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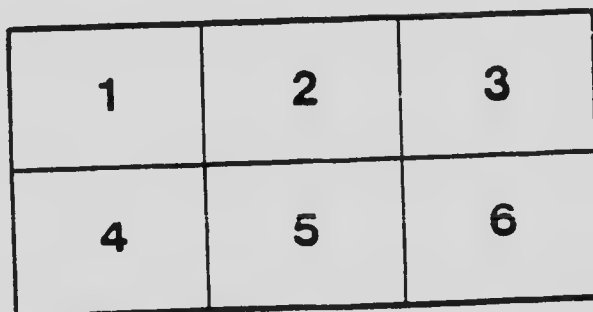
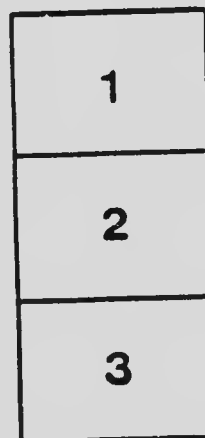
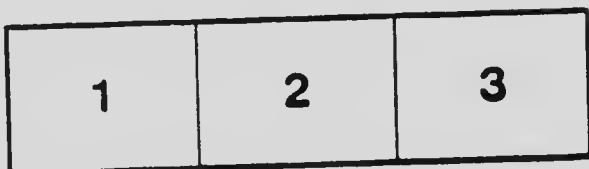
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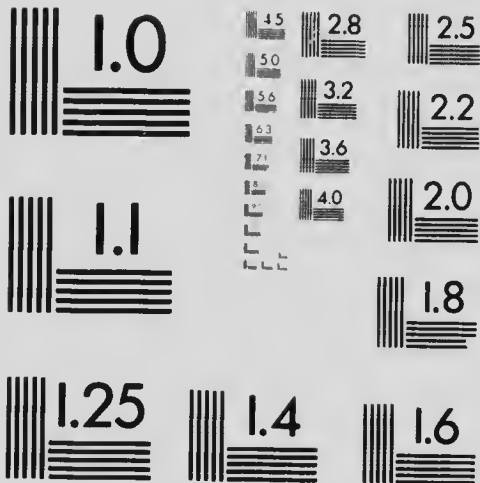
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(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



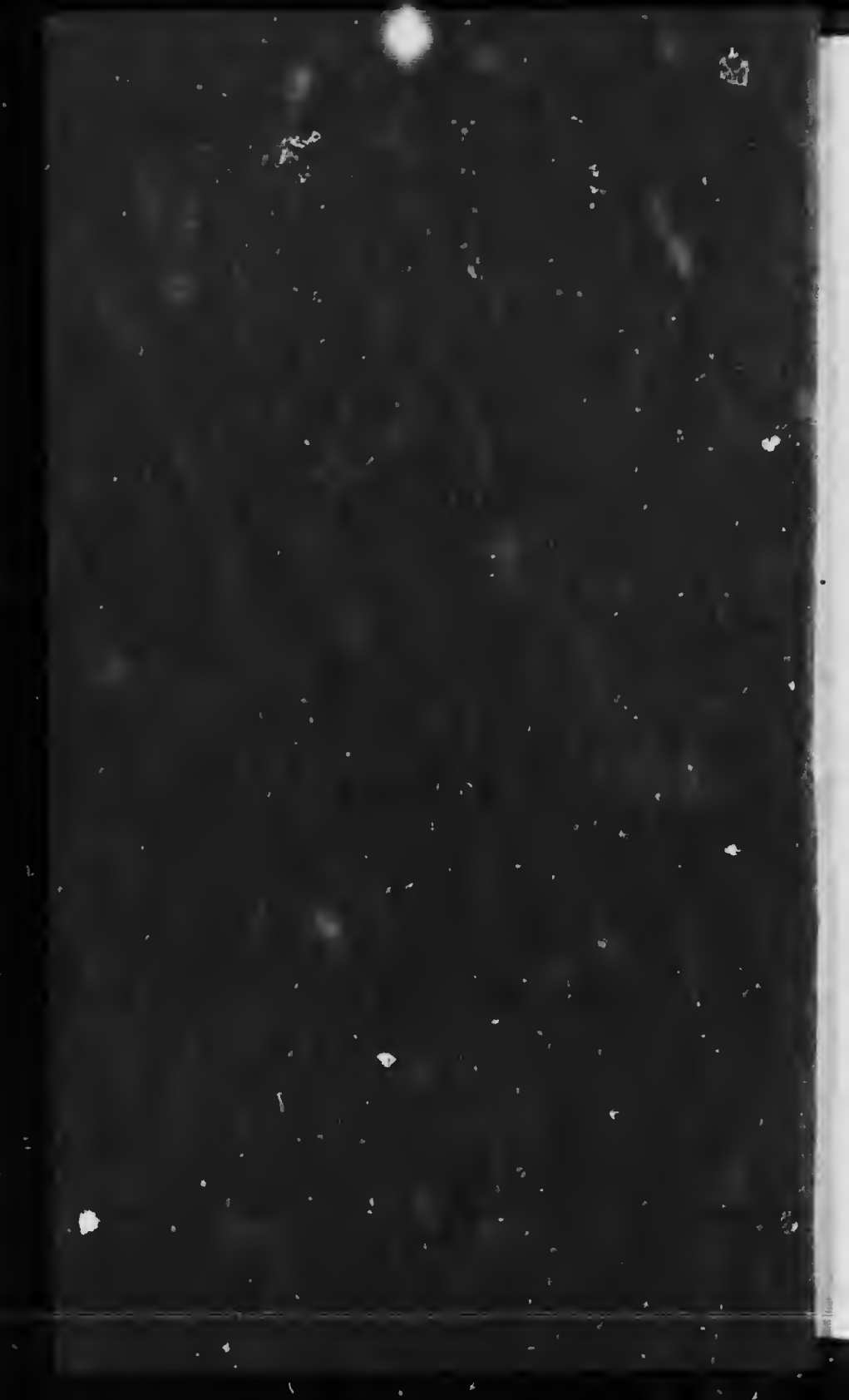
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Y'S  
**AND OTHER**

