

Bob and Bill See Canada



By Alfred E. Uren
Pictures by W. Goode

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BOB AND BILL SEE CANADA



“They tried the mountain climbing game, had thrilling sport, made quite a name.” (Page 86)

BOB AND BILL SEE CANADA

A Travel Story in Rhyme for
Boys and Girls

BY
ALFRED E. UREN



ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

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FOREWORD

We cannot too forcibly impress upon the minds of our Canadian youth that they have a goodly heritage—a land of vast natural resources and wonderful opportunities. Our boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow; how imperative it is, therefore, that we begin early to plant the seeds that are to bear the fruits of good citizenship.

In submitting this little book of rhymes to young Canada the writer has kept the patriotic as well as the educative in mind, hoping that the travel story of Bob and Bill will not only prove entertaining, but that boys and girls, and perhaps those of older years, who read it, will have a greater conception of Canada and things Canadian.

—The Author.

SYNOPSIS

Two intelligent and exceptionally human rabbits, named Bob and Bill, growing tired of the monotonous life they were living among their native haunts in a Nova Scotia forest, decide to tour Canada from Coast to Coast. Bob, who is white, is of a thoughtful turn of mind, while Bill, his black companion, sees the humorous side of life.

After making plans carefully for the long journey, they start off one bright Spring day, calling first at the City of Halifax. They tour each Province of the Dominion in turn, visiting the various cities, but because of limited time find it impossible to stop at the scores of large and growing towns along the route. They see the sights of greatest interest and in their diaries tell of the many wonders of the country. They take special pleasure in acquainting themselves with Canada's leading industries.

Bob and Bill complete their tour late in the Fall, returning to Banff and Rocky Mountain Park, Alta., where, in the midst of the natural grandeur, Government Officials have erected a cozy bungalow for them, to be used as their headquarters. In return for this courtesy the rabbits assist in the work of superintending the park. In their mountain home they enjoy a well-earned rest while they complete diaries of their travels and make further plans for the future.

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BOB AND BILL SEE CANADA

Bob and Bill See Canada

Two wise young rabbits—Bob and Bill—
Lived in a brushpile on a hill
Beside a Nova Scotia wood.
Most everything they understood.
Bob was as white as he could be,
Of thoughtful disposition he,
While Bill was black and always tried
To see the most amusing side.
“Let’s break away without delay
From these old haunts,” said Bob one day.
“We now are young and full of vim,
And surely in the best of trim
To see fair Canada far and wide
From Atlantic shore to Pacific tide.
From farthest north to the U.S.A.,
We’ll see the sights along the way,
And diaries write with our opinion
Of the very best in the Dominion—
No grander spot the whole world round—
A better country can’t be found.”

“That’s a happy thought,” said Bill,
“We’ll travel on and on, until
We’ve seen the cities, mountains grand,
Rivers and lakes on every hand,
And prairies covered with golden grain.
We’ll go by boat and go by train.
The lakes we’ll cross in a birch canoe,
Then portage for a mile or two.
We’ll motor when the roads are dry
And view the landscape passing by.
Perhaps we’ll sail an aeroplane,
High up above the clouds and rain.
Should all else fail, our legs are sure—
They’ll serve us well throughout the tour.”

So they packed their bags for a lengthy stay,
With clothes to wear along the way,
Combs and brushes and good shampoo
To keep them looking fresh and new,
A box to hold the souvenirs
To show their friends in after years,
And each included in his pack
Some rolls of film and a kodak.

They took along guide books and maps
To help them on their way, perhaps
To show each route and where to turn;
It would not take them long to learn.
They'd find each city's favorite street,
Hotels that had the best to eat,
Luxurious boats, the fastest trains,
The largest parks—their drives and lanes,
And officers that always knew
When visitors were passing through.

They asked a banker if he'd lend
The money they would need to spend,
And said they both were quite content
To pay the highest rate per cent.
So with enough to take them through,
They gave the man an I.O.U.
“We'll not,” said they, “feel satisfied
Until we've crossed from side to side—
Four thousand miles of varied sights
From lowland plains to mountain heights.”

The Maritimes

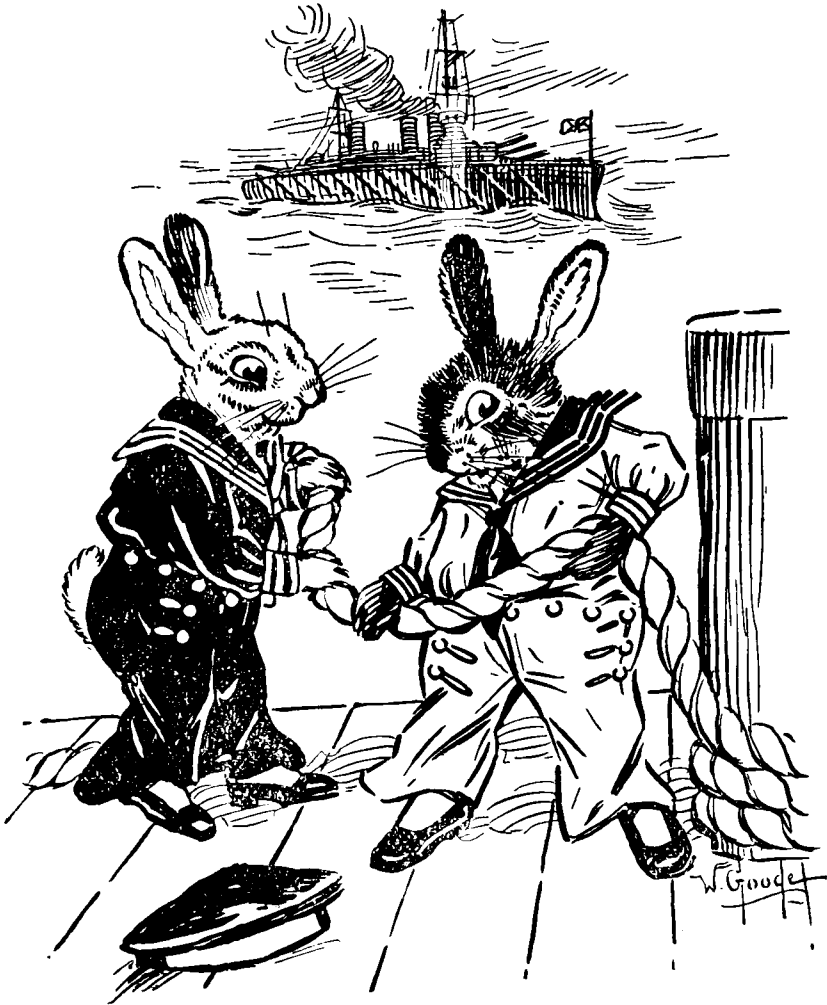
The month of April had begun
When first they started on their fun,
And very soon they found the tracks
That led the way to Halifax.
Bob felt quite strange and Bill the same;
They little knew the travelling game;
But quickly felt much more at ease,
When people said—"Go where you please;
This country stands for Freedom's cause—
You'll be protected by her laws."
So, by the time they reached this Port,
They both began to like the sport,
And started out the sights to see,
No matter where they chanced to be.
They saw boats here of every size
All weighted low with merchandise,
And heard their whistles loud and shrill;
'Twas all so new to Bob and Bill.
They dressed as sailors, gave a hand
To ships that needed help to land,

And in a very short time knew
Each officer and all the crew.
The towering citadel they spied
And distant Islands fortified,
That guard the Port and signal to
Each vessel coming into view.
This harbor grand, with traffic filled,
Took many years to plan and build.

A jolly Captain going to sea
Found out that Bob and Bill were free,
So took them for an Ocean cruise
And told them all the Navy news—
How ships used camouflage for fear
Some stealthy submarines were near,
And how torpedoes were propelled
And how the enemy was shelled.
He sent a wireless ashore
To say they would be back at four.
The rabbits entertained the crowd;
The sailors laughed both long and loud
To see them climb a rope or mast,
Then loose their hold and slide down fast.

With other antics of such form
They simply took the crew by storm,
And when they left, the sailors' cheers
Were such they had to hold their ears.
To Yarmouth next they planned to go,
And Truro, Amherst, New Glasgow,
And the Annapolis Valley, where
Choice apples grow both large and rare.
They went to Sydney and Glace Bay
To study all about the way
Crude iron ore to steel is made
For use in many lines of trade,
And how the precious coal is found
In mines away below the ground.
"This is the place," said Bob, "to see
A most important industry.
In steel production Sydney leads;
It has the coal and ore it needs."

