OUR CANADA

Have faith in glorious Canada;
How grand has been her past;
How boundless are her treasure stores!
Her boundaries, how vast!

Refrain:
My heart has faith in Canada,
The land where all are free,
No land can be like Canada,
Oh, Canada for me.

Time more and more advancement brings,
With every circling year;
And all her broadening future shines
With more than golden cheer.

No tyrant power with iron will,
Holds thousands in its thrall;
Here justice reigns and righteous laws;
Give equal rights to all.

Here toil receives its recompense,
And skill its just reward;
Here youth and age their homage pay
To man's redeeming Lord.

Her heart beats true to all that's good,
Her fame is known afar;
In all her homes abundance dwells;
How bless'd her children are!

Her sons are brave, and true, and strong,
As all the world may see;
Her daughters fair, with graces rare,
Are all that queens should be.

To stand on grand Old England's side
Her joy and pride shall be;
One in the fight for God and right
And one in victory.

—PASTOR J. CLARK.

Selma, Hants Co., N. S.

THE LUMBERMEN'S ALPHABET

A is for axes, so you very well know
B is for boys who can use them just so
C is for camp that we all live in while
D is for danger we often stand in.

CHORUS

Right merrily O, right merrily are we
No mortal on earth as happy can be.
Let the snow it come deep and winter be long,
Give the shanty boys beans and there's nothing goes wrong.

E is for echo that through the woods rang.
F is for foreman the boss of the gang.
G is for grindestone we often turn round, while
H is for handle so smooth and so round.

I is for iron we mark at the pine,
J is for Johnstone not far down the line.
K is for keen edge our axes to keep, while
L is for big lice that down our back creep.

M is for mosses to stuff up our camps
N is for needle to patch up our pants
O is for old owl that hoots out at night.
P is for big pine that falls to the right.

Q is for quarreling we never allow,
R is for river our logs they do plow.
S is for sleds we put our logs on, while
T is for black team that hauls them along.

U is for uses we put ourselves to.
V is for valley we haul our logs through.
W is for woods from which we come out in the Spring,
When I'll sit down, my Mary, and a song I will sing.

There are three other letters I can't bring into rhyme.
And if anyone can I pray tell me in time.
The train's at the crossing, the whistle does blow
So farewell, my Mary, to the woods I must go.

WITH THE GRAND FLEET

By Frederick Palmer in the Times Weekly Edition

(Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, was a member of a party of distinguished foreign journalists who visited the Grand Fleet in August and September at the invitation of the British Government.)

III.

In the Fleet Flagship

Thus far we have skirted around the heart of things, which in a Fleet is always the Commander-in-Chief's flagship. Our handy, agile destroyer ran alongside a battleship with as much nonchalance as she would go alongside a pier. I should not have been surprised to have seen her pirouette over the hills or take to flight.

There was a time when those majestic and pampered ladies, the battleships—particularly if a sea were running as there was in this harbor at the time—having in mind the pride of paint, begged all destroyers to keep off with the superciliousness of grandes dames holding their skirts aloof from contact with nimble, audacious street gamins, who dodged in and out of the traffic of muddy streets. But destroyers have learned better manners, perhaps, and battleships have been democratized. It is the day of Russian dancers and when airplanes loop the loop, and we have grown used to all kinds of marvels.

But the sea has refused to be trained. It is the same old sea that it was in Columbus's time, without any loss of trickiness in bumping small craft against towering sides. The way that this destroyer slid up to the flagship without any fuss and the way the bluejackets held off from the paint as she rose on the crests and slipped back into the trough did not tell the whole story. A part of it was how, at the right interval, they assisted the landlubber to step from gunwale to gangway, making him feel perfectly safe when he would have been perfectly helpless but for them.

I had often watched our own bluejackets at the same thing. They did not grin—not when you were looking at them. Nor did the British. Bluejackets are noted for their official politeness. I should like to have heard their remarks—they have a gift for remarks about those invaders of their uniformed world in Scotch caps and other kinds of caps which tailors make for civilians. Without any intention of eavesdropping, I did overhear one asking another whence came these strange birds.

