R LINE OSS PACIFIC

eunis to Establish Service to Vica in May

S AND CANARIAS

d in Line Operated apan and San

Reunis, the French iny, which engages in ld service, is making to establish a new amship service any's steamers Cara-ias will be used, run-panese ports and San ty of Honolulu with days. The new ser-menced in May.

coming of the steam-nd Canarias into the rvice in May, the which now operates which includes calls San Francisco on the lumbia on their trips the far east, line will ew service foreshadolumns, which pro-run from Yokohama Vancouver.

shippers by the will be given through all overland cargo nt to points beyond that railway. The ide for sailings from port every 45 days be to add to the ying direct from Ja-give local shippers ite for their freight lingdom and Europe. will be as follows: very six weeks, the Dunkirk, La Pallice, Naples, Colombo, ng, Shanghai, Ching-for Tientsin and Pe-okohama, and re-

lite, which left Yo-uary 15, and which of the French fleet will be followed by the Ceylan, which the fleet to make by way of Honelulu The first of the from Japan to Vic-miral Duperre, one teamers which have at this nort, which ave Yekohama May owed by the Amiral celmans, Ouessant,

telmans, Ouessant, Corse, The Amiral t as freighters, and odation has been odation has been each single-screw tons displacement. It is the next of and the Ceylan, e are newly built, s up-to-date pasion, with a number ins, fitted with all s. Each are twin-16,000 tons. They French line last being constructed he Mauretania and rincess Victoria. rincess Victoria, nter & Wigham he Quessant and a French yard to be used in the eamship line beis. They are steel a single deck, a e tiers of beams, h of 3,098 tons 343.7 feet long, 40

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H CLALLAM

allam tragedy is n in the Seattle Puget Sound owners of the .40 in favor of the ment. The claim registered mall er Clallam sank e making a trip ria, 56 lives be-

mail were lost and in one of o registered let-45 in bills and

per cent. of the held that this of lost to the ed 5 per cent. In addition al-

ttlefield. e provincial gov-ked for a grant preservation of lefield and the

-Grand Trunk s for the week stalled \$600,262; the same period of \$67,682.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

A hundred years ago the farmer took the grain he meded for food to the mill and carried back his flour. he miller usually paid himself by keeping what was alled toll—that is, a certain number of pounds out fevery hundred weight ground. The mills were always turned by water. If he had a good crop and raised more grain or potatoes than he needed, a hauled them to the seaport himself. With the mone, all this has been changed. Everywhere become he got he bought goods and brought them to the grain-growing countries of the world here is a network of railroads. The grain is taken the stations, which are usually but a short distince from any farm. Then cars are filled and the rails carry the grain to the seaside or to the head in avigation. On the prairies the wheat is stored. to the stations, which are usually but a short distance from any farm. Then cars are filled and the rains carry the grain to the seaside or to the head in avigation. On the prairies the wheat is stored in very high buildings called elevators to wait there in very high buildings called elevators to wait there is usually a steam mill, and the farmer who brings in the grain buys his flour there. Or course, the railroad has to be paid for carrying the grain and the goods which it brings back from the seaport. In some places fruit is the chief freight of the road. In others it is cotton, tobacco or sugar. But whatever its load may be it is made up chiefly of the property of people who are not wealthy and whit aust pay the price of part of the load for having it carried to the sea.

It costs a great deal of money to build the roads, engines and cars and to keep them in repair, as well as to pay the engineers and other people who work on the roads are called a company, and they must be paid interest for the money they spend on the work. That is only fair, and when there is a great deal of business done on a road, as there is, for instance, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, the company makes a great deal of money and by being careful and using its money wisely, becomes very rich. Some companies, however, charge their customers too much, and in other ways deceive and cheat those who do business with them.

In the United States laws have been made to punish dishonest companies as well as other dishonest men, and President Roosevelt has used his power to cause those laws to be enforced. Some of these companies, have been found guilty and punished. They have been forced to change their way of doing business, and this, so the companies and other people too, say, has helped cause hard times in the United States. A short time ago some of the companies threatened to lower the wages of men employed by them. There is, in the United States, a sort of court called the Interstate Commerce Commission, part of whose business it is to

Another great American, the British ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, has been making a speech which has been telegraphed round the world. Is it not wonderful that what a man says in New York at night is read here next morning?

