



### A CASE IN WHICH IT IS CERTAINLY BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

#### THE GREAT SOD-TURNING.

(By Our Own Special and Particular Correspondent.)

YOU have received by telegram the bare facts connected with turning the first sod of the new Regina & Long Lake Railroad; but no telegram, no pen, could do justice to the imposing scene, as it unfolded before those who were eye-witnesses. As Mr. Davin assisted Mrs. Dewdney from the platform to the spot where the virgin soil was to be broken, it was remarked that, like all sensible ladies in elevated positions, she set a worthy example to the poor people who were spectators by the plainness of her dress; the bright pink calico she wore reflected in its sheeny folds the brilliancy of the sun, and—but why attempt a description? The art of the photographer has given it, in imperishable characters, to posterity. After Mrs. Dewdney had gracefully turned the sod, it was gently carried and tenderly placed in a safe receptacle within the private car of the Hon. Minister of the Interior. The band then played a medley. Then followed speeches. If eloquence could build a road, the assembled crowd would have been able at the close of those speeches to step on board a waiting train, and proceed to Prince Albert as fast as steam could propel. Alas! even great minds must wait on matter and manual labor. As the last silvery strains of the impassioned utterances of the orators of the day floated away in the distance, the listening people said, "Surely these be gods, and not men!" Their glowing words must have floated on until in Toronto you would have heard the words, "I, railroad," had not a prairie fire caught them and burned them to cinders—even now they may be ascending in smoke, startling the denizens of other worlds! Lieut.-Gov. Royal was the first speaker. He assured us that many men had promoted this railroad scheme, but Mr. McDowell had done the most—in fact, Mr. McDowell was the "greatest Roman of them all." Mr. Dewdney endorsed what Mr. Royal had said, and gave a complete history of the efforts made, and by whom this gigantic work had been accomplished. He took his seat amid a storm of applause, but came forward again to say that Mr. Davin had done what he could; a little side issue he forgot to mention. Mr. McDowell modestly admitted that he was the man who had achieved all this glory, and in a most unassuming way admitted that Davin and others had helped in the promotion of this great enterprise.

Mr. Davin, goaded by the evident intention of the speakers to ignore his services, upon rising to speak, told what he had done—and it left very little for anybody else to do, except to furnish money, and a few little essentials required in building a railroad.

One thing these men of might did not mention, and it was a fact most patent to all present. Great men are a production of this North-West, independent of rain or drought. Wheat and oats may fail, but statesmen and orators are a certain crop.

Great brains from little brainlets grow,  
Great thoughts from little thinklets flow;  
Great men this soil can grow, can grow,  
As we can show, can show, and blow.

STOCKHOLDER.

REGINA, August, '89.

#### REJUVENATED.

MY uncle has got the elixir of life.  
The old fellow is seventy-two;  
I'm afraid he is looking around for a wife.  
Then what am I going to do?  
I was always his favorite nephew, you see,  
And last month he has been very ill.  
I had promised myself such a mighty good spree,  
For he named me as heir in his will.

But this Brown-Sequard racket has quite knocked me out  
My chances are now pretty slim,  
The old boy is cavorting quite lively about,  
I think I shall die before him.  
I met him down town at eleven last night  
On a bit of a whirl with the boys,  
He was whooping her up in a state of delight  
And making no end of a noise.

He is wearing dude pants and has curled his moustache,  
And carries a monstrous big cane,  
He drives a fast team and he's made quite a mash  
On a lady who's not a bit plain.  
I saw them out walking on Wednesday night.  
Methought 'twas some hideous dream,  
But no—for she clung to his coat sleeve quite tight,  
And simpered, "I'd like some ice cream."

I'm sure they will marry—he's such an old fool—  
And he always was fond of the sex.  
This guinea-pig nostrum reverses all rule,  
'Tis sufficient an angel to vex.  
Too bad, when I thought he was going to die  
And be wafted from all earthly strife,  
He suddenly jumps up quite chipper and spry—  
Confound the elixir of life!

#### AT THE C.P.R. TICKET OFFICE.

SOLOMON JACOBS—"Mein friendt I wants to go mit Ottawa. If I dravels mit your road dot vash cheaper ash der Grand Trunk, hey?"

TICKET AGENT—"No; just same price."

JACOBS—"Hey—how vash dot? But your road vash efer so mooch shorter ash der Grand Trunk?"

TICKET AGENT—"Why, cert. Saves you about three hours. Want a ticket?"

JACOBS—"Vell, no. Dot vash a fraud. I goes mit der Grand Trunk, ven I gets efer so mooch a longer ride for dot money."

#### AN ATMOSPHERIC PUN.

SYSEE—"There goes Jack Slickum, old Moneybag's heir. Isn't he looking very thin?"

SAWSEE—"He is, indeed; but it is quite natural that he should. Air is proverbially thin, you know."