

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

THE AWARD.

Our offer of \$10.00 for the best poem on "Dominion Day" evoked considerable enthusiasm, and the competition has been exceedingly keen. The large number of really meritorious productions sent in has made it somewhat difficult for the committee to decide as to which was the best poem among so many good ones. However, after carefully reading the various compositions, they have awarded the prize to the poem entitled, "My Loved Canadian Home," written by Mr. Ross Johnston, of Whitby, Ont. We think the committee are to be congratulated upon the poetical taste displayed in their choice. There is a heartiness and forcefulness of expression in the piece which does the author credit, and the lines breathe the true spirit of patriotism and love of country. The fact has been clearly demonstrated by this and our former competition that we have in our midst poetical talent of no mean order. To all who have by their productions contributed toward the success of this competition, we extend our thanks, and express the hope that, whilst all could not receive the prize, they will still continue to grace the pages of TRUTH by occasional poetical contributions thereto. The \$10.00 will be paid Mr. Johnston on application.

—For Truth.

My Loved Canadian Home.

BY ROSS JOHNSTON.

Hail, bread Dominion of the West!
On this thy natal day
My trembling heart shall wake from rest,
And breathe a joyous lay.
United now from sea to sea
Our vast Dominion stands,
And waves the flag of liberty
With patriotic hands.

What other land beneath the sun
Has richer stores than thou?
Or grander trophies to be won
By sweat of honest brow?
And where, 'mong all the nations wide,
Can truer hearts be found
Than those that now have bled and died
On our own holy ground?

I've stood upon Italia's plains,
And dreamed among her flowers,
And listened to the melting strains
Of music in her bowers.
'Tis classic ground where'er I roam,
But not so dear to me
As my own loved Canadian home—
Sweet home of liberty.

I've stood upon the vine-clad hills
Of chivalrous old Spain,
And heard the murmur of her rills
Descending to the plain;
And fancy, with her magic wand
Calls heroes from their sleep,
Whose sabres flash thro' all the land,
From glen and mountain steep.

But, my own land, my eye still turns
With fondest love to thee;
For well I know within thee burns
The heart of chivalry.
And love of truth and love of right,
And love of country dear,
Shall keep thy armor ever bright
When danger's hour is near.

I've stood where towering clumps of palm
In solemn grandeur rise;
And breathed the healing breath of balm
'Neath Oriental skies.
But foul oppression taints the air,
And wanton cruelty;
Away, tall palm and olive fair,
Give me the maple tree.

I've stood beneath the ample shade
Of India's banyan wide;
And oft my wandering feet have strayed
Where Ganges' waters glide.
But superstition's shackles bind
The soul in darkest night;
Give me the freedom of the mind,
The land of gospel light.

I've stood on dear Britannia's shore,
And Erin's isle so green;
I've climbed loved Scotia's mountains o'er,
And sunny France have seen.
But yet a land where'er I roam
Has charms so sweet for me
As my own loved Canadian home,
And bright grove in maple tree.

Ye sea-girt isles, ye "holy fanes,"
Where our forefathers rest,
Your sons still hug the golden chains
That bind them to your breast.
And well the dear old flag they love,
Whose folds, in living light,
In Freedom's cause still float above
The shadows of the night.

Come, then, ye sons of honest toil,
From every foreign shore;
Come, find a home upon the soil,
Which freedom's flag floats o'er.
From broad Atlantic on the east
To far Pacific's strand
We'll spread for you a glad feast
Of welcome to our land.

WHITBY, Ont.

—For Truth.

Canada so Charming.

(An Ode for Dominion Day)

BY A. M'KILLIP.

Another year has passed away
And thousands throng in grand array,
To celebrate Dominion Day
In Canada, so charming.

The music strains, the banners bright,
The stirring joys of sound and sight
Evince a nation's fond delight,
In Canada, so charming.

From sea to sea and side by side
The Provinces are great and wide;
And grand in her colonial pride
Is Canada, so charming.

Be ours the pride of wealth and worth,
Not royal rank, nor titled birth;
The freest, fairest, land on earth
Is Canada, so charming.

Well may the French and Germans boast
The glories of the Rhinish coast;
But there's a land we love the most!
'Tis Canada, so charming.

At war's alarms the kingdoms rise,
'Neath yonder cloudless eastern skies,
Let peace be ours, for peace we prize
In Canada, so charming.

