt won his place instantly as a poet. No man before him had caught so unerringly and imprisoned in such lyrical chains the traditions of the sea fights of England.

To the Englishman henceforth—nay to the man of the British empire—Drake and Devon were as indissolubly linked in the heritage of the race as Arthur and his knights, only Drake and Devon were more real. Newbolt struck the chord of hope and pride of race and sang in matchless verse the truth which millions until his time had only seen "through a glass darkly," that for the Island Race the sea has the same heart-stirring appeal as had the magic of the Holy Grail for the Crusaders.

What a magnificent appeal it is, how superbly yet how simply Newbolt makes it. With what majesty he thunders out the admonition of El Draco:

"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore.  
Strike it when your powder's runnin' low,

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Not alone in the Devon country, but from Portsmouth to Fliley from South Shields and St. Helens, there are tens of thousands who know that the great drum that stands in Buckland Abbey proudly bearing on its parchment the arms of the Drakes, "calyld him on the deep sea" when England stood in peril during the years of the great war.

The book of verse, entitled *Admirals All*, which appeared in the Shilling Garland Series twenty-five years ago, brought instant fame to Newbolt. England was then at the very zenith of the imperialism which found expression in the gala days of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. What Kipling's *Ressonsal* gathered up as an essence in commemorating the might of England, Newbolt's celebration of the great deeds and mighty figures of England's sea history, spreads as a fierce light of pride and power upon the pomp and ceremony of the consciousness of that historic year.

One of the best known of Sir Henry Newbolt's poems, which he calls *Vitali Lampada*, but which thousands of his admirers know as *Play the Game*, explains and places him, his clean pride in his country and her sons, and his fealty to Noblesse Oblige, "the obligation of noble conduct imposed by nobility."

"There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight,  
Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:  
"Play up! Play up! and Play the Game!"

The poem Clifton Chapel, scarcely less widely known, carries on the same theme.

"To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honor while you strike him down  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes,  
To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood,  
That binds the brave of all the earth.

Today and here the fight's begun  
Of the great fellowship you're free,  
Henceforth the School and you are one  
And what you are the Race shall be."

The *Island Race*, Sir Henry Newbolt's second book, struck its note upon the patriotic key, but with a fainter echo resounding from publication. The *Sailing of the Longships*, and *Songs of Memory and Hope*, tapered Sir Henry's exuberant imperialism until the great war came to refresh his vitality, and in *St. George's Day* he once again vibrantly, although with different significance, struck the chord of patriotism for England.

Although for a time somewhat overshadowed by the ruthless self-assertive art of the younger English poets, Sir Henry Newbolt maintains the same clear brilliancy of gift as a singer who gives an imaginary visualization to the subjects of his poems.

His leaning is nearly always toward the objective experience of life. His imagination is captured by the heroic gesture; his love of daring

exploits committed by the sea rovers and fighters of England illustrates his passion for adventure. In his blood is of roll and surge of Saxon courage and Saxon daring and his action knows no narrower limits than broad and spectacular stage of Britain's empire building. His naval songs give witness to this. A Ballad of John Nicholson, his poems that deal with the South African war, and of India, show how his moods are filled with the dreams of the sons of England who extend the King's highway to all of the four corners of the earth. Yet for him, wherever the feet may roam for Englishmen, the heart is anchored in love and allegiance to the island home.

One of Sir Henry's noblest and most beautiful poems is *He Fell Among Thieves*, and anyone reading this poem of the Englishman who paid his score in a far-away land, and before paying asked only for a few hours that he might live over his youth again in memory, will know somehow what England means to the poet. It will tell how much Sir Henry loves his own Devon, from which he springs, the "Devon" of which he sings—

Deep-wooded combes, clear-mounded hills of morn,  
Red sunset tides against a red sea-wall,

High lonely barrows where the curlews call,  
Far moors that echo to the ringing horn—  
Devon! thou spirit of all these beauties born,  
All those are thine, but thou art more than all;  
Speech can but tell thy name,  
praise can but fail.

