

PETER OTTAWA

BY

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*These humble lines I dare to dedicate
To all the patriotic dead, whose fate
While living, was to front the foolish scorn,
That still crowns Reconcilers' brows with thorn.*

*Macdonald, Cartier, Baldwin, Lafontaine,
Ye did not vainly tread the way of pain!
Nor vainly strive the healers of our day,
Whose gentle wisdom rules the heart of GREY!*

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