One knew the flagship by the admiral's barges astern as you know the location of an army headquarters by its automobiles. It seemed in the centre of the Fleet at anchor, if that is a nautical expression. Where its place would be in action is one of those secrets as important to the enemy as the location of a general's shell-proof shelter in Flanders. Perhaps Sir John Jellico may be on some other ship in battle. If there is any one foolish qestion which one should not ask it is this.

100 Years Ago and Now

As one mounted the gangway of this mighty super-Dreadnought one was bound to think of another flagship in Portsmouth Harbour, Nelson's Victory—at least, an American was. Probably an Englishman would not indulge in such a commonplace. One would like to know how many Englishmen had ever seen the old Victory. But, then, how many Americans have been to Mount Vernon and Gettysburg?

It was a hundred years, one repeats, since the British had fought a first-class naval war. Nelson did his part so well that he did not leave any fighting to be done by his successors. Maintaining herself as mistress of the seas by the threat of superior strength—except in the late fifties, when the French innovation of iron ships gave France a temporary lead on paper—ship after ship, through all the grades of progress in naval construction, has gone to the scrap-heap without firing a shot in anger.

The Victory was one landmark, or sea mark, if you please, and this flagship was another. Between the two were generations of officers and men working through the change from stage coach to motors and airplanes and seaplanes, who had kept up to standard of efficiency in view of a test that never came. A year of war and still the test had not come, for the old reason that England had superior strength. Her outnumbering guns which had kept the peace of the seas still kept it.

Sir John Jellico

All second nature to the Englishman this, as the defence of the immense distances of the steppes to the Russian or the Rocky Mauntain wall and the Mississippi's flow to the man in Kansas. But the American kept thinking about it; and he wanted the Kansans to think about it, too. When he was about to meet Sir John Jellicoe he envisaged the tall column in Trafalgar Square, surmounted by the one armed figure turned toward the wireless skein on top of the admiralty building.

One first heard of Jellicoe fifteen years ago, when he was Chief of Staff to Sir Edward Seymour, then Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Squadron. Indeed, one was always hearing about Jellicoe in those days on the China coast. He was the kind of men whom people talk about after they have met him, which means personality. It was in China seas, you may remember, that when a few British seamen were hard pressed in a fight that was not ours, that the phrase "Blood is thicker than water" sprang from the lips of an American commander, who waited not on international etiquette, but went to the assistance of the British.

Nor will anyone who was present in the summer of '98 forget how Sir Edward Chichester stood loyally by Admiral George Dewey, when the German squadron was empire-fighting in the waters of Manilla Bay, until our Atlantic Fleet had won the battle of Santiago and Admiral Dewey had received reinforcements and, East and West, we were able to look after the Germans. The British bluejackets said that the rations of frozen mutton from Australia which we sent alongside were excellent; but the Germans were in no position to judge, as none was sent to them, doubtless through an oversight in the detail of hospitality by one of Admiral Dewey's staff. Let us be officially correct and say that there was no mutton to spare after the British had been supplied.

In the gallant effort of the Allied forces of sailors to relieve the Legations against some hundreds of thousands of Boxers, Captain Bowman McCalla and his Americans worked with Admiral Seymour and his Britons in the most trying and picturesque adventure of its kind in modern history. McCalla, too, was always talking of Jellicoe, who was wounded on the expedition; and Sir John's face lighted at the mention of McCalla's name. He recalled how McCalla had painted on the superstructure of the little Newmark that saying of Farragut's, "The best protection against an enemy's fire is a well directed fire of your own," which has been said in other ways and cannot be said too often.

"We called McCalla Mr. Lead," said Sir John; "he had been wounded so many times and yet was able to hobble along and keep on fighting. We corresponded regularly until his death."

