

'Long side the wharf at Montreal  
The steamer moors, make hawsers fast;  
Spectators throng, eye the passengers,  
"Greenhorns" and "Hayseeds," as they pass.

There customs officials are busy at  
Their duty, searching and marking baggage;  
Cabs and hacks are hustling 'round  
For tourist passengers, and their luggage.

Throughout Ontario and Lake Shore,  
Are garden cities, the mart's demand,  
Where Lake Erie sweeps o'er Niagara Falls,  
That marvellous art, from Nature's hand.

Those market gardens in the east,  
The prairies in the West supply;  
Like California, and Vancouver coast,  
Choice, mellow fruit as one wish to buy.

Arriving at the central depo'  
Trains bound west, there we find,  
Boarding a car, the whistle blows, the visitors go  
Leaving "Island City" far behind.

The tourists have their Pullman car,  
Home solid comforts, at their ease,  
Also the latest dining car  
Is got up, laid out, as you please.

But in the immigrant colonist car,  
Cosmopolitans, use rough settles for a nap,  
There doze and dream of lands afar,  
In daily garments, shoes and cap.

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