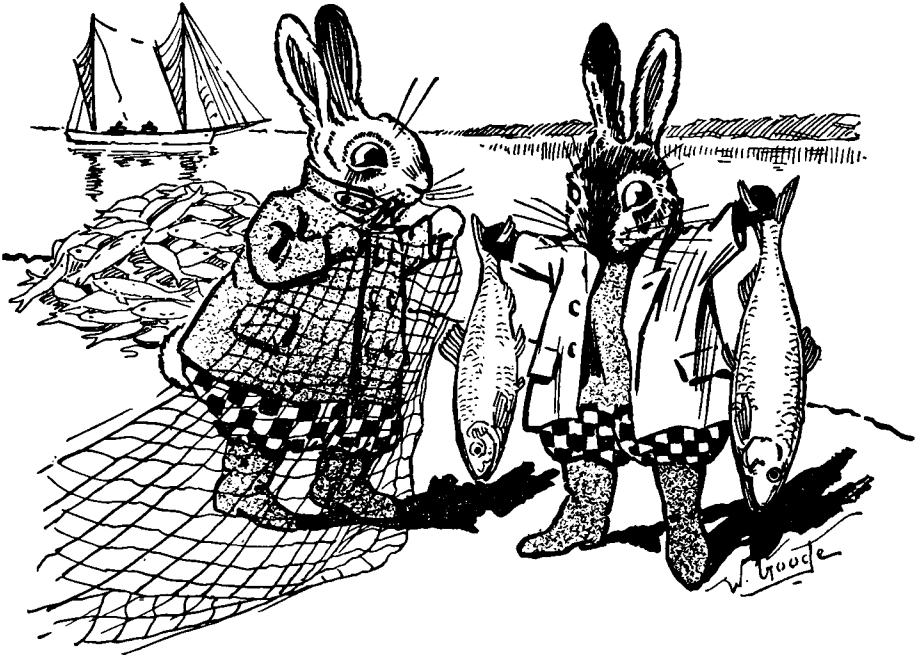
They heard the Eastern fishing folks
Narrate sea stories, tell some jokes,
Of lobsters red with claws and tails,
Of porpoises and sharks and whales,



“They dressed as sailors, gave a hand to ships that needed help to land.”

And storms encountered miles from shore,
That broke their masts and rigging tore.
These seamen told of ways and means
Of netting haddock, cod, sardines,
And salmon, halibut—all fish
That make a very tasty dish.
A fishing fleet brought in a “catch”—
So Bob and Bill helped sort a batch,
And dressed the herrings in a trice,
Then put them carefully on ice.
When leaving Nova Scotia’s shore
These tourists knew a great deal more
About Acadians and their ways
And stories of the early days.
The rabbits just about forgot
Prince Edward Isle—that beauty spot
Where large fur farms breed foxes rare—
The species with the finest hair.
Said Bill:—“We’re safer more remote;
I do not care to lose my coat.
There’s little danger to our lives
In Charlottetown—its parks and drives,
But lest someone should play a trick,
We’ll leave at once for New Brunswick.”

When they arrived in old N.B.
They went to Moncton first, to see
Its many industries of fame
And to record each one by name.



“A fishing fleet brought in a ‘catch,’ so Bob and Bill
helped sort a batch.”

A roaring tide that forces back
The River Petitcodiac
Twice every day is called the “Bore”—
A sight they’d never seen before.

They left by boat and journeyed on
And reached the seaport of St. John.
A narrow channel high and steep
Leads to its harbor wide and deep.
This is a busy winter port—
Open throughout the year, the sort
That has no fear of ice nor snow,
For Fundy's tides keep moving so.

The rabbits had the best of fun
Around the town of Fredericton—
A tourists' centre far renowned
Where hunting, fishing both abound.
While through a forest here they strayed
To study flowers, enjoy the shade,
They plainly heard a rifle shot;
The bullet whistled by the spot.
Bob spied a hunter with a bag,
And quickly waved a British flag,
And cried: "Put down that harmful gun;
Is that what you call sport and fun?
We want to live—we're no use dead;
Besides we've planned a tour ahead."
It took the hunter's breath away;
He knew not what to do or say,—

But when the rabbits showed no fear,
He dropped his gun and came quite near,
Took off his hat and made a bow,
And said, "I'll promise you right now
That from this time I'm not the sort
To shoot at rabbits just for sport."
"We're glad," said Bill, "to hear your vow,
We'll part good friends and leave you now.
To us it surely means a lot
That you are not a dangerous shot."

They saw Gaspé, its rugged coast—
A sight of which the people boast;
The Percé Rock known far and wide,
Of legends old, where seabirds hide;
And Hopewell Rocks on Fundy Bay,
So high suspended seem to sway.
They planned to visit Labrador,
But time was short, they needed more,
So crossed to Newfoundland instead,
Where fishermen are born and bred.
They liked the busy East so well,
Words failed them when they tried to tell,
So put their stories into rhymes,
Called "Wonders of the Maritimes."

Quebec

The rabbits found out where and when
Boats left for inland points, and then
Up the St. Lawrence broad and strong
Continued merrily along.

The Saguenay and Lake St. John
They first explored and then went on.
They sailed beneath Quebec bridge
That spans the river ridge to ridge,
In length three-quarters of a mile,
All steel, of cantilever style,
And pages of their diaries filled
On how it took long years to build.

They soon saw from the vessel's deck
The mighty fortress of Quebec—
Fortifications towering high
That almost seemed to reach the sky.
This picturesque old city's ways
Took up their time for many days.
They learned to speak the "Parlez-vous"—
What Bob forgot, Bill always knew.

A caleche driver said that he
Would charge them but a trifling fee
To take them through the quaint stone gates
And narrow streets of early dates.
Dressed spick and span and seated high,
They drew applause as they drove by,
And doffed their hats, politely bowed
Both right and left to all the crowd.
A dozen pleasant walks they had
On Dufferin Terrace Promenade.
Upon the plains of Abraham
They saw where Wolfe and where Montcalm
Each with his army bravely fought,
And made this an historic spot.
The rabbits crossed to Point Levis—
The city opposite to see,
And numbered, too, among their calls
The famous Montmorency Falls.
At all hotels at which they stayed
A host of jolly friends they made,
And to the guests both young and old
Their entertaining stories told.
The owner of a steamboat line
Gave them a pass to ride and dine

Upon the fastest boats he had.
Said he, "I'll only be too glad
To help you make your trip with ease,
Enjoy the best, stop where you please."
They saw along St. Lawrence shore
Resorts for summer by the score,
And villages all painted white,—
To them it was a novel sight.
They at Three Rivers stopped awhile;
It caused the lumber-jacks to smile
To see this pair in high top boots,
All fitted out with logging suits,
Roll saw logs down the steepest hills
Into the rivers near the mills,
Then ride the logs safe as a boat
When downstream they began to float.
Through forests dense sometimes they
 strayed
Without a guide, quite unafraid,
Like days at home when time was spent
In roaming at their hearts' content.
They wondered how the pulp mills could
Make so much paper out of wood,

So asked permission to go through
 The largest plants of which they knew.
 Shawinigan Falls also Sorel
 They stopped to see their wonders tell.



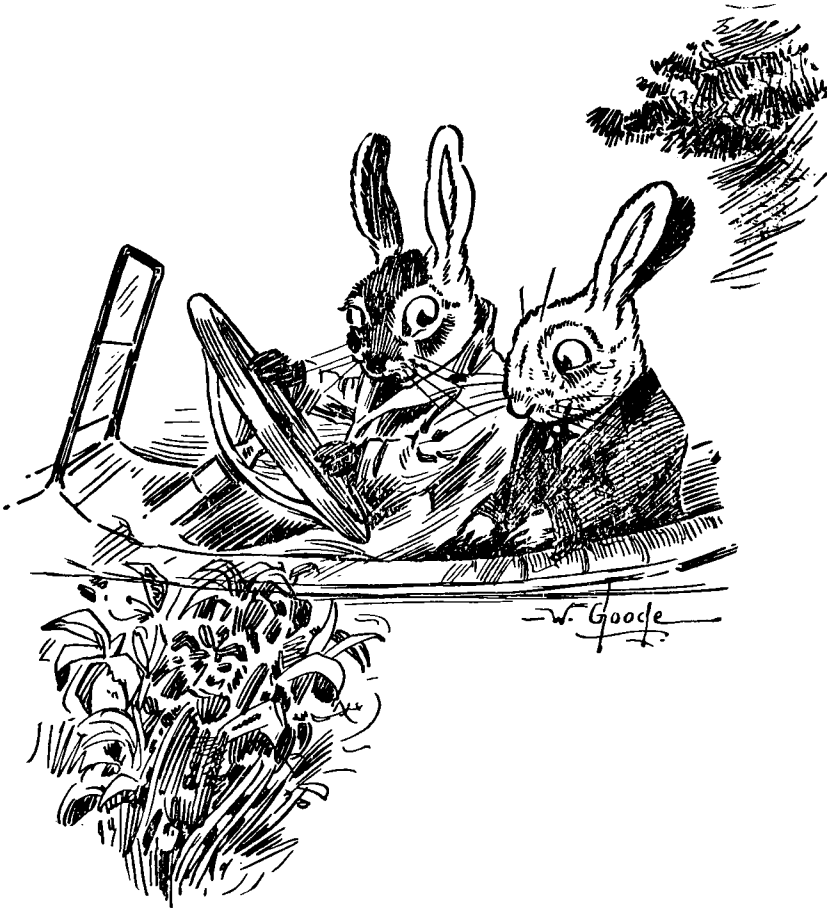
“To see this pair in high top boots, all fitted out with
 logging suits.”