Beatty, too, was on that expedition; and he, too, was another personality one kept hearing about. It seemed odd that two men who had played a part in work which was a soldier's far from home should have become so conspicuous in the great war. If on that day when, with ammunition exhausted, all members of the expedition had given up hope of ever returning alive, they had not accidentally come upon the Shikou arsenal, one would not be commanding the Grand Fleet and the other its battle cruiser squadron.

Any general of high command must be surrounded by more pomp than an admiral in time of action. A headquarters cannot have the simplicity of the quarter-deck. The force which the general commands is not in sight; the admiral's is. You saw the commander and you saw what he commanded. Within the sweep of vision from the quarter-deck was the terrific power which the man with the broad gold band on his arm directed. At a signal from him it would move or it would stand still. That command of Joshua's if given by Sir John one thought might have been obeyed.

One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred 12-in. guns and larger, which could carry two hundred tons of metal in a single broadside for a distance of eighteen thousand yards! But do not forget the little guns bristling under the big guns like needles from a cushion, which would keep off the torpedo assassins; or the light cruisers, or the colliers, or the destroyers, or the 2,300 trawler and minelayers, and what not, all under his direction. He had submarines, too, double the number of the German. But with all the German men-of-war in the harbour, they had no targets. Where were they? One did not ask questions which would not be answered. Waiting as the whole British Fleet was waiting, for the Germans to show their heads, while cruisers were abroad scouting the North Sea.

Begging for Battle

At the outset of the war the German Fleet might have had one chance in ten of getting a turn of fortune in its favor by an unexpected stroke of strategy. This was the danger which Admiral Jellicoe had to guard against. For in one sense, the Germans had the tactical offensive by sea as well as by land; theirs the outward thrust from the centre. They could choose when to come out of their harbour; when to strike. The British had to keep watch all the time, and be ready whenever the enemy should come.

Thus the British Grand Fleet was at sea in the early part of the war, cruising here and there, begging for battle. Then it was that it learned how to avoid the submarines and the mine fields. Submarines had played a greater part than expected, because Germany had chosen a guerilla warfare; to harass, to wound, to wear down. Doubtless she hoped to reduce the number of British fighting units by attrition.

Weak England might be in plants for making arms for an army, but not in shipbuilding. Here was her true genius. She was a maritime power; Germany a land power. Her part as an ally of France and Russia being to command the sea, all demands of the Admiralty for material must take precedence over demands of the War Office. At the end of the first year she had increased the fighting power by sea to a still higher ratio of preponderance over the Germans; in another year she would increase it further.

Admiral von Tripitz wanted nothing so much as to draw the British Fleet under the guns of Heligoland or into a mine field and submarine trap. But Sir John Jellicoe refused the bait. When he had completed his precautions and his organization to meet all new conditions, his Fleet need not go into the open. His Dreadnoghts could rest at anchor at a base while his scouts kept in touch with all that was passing, and his auxiliaries fought the submarines. Without a British dreadnought having fired a shot at a German Dreadnought, nowhere on the face of the seas might a single vessel show the German flag except by thrusting it above the water for a few minutes.

If von Tripitz sent his Fleet out, he, too, might find himself in a trap of mines and submarines. He was losing submarines and England was building more. His naval force rather than Sir John's was suffering from attrition. The blockade was complete, from Iceland to the North Sea. While the world knew of the work of the Armies, the care that this task required, the hardships endured, the enormous expenditure of energy, were all hidden behind that veil of secrecy which obviously must be more closely drawn over naval than over army operations.

No Room For Red Tape

From this flagship the campaign was directed. One would think that many offices and many clerks would be required. But the offices and the clerks were at the Admiralty. Here was the execution. In a room perhaps four feet by six was the wireless focus which received all the reports and sent all the orders, with trim bluejackets at the keys, "Go!" and "come!" the messages were saying; they wasted no words. Officers of the staff did their work in narrow space, yet seemed to have plenty of room. Red tape is inflammable. There is no more place for it on board a flagship prepared for action than for unnecessary woodwork.

