THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF ENGLAND

The fighting ships of England, they sailed the seven seas, From the Clyde and rainy Cornwall to the sunlit Cyclades, Vancouver, Yokohama, Pacific isles forlorn,

The Orkneys, Nova Scotia, 'round Good Hope and the Horn, And everywhere men wondered and everywhere men saw That the fighting ships of England brought Anglo-Saxon law, Not the law of lawless rulers, misruling in the name Of God o'er godless kingdoms; but where those great ships

Was certain death to tyrants, and so the saying ran:-"Trade follows the flag-and justice and the ancient rights of man."

The fighting ships of England, those good gray men-of-war, Were gathered once at Whitby, from cruising fast and far, When sudden and clear at daybreak the call to action rang, For the German Midgard serpent had struck with his iron

Struck, and the whole world shuddered, as if with a mortal wound-

But quietly sailed at sunrise the Grand Fleet, eastward bound; And the North Sea kept the secret—how the hell-born powers

And the world was saved for freedom, and Fafnir's brood was foiled,

While many a distant harbor and many a far-flung key Saw the good ships of England as they kept the ocean free.

The right arm of Great Britain-who'd shorten that arm

The Fleet—who'd grudge the splendor of one victorious prow? Behold our fenceless coast line by foreign foe untrod; Behold our unspoiled cities, our vast inviolate sod; Then rail not at the glory that 'round the Grand Fleet clings, For the Sea Hawk held the Vulture till the Eagle found his

More power to the Sea Hawk, however strong we be-To the fighting ships of England, that kept the ocean free! Wm. Hurd Hillyer, in New York Herald.

The Trials Of A Sub.

A young sub. sat gazing into the fire of his billet with an expression of dire despair on his countenance.

"Cheer up," said his company commander; "what's wrong win you?",

"Well," said the sub, "I'm in a devil of a mess. I think I've overdrawn at Cox's, and they may stop a cheque that's out. I don't know how to ascertain how the account stands."

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about! Just drop them a line."

The sub looked doubtful. "I'm not much of a hand at writing,' he explained.

"But there's nothing in it," was the reply. "All you have to do is to write them an official letter asking after the balance of the account. Just imagine you are same dug-out!"

writing a report for the C.O. I'll go away and leave you to wrestle with it."

Three hours later the company commander came back and found the sub. with oceans of crumbled paper all round him, sitting in exactly the same position. He tiptoed and looked over his shoulder. After three hours brain work the sub. had written:

"I say, Cox-"

An Oversight.

1st. Private:- "Say! Have you heard that Ted Smith has got the

2nd. Private:-"What for?" 1st. Private:-"I dunno."

2nd. Private:-"Blimey, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the



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