They journeyed down to see Sherbrooke,
 Of manufacturing fame, to look
 At all its factories and mills,
 Its numerous waterfalls and hills.

They spent a very thoughtful hour
In estimating all the power
Canadian Rivers can produce;
How much at present is in use.
They found out what the factories yield
At Hyacinthe and Valleyfield.

They spent some time in Montreal—
The largest city of them all,
An ocean port with harbors grand
Almost a thousand miles inland.
They climbed Mount Royal; from its heights
They saw the city's famous sights,
Commercial buildings everywhere
And many a park and public square.
They watched the broad St. Lawrence flow,
A mighty stream outstretched below,
And giant liners by the score
Come sailing up, from every shore,
Steam into port, unload and trade
For products all Canadian made,
While railways both far and near,
They saw a dozen enter here.

“This great Metropolis,” said Bill,
 “Is very proud of old McGill,
 While Notre Dame Cathedral, for
 A hundred years has stood and more.



“And so they went for pleasure rides through city
 streets, up mountain sides.”

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The busy thoroughfares I see
And office buildings prove to me
This city is on business bent,
And now I know just what is meant
When people say of all the rest,
Its trade and commerce are the best.”

The city loaned them for their need
A brand new auto built for speed,
And so they went for pleasure rides
Through city streets. up mountain sides,
Until all Maisonneuve was seen,
And Westmount, Verdun and Lachine.
The car at last refused to go,
For they had overworked it so.
They both got out to set things right
And matches lit to give more light.
’Till Bob recalled to mind the rule
That it is dangerous to fool
With lighted matches and gasoline
Around a valuable machine.
They found their tank was almost dry,
So quickly bought a gas supply.

This time the car refused to heed
When running at the highest speed.
With nothing left for them to do,
They blew the horn and drove straight
through
Until they reached Victoria Square,
And here a shade tree stopped the pair.
A kind policeman, tall and thin,
Seeing the trouble they were in
Told them that Montreal would pay
For all the damage done that day.

Ontario

The rabbits then made plans to go
By way of Lake Ontario—
A boat they boarded going through
Lachine Canal, then into view
Of countless islands, large and small;
They could not stop to see them all;
And everyone looked fresh and green
With water channels all between.
“I hope,” said Bill, “some future day
When we go back the other way,
To ‘shoot’ the Rapids, miss the locks
And help the pilot dodge the rocks.
The best port now for us to make
Is Niagara-upon-the-Lake.”
(While basking in the lake’s cool breeze
They read in their geographies
How wide and long the Great Lakes are,
Their leading ports, both near and far,
And how Superior takes the prize
Among fresh water lakes for size,

How Winnipeg, Great Slave, Great Bear
Are large and with the best compare,
Of countless others, low and high,
All tinted like the clear blue sky.)

When they had landed, people near
Told them they need have little fear
As to the Falls, they took their ride
High up along the riverside.
The rabbits did not feel content
'Till they had climbed Brock's monument.
On Queenston Heights they both agreed
To take their histories and read
Of victories won, and all that's said
Of Brock the hero, how he led.
The treacherous whirlpool they saw first,
And then the rapids at their worst.
They soon stood at Niagara's brink
And both were speechless, tried to think
How long it had been falling so
In mighty torrents far below.
They walked along the Gorge's ridge
And crossed the International bridge.

Then walked through power plants to see
The wonders of 'lectricity,
Where turbines, dynamos of might,
Turn hydro power into light.
The "Maid of the Mist" that plies below
Took them where'er they wished to go,
And clad in heavy raincoats, they
Sailed through the rainbowed mist and spray.
With so much here to see and learn,
They said sometime they would return.

They left the roaring Falls behind,
Welland and the Canal to find,
Where large lake boats sail to and fro
From Erie to Ontario.
"No train or auto for us now,"
Said Bob; "I'm going to show you how
To see the fruit farms at their best,
Vineyards with grapes that stand the test.
We'll walk this time so we can see
The luscious fruit upon the tree."
While strolling up a shady road
They met a shipper with a load



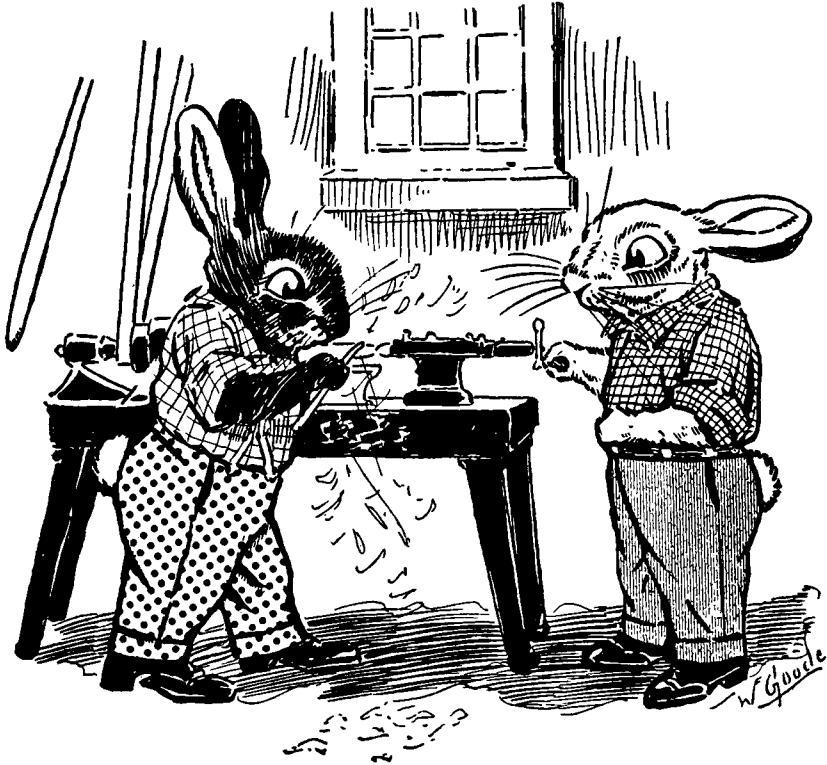
“The rabbits did their picking right, they heaped the baskets, packed them tight.”

Of baskets ready to be packed,
Who said that help was all he lacked.
The rabbits answered, "We have speed—
It's just experience we need.
We'll fill your baskets every one,
And do it all just for the fun."
"Your offer's kind," the man replied,
"My friends will now be well supplied."
The rabbits did their picking right,
They heaped the baskets, packed them tight,
And worked away in such brisk style
They made the busy shipper smile.
They picked the fruit from every limb,
And packed the sheds high to the brim.
They really had no need to dine,
Because as they walked down the line
Of Peaches, apples, plums and pears
They feasted well, forgot their cares,
And filled their trouser pockets, too,
So later they could eat a few.
They reached St. Catharines, had a rest;
The Garden City looked its best,
With fragrant flowers, gardens bright,
That made a most unusual sight.

At Stoney Creek they learned the way
Our heroes fought and saved the day.

They stopped a passing trolley car
For Hamilton, which wasn't far,
And a merry ride they had that day
To the hustling City on the Bay.
They took a stroll around Gore Park
For half an hour before the dark.
When morning came they both felt fit,
And started out to "do their bit."
Bill with his watch began to count
How quickly he could climb the Mount,
While Bob took time to read a sign
Which said, "ten cents, ride this incline."
They saw the city stretched below;
It proved to be a splendid show
Of well-paved streets and handsome homes,
Of Schools and banks, church spires and
domes.
At noon time when the whistles blew,
The din was such Bob said he knew
The steel and iron factories here
Were growing greater every year.