The great war cloud has rolled away,
The weary doubt and dark dismay
Dispelled, before a brighter day
In Canada, so charming.

Our troops have conquered savage bands,
The rebel chiefs are in their hands,
And we possess the prairie lands
In Canada, so charming.

Our Volunteers, the true, the brave,
Have wept o'er many a comrade's grave;
They risked their precious lives to save
Our Canada, so charming.

And they have done their work so well
That Middleton subdued Kiel;
As future history shall tell
In Canada, so charming.

The tears of grief are freely shed,
The woes of war are widely spread,
We mourn for friends and heroes dead,
In Canada, so charming.

The wise have said we must endure
The evils that we cannot cure;
Let freedom's bulwark stand secure
In Canada, so charming.

The swarthy rebels of the west
Who have their loyalty expressed,
Shall have their grievances redressed.
In Canada, so charming.

As patriots, our hopes are strong
That right shall triumph over wrong,
The whole rebellion crushed ere long.
In Canada, so charming.

Then let us sing a union psalm
As we rally round our maple palm;
With brighter hopes and joys more calm—
In Canada, so charming.

For, the maple tree may still be seen
As firm and fast as it ever has been:
Its shadow, ample and serene,
Makes Canada so charming.

In cities, shops and stores abound,
And great and wealthy folks are found,
But the farmers' toil, with wealth has crowned
Our Canada, so charming.

On beautiful fields and farms so clear—
Their stately mansions do appear;
Nor laird, nor factor need we fear
In Canada, so charming.

And men and women, frail and old,
There are, whose praise was never told
For they made this land what we behold,
And Canada so charming.

And lads and lasses fair and young,
Deserve a better—nobler song,
With inspiration on my tongue,
In Canada, so charming.

True knowledge is a source of power,
And the teachers' desks this very hour
Are founts by, many a grove and bower
In Canada, so charming.

God's goodness fills this favored land,
And Zion's heralds take their stand—
Proclaiming truth on many a strand
In Canada, so charming.

Our blessings everywhere abound,
From shore to shore wealth is found;
And the maple tree with laurels crowned—
In Canada, so charming.

All honor to the noble host
That swept rebellion from our coast;
We own their power, our pride and boast
In Canada, so charming.

To these returned—we and those away—
A tribute due, we gladly pay;
Be theirs a bright Dominion Day
In Canada, so charming.

BOSANQUET, June 12th.

—For Truth.

Our Dominion.

BY JENNIE M'DONOUGH.

"God bless our fair Dominion!" each loyal heart
will pray,
And echoing through the mighty land, greet this,
our natal day;
On every side, afar and near, we hear with loud acclaim
The loyal words resounding, linked with Canada's
fair name:—
On every side the banners fly, our country's flag is
seen,—
"God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
Queen!"

The Maple Leaf floats o'er us, true emblem of our
land,
Ripe with Spring's budding beauty, touched by her
genial wand;
The swaying breeze caresses with lingering touch
each fold,
Then waits to border nations wealth of loyalty un-
told;
While uprising from our nation, from this Canada of
ours,
Cheer on cheer is heard resounding, through the
golden summer hours.

Fanned by life-giving breezes, where the calm Pacific
smiles,
And laves with lavish hand the coast of rugged rocks
and isles,
Columbia, we find enthroned, reflecting Heaven's
glow
From values of unsung loveliness, and crests of spot-
less snow.
Across the mountain barrier, bathed in summer's
golden glow,
We send our voices ringing for our country and our
Queen.

Far to the east, along the coast, where the Atlantic
raves,
We find a trio of fair names, washed by the ceaseless
waves;
We find in them good men and true, we find their
daughters fair,
And one and all for Canada their best will do and
dare.

Sturdy and strong as are the rocks upon their fretted
coast,
They work for Queen and Country, their proud and
noble boast.

Beside those vast unrivalled Lakes, a queenly Pro-
vince lies,
And from her loyal sons this morn the loud "hurrahs"
arise;
A nation's heart is pulsing, and echoing cheer on
cheer,
From city and from hamlet, they rise afar and near:
And thousand voices blend as one, and shout thro'-
out that land
"God bless our fair Dominion! bless her with lavish
hand!"

Lulled by that mighty river, the St. Lawrence broad
and deep,
That bears those inland waters, with many a wanton
leap.

To greet the mighty ocean, Quebec lavishing lies,
And from her population roll upward to the skies
The voices of two nations, blending in full acclaim,
In honor of fair Canada, and of her spotless name.