Mr. Reid says that there is the best of good feeling between Great Britain and the United States, and that there is not the slightest danger of a quarter. The aldest dispute between the two countries was that concerning the Isheries. It had been determined to leave that to be settled by The Hague tribunal. Ambassador Bryce is now in Canada trying to arrange some other disputes, none of them serious.

rational. Ambassador Bryce is now in Canada trying to arrange some other disputes, none of them serious.

Mr. Reid made two other important statements. Pirst, that neither Japan nor the United States had the least reason for going to war or wish to do so. In spite of all that foolish people said, the coming of the American feet. to the Pacific was not a sign of war. Even if they did. England's treaty with Japan only-bound her to, help that country if any other power, tried to vob her of her possessions. This the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing, and the United States had no intention of doing and the United States had no intention of doing and the United States had no intention of the Notice of States had no intention of the Notice had no intention of the United States had no intention of the Indiana had no intention of the United States had no intention of the Indiana had no intention o

About seventy years ago a boy was born on a rm in Prince Edward Island: Like many boys in left little province, he left home when he was bung. He settled in Montreal, and by hard work and saving became rich. In a tobacco factory he ade a great fortune. He believed the text in the inle which says, "We brought nothing into this orld and it is certain we can carry nothing out of He set to work to see how much good he could while he was alive with the millions he had red.

Ile thought that if men were properly educated world would be a great deal better off. Mr. donald, or Sir William Macdonald, as he is now do thought that there was much knowledge ich men could gain from the world around them. McGill college young men were learning to be tors and lawyers, teachers and clergymen. That

was all very well; but there were railroads to be built in Canada, minerals to be taken from the mines and purified afterwards. Manufactures were needed in this new country, and, above all, men needed to learn how to farm in the very best way. Canada had been sending abroad for engineers and other men who understood how to use the wonderful powers of nature. Sir William Macdonald got teachers to come to McGill who knew about electricity and chemistry and geology, and built rooms and bought apparatus where men could study science. Then he thought it was as important that children should learn to use their hands and eyes as to study from books. So all over Canada he es-

tablished manual training schools. He sent teachers into the colleges in the provinces where most of the people were farmers, to teach agriculture. Not satisfied that this was being done in the best way, he bought a big farm near Montreal and built a magnificent college, where men and women could learn all that has been discovered about farming, and have an opportunity of putting into practice what they learned. Altogether, Sir William Macdonald has spent \$7,000,000 in Quebec alone. Few rich people have made a better use of their money than this unpretending old man has done.

this province has no power to make a law that prevents the Japanese from coming into the province, because the treaty with Japan, which is now part of the law of Canada, gives the Japanese the right to live in any part of the King's dominions.

It is not often that there is so terrible a storm in England and Ireland as visited them last week. Ships were wrecked, buildings blown down and the hurricane even blew a train from the track.

Nineteen hundred years are Roman ladies and gentlemen sat in the splendid amphitheatres and watched the terrible fights between the lions and the Christians. Ever since men have been taught that human life is precious and that men should love one another. Yet a tew days ago ten thousand men professing to be Christians, watched while maddened bulls gored men to death. This happened in Lima, in Peru, at an entertainment given to the men of the United States fleet. Is there any heathen country where a more cruel spectacle could be seen?

The Premier of Australia, Alfred Deakin, has written a letter inviting the United States fleet to visit that colony before it returns home. The United States navy department are much pleased with the invitation, but say that it cannot tell yet just what the fleet will do. It is said, however, that the ships will probably return by the Suez canal, thus making a voyage round the world. This will be a very expensive undertaking.

The negroes in Congo are suffering from the greed and cruelty of the white men who visit that part of the world to buy rubber and other tropical products. The country is under the control of Belgium, but England and the United States are interfering to protect the natives of the country. This is another case where Christian missionaries are put to shame by white traders who are more cruel and wicked than the heathers therefore the product of the country.