One day while slowly walking past
An iron foundry in full blast,
Where every stack was pouring smoke
That made them cough and almost choke,
A sign they read which said: "We need
Two handy men with lots of speed."
They told the chief they'd like to learn
Something of every part in turn.
"You see," said they, "we're on a trip
So cannot serve apprenticeship."
The man replied, "You have the will;
I think that you should fill the bill
If you work carefully and hard
And always keep upon your guard.
Our motto here is 'Safety First'—
A belt may break or fly-wheel burst,
And when the hard sharp metal flies
Be sure you cover your bright eyes."
First to the boiler room they went
And valuable assistance lent
In generating steam for power.
Bob ran the engine by the hour,
Investigated every leak
And oiled it well to stop the squeak.



“It made them quite important feel to run the lathes
that turn hard steel.”

Bill tried to play some simple tune
Upon the whistle every noon.
It made them quite important feel
To run the lathes that turn hard steel.
The work around the moulding shop
Kept both the rabbits on the hop.

They heated iron liquid hot
Within the furnace melting pot.
From ladles carried in the hand
They poured it into moulds of sand.
They gave it time to harden cold,
Then took the casting from the mould.
With lathes and planers, shapers, drills
They quickly put on all the frills,
Then set it up for all to see—
A piece of new machinery.
When all the daily work was through
The travelling crane had much to do,
For Bob and Bill would often ride
From end to end and side to side.

While on their rounds they met a friend
Who said his touring car he'd lend
To take them to Toronto, where
They'd have but little time to spare.
They sped along the new highway
At a mile a minute or more, they say,
And stopped before the big hall tower
In little more than half an hour.

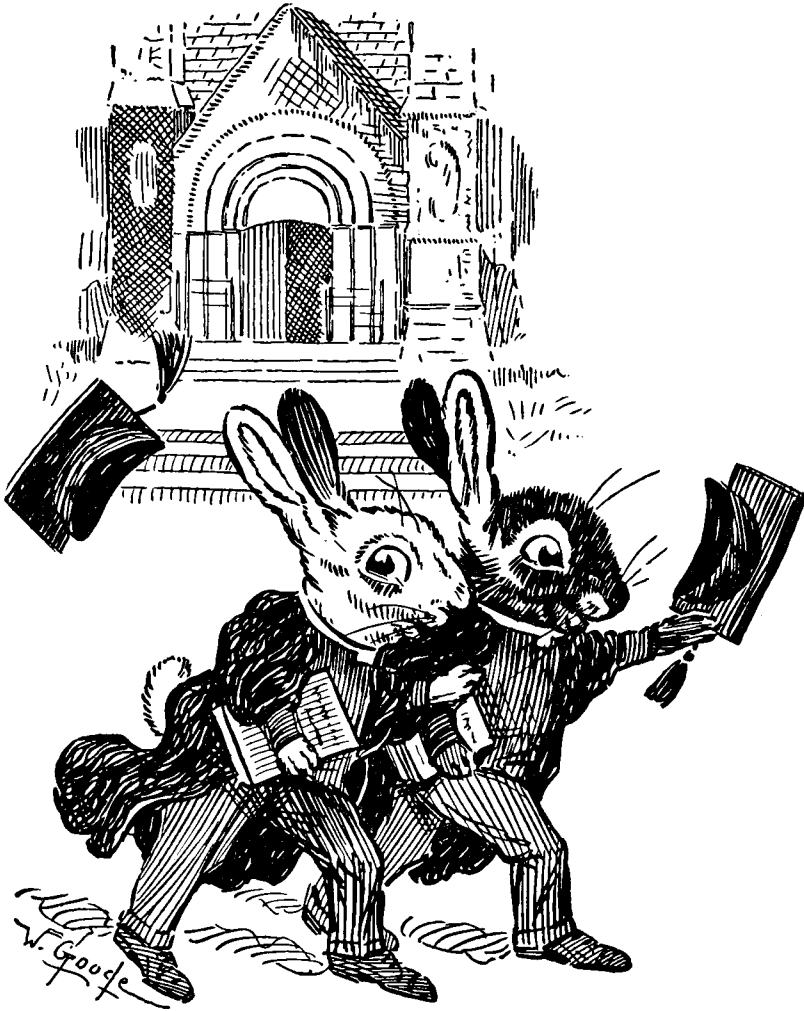
Said Bob, "We'll ask the tower man
To take us up there if he can,
And point out landmarks within view
And tell the history of a few.
Already I quite understand,
Of all the places in the land,
Just why Toronto won such fame
To have 'Queen City' for its name —
With countless homes—a splendid sight,
And busy streets and stores so bright;
Its nearly million people, too,
Know how to plan and what to do;
Besides its industries have grown
Until they now are widely known."

They started first to see Queen's Park
Where many a man has made his mark,
Has won his letters and degree
In the learned halls of Varsity.
They walked about the campus green
Where Rugby games are often seen,
And college athletes tug and strain
To help develop brawn and brain.

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They put on students' gowns and caps
And started off like College chaps
And visited each faculty
From science to philosophy.

A students' club of much renown
Heard Bob and Bill were in the town,
So took them to a banquet hall,
Where tables had been set for all.
The dinner proved a special treat,
With food they liked the most to eat.
As guests of honor this young pair
Sat near the presidential chair.
The chairman said: "We are all glad
That you a pleasant trip have had.
Our boys would like so much to hear
How loud you made those sailors cheer
At Halifax, and what you said
When that bold hunter missed your head,
And why you had so close a call
When motoring at Montreal?
Please tell us in your own good way
What happened you from day to day."



“They put on students’ gowns and caps and started off like college chaps.”

Bob stood up first; amid applause
He made his bow and raised his paws—
Told of their trip, in pleasing style,
Since first they left the old brushpile.
“We’re more than glad with you to be,
You’ve honored us right royally.
We’d like to see some law in force
So Bill and I could take a course,
(Any of Canada’s twenty-two
Good Universities would do)
And study law or medicine
And work among our kind and kin.”
Bill made a speech so full of fun
They shouted “More!” when he was done.
He said good-bye and wished them well
And made them give their college yell.

The rabbits saw the parks, and zoo
At Riverdale, and said they knew
’Twere better far the world to see
Than live caged up and not be free.
They sailed a yacht around the Bay,
And said they so much liked the way

Toronto's Island grew out where
It could protect and take good care
Of vessels that might come to harm
Without its light or fog alarm,
While Hanlan's Point and Centre Isle
Are giving pleasure all the while.
They visited cathedrals grand
That tower high on every hand,
And churches, libraries and schools—
Wrote down their names and read their
rules.

They saw how manual training ways
Prepare our boys for earning days.

“We've seen great sights, but in addition,
There's Canada's great Exhibition,”
Said Bob, “Toronto gave it birth,
The largest of its kind on earth.”
They saw flags floating everywhere
In honor of this famous fair,
So hurried to the entrance gate
Determined they would not be late.
Officials met them just inside
And took them for an auto ride

50 BOB AND BILL SEE CANADA

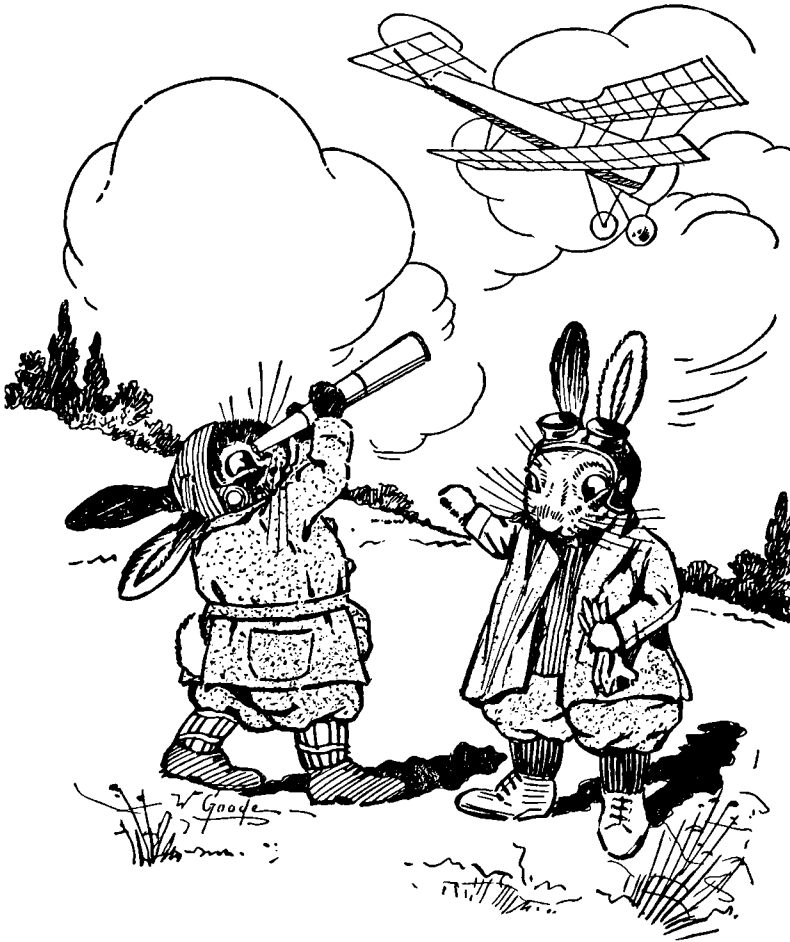
To show them live stock on parade
And how the prize awards are made.
They went upon the main grand stand
And heard a military band
Play lively patriotic airs;
While ponies, elephants and bears
Performed their tricks in sight of all,
Responding to each sign and call.
The rabbits drank some lemonade
And saw how other drinks were made,
And asked a boy with cones to sell
Why people ate the dish as well.
Along the Midway next they went
And stopped in front of every tent.
The owner of a lion show
Told them his funds were getting low.
They felt quite sorry for the man
And said, "We'll help you if we can,
So rest your mind and have no fear,
We'll quickly bring the people near."
Their presence on the high platform
Took all the happy crowds by storm.
Bill called aloud,, "Here's where you'll see
The Midway's best menagerie!