At every turn the compression and the concentration of power were like the guns and the decks, cleared for action significant in directness of purpose. The system was planetary in its impressive simplicity, the more striking as nothng that man has ever made is more complicated or includes more kinds of machinery than a battleship. One battleship was one unit, one chessman on the naval board.

Not all famous leaders are likeable, as every world traveller knows. They all have the magnetism of force, which is quite another thing from the magnetism of charm. What the public demands is that they shall win victories, whether personally likeable or not. But if they are likeable and simple and human in the bargain and a sailor besides—well, we know what that means.

Perhaps Sir John Jellicoe is not a great man. It is not for a civilian even to presume to judge. We have the word of those who ought to know, however, that he is. I hope that he is, because I like to think that the great commanders need not necessarily appear formidable. Nelson refused to be cast for the heavy part, and so did Farragut. It may be a sailor characteristic. I predict that after this war is over, whatever honours or titles they may bestow on him, the English are going to like Sir John Jellicoe not alone for his service to the nation, but for himself.

Admiral Jellicoe is one with Captain Jellicoe, whose cheeriness even when wounded kept up the spirits of the others on the Relief Expedition of Boxer days. "He could do it, too!" one thought, having in mind Sir David Beatty's leap to the deck of a destroyer. Spare, of medium height, ruddy, and 57. So much for the health qualification which the Admiralty Lords dwelt upon as important. After he had been at sea for a year he secured a human machine much of the type of that destroyer as a steel machine—a thirty knot human machine, capable of 300 or 500 revolutions, engines running smoothly, with no waste of energy, slipping over the waves and cutting through them; a quick man, quick of movement, quick of comprehension and observation, of speech and thought, with a delightful self-possession—for there are many kinds—which is instantly responsive with decision.

A telescope under his arm, too, as he received his guests. One liked that. He keeps watch over the Fleet himself when he is on the quarter-deck. One had a feeling that nothing could happen in all his range of vision stretching down the "avenues of Dreadnoughts" to the light cruiser squadron, and escape his attention. It hardly seems possible that he was ever bored. Everything around him interests him. Energy he has, electric energy in this electric age, this man chosen to command the greatest war product of modern energy.

The Admiral's New Broom

Fastened to the superstructure near the ladder to his headquarters was a new broom which South Africa had sent him. He was highly pleased with that present; only the broom was von Tromp's emblem, while Blake's had been the whip. Possibly the South African Dutchmen, now fighting on England's side, knew that he already had the whip and they wanted him to have the Dutch broom too.

He had been using both, and many other devices in his campaign against von Tripitz's "untersee" boats, which was illustrated by one of the maps hung in his cabin. Quite different this from maps in a general's headquarters, with the front trenches and support and reserve trenches and the gun-positions marked in vari-colored pencillings. Instantly a submarine was sighted anywhere, Sir John had word of it, and another dot went down on the spot where it had been seen. In places the sea looked like a pepperbox cover. Dots were plentiful outside the harbour where we were; but well outside, like flies around sugar which they could not reach.

Seeing Sir John among his admirals and guests one had a glimpse of the life of a sort of mysterious, busy brotherhood. I was still searching for an admiral with white hair. If there were none among these seniors, then all must be on shore.. Spirit. I think that is the word; the spirit of youth, of corps, of service, of the sea, of a ready, buoyant definiteness—yes, spirit was the word to characterize these leaders. Sir John moved from one to another in his quick way, asking a question, listening, giving a direction, his face smiling and expressive with a sort of infectious confidence.

"He is the man!" said an admiral. I mean several admirals and captains said so. They seemed to like to say it. Whenever he approached one noted an eagerness, a tightening of nerves. Natural leadership expresses itself in many ways; Sir John gave it a sailor's attractiveness. But I learned that there was steel under his happy smile; and they liked him for that, too. Watch out when he is not smiling, and sometimes when he is smiling, they say.

