

**"HOME-SICK."***By Jack Cadden.*

From the land of the plains to the land of the pines  
A "birdie" sends his song;  
From the vasty track of the racing winds  
To the North Saskatchewan;  
It's little I care for the prairies' lure,  
Whatever the charm may be,  
There's something up in the distant North  
That still looks good to me.  
I follow the pike to the barren South,  
With its bleak, sky-bounded view,  
And gaze all day on the leagues of gray  
That stretch to the bounds of blue;  
Where the only break is a russet streak,  
Or the furrow's dusty line,  
With never a gleam from lake or stream,  
Or breath of fragrant pine.

There's many a kink in the flimsy rail  
That leads to the frozen North,  
There's many a curve to jar your nerves,  
But look what the game is worth;  
The road is rough and the ditch is deep,  
But just take a tip from me,  
You'll live as long on the C.N.R.,  
As you will on the old C.P.  
We're taking a chance at the best of times,  
Wherever the road may run,  
Be it East or West or North or South  
We're glad when the day is done;  
But let me go where the scene is fair,  
And where, at the close of day,  
The eye delights in a better sight  
Than a mass of dismal gray.

Full many an hour I've sat and watched  
The landscape floating by,  
As woodland, stream and wild ravine  
Stretched forth to meet my eye.  
When, turning from the glutted case,  
My thought would backward roam,  
To little visits I had made  
When Nature was "at home."  
And there it is I'd be tonight  
To feel content again.  
I'd swap this puny, one-horse pike  
To hit the old C.N.,  
And ride the rust, if ride I must,  
To a fresher, greener town  
Than that to which my steps will turn  
When this day's work is done.