Just step this way while there is time—
We're going to raise the price a dime.”
The crowds afraid of being late,
Came on so fast they blocked the gate.
From every corner of the fair
And made the man a millionaire.
Bob wrote a note and had it sent
To the C. N. E. President,
Which said: “It's great, enlarge your park,
For you have reached the million mark.”

To army camps they journeyed then
Where Canada's brave fighting men
Are trained with bayonet, bomb and gun
To fight when fighting must be done.
They watched the aviators sail
Like birds with eyes and wings and tail.
The daring flyers stationed here
Found Bill and Bob had little fear,
And said: “Try out an aeroplane—
One built to stand the greatest strain.
We'll show you how to fly with ease,
Land when you wish and where you please.”

Both rabbits said: "We'll surely try
A thrilling journey to the sky,
The air at such a dizzy height
Will surely tempt the appetite."
They soon were ready, up they flew;
The sky above was clear and blue.
Bob was the pilot, Bill was free
To study his astronomy,
And read the rules of wind and air,
The things to do that needed care.
They sailed along at swiftest rate,
With no delays, no place to wait.
Their nerves were true, they made few slips;
They looped the loop and dipped the dips,
And felt almost as safe up there
As riding in a Pullman chair.

To Peterboro first they flew
And ordered there the best canoe
That could be bought, so they could take
A trip round each Kawartha Lake,
And through the Trent Canal as well,
So in their diaries they could tell



“Bob was the pilot, Bill was free to study his astronomy.”

About the lift-locks near the town
That raise huge boats or let them down.
Again their aeroplane they flew
To get a perfect bird's-eye view
Of Belleville city as it lay
So picturesque on Quinté Bay;
Then, farther on they sailed to see
Kingston, Queen's University.
From their position in the air
They saw the Army College there,
And Brockville, east a few more miles—
The gateway to the Thousand Isles.

They flew as far as Ottawa
And took snapshots of all they saw:
The Capital of all the land,
The rabbits thought it more than grand;
Its natural beauty they beheld,
And both pronounced it unexcelled.
“Suppose,” said Bill, “we try some tricks
To get us into politics.
With canes, silk hats and like attire
To higher honors we'll aspire.”

On Rideau Street, a tailor's shop
Had signs displayed which said, "Please
stop,
Walk in, we fit from head to feet
With parliamentary suits complete."
The rabbits stepped inside and said:
"Your advertisement we have read,
Please fit us out, we want the best,
The latest cut with all the rest.
We're M. P.'s now, don't keep us late,
We soon must join in a debate."
When fitted out like millionaires
They walked about, forgot all cares,
And then to Parliament they went
On better legislation bent.
Two seats were vacant on this day;
The members chanced to be away.
The many voices caused such din,
The rabbits quietly slipped in,
Walked over to the empty chairs
And took possession unawares.
Bob watched his chance then stood upright,
And spoke with all his will and might—

“Now, Mr. Speaker, it’s our turn
To say a word and then adjourn.
Our home address is Brushpile Hill,
We represent New Rabbitville.
We here complain about the way
Some hunters act—we ask fair play.
With traps and snares and such device
They really treat us more like mice;
Besides I want to make it clear
That you should help the birds and deer.”
Then Bill stood up:—“I think the same,
But should some rabbits be to blame,
Who take too many liberties
With people’s gardens and their trees,
Just let us know, we’ll grant no bail
And lock them in an iron jail.”
All parties cheered and speeches made
And said detectives would be paid
To search for men who would destroy
And such deceptive means employ.
The rabbits saw the Royal Mint;
The guards about gave them a hint
Of how the silver and the gold
Are turned to coins by stamp and mould.



“When fitted out like millionaires they walked about,
forgot all cares.”

“As soon,” said Bob, “as we are free
The River Ottawa we’ll see;
Along the driveway by the side
Of the Rideau Ship Canal we’ll ride.”
“There’s Rockcliffe, also Major Hill—
Parks we must visit, too,” said Bill,
“And the Experimental Farm
With gardens that will please and charm.
We’ll call at Hull across the way
To find out what its people say.”

Next day to Oshawa they flew;
To Lindsay, Orillia, Barrie too.
These aviators made a land
At busy Galt upon the Grand.
They circled ’round Guelph’s Model Farm.
Said Bill, “There can’t be any harm
In learning how to sow the seeds,
To cultivate, to kill the weeds;
How butter, cheese and lard are made—
The tests for quality and grade.
We’ll also have some time to talk
About the grain crops and the stock—

Oats, wheat and barley, corn and rye
That grow beneath the sunny sky—
The cattle, horses, swine and sheep
And poultry that the farmers keep.”

When visiting a country fair
A farmer asked if they would care
To live with him a while to see
If agriculturists they'd be.
So they agreed to learn to plow,
To tend the sheep and milk a cow,
To dig potatoes, cut the corn,
And how to blow the dinner horn.
One night while sleeping in the mow
They dreamt that they were farmers now.
Bob dreamt he owned a farm or two,
His crops were large, his barns were new.
Bill thought his farm the best by far—
He rode to town in his touring car.
When morning came and they awoke,
They realized 'twas all a joke.
The farmer offered double pay,
When time was up, if they would stay,

And Bill replied, "We thank you, sir,
We like this life, we're loath to stir,
But plans now made must not go wrong,
For it is time to move along."

They flew to Kitchener, a hive
Of numerous industries that thrive,
And Stratford, city of classic name,
Also of manufacturing fame.

They soon reached London, saw its sights,
Victoria Park and Spring Bank heights;
Its homes, and streets where trees abound,
The produce market, too, they found.

They sailed o'er Windsor up and down
And Sarnia the tunnel town,
Chatham, St. Thomas, Woodstock, these,
All with thriving industries.

Surrounding Ingersoll they found
A dairy district far renowned.

These tourists then to Brantford went,
Saw Mohawk Park, Brant's monument.

This city's noted far and wide
For farm machinery supplied,
And has an honor all its own—
The first home of the telephone.

Before they left they stored their 'plane
And started off again by train.

“Muskoka Lakes,” said Bob, “are near,
We’ll go and see them while we’re here:
Islands and bays and all the rest
Where Nature’s at her very best.
With fishing tackle and canoe
We’ll try our luck a day or two.
These charming lakes are filled with fish
Of almost every kind we wish.
While we are touring up that way
We’ll pay a visit to North Bay,
And if we want to see the rough,
Algonquin Park will have enough —
Where busy beavers toil to build
Their dams of logs, at which they’re skilled.
We’ll see the isles in Georgian Bay,
Some thirty thousand, so they say.”

They roamed through forests, leapt each
stream,
It made the days like hours seem—

So vast the north, so much to see,
Without a care, for both were free
To go as far as Hudson's Bay
Where ocean ships may sail some day.
"While we have time," said Bill, "to spare,
We'll see Cobalt—the silver there.
In that rich district now they find
Much mineral of every kind."
The rabbits thought it such a treat
In mining camps to sleep and eat,
That long before they started back
They borrowed tools and built a shack,
And lived the way the miners do
And spent some time prospecting, too.