There is the beauty of hardy vigor in Sir Henry's verse, a tenderness when he sings of English scenes that have the illusive charm of spring hedgerows. Nobility is the quality in human character which he celebrates time and again with a distinction that is refreshing. In his own verse he shows how one may get excellent results in practicing the principles of English metrics which he has propounded in his book, *A Study of English Poetry*. In all that he writes, whether it is as in *Drake's Drum*, or *Fidele's Grassie Tomb*, or *Among the Tombs*, or a *Song of Exmoor*, or *Benedict's Song*, he strives for lyrical beauty and accomplishes it with perfect spontaneity.

Clifton, Oxford, the bar, he has had the best kind of English training. He "carries on," does this friend of midshipmen, admirals, and all good sailors. He knows what they stand for, what the midshipman may attain to.

Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still),  
Admirals all, they went their way  
To the haven under the hill,  
But they left us a kingdom none can take,  
The realm of the circling sea,  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
And the Rodneys yet to be.

It is a good sight; a true heart playing the game.—G. F. W., in the *Montreal Star*.

**AID FOR THE FARMER**  
**DEMANDED BY SINCLAIR**

**Farms Being Depopulated—**  
**Too Little Money Being**  
**Spent on Agriculture.**

Toronto, Feb. 22.—W. E. N. Sinclair, Liberal member for South Ontario, spoke to his motion on the agricultural situation in the legislature yesterday afternoon. Mr. Sinclair's motion practically amounted to a vote of want of confidence in the government. He stated that he did not think there was so much dynamite in it as has been said in the press. The papers had stated that a division on the issue might have meant a defeat of the government. He did not think it would, but if it did he would not shed any tears.

He outlined the importance of the agricultural industry in Ontario, with forty per cent. of the population engaged in it. There were fifteen million acres of cleared farming land in the province, with crops valued at 222 millions in 1921, with live stock valued at 225 millions.

**Egress of Farmers.**  
Mr. Sinclair admitted that there had been a decline in the rural population, but stated that it was limited. It was rue, in his opinion, to economic causes, farmers having moved to the north-west, machinery having reduced the need for men. He gave figures to show that the rural depopulation was greatest on the poorest land, but submitted that conditions were not right and there was room for improvement. This improvement should be given by the government. They had spent much money on committees and there had been only one agricultural committee although the government was elected as an agricultural government.

He outlined some suggestion which would be beneficial to the farming class and stated that what was needed was leadership and not class consciousness. He suggested that there should be a non-political agricultural paper, printed by the government and dealing with all phases of farm life.

British Labor M.P.s. favor internationalizing the Ruhr.

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**Friday 69<sup>c</sup>**

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**Friday**

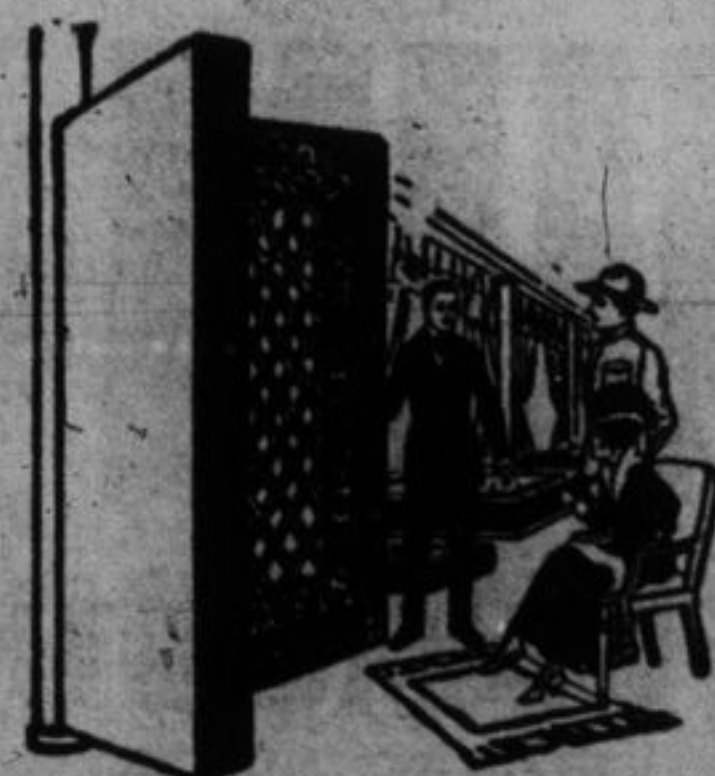
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