England, as well as all other nations, is spending an enormous sum for her army and navy. The time has not yet come when nations believe it is safe to trust to the honesty and good will of one another. In England this year thousands of men are at work forging cannon and manufacturing rifles and other weapons of war. Inventors and chemists are busy preparing explosives which shall deal death and destruction all around them, and from many shipyards are being launched battleships far more terrible than Nelson ever dreamed of. To use these weapons and to man these ships, soldiers and sailors are supported by money taken from the carnings of the people. In Canada we spend no money for ships and not much for soldiers. How much of our safety is due to the fact that England has a great army and navy ready to defend us it would be hard to tell.

Secretary Taft, who is to be a candidate for president's chair, wants the United States to increase its army. He thinks that every nation should be prepared for war and not wait till war comes to get ready. He says that both in the war of 1842 and in the civil war the United States lost much by not being ready. It is something new for the United States to foliow the example of European nations and pay thousands of soldiers and sailors in time of peace.

While British statesmen have been setting aside

While British statesmen have been setting aside money for the support of the army and the increase of the navy, and the United States fleet has been making her way round Cape Horn and up the coast of South America, a splendid and peaceful work has been finished in New York city. On Tuesday the great tunnel under the Hudson river joining New York and New Jersey, was opened. A crowded electric train on which were many noted and distinguished Americans made the journey from one end of the tunnel to the other in ten minutes and a half. This is the first of a number of tunnels that will be laid under the river. Before the summer is over, it is said, there will be eighteen miles of this underground railway.

The boys and girls of British Columbia are to have their school books bought for them by the government. This will saye your parents much expense, though it must always be remembered that the government does not make money. Whatever is spent by it comes out of the pockets of the people. The only difference will be that as the government buys a great many at a time, it will get them cheapthan those can who buy only single copies. As the teachers will be the guardians of the books, they will be kept much cleaner than most of them are now. Victoria children are not as careful of their books as they ought to be.

All the boys and girls in Victoria will hope that the city council will act on Mr. St. Clair's advice, and see that the waters of the part of the Gorge most suitable for swimning are kept pure. Thanks to Mr. St. Clair, there are a great many boys and girls who have learned to swim. They could not have a more innocent nor healthful sport.

As the water is deep and the shores steep, there is always a possibility of accident, and everyone will agree that there should be ropes and buoys within reach of careless or inexperienced rowers or swimmers. As the children know, there has never been

Several times puzzles have been published on this page in the hope that some bright boy or girl would answer them. As no one has done so, no more will be inserted. It is rather disappointing not to receive letters from the children. In another column you will find a poem and a story written by a girl and boy, taken from February St. Nicholas. Is there any reason why boys and girls in the United States should be brighter than those in Victoria? There is nothing about the story that any of you might not have written, but it is pleasant reading.

We are sorry to be obliged to say a word to the boys and girls who have so generously sent in pictures, but it is hard to reproduce pencil drawings. When you make a picture use white paper. Draw with a pencil if you like, in light lines, but cover those with pen and ink lines. Your drawings should be either six or twelve lnohes wide and any length you please. We have not received any new pictures this week. But hope that next week others wilk some in, and as the children know better, than the editor, we will leave them to choose their own subjects this week.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVEN
A Splendid Story of Pluck and Heroism, by Stacey Blake

If all the stories that could be written about the old ship Neptune were gathered together, it would ask a pretty good big book to contain them. Her sails and limbers had been poured out on her deck, and she had weathered tempests in many a sea. Those who sailed on her in those old heroic days have long gone on their last voyage. And many are forgotten. Another race of mariners, occupies the 'tween decks now, and boyish laughter sounds in the narrow spaces that once knew the noise of battle.

The old three-decker had enjoyed the piping times of peace now for many a year, but she was still in service. She filled an honorable occupation. She turned boys into men. As a training-ship she had was captain of the aft ward-room. Then, as now, it is a story to the work of the Meally fend that existed between the boys of the Nentune and those of the

ROBERT LOUIS STEVEN-SON ...

The world is so full of a number of things.

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

kings.