They filed their claims for mines they'd
found—
Then packed their bags for Owen Sound.
This busy port on Georgian Bay
Has so much life they chose to stay
Until they'd looked it over well—
Seen what its factories had to sell.
Each place of interest on their list
They visited, not one they missed,

Then went aboard (the day was clear)
A big palatial liner here,
And sailed across the lake to see
The City of Sault Ste. Marie.
Lake Huron soon was left behind
And at this port they stopped to find
Out how much tonnage passes through
The "Soo" Canal, for they well knew
That countless ships both night and day
Are steaming through this waterway.
The rabbits planned while they were here
To visit pulp mills that were near,
And heard a chief official say:
"Ontario and Quebec to-day
Have wealth of pulpwood, all they need
To place our Canada in the lead."

The rabbits heard a roaring noise
And like alert and active boys
They started at a lively rate,
Determined to investigate,
For curious it made them feel.
They found a mighty plant of steel

Making heavy railway rails
As if they were but common nails.
They watched each rail put to test
To stand the weight and great strain, lest
Sometime a train when travelling fast
Might meet with mishap as it passed.
The rabbits planned while here to see
The nickel mines near Sudbury.
Across Superior Lake they went,
And on this trip learned what is meant
When travellers seasick do become
And feel so sad and look so glum.
Both rabbits felt so queer inside
They didn't half enjoy the ride,
But only for a time until
The wind went down and all was still.
Fort William and Port Arthur, too—
Twin cities, soon came into view.
For many years they've forged ahead,
Both from the West and East they're fed.
The harbors, too, are of the sort
Found only in a modern port.
An elevator here they spied,
So large it seemed the sun to hide;

It towers high and holds the most
Of any one from coast to coast.
They toured about, enjoyed the best,
Then took a train for farther west.

Manitoba

As far and wide as they could see
Were prairie lands without a tree—
“Just see how smooth and flat,” said Bill,
“There’s not a road and not a hill;
To reach the end we’ll surely try
And find out where it meets the sky.”
They travelled on, these rabbits two,
When far ahead there came to view
A sight that filled them with surprise,
And made them almost doubt their eyes,
For out of nowhere there appeared,
And growing clearer as they neared
Many buildings great and tall,
And elevators large and small.
Bob asked the porter if he knew
The city they were coming to:
“We haven’t been this way before—
We’d like to learn a little more
About this place that looks so grand,
Spread out so wide across the land.”

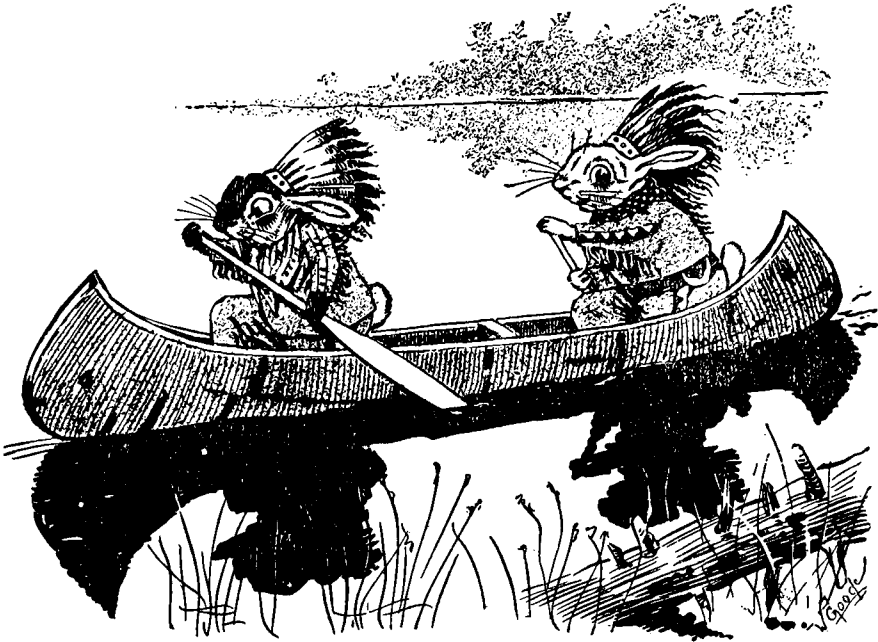
The porter said, "I'll do my best.
This city—gateway to the West,
A few years back could only boast
Of an old stone fort and trading post;
Your histories quite well describe
The pioneer days, each Indian tribe;
How wagon trains once wound their way
Through muddy roads from day to day;
But now express trains take you through
To any place your travelling to.
This busy Hub, of which they boast,
Is third in size from coast to coast—
'Tis Winnipeg, fair city best—
The great metropolis of the West."

Into the station soon they drew
Where all was bustle. Well they knew
That many settlers started out
From this great centre to look about.
A chauffeur took them to see
The finest sights when they were free,
And drove his car so fast and hard
On curving crescent and boulevard,

That he was summoned to go to court
And pay a fine for careless sport;
But when the rabbits came in line
And said that they would pay the fine,
The magistrate said:—"Not a sou
Will we fine tourists such as you:
You may go fast and have good fun,
Provided that you hit no one."

They visited the Grain Exchange,
And didn't feel the least bit strange;
Heard members tell of wheat in store,
Millions of bushels—still some more.
They saw much grain in long carloads,
On three transcontinental roads,
And giant elevators high
To store it safe and keep it dry.
Said Bill, "We simply can't afford
To leave until we've made record
Of how much wheat the West sends through
This Winnipeg each year or two."
They visited the thirty parks,
And spent some time inspecting barks

Of trees they didn't think would grow
In Northern Zones, and flourish so.
They climbed upon Fort Garry's gate,
And in their diaries wrote the date

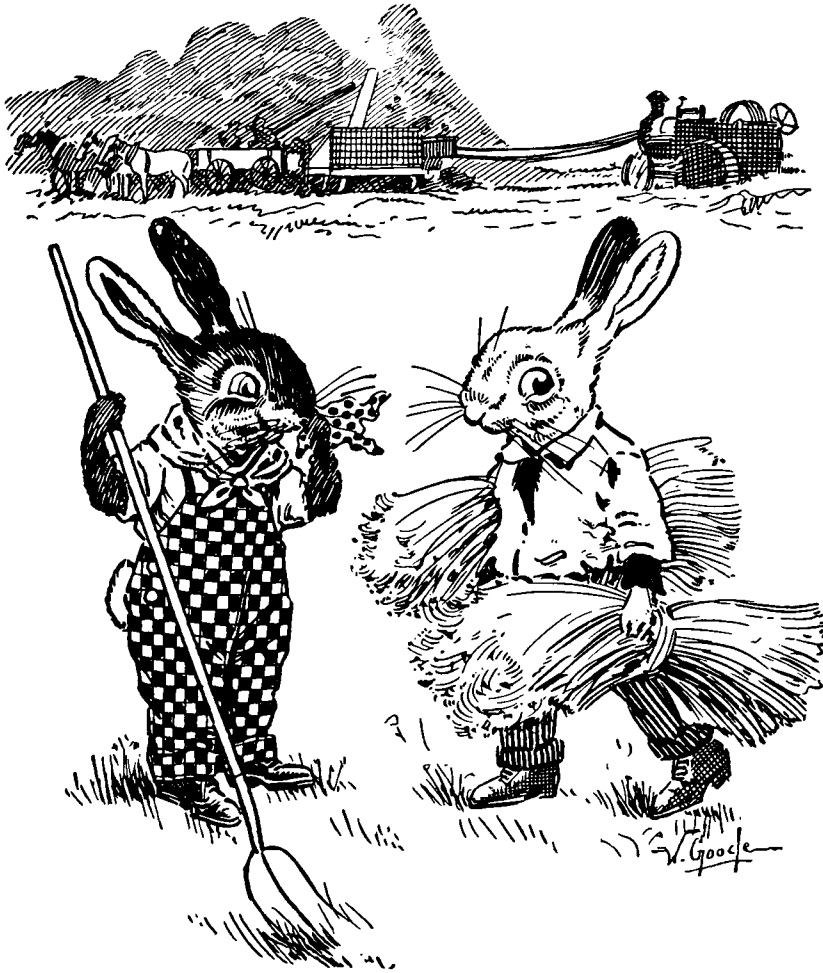


“Before they left for farther west, they paddled a
canoe to test.”

When Indians wild roamed all about,
And how this stone fort kept them out.
On promenade these rabbits two,
On Main and Portage Avenue,

In Indian suits, with feathers gay,
Called at the stores along the way,
And in these costumes looked so queer
The children followed in the rear.
Before they left for farther West,
They paddled a canoe, to test
The swift Assiniboine and Red,
To see how fast their waters sped.

