

JOHN MUSKRAT.

The moon shining coldly through the trees cast shadows here and there. At the foot of taller trees the ground was scarcely dark at all but ~~in~~ the denser patches of scrub afforded much more shelter and in these the little denizens of bluff and brush found security from their predatory foes. Winter had made a start; in most places the ground was covered with three or four inches of snow, the last fall had just come a day previous and was still lying soft; many little feet had already made their patterns in it with here and there a larger print which told the tale that even furred folk have their worries.

Shortly before the moon was at it's full hight a small dark shadow glided noislessly from out the long grass of a slough to the east of the bluff. Pausing a moment to make sure the coast was clear it then scampered or rather undulated swiftly across the intervening space between the slough and the kindly shelter of the bluff. The imprints of the tiny feet were followed by a long slim line drawn in the snow as if the little animal carried a rudder behind it. A rabbit, dozing in the thick scrub at the edge of the bluff woke with a start as something ambled past it's retreat; in astonishment at what it saw it sat bolt upright and wiggled it's sensitive nose to catch what scent there might be carried on the still breezes of the night. Bunny might just as well have kept on sleeping for all that it mattered to the little traveller, for as long as the rabbit watched it, the small dark shadow seemingly paid no attention to anything else but it's own business.

However other eyes that the rabbit's watched the bold little traveller of the marshes and sloughs as he made his way through the muskrat tried to keep as much in the shelter

of the thicker scrub there were places where it was necessary to come right out in the bright moonlight. The big horned owl looked down from his evening perch just in time to see a long sinewy tail vanish through the underbrush. Interest immediately aroused, the owl noiselessly flitted to another tree where the view was less obscured. What it eventually saw reminded the owl that it was time for a meal and the big bird flew like a shadow to a more open spot that the muskrat would have to cross. However while waiting for the intended supper to appear the owl seemed to change it's mind. Much of this change was due to an old feather covered scar on one leg that had begun to twitch. Through the old warriors mind there ran the memory of an encounter with just such another of these seemingly easy meals and also the memory of the agonizing pain that shot through his body when the rat made it's long, sharp front teeth nearly meet through the meaty portion of the foot that clutched at it. Evidently the owl was not so hungry by the time the traveller made his appearance in the clearing for he went unmolested and all unaware of the great round eyes that gazed down on him from above.

Suddenly the muskrat stopped. Sitting perfectly still he seemed to be just another brown lump that had not yet received the winter covering of snow. The western edge of the bluff was very near now and past that it was absolutely open with no vestige of covering or shadow. In reality it was a farm yard and some distance from the bluff an old barn stood, leaning toward the south as if tired of perpetually bracing itself against the cold north winds of winter. Not being able to see this from his low position the rat still seemed to be lost in thought but his black beady eyes were roving

of some shelter in that open space. Some

never seemed

Nov 1904



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

The hills and lanes that once we trod,
Are covered over with grass and trees,
Songs that we sang are old songs now,
Friends that we knew have passed to God,
Fields that knew none but birds and bees
Are black and furrowed by the plow.

The years have passed so swiftly by
That memory clouds with effort wrought
Dimly beginning yet dimly understood
Swift as tide water over the white sand
Come rushing thoughts with sadness fraught.
So well we shared each other's mood.

The great Pacific rolling in
It's murmurous song a requiem
Blue waves washing at your very feet
Flying spray your rainbow winding sheet
Could I sleep by your side forever there
Free at last from battle want and care

1947

Nov. 20th

Deeper than the deepest canyon
Search old earth where you will
You will find the answer waiting
In yonder purple tinted hill

H. R.

You will find your question answered
If you wander o'er the fields
In the multicolored fashion of the flowers.
They will nod to you and listen to the tale
You care to tell.

