

The sketches given on another page convey the intimation that Manitoba is a lively place just now. Our correspondent (to whom we are indebted for the raw material from which our artist worked up his case) informs us that the voice of the auctioneer is heard in the land day and night. Lots are being sold and fortunes turned over at every street corner, while the mail delivery at the post-office every evening at 9 is a caution to strangers. The Government would secure the affections of Winnipeggers for ever by supplying the additional accommodation required.

It is a pity we couldn't put the contradictory witnesses *in re* Blake into the witness box and have those who are lying punished. One man writes from Halifax that the opposition leader's tour was an ovation from first to last, and its effect upon the public mind profoundly marked. Another writes from the same vicinity that the whole affair was a pitiful failure. Meantime we give it up, hoping to get nearer the truth on the morning after the General Election.

#### "Weep with them that Weep."

The journalists' train, following the Garfield funeral train, ran into a hand-car and killed five men and injuring another, near Beaver Falls, Pa.—*Evening Paper*.

The President was dead;  
And at the funeral car  
Along the railway sped,  
The journalists did follow in their train.  
Hark! What that crash?  
Those prayers, those tears, those dying groans?  
Mingled with muffled moans?  
Only five section-men struck dead  
By the collision.

Pour out your sympathies, O men,  
For GARFIELD, great and good,  
For wife and children left  
But drop a tear  
By the humble bier  
Of these men of life bereft,  
For their wives and children left:  
For wives love their husbands,  
In White House or in shanty,  
And fathers are dear  
To their children, never fear,  
Though raiment be purple,  
Though garments be scanty,  
And Death's arrow strikes deeply  
When 'tis feathered by poverty.  
God comfort the living and God rest the dead!

CHARLIE JAY.

#### Canada.

O land for centuries belied,  
And scarcely by thy children known,  
By disesteem and falsehood tried,  
How slow to note thy name has grown!

The great Republic's arms enclose  
A softer and more genial clime,  
To it the wealth of Europe flows  
And has from immemorial time.

Nor can we blame the exile's choice  
When wafted o'er the Atlantic stream,  
If he shall hear entranced the voice  
Of lands that so enchanting seem.

Yet still, dear native land, we hold  
That half thy worth has been obscured,  
And harm in name a hundred-fold,  
For winter's cold thou hast endured.

Though true it is, the Northern God,  
Fierce Thor—the scourge of idle knaves—  
May here see fit to use the rod,  
While thus from greater harms he saves.

Though winter rule with tightened rein  
Perhaps some half a dozen days,  
No one in health would here complain  
Of blustering Thor's unquiet ways;

But rather would exult to find,  
That still the air is not too hard  
For body's health or light of mind,  
Nor merits much his ill regard.

Thor puts us all on annual drill,  
Like Sergeant training his recruits,  
Preparing each to fight with ill  
Where Fate will grant no substitutes.



#### THE COLOUR LINE.

The "Queen's" Man.—Queen's Hotel, sir! Come right along with me, sir! Queen's Hotel, first class—leading hotel in the city for white men—give us your checks, sir!

'Tis thus, O native land, beloved,  
We put thy partial ill of frost,  
Against those ills which unreproved  
Still harm the life of man the most.

Rough frost we balance 'gainst pale death,  
That fatal taints the Southern air,  
And rending, black tornado's breath,  
And locust's cloud, and hear's fierce glare.

Earth gives not here with stinted hand,  
But rich rewards the farmer's pains:  
Here grateful harvests fill the land  
With bounteous crops of varied grains.

Here grow the fruits of common use,  
And deeply stained with brightest dyes,  
Distilling sweet nectarous juice,  
From ardent suns and cloudless skies.

And Cherry, Apple, Plum and Pear  
Invite the orchardist to take  
The sweets they hoard from soil and air:  
The choicest offering earth can make.

Between the southern lakes we find,  
The Peach, and Grape, and Apricot:  
Pomona's realm—to us assigned—  
Finds here its chief and favored spot.

But chief, O native land, for thee,  
We build the hope of growing good,  
On lands that spread from sea to sea,  
And ports that lie on either flood.

Thine are the vast and sounding lakes—  
Fresh-water types of shoreless seas!—  
The landscape from their presence takes  
A double light and power to please.

And thickly strown round crystal lake,  
Lie reedy marsh and winding day,  
Here water-fowl their wild home make,  
And revel out the summer's day.

No other isle-besprinkled wave  
With Manitoulin's can compare,  
For there the glittering waters lave  
A hundred thousand islands fair.

Like Neptune in his brazen car,  
Attended by the "Triton" troop,  
So strikes the dazzled eye from far,  
This vast concentric island group.

And Lake of Woods, a wilderness  
Of sylvan isle and wat'ry glade,  
Is soft in summer's leafy dress,  
As though no storms did here invade.

Through varying realms St. Lawrence pours,  
And, gathering on his regal tide  
The garnered growth of many shores,  
He bears it far to Ocean's side.

Thy Seaboard Provinces are set  
Amidst the roar of stormy seas,  
But ocean's storms brave men have met,  
Nor would exchange for landman's ease.

These lands may claim by right of place,  
The northern sea's perennial store;  
And here will spring the "Sea-Wolf" race  
Such as the North has bred before.

And westward of the mighty lakes  
Red River high to northward winds:  
Away from southern hills he breaks  
And downward course to north seas finds.

Where northward far of boundary line  
This Dragon glides 'twist level banks,  
Assinaboine, Saskatchewan  
From westward pour to join his ranks.

Of wide "North West" here stands the gate,  
And westward lies the "Great North Land":  
Here annual dressed in floral state  
Bright boundless seas of plain expand.

Then by the western ocean's side,  
Columbia sits a sea-born Queen,  
Her gaze is on the rolling tide,  
On Asia's coast and isles between.

And here the vast Titanian walls  
Of Rocky Mountains lift their heads,  
The light of Gods upon them falls  
And thence Olympian splendor sheds.

Like Gods their cloudy pillars stand  
And first the rosy dawn they catch,  
While night still shades the subject land  
And patient stars still keep their watch.

And at their eastern base is spread  
The boundless prairie's flowering plain,  
That yearly shakes to stampee tread  
Of myriad Bison's shadowing train.

The Hudson Sea is buried still,  
In indistinction's viewless shade:  
And nameless lakes the North land fill,  
Where yet shall spread the sail of trade.

O Canada, we trust thy way  
Shall be the simple path of right,  
Then be thy ills what'er they may  
Thou canst not sink in ruin's night.

Come war and bitterest sacrifice!  
We still shall stand in strength unmoved,  
For gloriously the patriot dies  
And glory gilds the land he loved.

WINTERFIELD.