Y'S



# Princess Pat's Pets

and

# Canada's



S. L. McM.

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PS8525

M57

P74

1900Z

P\*\*\*



# Y's and Other Y's

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## MANITOBA

Where magnetic, starry midnight  
Sweeps a canopy of light,  
Whilst the days are thrilled with kisses from  
the sun;

Where the moon seems glowing bigger,  
Constellations show clear figure,  
Polar Star salutes the Dipper—  
There's my Home.

Where the sleigh-bells of Kris Kringle  
Mingle with a merry jingle;  
Skaters gaily swaying, swiftly fly along.  
Ho! for snowshoe tramp and hockey,  
Jack Frost, feeling like a jockey,  
Calling take some sporting chances—  
There's my Home.

Where the Northern Lights ne'er weary,  
Spinning visions like a fairy,  
Swiftly trailing cobweb drapery o'er her  
loom.  
Sunset's filled with glorious splendour;  
Brilliant scenes of lovely wonder,  
Mirrored in the evening cloudlets—  
There's my Home.

Where soft breezes sway in motion,  
Wheat fields rolling like the ocean;  
While the waves toss tints of green to bur-  
nished gold;

Where perfume from prairie rose,  
Fills the balmy air that blows;  
Thrilled with syren notes from songsters—  
There's my Home

Where the moose, the elk, and r. deer,  
Roam their happy hunting ground;  
Famous lowing herds of cattle fill the plain;  
Fleet-winged flocks of ducks and waveys,  
Circling skies of bluest tone,  
Hearts are won for Manitobans—  
Home, Sweet Home.

YPRES, ST. JULIEN, LANGEMARCK

The awful fight surged to and fro,  
Thro' day and night;

Wild scenes of conflict, horror, woe,  
Thro' day and night.

Bombs, field machines and howitzers,  
Swift flash from gun and blazing towers,  
Hot, dense air choked with blasting showers,  
Fierce whirlpools sway, with rushing powers.

Cathedral spires which pierce the sky,  
Thro' day and night;

Rose battle wrecked in murky light,  
Thro' day and night.

Huge spectres agonized with blight,  
Guns roaring boom in hissing flight,  
Charge, bayonets, charge, with clash and  
might,

Heroic man in madden'd fight.

The air's on fire with bursting shell  
Thro' day and night;

Fierce searchlights blind, in hideous spell,  
Thro' day and night.

Our men, outnumbered ten to one,  
Struggled and bent and hurled the Hun  
Back, back, with shot and shell and gun,  
Fixed bayonets thrust, no quarter shown.

Outflanked, our brave Canadians died,  
Thro' day and night;

With gas the sneaking Huns defied,  
Thro' day and night.

Afraid to face our warriors bold,  
They snare and crucify, behold  
What shocking tortures they unfold  
As trench by trench our heroes hold.

Machines spit death on wounded braves  
Thro' day and night;  
No Red Cross saves, no white flag waves  
Thro' day and night.  
Canadians with blood-curling yell  
Of Indian war whoop "strange to tell";  
Death's Head Hussars and Prussians fell,  
Titanic fight and furious hell.