To Winnipeg they bade adieu
And purchased fares to take them through,
Then miles across the prairie land
They sped along: on every hand
Were countless acres of golden grain,
The railway track was the only lane.
Said Bill:—"We're in a sea of wheat
That stretches miles the sky to meet.
To better see the country's charms
We'll stop at Brandon, visit farms."
They watched the binders in a row
The sheaves behind them quickly throw;
And many threshing outfits saw,
That separate the grain from straw.



“In overalls of white and blue the threshing dust could not get through.”

Most everywhere they chanced to go
The farmers said, "Of course you know
That flour from Manitoba wheat
Is number one and can't be beat."

A threshing gang with all their kit
Asked Bob and Bill to help a bit.
Said they, "We need a man or two,
Perhaps you'll gladly help us through."
"We're at your service," Bob replied,
"Work such as this we've never tried."
Bob asked to feed the big machine—
He liked to work where all was clean.
But Bill said he could stand the worst—
He had no fear of dust or thirst,
And said he'd build a model stack
With all the straw they sent him back.
Bandana scarfs folded in half,
Tied 'round their necks, kept out the chaff.
In overalls of white and blue
The threshing dust could not get through.
They had no need for gloves, because
The thistles seldom hurt their paws.

Bob fed the sheaves both fast and well
And seldom took a breathing spell.
Bill made his straw stack high and wide
And packed it tight on every side.
They measured up the wheat each day
And had it bagged and stored away,
And only asked as their reward
That they receive their bed and board.
Said Bob: "This garnered grain, I'm told,
Is really better far than gold,
For wheat makes cakes and buns and bread:
With gold alone we'd soon be dead."
The farmer's wife prepared a treat
And brought them home-made cakes to eat,
And told them when their work was through
She had surprises for them too.

Saskatchewan and Alberta

For many days from early dawn,
They toured about Saskatchewan—
A Province, rich in fertile fields,
That's noted for the wheat it yields.
They saw Regina first of all;
While stopping here they made a call
On the officials who are paid
To give assistance, lend their aid
To those with strong and willing arms,
Who wish to settle on new farms.
They saw Moose Jaw and spent some days
Studying this city and its ways,
And several other places, too,
Named after animals they knew.
They started off one day at noon
And soon arrived at Saskatoon,
And saw the elevators here
That hold the grain from districts near.
Within a few short years this place,
Starting with nothing in the race,

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Has forged ahead and grown so fast,
It now among the first is classed.
They found out many things to tell
About Prince Albert's growth as well.

They crossed Alberta's sunny slopes;
Found why its people have great hopes,
For with the climate and the land
This Province greatly will expand.
In Lethbridge City and Medicine Hat,
They stopped sometimes to have a chat
With ranchers who were always glad
To hear of travels they had had.
They visited a ranch or two,
Saw how they live, and what they do,
The way they herd the cows and steers,
And brand their sides, or mark their ears,
And how with skilful hand they swing
Their lariat, then with a sling
They rope a horse or steer or cow
And quickly make it humbly bow.
The rabbits soon made such a "hit,"
A wealthy rancher said he'd fit

Them out complete in cowboy styles
With ponies that could take them miles.
So Broncho Busters they became,
And liked this manly Western game.
It surely was a sight to see
These rabbits enter Calgary
With heads erect, in suits brand new,
As they rode up Eighth Avenue.

They passed a school and heard a bell
At half past one and knew it well.
The principal was at the door,
To make the late ones stay at four.
Both rabbits bowed and asked if they
Could visit him awhile that day.
“Just make yourselves at home,” said he,
“Go where you wish and take the key.”
The rabbits heartily complied
And told how very hard they’d tried
To see Calgary’s younger set,
To tell them of the friends they’d met.
From room to room they walked around—
The very best of conduct found,

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And in the highest room of all
They made the most extended call.
Bob first unfurled a Union Jack
And waved it forward, waved it back.



“So Bronco Busters they became, and liked this
manly Western game.”

“This flag is yours, it keeps you free
Respect it always, boys,” said he.
The teacher told of early days
Of native Indians and their ways,

How pioneers with one accord
When Canada was unexplored,
Worked hard to build each bridge and road
To make a place for their abode.
He told how Canada had grown
To be a Nation of her own,
With lands and riches still in store
For many million people more;
How Canada's half million men
Across the ocean journeyed, when
The call came in the world's great war
For soldiers British to the core;
With right and liberty at stake,
For happy homes and honor's sake.
They never once were known to fail
At Vimy Ridge nor Passchendaele,
Nor Ypres, nor Lens, nor Courcellette,
And made a name we'll ne'er forget.
Bill gave an illustrated talk
Upon the blackboard with the chalk,
Drew funny pictures, told them how
They slept one night in a farmer's mow,
Of things they dreamt that were not true,
Of flying tricks they tried to do:

At Ottawa as wise M.P.'s,
At Manitoba threshing bees.
When school was over for the day,
The scholars volunteered to stay.
The girls sang songs they knew the best,
"The Maple Leaf" upon request.
"O, Canada" proved such a treat
The rabbits asked for a repeat.
The boy scouts gave a grand review
Of rescue work and what they do
To render aid to those in need
By acting promptly and with speed;
While boy cadets performed each drill
And then saluted Bob and Bill.
The teachers said, "We hope you know
How we regret to see you go,
Our boys and girls are pleased, you see,
They always like variety.
Please send us letters when you're gone
And tell us how you're getting on."

The rabbits called along the way
On many merchants; heard them say

“With such a country all around,
Sunny Calgary now is found
Right in the forefront with the best
And biggest cities east or west.”
The charming homes, their beauty, size,
On Mount Royal were a surprise;
On cloudless days from places here,
Far westward could be seen quite clear
The Rocky Mountain’s ridge of white
Glistening in the bright sunlight.
They found out all about gas fields;
How land that’s irrigated, yields,
By dams like that at Bassano
That stops the water of the Bow;
And why Alberta’s mines of coal
Are sure to play a greater role.

When they had finished all their fun,
They took the train to Edmonton.
This splendid city is sure to be
A leader in the North Country,
Distributing to areas vast,
It has a growth that long will last:

A railway centre and one of wealth,
Education as well as health.
Policemen, mounted, told them how
They catch a thief, or stop a row,
Of animals that they had seen
In districts where no one had been,
And forests filled with singing birds
And where to find the Buffalo herds.
“If we could spare the time,” said Bill,
“We’d visit every dale and hill
From Edmonton to far Alaska;
The Peace, McKenzie, Athabaska
Rivers we would trace them round;
And tell of fertile valleys found
In North-West Territories, where
There’s countless acres still to spare.”

Towards the hills they started now,
Determined they would soon see how
The people of the mountains fare
And sights of greatest interest there.
Vast natural parks they saw them all,
With many a gorgeous waterfall,

And ragged peaks, some capped with snow
And towering high with lakes below.
Words simply failed them when they told
Of mountain streams so clear and cold,
At first just little brooks and slow,
Becoming torrents as they flow.
They saw the famous Lake Louise,
Among the mountains, girt with trees,
With charming shadows more than grand
And all about a fairyland,
And wondered why there was no fee
For looking at such scenery.

Unwilling to do things by halves
They stopped to see Banff's famous baths.
A park official living here
Told of the fire dangers near.
"The growth," said he, "of fir and pine
In Mountain Park would soon decline,
Cedar, cypress, hemlock and spruce
Would soon be of but little use,
And losses would be great, we fear,
If forest fires should appear.

If you'll consent to have a trial
At fire ranging for a while,
We'll fit you out, defray the cost
And pay you well for time that's lost."
The rabbits smiled and said with glee:—
"Patrolling forests, don't you see,
Is right in line with rabbit life,
Far from the city's noise and strife.
We'll keep close watch, 'twill not be hard,
And guard a district every yard:
So buy at once the things we'll need
Because our time is short indeed."
Bob packed supplies upon his back,
While Bill put his inside a sack.
They left instructions for their mail,
Then started off to find the trail.
When they arrived they cleared a road
And found a place for an abode.
They read the books they'd brought along,
About right methods and the wrong
Of fighting fires, with no delays,
The surest and the safest ways.
Bob gathered leaves from every tree
And tried to study botany.

Bill hid behind some brush and grass
Where animals were sure to pass,
And with his kodak pointing through,
He took snapshots of quite a few—
Beaver, Otter and Caribou,
Deer, Moose, Mink and Black Squirrels, too.
A Buffalo and a Grizzly Bear
Both passed along quite unaware,
While hungry Wolves, a Lynx and Fox
All passed before his picture box.
They tried a different sport to all
By imitating every call
Of animals and singing birds,
And put these into English words.