I hope every reader of this page knows the "Child's Garden of Verses." Some of them are in your school books. The little ones learn about "The friendly cow all red and white," and the "Little Land" is in the "Third Reader." They are simple, childish poems most of them, such as any happy child might write if he could say what he thought. Nearly all are happy, but now and again there is just a note of sadness, or one fancies so. Do you know this one?

Dark brown is the river

Dark brown is the river, Golden is the sand. It flows along forever, With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a floating, Castles of the foam. Boats of mine a boating— Where will all come home? On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats to shore.

The poems in the "Child's Garden of Verses" were ritten in a darkened room by a man propped up by



By Minnie A. Moody, Aged 13, 830 Pandora Street

By Minnie A. Moody, Aged 13, 830 Pandofa Street

pillows. His eyes were diseased and he was recovering from a hemorrhage. To avoid harting the fore ung, he was obliged to write with his left hand. Yet sick and suffering as he was Robert Louis Stevenson only allowed his mind to dwell on the pleasant pictures of his childhood's days. It would have pleased him could he she had one of the work of the were he worked to the was a son, of a Scottish engineer, when he was a son of a Scottish engineer, when he was a son to learn his own profession. But he shows that it was useless to try to make Louis take interest in machinety. The lad wanted to be an author. His father consented, but said that he must also study law, so that he would have something more certain than writing to depend upon. But when the young man went to London to learn he was abilized to go to the south of France. Ill as he was he set himself to work to learn how to write. For paras and years he studied his art as a painter learns how the work and the work of the word to make he would from place of pace, learning must be worked to learn how to place, learning must be worked to learn how to place, learning must be worked to work to learn how to have a choose of the word of men. All the time lied of nature and of the word of men. All the time lied of nature and of the word of men. All the time lied of nature and of the word of men. All the time lied of nature and of the word of men. All the time lied of nature and of the word of men was a genile. More that this was a small though worderful book which brought. Stevenson fame. This work is called "Dr. Jekvil and Mr. Hyde," but it is not one that children would understand or like. Soon readers were eager to buy his books, and he wrote a streat many. Nearly all are stories of adventure, such as you would think some strong, warning the more than the was always seeking to health, we the weak body held a bright, strong splits. Stevenson never complained and all around him loved him. He came out to California t

HIS GOOD NAME

To learn the origin of the deadly feud that existed between the boys of the Neptune and those of the pretentious scholastic establishment which stood on

pretentious scholastic establishment which stood on the hill overlooking Barcombe estuary, and known as Barcombe College, one must search the old logbooks of one and the records of the other, for in both the circumstances are written down in good round-hands, so that no one coming after might remain ignorant.

But the circumstances did not matter. The feud was the thing, and to do both justice, the school affoat and the school ashore, neither neglected an opportunity of warming it up for the other. As the town of Barcombe was as often as not their battle-ground, it may be readily supposed that the small knot of policemen, usually sufficient to guarantee order in that law-abiding town, spent, on these occasions, a very worrying time. The battles, never fought with any other weapons than honest fists, were often tough and desperate. Victory was fickle: now one gaining the advantage, then the other. Of late things had gone against the Neptuneans. Far from chronicling a victory, they had three most serious reverses to log.

now one gaining the advantage, then the other. Of late things had gone against the Neptuneans. Far from chronicling a victory, they had three most serious reverses to log.

"I can tell you fellows, I blush to write it down," said Hallas, who was the scrupulous keeper of the log-book. "I've had to pinch myself to make sure I was not writing in red ink."

"You save your fancy and try to think of something to alter matters, my son," put in Abbot.

"It's honest," returned Hallas. "The next defeat I have to put down I'll resign. I'm not going to wallow in shame any longer."

"What's Clinton doing?" asked Potter, the third of the trio who gathered under the break of the proop on the port side, where they could see the grey roofs of Barcombe College amongst the trees ashore. "Is he making any move in the matter? Is he examing any sort of plan, or are we going ashore tomorrow as usual to get the same old licking?

"Humph!" growled Hallas; "that's what I want to know. It seems to me a general, sort of rot is setting in. Hullo, here's Clinton. I say, Clint, what are you doing about tomorrow?"

Clinton was a tall, pale-faced boy, whose features suggested thoughtfulness rather than vigorous activity.