Canadian sons saved British lines  
Thro' day and night;  
Grand sons of Empire, cheerful, kind,  
Thro' day and night.  
The world is thrilled with brilliant feats,  
The world is stung by Teuton hates;  
Ypres, St. Julien and Langemarck  
Are graven, branded, on our hearts.

## COMRADES IN WHITE

Oh, fierce ride the Uhlans, the Uhlans on  
horses,  
Stand firmly brave Britons, 'gainst legions  
of hate;  
Block the stamp of proud Prussian steeds  
foaming from lashes;  
"God keep you in dying," for Freedom's  
at stake.

From Mons swift retreating, our rearguard  
in action  
Mowed down by shot lightning's quick-fir-  
ing machines  
Huns swarming like locusts, cloud grey the  
horizon  
At Vitry le Francois, guards, Maid of  
Orleans.

Legions have charge o'er thee, troopers of  
high degree;  
Pale, visible helpers, on battle-scarred  
plain;  
Not of this world are they, rushing through  
ether free,  
St. George and St. Michel, "High Comrades  
we name."

The horsemen, the horsemen, and cohorts  
of angels,  
Stern Death's Head Hussars, in cold terror  
take flight;  
Wild horses stampeding, wild Teutons re-  
treating,  
Pursued by pale spectres, "Our Comrades  
in White."

God walks in the crisis, Our Allies, our  
Allies,  
Across scroll of ages, blaze letters of light;  
"Giving his angels charge, watching o'er  
all thy ways,  
Men's standards uplifting to 'Comrades in  
white.' "

## MAN

"Man know thyself,"  
The dreamer said;  
The study of mankind is man,  
Mysterious and hard to read  
As thought and word and debt and deed  
Enlarge as we contract them.

In dazzling rays of radium light  
Flashed forth the glorious answer bright;  
Why! "Ye are gods in the making";  
By will and effort your faculties grow,  
From fathomless depths to distant star,  
Sometimes high and sometimes low;  
Patiently finding out whom ye are,  
Solving your riddle, through service.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

Ho! for a night, when the Northern Lights  
Shadows so ghostly come creeping, come  
sweeping,  
Shooting aloft through vast oceans of space,  
Trail brilliant fringed curtains of exquisite  
grace.

Ho! starry mystic vault, twinkling with  
gems;  
Meteoric sparkles come blinking, come wink-  
ing;  
Mantle of radiance o'erspreading night's  
dream,  
Twilight sleep sighing "Things are not what  
they seem."

Ho! fleet tailed mermaids, rainbows im-  
prison,  
Syrens and Tritons, come singing, come  
swimming,  
Luring "Heaven's Dancers" and coaxing  
with glee,  
To mirror their radiance in depths of the  
sea.

Ho! for the moonbeams which play hide  
and seek,  
Gently advancing, come listening, come  
glistening,  
Watching the face of the moon in surprise  
As cobwebby streamers are veiling her eyes.

Ho! for a chalice of shimmering ice,  
Quivering with jewels, come dashing, come  
flashing,

Crystalized orbits of musical spheres,  
Pearl rays caught in dew drops imprisoning  
tears.

Ho! for a skylark and aeroplane flight,  
Sparkling Aurora, come razzling, come  
dazzling,  
Singing and dancing, in whirlwind delight:  
Out on time's night trails the dust of the  
starlight.

### WILL O' THE WISP

Will o' the Wisp. Will o' the Wisp,  
Come follow the trail of the moonbeam  
witch!

Has she fled to the forest  
With pixies to dwell,  
Or out on the moorlands  
Casting her spell?

A pipe dream may lure, and badly switch  
This mocking, taunting Will o' the Wisp.

Will o' the Wisp. Will o' the Wi.

Peek-a-bo is the game  
You winking lisp,

Over the mountain,  
As high as the sky;

Poor little gnome,  
You have only one eye.

Hurry and catch mother goose if you wish  
With her topsy-turvy  
Broomstick swish.



## JUNE

Of all the glad months in the year, my dear,  
June holds the prize in her laughing blue  
eyes,

And her "fever" runs high as she sighs, I  
fear;

The longest day dies in faint ling'ring sur-  
prise,

Whilst the swallows are hunting for flies, so  
queer.

Light breeze rocks the nest in the trees, glad  
leaves,

Where robins' eggs blue glow a turquoise  
hue,

Gems sleeping at ease, Madam Redbreast  
to please;

Listen, Cockrobin's singing "Peree, peroo."  
Trilling a merry "I spy, sky high" to please.

