

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 Perhaps Sir Louis ere he leaves us
 Will abolish Tax and Fine.

Law is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Hate a lawsuit, rather greeting
 Islanders to buy and save.

Sister Provinces, we greet thee—
 Travellers o'er our Island main—
 Twenty dollars in your pocket,
 Seeing—shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
 With a heart for Travellers' fate,
 Still achieving, not pursuing,
 Learn to labor—and to *wail*.

WILL S. LOUSON.



PROHIBITION.

Could I pour out the water that Charlottetown can,
 I would fill up the glass to the brim,
 And I'd drink to the success of the travelling man
 And the house represented by him.
 And could I but tincture the glorious draught
 With his smiles as I drink to him then,
 And the laughs he has laughed and the jokes he has told,
 I'd fill the bright goblet again.

And I'd drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-bye
 With a tenderness filling him this
 Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her eye
 That salted the sweet of her kiss.
 To her truest of hearts, and her fairest of hands,
 I'd drink with all serious prayers;
 Since the heart she must trust is the travelling man's,
 As warm as the ulster he wears.

I'd drink to the wife with the babe on her knee,
 Who waits his returning in vain;