For failure is never excused in that Fleet, as more than one commander knows. It is a luxury of consideration which the British nation cannot afford by sea in time of war. The scene which one witnessed in the cabin of the Dreadnought flagship could not have been unlike that of Nelson and his young captains on the Victory, in the animation of youth governed with only one thought under the rule that you must make good.

Splendid as was the sight of the power which Sir John directed from his quarter-deck while the ships lay still in their plotted moorings, it paled beside that when the anchor chains began to rumble and, column by column, they took on life and slowly and majestically, gaining speed one after another, turned toward the harbour's entrance.

The "Loan of Victory" is the name applied to the new French domestic borrowing bill, that is being rapidly subscribed.

DON'T "SUSH" THE CHILDREN

A little boy of my acquaintance has recently gone with his parents to live on a big farm, outside the city. He has always been a delicate, gentle little thing, and his quiet, pleasing manners have been as much a matter of comment among his friends as have his pale cheeks and frail appearance. At school he was a quiet little kid, too, and one of the kind who gave the appearance to a stranger, of being so modest and still that he seemed scarcely a boy, but more like a "little lady." His friends have regretted, very much, that he must leave his city school for the country, and felt, that somehow, such sacrifice was wrong, but the other morning I met him on the street where he had come up with his mother for a day's shopping and I was amazed at the change in the child. His cheeks were rosy red, his little frame filled out and straighter, his attitude one of confidence and almost daring, his entire personality made over, it would appear. It was almost unnecessary to ask him how he liked the farm, but he answered with enthusiasm, "Oh, it's the greatest place you ever saw, Madame. Why, there are fields where we can run, for miles, it seems, the big dog and I, for there is the loveliest big dog you ever saw, that went with the farm, you know! The people had to leave him 'cause they were moving into the city and there are lots of kittens out in the barn, and you know when I was in the city we never could have a dog or a kitty, and there are birds flying all round, and chickens, and things to feed and play with, and the bossies in the barn. I tend two of them myself, and it's just the greatest fun in the world. And do you know, we have a big house to ourselves, and nobody living down stairs, and I can holler all I want to and I just go up in the big attic and yell, sometimes as loud as I can, and as many times as I want to and mamma never says, "S-s-h-u-s-h" once! I used to get so tired of having mamma say shush all the time, every time I did anything, 'cause the woman downstairs was nervous, she said. And now, nobody says shush at all, and I am going to have a farm of my own, and I will never say shush to any little boy or girl, never."

The secret of the little fellow's demure manners, his air of repression, was out. The woman downstairs was nervous and mamma had said shush ever since he could remember, evidently, and the same attitude of life follows most of us through the world. We are continually being shushed at, by somebody or other, lest we disturb some other ones nerves. Which is right, in a measure, and yet, it means repression in a really overwhelming measure at times. We know such things must be, that children must be taught to have regard for the feelings of others and yet, do we, as a whole body of women, shush at them too much, and keep after them too closely, with our don'ts and our must-nots.

It's human nature to love to shout and sing and be merry, it's the inborn instinct of every child who is normal to love to be gay.

Why choke back the gleeful laugh, hush the joyful clatter, compel the happy little folks to conform to the rigid rules of enforced silence which must needs be the vent for their joyous soul? In short, why "shush" at them every hour of the day?

The nervous woman who "hates children" and shivers at the sound of their "Indian yelling" perhaps is assisted to that condition by other things.

If the choice must be made, muffle the whistles and the siren horns, reduce speed and street car bells at the same time, repress anything else, in fact, but give the little folks the right to live without being shushed almost out of existence.

Get after the nerves instead of the child part of the time. Suppose we shush our own impatience, instead of the glee of the children, once in a while.—Portland "Express."

He came in, laid down some suspicious looking bills, with a genuine dollar bill on top, and said:

"I want to pay for that barrel of apples I got."

"Can't take this money," said the dealer.

"Why not?"

"Most of it isn't good."

"The top layer's good, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the way it was with the apples."

Bix—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there.

Dix—Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country.

A political speaker, warning the public against the imposition of heavier tariffs on imports, said, "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you'll pump it dry."