A pool of clear water, so darkling and deep,  
Near by ladies' slippers are making retreat,  
Green lotus leaves linger by lily buds sweet;  
On clear crystal mirror a fawn stoops to  
greet

Reflection so gentle; Lovely June, sleep.

## THE CROW

Caw, caw, caw,  
I'm not a stupid jackdaw,  
But a gay old bird  
With a saucy word,  
Who struts like a boy  
When his kite flies high,  
And looks mighty like  
He would like to fly,  
If he had my wings,  
In the bright blue sky.

Caw, caw, caw,  
I walk like a man I trow,  
I'm the only bird  
Who can strut and play,  
And march to the band  
On the King's highway.  
Jet black is my suit,  
Spick and span each day,  
But the farmers say  
There's the deuce to say.

Caw, caw, caw,  
List to my cracker-jack jaw.  
I call the spring  
From her blanket of snow  
By just murmuring,  
Crocus, crocus, crow;  
No mocking birds know,  
To repeat my woe,  
And nobody wants  
This old scarecrow,  
Because caws, caws.

## CUPID

On tip-toe stealing, half revealing  
Quiver and darts for loving hearts;  
Cupid, smiling, bliss beguiling,  
Coily inspiring love's witching arts.

With roguish glances, vainly trying  
To veil those eyes of twinkling blue;  
His golden curls, a sunbeam raying  
With halo bright, of dazzling hue.

Sweet wonder child! Love's nectar freeing  
From willing flowers their sweet perfume,  
His arrows balm tip't, swiftly fleeing  
To happy hearts beneath the moon.

On bright rayed pinions, upward winging,  
Waving his rosy emblems high,  
His sceptred wand with dew drops swinging  
Gemming the mossy rosebuds nigh.

Elusive Cupid, Elfland's waiting  
To welcome home her straying boy;  
Where Ledaen stars, so softly shining,  
Whisper, sub rosa, bye and bye.

You fairy wanderer, gravely sighing,  
Unconscious of the sting you leave;  
Bright promises and kiss denying;  
Sweet, au revoir, fly off, don't grieve.

## A SUMMER HOUSE

Just a summer house of roses,  
Perfumed with love's breath divine,  
Twining in and out the lattice,  
Wooing sunbeams all the time.

Humming birds with ruby necklace,  
Jewel clad in emerald green,  
Pausing swift to sip love's nectar,  
Living fairy flowers they seem.

Watch the golden pollen fluffing,  
Honey bees are burrowing low;  
Hush, the rosy leaves are falling,  
Fleecy flakes as light as snow.

In this bower of regal beauty,  
Deep dark leaves and drowsy hum,  
Evelyn swings through glints of sunshine,  
Counting jewels one by one.

## THE BREAKERS

Long Beach, March, 1915.

The oncoming rushing billows,  
Lit by the sun's flashed light,  
Tossing on high their glistening dome,  
With wreaths of snow white feathery foam,  
Laughing in wild delight.

Oh! thrilling roar of the breakers,  
Swirling in quivering zest,  
With sobbing groan, with sigh and moan,  
Rising in towers of white-capped foam,  
Hunggrily seeking rest.

Oh! rushing, receding billows,  
High flung o'er wild wave's crest;  
Your bubbling dreams of conquest flown,  
Your echoes mocking in monotone,  
Dying on ocean's breast.

Roll on, by yon path of moonbeams,  
Luring with silvery gleam,  
To Arctic Zone, where sad and lone,  
Reigns winter's queen, on crystal throne,  
Midst waves of light and dream.

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. WARNEFORD, V.C.

A Zeppelin's approaching her hangar near Ghent,  
With ggle flags flaunting and eagle eyes bent;  
As she mounts the horizon on wings of the morn,  
Dark and blind lies her trail on the breath of the  
storm.

Swift, swift on an aeroplane Warneford swings,  
His craft flying higher, a long spiral wins,  
Out-manceuvring big Zeppelin our "British wasp  
stings,"  
Down dropping her bombs from quick-firing ma-  
chines.

"Stung to death," fusiladed, and raining down fire,  
An agonized cloud burst, convulsion, despair;  
Huns' death-knell in space, ringing out on the air,  
Wild wall flaming earthward, dies German Kultur.

Brave Warneford's monoplane all uncontrolled,  
"Turned turtle," sucked into a vacuum and stalled,  
Pitching and tossing and falling like sin,  
Our hero just managed to right his machine.

He planed to a landing, then flew to the west,  
Unparalleled feat in earth's annuals high test,  
Six thousand feet high, calling Mars the sublime  
To shine for "sky's watchdogs" for right and all  
time.