"About tomorrow?" he echoed, fingering the book

"About tomorrow?" he echoed, fingering the book "About tomorrow?" he echoed, fingering the book he was carrying.

"Yes: I mean are we going ashore to receive the usual hiding at the hands of those beastly land-subbers, or are you going to make an effort? In short, what is the plan of campaign?"

"I didn't think of going ashore tomorrow at all," answered Clinton. "I thought of staying aboard to read."

"Not going ashore, Clinton?" exclaimed Hallas.
"You don't mean that? They'll say you are—are—"
"What?" asked Clinton.
"They'll put it about that you are funking it,"
blurted out Hallas.
"No one would believe that, anyhow," laughed Clinton, turning away. "Besides," he added, "it doesn't matter much what those fellows say or think."

think."

"That's a facer," declared Potter, when Clinton had gone down the main companion. "Hang it. Surely he can't really be funking it."

"It's a knock back," observed Hallas, chalking a navigation problem on one of the poop steps, which was a form of mental exercise he indulged in during times of stress. "We'll have a meeting in the wardroom tonight."

As captain of the afternoon Clinton

As captain of the aft-crew, Clinton had a little abin of his own, which was situated amidship, and eing shut up there most of the evening with his ooks, he was not present at the ward-room meeting, thich was half immediately effortune to the control of the cont

which was held immediately after supper—that is to say, at one-bell.

The net result of the meeting was that a quarter of an hour before "light-out" a deputation, consisting of Hallas, Abbot, Potter and a boy named Stockwin, waited on Clinton, and informed him that the unanimous opinion of the aft-crew was that he should go ashore with the crowd and help them, in case the collegians sought battle, to wipe out the disgrace of the recent defeats. Clinton demurred at, first. He was nearing the end of his first Board of Trade exam. necessitated undisturbed study. Yet he caved in at length to their importunities and promised to accompany them, which decision gave not only the utmost satisfaction to the quartet named, but to the whole aft-crew.

It may be said that the fore-crew, being largely juniors, were not the solid fighting material of those aft, so that, though doing their share occasionally, they were not taken much account of.

And now comes the strange, incredible thing that, metaphorically speaking, shocked the old ship down to her very bilge strakes. On this particular Saturday, the collegians, after a successful football match, sauntered into the town in inoffensive knots of three or four, though it was to be noticed that these knots were never out of

By Margaret King Assed to Stand

tunean who was indulging in whelks at a market stail, and giving him a slap on the back that he nearly choked. In any case, the collegian, said to have been the aggressor, found himself with more trouble on his hands than he could conveniently deal with, and his taking to his legs and shouting justily for help precipitated the scrimmage, which neither side was jothful to begin.

With a promptness that suggested well-laid plans, the little market of Barcombe, which adjoined the quay-side, quickly swarmed with substantial reinforcements for both sides. Perhaps the Neptuneans predominated, or that they fought with greater vigor, for the collegians fell back under the weight of the attack. Indeed, it seemed as though they were about

to break and flee, when there came a diversion in their favor, and with a cheer a tail, red-haired lad with a laughing face, whom the Neptuneans knew to be Haverstock, the collegian's captain, with half a dozen trusty henchmen at his back, came bursting out of a side street. A little knot of Neptune boys, among whom were Hallas, Abbot, Potter, and others, together with Clinton, ran forward to meet them. According to all ancient usages, it was Clinton's duty to single out the collegian's captain and to engage him. Hallas was just behind Clinton. The next moment he stopped, and Hallas, catching a glimpse of his face, saw that it was sickly white. And then the incredible, the monstrous thing happened. As Haverstock advanced, throwing out a laughing challenge, and putting his hands into sparring attitude, Clinton turned about and ran.

Of the rest of the fight it doesn't matter much. Here was the hideous, unbelievable thing that was a thousand times worse than any defeat. Hallas and Abbot, who were beside Clinton, could hardly believe their senses. Amazement turned to dismay, dismay to rage. The exultant derision of the collegians filled them with a shame that was but fuel to their fury, and with a despairing fierceness they turned upon their enemies in a final effort to stem the attack.