Then when twilight hastens from the splendor
Of its west
You can read a mighty promise in the sun
For while he stops and shudders at secret thoughts
Comes a quiet voice a stealing "This world
is but begun."¹²

Then turn the man and harken to the song
The spirit sings
Behold I give to you the splendor of earth
Thrones and kings
Lariat them upon you as a lover cares for
Who holds his heart in ^{her} shallowness all her
own

All I ask is that you mark life's pathway
In loving trust and faith,
Counting our life's mercies as you pass
You will find both friend and kinship in
Love behind you as it comes & goes & this life

The burnt Bridge

With what little reck does
Cavalier ^{man} his bridges burn
~~While watching~~ the fire he
knows not the dismay
That he shall feel when
hard pressed to earn
He needs the bridge & finds it
burn'd away.

So with many of us
on this life's shore
we burn a bridge for it has
use no more
Then when the wheeling years
bring round the chance
there is no way across, the
fire has block'd a trace.

German L. Turnbull
Nov 13/49

A Dogs Life

The beggar walked in
the shabby street

And naught to him was new
The rich man drove 'over
the shabby street
On his way to the Avenue.

The beggar shared his crust
with a dog,

Mangey and old and blind
The rich mans car ran over
the dog
And left death in its wake
behind.

The dog had once been the rich
mans friend
Until wealth got in the way
Then he had turned to the beggar
And found a love that's come to stay.

Now the rich man is alone
with his thoughts
For with wealth he has lost
his friend
And the beggar too is alone this
night
And my poem has reached its end.

Norman L. Lumbull
Nov 13 + '49

For I have found a new love
That burns with a wild
desire

It flows from my mind
with ceaseless urge
And fans the spark to a fire.

For I have found what long
I've sought
In the ceaseless scratch of the
pen
Solace & balm for my mind
I've sought
The cost! Why count it
then.

Definition of a Lawyer

Species homo sapiens?

can do without sleep
for long periods. This
characteristic is more in
evidence when this
individual is pursuing his
avocation, that of thinking
up laws to defeat those
already formulated through
long sleepless hours endured
by his predecessors.

"A feller isn't thinkin' mean
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly
good & clear, Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbour any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

"The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin';
The urchin with the pin & string
Can chum with millionaires King
Out fishin'.

"66. A feller's glad to be a friend
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod & line

And sky & stream, is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'.

66 A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin';

He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin';

His levery's a coat of tan,

His creed: to do the best he can;

A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

THE FORT GARRY



CANADA'S HOTELS
OF DISTINCTION
OWNED AND OPERATED BY
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

THE CHARLOTTETOWN, CHARLOTTETOWN
THE NOVA SCOTIAN, HALIFAX
CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA
PRINCE ARTHUR HOTEL, PORT ARTHUR
THE FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG
PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL, BRANDON
THE BESSBOROUGH, SASKATOON
THE MACDONALD, EDMONTON

SUMMER RESORTS
JASPER PARK LODGE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALTA.
MINAKI LODGE, MINAKI, ONT.
PICTOU LODGE, PICTOU, N.S.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

On Ocean Post.

From out my gates have issued
All materials built for war
Tank, and gun, and bomber
Timber and steel and spars
In ghostly fog the convoys
Have crept on their lonely way
Loaded with men and munitions
To be lost in a blanket grey

I have heard the sailors chanters
As the holds have swallowed steel
I have listened to martial music
And the tramp of martial heel.

I have seen the smoke a' pouring
From forests of ^{pipes} stacks and stacks
I have resounded to the whistle of ^{sirens} vessels
Of boats moving out and back

IMPERIAL OIL, LIMITED

IMPERIAL OIL BUILDING

TORONTO 2, CANADA

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Sir:

Farming has been described as one of the most complicated and difficult of businesses. Consequently I feel that a collection of information based upon actual practical experience should contain something helpful to all our friends in the agricultural industry.

With this in mind I am sending you a copy of "Field and Farm Yard" which has just been published by the Company I serve. I, unfortunately, have no practical knowledge of farming, but I have been assured by a number of practical farmers that this book should be of interest to many Canadian farmers and so I ask you to accept it with my compliments.

