

# Map of the Electoral Riding of Victoria and Haliburt

1908.

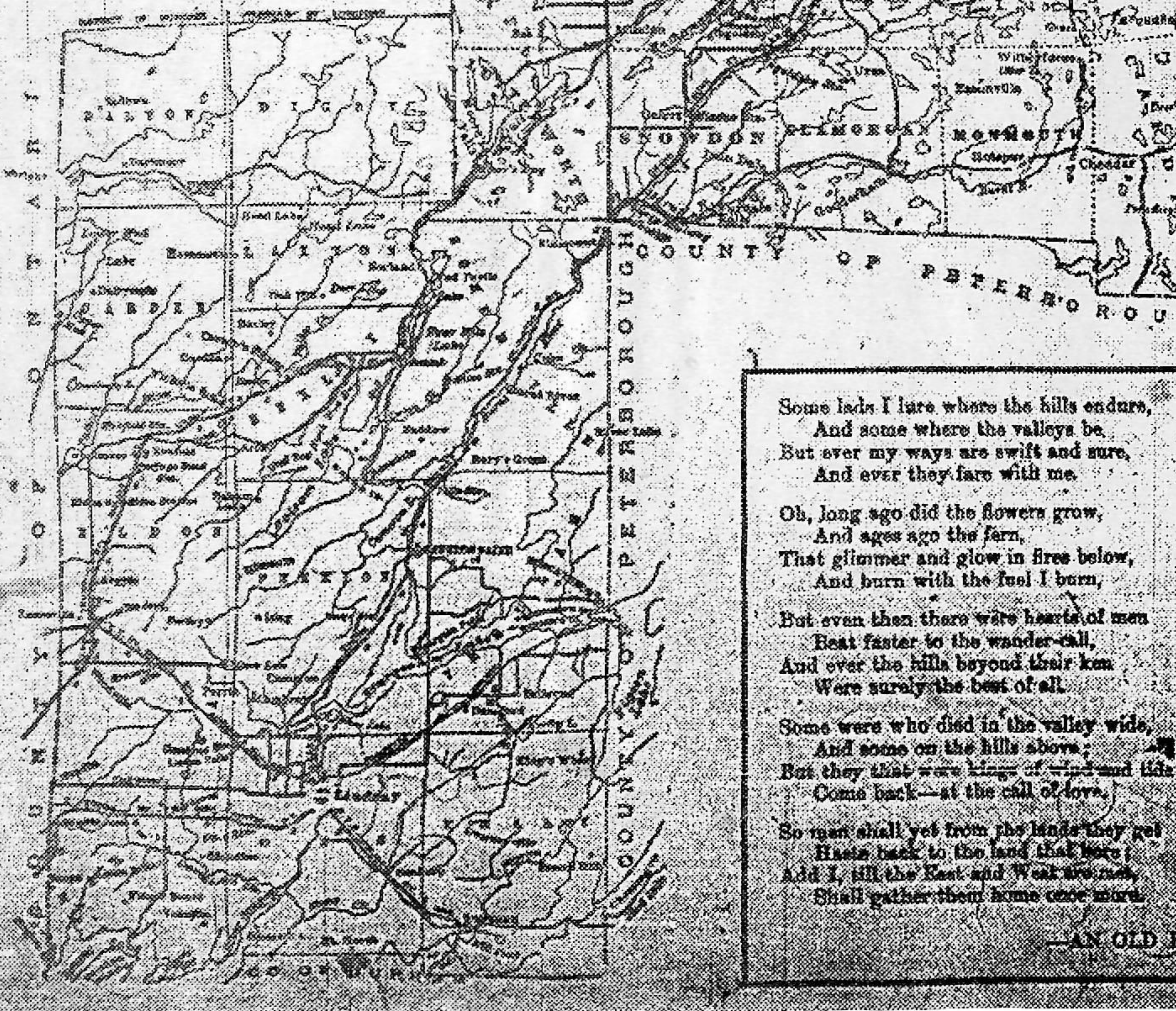
## The Song of the Flyer

The Old Days' Celebrations are distinctly an outgrowth of the Railroads. Without the R.R., the insurmountable obstacle of what we call "distance" would stand between the cities and their sons.  
—CURRENT COMMENT.

Oh, swift I fly on the hillside high,  
And swift in the valley still;  
And dear to my heart the miles go by  
To compass my master's will.

The Mist I drink from the mountain-brink,  
A quail of the gathered rain,  
And ever the East and West I link,  
And ever I link again.

From dark to night in an endless flight  
I shout as I speed away,  
A pillar am I of fire by night,  
A pillar of cloud by day.



Some lads I love where the hills endure,  
And some where the valleys be,  
But ever my ways are swift and sure,  
And ever they fare with me.

Oh, long ago did the flowers grow,  
And ages ago the fern,  
That glimmer and glow in fires below,  
And burn with the fuel I burn.

But even then there were hearts of men  
Beat faster to the wander-call,  
And ever the hills beyond their ken  
Were surely the best of all.

Some were who died in the valley wide,  
And some on the hills above;  
But they that were kings of wind and life  
Come back—at the call of love.

So men shall yet from the lands they get  
Haste back to the land that bore;  
And I, all the East and West are met,  
Shall gather them home once more.

—AN OLD