The Neptuneans were breaking. At the flight of Clinton they all the turned them they are the stores of the disorder.

The Neptuneans were breaking. At the flight of Clinton they all but turned about to disorder. Then the valiant efforts of the vanguard, with Hallas, Abbot, and Porter at its head, stayed the riot. The Neptuneans went forward; the collegians' formation

broke.

In the end, bruised, pummelled, and smarting with defeat, the former victors fell away with all the spirit thrashed out of them. Hallas had a victory to put into the log-book at last, but there was something else to put in as well, and that thing weighed more heavily on the minds of the Neptuneans than an honest defeat would have done.

"It's too awful for words," said Hallas, afterwards, when they had got aboard. "How shall I write it down? I tell you, I'm going to chuck up logging. Someone else can take the job on."

"That's why he didn't want to go ashore, you see," observed Abbot. "He was funking it all the

"Oh, the cowardly beggar!" muttered Potter, contemptuously. "And yet I can't understand it at all. He's never shown the white feather before. I've seen him take his gruel like a good one. But this! Well, you fellows, I'm fairly bowled."

"There's one thing about it," said Potter, "he finishes at the end of the term."

"By jingo! he finishes being captain tonight," ex-

finishes at the end of the term."

"By jingo! he finishes being captain tonight," exclaimed Abbot. "I'm going to propose that he's called upon to resign."

"I'll go and put his resignation into writing," said Hallas, who had been industriously whetting the blade of his knife on his bootsole, and he made off up the starboard mainshrouds to the main-top.

"He's gone to think out some nice phrases," said Potter. "He's a regular literary beggar."

When Clinton came aboard later there was no dissembling of the feeling with which the whole ship regarded him.

As he mounted with drooping eyes the accommodation way, some juniors in the foretop greeted him with booing; at tea he was given a clear thirty-six inches on each side of him upon the form, and not a soul spoke to him during the whole evening. From his own attitude and bearing, it was clear that he was deeply conscious of his position, yet he pleaded no extenuating circumstances, volunteered no explanation. Perhaps there were neither, save the one that was currently accepted—that he was a coward. And this was unforgivable.

He stopped in his own cabin the whole evening long, elbows on the table, nursing his white face in cold, clammy hands. He did not show up at supper. When the atmosphere of his little cabin grew unendurable, he crept out on deck and made for the maintop to get a breath of air. It was his favorite spot, that little platform where the main and main-top-mast united. He leaned against the main-topmast shrouds, looking at the twinkling lights of the town and breathing in the air. And then his eyes focused on something nearer. On the topmast before him some letters stood out light against the dark surface. His wife-open gaze look in their meaning. His own name was there, with another word following it, and as he stretched out a hand he found that both were cut deeply into the wood. What was carved there was this: "J. Clinton, Coward."

(To be Continued.)

WITH THE POETS

Where Go the Boats? Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand;
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam;
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And on past the mill;
Away down the valley,
Away down the bill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

(By Ruth Pennington, aged 10.)
The Sun, the glorious King of Light
Came riding toward the west;
Clad in his golden robes of state,
Oh, grandly was he dressed!

He saw the pretty maiden clouds Who were in simple white; And brightly then he smiled on them, Which filled them with delight.

And nearer, nearer still they came, To thank the King of Light; Then, getting quite in front of him, They shut him out of sight.

-St. Nicholas League. Lend a Hand, Boys.

(By Antony E. Anderson.)

Lend a hand, boys, lend a hand!

Where your help is needed;

Don't let duty's loud command

Pass you by unheeded.

Turn the grindstone when you must,

Don't let knives and talents rust!

Lend a hand, boys, lend a hand!
Here's a weedy garden;
Take a true, a manly stand,
Let your muscles harden.
Weeds must vanish, flowers must grow—
Gardens are like hearts, you know!

Lend a hand, boys, lend a hand!
Chop the kindlings gladly;
In this wide and busy land
Boys are needed badly—
Cheerful boys, who sing and work,
Honest boys, who never shirk!

Lend a hand, boys, lend a hand!
Help your patient father;
He's your hero, noble, grand—
Count it, then, no bother,
But a boon, a constant joy,
Just to be his he'pful boy!