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TWENTY YEARS AGO

In the bad days of Seventy-six—
Remembered to this hour—
A dreary time had Canals,
And the Liberals in power.

The free trade sat had then full swing,
"The fly at on the wheel;"
Then men lacked work, and women we
Full often lacked a meal;

Soup kitchens got in their sad work—
That cuts—like prick of steel;
Said C——t, of the artisans :
" 'Tis good to make them equal;"

"Let them go work out in the fields,
Or water the mill-race;
We have no use for factories here."
And he snuff'd a loud snuff.

The lawyers and the assignees
Alone were getting rich,
While the business men of Canada
Were down in the last ditch.
But little work was to be got;
'Twas scrambled for—and then
The day's pay was but fifty cents—
Brown sugar sold for ten.
Then hungry children cried for bread,
Then all to care a prey.
Turned gray the hair of many a head

When closed-up factories met the view.
And want at every turn.
The country made the dumping ground
Of wares the Yankees spurn.
The merchant princes, who built up
Our cities—where are they?
Harassed and worn—with care o'erborn
Lost fortunes in a day.

With calm, superior air,
Approached, that they should legislate
To make the tariff fair.

That Canada be given to do
At home, Canadian work ;
Nor made to pay for it abroad
To Yankee or to Turk.

"You know not what you ask," said I
"We're flies upon the wheel,
We can do nothing. Go your way,
For vain is your appeal."

1. "The mystery picture,"
 Drawn by a youth at play.
 'Tis what was done in seventy-six,
 And would be done to-day.
 Remember well, and every hour,
 That this will be the tune
 The Grits will play—if sent to power
 The twenty-third of June.
 W. H. BROWN
 Monte Bello.

'Tis pay for work, and work for pay,
 To live and to let live,
 The land to till, the mine to drill,
 The forest to remove;
 With all industrial wheels at work,
 Our country to improve;
 When each to other, hand to hand,
 Will true protectors be;
 One grows the grain, one makes the good
 Another sells the tree.
 Chorus—
 Then we'll all be true Canadians

Let us men-ander then protect,
And heaven protect us all.

With righteous cause and justest laws,
Resources past compare,
We then should get of immigrants
Who want to work full share ;
And here to every one who came,
While doing no one harm,
We'd give them all protection for
Mill, forest, mine and farm.
And then by giving work to all
In every relation,
We'd make this Canada of ours
A progressive nation.

Chorus—

It matters not how rich the soil
Of prairie, hill or plain;
No country yet greatly great
By only growing grain,
So with the farmer we should have
Also the artisan.
And find all sorts of work to do
For every lab'ring man
Then when the stranger reaches here
We give him not a stone;
Of old, 'twas told, it was not meet
To live by bread alone.

Chorus—
Then we'll all be true Canadians, etc.

The pay for work at home's the way
 To help the laboring man.
 In helping him we're helping all,
 For on his labor rests
 The progress that our country makes
 To meet all our behests.
 With wages sure, few need be poor,
 We'd prosper on all hands,
 And then we may in honest way
 Get labor from all lands.

Chorus—

Then we'll all as true Canadians
 Together stand or fall.
 Let us each other then protect
 And heaven protect us all.

Montreal, June 6th, 1896.

General Intelligence

LIEUT. PEARY.

HALIFAX, June 16.—Lieut. P. who returned from St. John's, Nfld., on the steamer 'Portia,' is now on his way to New York, having completed arrangements for a steamer to take him.

"Hope," of St. John's, Captain Bartlett. Lieut. Peary will sail Sydney, C. B., the middle of next month and to be absent two years. This expedition, it is said, will include a survey of the Hudson Straits. The Dominion Government is sending an engineer Lieut. Peary for the purpose of securing more definite data than now exists concerning this important waterway. Hudson Strait, as the entrance to Hudson Bay, would be a very important condition in case the construction of the

HAD HE KNOWN.

WITH DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR
HEART AT HAND, DEATH
HEART DISEASE IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WONDERS OF THIS WORLD-F
PHYSICIAN'S CATARRHAL POWDER

Success has followed all of Dr. Agnew's
specifics. With all the emphasis possible
in the case with his Cure for

The very paroxysms of death may have seized the patient, and yet is secured with the taking of a dose, and the continuation of the remedy soon cures the worst heart disease. George Crites, an officer, Cornwall, Ont., says: 'I was troubled with severe heart complaints several years. The slightest exertion fatigued me. I was under doctor's