Far inland lies another, the Prairie Province fair,
And north and west the great "Lone and" spreads
out in beauty rare
Those rich and verdant pastures, those lakes and
winding streams
Seem like a glimpse from fairyland, or from the land
of dreams;
And though rebellion's dastard hand has lately come
to view,
The Prairie Province loyal stands, her heart beats
warm and true.

God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
land!
And may her sons o'er loyal be, an honest, upright
band;
May every Province lend her aid, to keep without a
stain
The flag that floats above us, and Canada's fair
name.
Aye circling round the Maple Leaf our seven stars
are seen,—
God bless our fair Dominion! God bless our noble
Queen!
MUD BAY, British Columbia.

—For Truth.

Dominion Day.

BY C. FRANK GILCHRIST.

Canada, glorious Canada, the land
Where Freedom waves her banners o'er the free!
To-day there swells, voluminously grand,
The anthem of the Sons of Liberty!
And on each bosom thrubs united joy,
Which every thought of "Patria" imparts;
Dear native Canada! without alloy,
We bring the homage of a nation's hearts.
While in the crown of England many a gem
Of purest lustre scintillates and gleams,
Yet Canada, of all that diadem,
Would realize an Indian Prince's Dream—
Still, Mother Queen, we gladly own thy sway
On this, Confederation's Natal Day.

From where the Atlantic with resonant roar,
Rushes its frantic tides on Scotia's shore,
To where, on broad Pacific's placid breast,
Vancouver rocks her form in peaceful rest;
From where eternal winter wraps the Pole,
To where the summer breezes sway its soul,
Our fair confederation bright extends,
And smiles beneath a day that never ends.
Loved Canada we gladly sing thy praise,
And to thy name our joyful voices raise;
For to Canadians how dear thou art,
The central joy of every loyal heart!
Thy vast lakes: their green depths could hide
Old England; and her fleets their surface ride.
The sun's descending rays smile on fair streams,
His morning rays salute the rivers' gleams;
He rises where their waters meet the deep,
And in their dancing founts his last beams peep;
Thy forests grand, their umbrage glad extend,
And in their depths a thousand colors blend:
While fancy weaves a dream within their shades,
For fairies roaming in their sylvan glades.

Sons of those sires, who, true to Fatherland,
Foretook the homes their industry had won,
Became a wandering and a care-worn band
To find new homes beneath a kinder sun.
Oh, sons of Canada! with earnest toil,
Seek out new honors for your country's weal,
Letting no traitor win from your country's soil
Won and maintained by Empire Loyalty's steel.
But, oh! You've proved your worth—Undying fame
Has chronicled your every valorous deed,
And future ages shall repeat your name.
"Our volunteers," their infant lips shall read;
For when rebellion, with its rumors rife,
And with its distant thunder's muttered roll,
Threatened Canadian borders with fierce strife,
And kindled indignation in each soul,
Our volunteers gave all they had, nor thought
With what a price must peace again be bought!

So, when to-day, with all your joys complete,
You measure every pleasure's fancy fleet,
The Trades' Procession, or the grand Parade,
Or other proudly prancing cavalcade,
And all the other arts, the feats and games,
The smiles of merry maids and winking dames
That greet the conquering heroes: when you faint
Your brimming cup of ecstasy would drain,
O, let a thought of some Canadian heart,
Made desolate by war's debasing art,
Of some Canadian mother's sorrowing breast,
Mourning beside her soldier boy's last rest;
Of some Canadian father's sterner grief,
Yearning for him, of all his joy's the chief;
Oh, let their tears, the dew drops of the heart—
To all this day a holier joy impart.
Joy that Confederation but retains
The memory of rebellion's sordid stains;
Joy that Canadians, *Now, Forever!* may
Unite in honor of Dominion Day!

WELLAND, Ont.

—For Truth.

Ode on Dominion Day.

BY MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.

Hail to thee, Canada, another year
Has come and gone, in Time's procession by;
With immortelles we consecrate the bier,
And lay it on the shelves of memory.

Sadly and tenderly, with thankfulness
For all it was; all that it might have been
Is not for us to say, who cannot guess
The hidden counsels of this great Unseen.

Safe in our bark, we sail through calm or storm,
And darkness waves may threaten to o'erwhelm,—
The lightning's flash reveals one faithful form,
And one scarred hand, forever at the helm.