

EXALUTION

The following poem, by Landgon Smith, a newspaper man of New York who died in 1908, is reprinted from the Literary Digest:

When you were a tadpole I was a fish
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing
tide
We sprawled through the ooze and
slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal
flip
Through the depths of the Cam-
brian fen,
My heart was rife with the love of
life,
And I loved you, even then.

Mindless we lived, and mindless
we loved,
And mindless at last we died,
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc
drift,
We slumbered, side by side;
The world turned on in the lath-
of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the
womb of death
And crept into life again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and
tailed
And drab as a dead man's hand,
We coiled at ease neath the drip-
ping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and
sand;
Croaking and blind, with our three-
clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty
dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we
loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the cling-
ing mould
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us
fast
Was riven away in a newer day
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the
jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the
fountained palms
In the hush of the moonless
nights;
And oh! what beautiful years were
these

When our hearts clung each to
each,
When life was filled and our sens-
es thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech
Thus life by life, and love by
love,
We passed through the cycles
strange,
And breath by breath and death
by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law
of life
When over the nursing sod,
The shadows broke, and the soul
awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull
And tusked like the great Cave
Bear,

And you, my sweet, from head to
feet,
Were crowned in your glorious
hair;
Deep in the gloom of a fireless
cave,
When the night fell o'er the river
bed,
We mumbled the bones of the
slain.

I flaked a flint of a cutting edge
And shaped it with brutish craft,
I broke a shank from the wood-
land dank

And fitted it, head and haft;
Then I hid me close to the reedy
tarn

Where the Mammoth came to
drink
Through brawn and bone I drove
the stone
And slew him upon the drink.

Loud I howled through the moon-
lit wastes
And called on my kith and kin,
From west and east to the crimson
feast

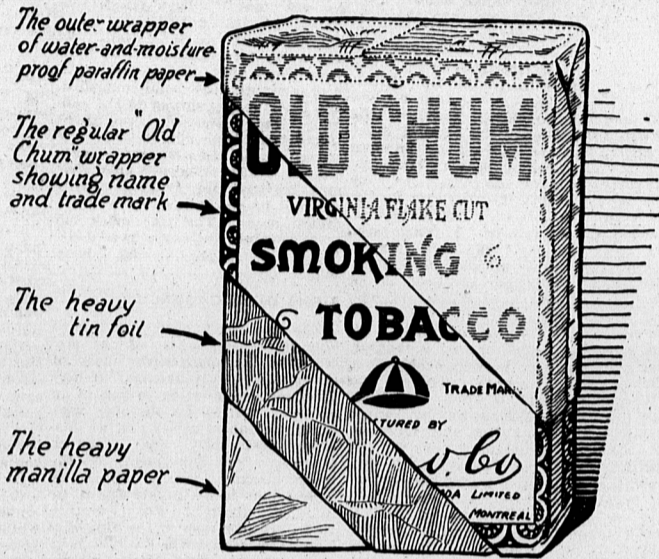
The clan came trooping in;
O'er joint and gristle and padded
hoof
We fought, and clawed, and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a
growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer
bone
With a rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern
wall
That men might understand.

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For we lived by blood and the	Your hair as dark as jet,	may say	Where the mummied Mammoth
right of might,	Your years are few, your life is	We shall not live again?	are
Ere human laws were drawn,	new.		
And the Age of Sin did not yet	Your soul untried and yet.	God wrought our souls from the	Then as we linger at luncheon
begin	Our trail is on the Kimmeridge	Trema doc beds	here,
Fill our brutish tusks were gone.	clay	And furnished them wings to fly,	O'er many a dainty dish.
That was a million years ago	And the scarp of the Purbeck	He sowed our spawn in the world's	Let us drink anew to the time
in a land that no man knows,	flag.	dim dawn	when you
And now tonight, in the mellow	We have left our bones in the	And I know that it shall not die,	Were a tadpole, and I a fish.
light,	Bagshot stones	Though cities have sprung above	
We sit at Delmoncio's;	And deep in the Coraline crags;	the graves	A fine cage won't feed the bird.
Your eyes are as deep as the	Our love is old, our lives are old.	Where the crock-boned men made	Your Father knoweth what
Devon springs,	And death shall come again;	war;	things ye have need of before ye
	Should it come today, what man	And the ox-wain creeks o'er the	ask him.
		buried caves	



Photograph shows the dipping of the colors as the Royal coach bearing their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, passed on their way to the opening of parliament