Thousands of requests already have been received for this book and if you are one of our many friends who has written for it, a second copy will most probably reach you in reply to your request. Should you have no use for the extra copy I would be grateful if you would pass it on to a friend or neighbour.

Yours very truly,

E. J. Sullivan

Where one whom we love walks lightly
Not in the city's din
Where shoulders unburdened bear lightly
The world's great burden of sin.

Whose compassion surrounds us all
In city and town and field
Who sees how each one of us falls
And to worldly temptations yields

O! grant me this I pray
That to shoulders so strong and kind
I add not more burden today
By fretting thoughts and mind.

Oh for the wide wide spaces
Where the wisdom of heaven sweeps free
There no so-called Christian slaves
A banner torn and tattered me

Marshall

Newson
Partridge
Bethous
Porter
Horn
Aikin
Ried
Spearin
Henry
Davidson

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY





LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

Aberhart of Alberta

Silent. Silent the voice to thousands used
to speaking;

In hall, in home in school and o'er the air
waves sweeping.

Quiet, at rest, the great heart that loved its
fellow man

That prompted laggard ^{mind} ~~foot~~ to fight for better
things in this life span.

They called him demagogue, those whose throne
is wealth & power;

Used their monied might through press and
radioed hour,

To ridicule the man, belittle and browbeat
the path he chose and trod;

Because he worked for man, not things, because
he knew and dwelt with God.



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

Men sneered whose work was other men's
undoing disaster
who by devious ways brought armies marching
faster & yet faster
Made ridicule this man who said ^{our} youth
was Gods
Who wrathfully demanded that they should ~~be~~
~~not condemned to~~ always ride the roads.

Politicians whose job to them was their role
point in keeping
themselves before the public eye, and bent on
party privilege seeking
fired at this man who party scorned nor wanted
And fought all vested interests alone undaunted.

Because he worked for man ^{man's} that his lot on
earth be better
believing that the body must be fed and clothed
to soul unfettered
Because he worked for man and not for party state
or class
His name shall live while other names shall vanish
as vapors on a glass. J. L. T. Sunday May 23rd 1903

1
1938

Chilled by the bitter wind, drenched by rain
or snow,

Dusty, unshaven and dirty no where on
earth to go.

Not even the value of beast, for those a
shelter is found!

Bitter the life they lead, unwanted by
all around.

No friendly hand or thought in this a
Canadian land

Unemployed, dismayed and sullen they
form a mighty band

Seeking shelter in rocks and sheds, in fields
and under trees

Friendless alone and daunted, yet Christ
gave His life for these!

Stung by cinders and cursed by guards
and trainmen too

Their raggeds carry them far, far from me
and you.

Yet we see them again returning crossing from
East to West

Following the rumor of work, at work it
may suit them best

Christmas 1948

Christmas dear we wish you
Happiness for the coming year
Not all the gold or all the wealth
That man may get or give
Can banish Christmas Greetings

Old year and year Greetings one and all
For Christ is born in Bethlehem
Midst men in a stall
And though his birth was lowly
And humble in extreme
He has become the backbone
Of man's perpetual dream.
On this ^{our} day of feasting
When friends from far draw near
Oh let us all remember
Whose birthday we hold dear
In conduct and in kindness
Not unlike Him may we be
Nor in ^{ours} our selfish blindness

to see
his needs
to see

All nations of the world may bless
The birth of him who came for peace
And in their chaotic minds confess
The inborn wish that shall not cease

Oh well for us if by the cross
We bow our heads for ^{our own} doing our part
In things undone; though in our heart
Thought in our heart we knew our loss.

Then let us do the kindly thing
Though some may scorn and others laugh
When done to others then to the King
A glory comes and lights the path.

It lights the path on which he trod
So slowly taking up the hill
That he might go again to God
Who sent him to redeem our ill.

H 16339

Atte J. G. Sheardown

CASF PPC Ltd.

Base PO

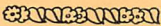
Canada

2836 W 29 Ave
Vancouver

14-15-16 Car to M^r Donald
29th Ave

o Dad

f I ever climb the ladder w.w.
That leads up to success,

nd find there all the things w.
that make 

For peace and happiness;
 hope I never forget that you
Helped me so well to fare,

hat I stepped up each w.w.
succeeding rung 

34 Because you laid it there.

Miss Stinson

Mocha - G loves

Fessie - Long mitts

May - Brush & hair holder

Connie - " " "

Bobbie - Tie

Daddy - socks

Questions

What will happen to these nations
That's the question we all ask
Will it be peace or war again over all this
heavy world

And the spirit bids us tarry and from toil
and strife to cease.
Let the banner of all-nations be unfurled.

Let it be that hope dies hardly though faith
is sick indeed

We blame the nation's emissaries ^{who are}
a little breed.

Our Fathers would not compromise nor alter

once their course ^{change}
Can we do less than they who fought and
shed that we

In freedom and in safety might plot a safer
course.

Have we forgotten the hard battle and the old
and warlike crew
who toiled these plains across this kingdom
past.

A kingdom of the solitudes of silence and of
prayer ^{and those who near have}

A kingdom of the spirit ^{for} gentile slave ^{and} ^{still too few}

The kingdom of the spirit built by God for
^{few}
such as me and ^{you} ^{gentile slave and} ^{few}.

R. R. 17
1901



The armour is broken and shattered
On the world, the wide battlefield
The helm all crushed and shattered
No call to war shall ever it yield
Mute token to the ages it held.
Still is the tongue that it sheltered
Cold is the bow, ~~that~~ it concealed,
Still is the cross where it melted
In blood that is scarcely congealed.

Terrible fostered hairless madness
Lurking in guise so gay
Plunder, profit, profit plunder
Is this only, this alone ^{all?} ~~that~~ they can say!

What then of the future seek they
Or is future men in this ken
They the vultures, are the corpses,
Foolish shadows once called men?

10 paper
1.25 - Purke
30 - tobacco.
1.25 - glass.
1.10 - Dinner
85 - Breakfast
26 lunch.
60 Taxi.
58 + cards
6.24.

Bowed is the silver's head

Over the great dark, and on the polished surface
Are ^{all} the dreams of life. One by one they come
As wavelets following each one its fellow,
Each its own rippling surface, eddying on
Replaced by others till the never ending line
Is quieter, like the pond when fitful
scurrying winds have played its surface
Then run hurrying elsewhere leaving the last ripple
To smooth the wrinkled mirror down and leave all bright
Slowly from that polished shining surface
One dream stands out alone and but the one,
Roll's back are years ^{and} silver's looks again are dark.
A party night, each star a jewel in all of heaven's crown
Crisp music of the runners and the team
All hoary with their breath, spurred with their hooves
The hard and glittering snow, and sped the pain along.
For he was not alone. From out the polished ^{surface}
Came one to meet his gaze as she had always come.
Glad to be with him to sit close by his side the whole
Life roll'd to meet them and to urge him up
To heights unguessed where she herself would not gaze on
And never tread. This then her sacrifice, and made

All willingly that it might be
The easier for him to bear the growing load
That other eyes less dim than his could see afar
Approaching on the road of life. Half in fun,
Yet knowing well the cost, she teased him of
The time to be, when o'er this mighty land his
Name would blazon far and wide, be cursed
By some, yet all the while known for the good
The man who bore it did, known for its honesty
At times unwittingly laud, yet ^{never} re-vengeful
But rather that the man deemed it his right to
Walk the path he chose and seek more close
Attainment with the God he loved. So may we
Leave him; this man who walked alone yet never lonely
For by his side invisible there walks one who
By his judgement and his power has placed him
Where he is today. When the pond is rough and
The murmur darkens o'er, the quiet voice of
Comfort comes and on the steady churning hand,
Soft yet guiding slips into his weary one, then
With brightening gaze he tops the rise and sees
The wonder of a world of love spread at his feet.