They made reports when they returned
How not a single tree had burned.
Officials said: "We want to know
How you would like a bungalow
Built for you on some lofty crest,
In Mountain Park, where you could rest."
"We're coming back," said Bob, "that's
sure,
As soon as we complete our tour,

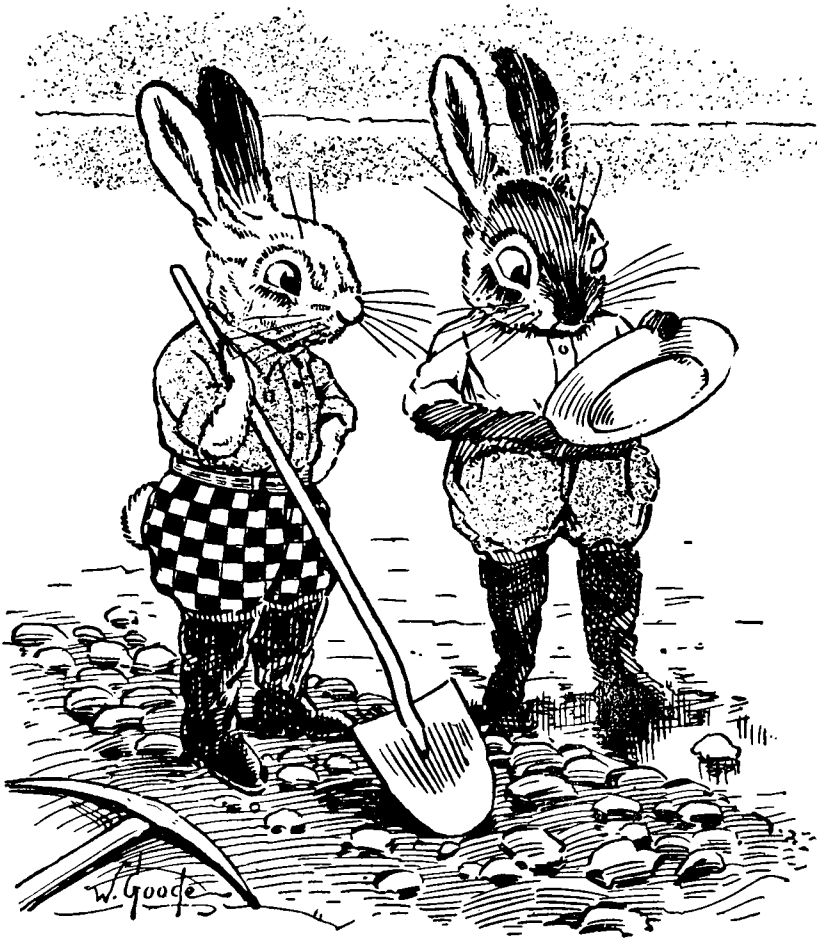
SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA 85

For this great park, its mountain drives,
Will surely lengthen out our lives;
Then for a time we'll settle down,
And live near Banff—this real zoo town,
Where animals are honored so
They name streets after some we know;
Besides, we're told the laws are such
That no one dares to even touch
An animal that cares to roam
In Mountain Park and make his home.”

British Columbia

Throughout B. C., both near and far,
They rode the observation car.
It took them over gorges deep—
They had no time to think of sleep—
Then high along some rocky ledge,
Suspended on the mountain edge,
Through tunnels long, round sharpest
curves—
The dizzy trestles tried their nerves.
They tried the mountain climbing game,
Had thrilling sport—made quite a name,
And climbed Mt. Robson, king of all,
And reached the peak without a fall.

They did their best to get rich quick
By taking shovel, pan and pick,
And starting off in search of gold
Just like the miners brave and bold.
They later saw rare farms of fruit
Along the Okanagan route.



“They did their best to get rich quick by taking shovel, pan and pick.”

To New Westminster then they went
And many busy moments spent
While sorting salmon into bins
And helping canners pack the tins.

When Bob and Bill once more were free,
They sailed the Fraser to the sea,
And in Vancouver, safe and sound,
They started out to look around.
Shaughnessy Heights gave such a view
They went there first because they knew
The silvered mountains with their trees,
And the city fresh with the ocean breeze,
Could all be seen here at their best
By looking north, south, east and west.
In Stanley Park a week they spent—
Saw giant trees where'er they went;
Its thousand acres do provide
Unusual wonders, scattered wide.

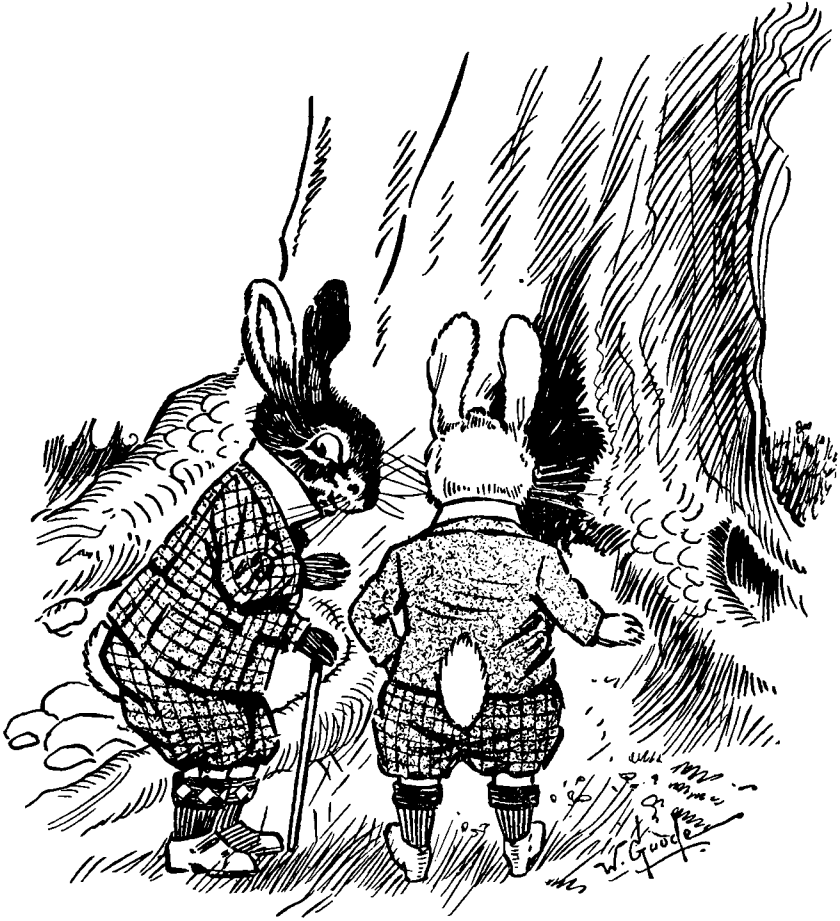
When they had nothing else to do,
They watched the liners steaming through
The Narrows, in and out of port,
With cargoes large of every sort,

From many Oriental climes;
They told about them in their rhymes.
Along the beach at English Bay
They spent a very joyful day.
They saw ships built of wood and steel,
From mast and funnel to the keel,
While lumber mills of greatest size,
To them were B. C.'s chief surprise.
"Vancouver is the fourth, you know,
And then," said Bob, "it's growing so,
Its hustling people well may boast
About its future on the coast."

They travelled in the best of style
When crossing to Vancouver Isle.
The entrance to Victoria seemed
More like a vision, something dreamed.
This port is at the Island's toe,
While farther north is Nanaimo
With many mines and lumber mills,
Encircled by the timbered hills.
Before they left to settle down,
They visited Prince Rupert town;

A brand new port that's growing fast,
A natural harbor, unsurpassed,
And terminal that in years to come
With industry will surely hum.
An ocean cruise of many miles
Took them around Queen Charlotte Isles.
The rabbits planned some future date
(The season now was growing late)
To see the Yukon and its gold,
And northern wonders yet untold.

And now that they had seen the West,
They journeyed back to Banff, to rest.
Officials met them at the train
To make them welcome and explain
How help was needed after dark
To superintend the mountain park.
Should Bob and Bill resume their tour,
Attracted by the country's lure,
Or should they plan a farm to buy,
This healthful occupation try,
It was agreed that they could go
Because they always boosted so.



“In Stanley Park a week they spent, saw giant trees
where'er they went.”

They found their bungalow complete,
With furnishings all new and neat;
A kitchen, white, with every need;
A library in which to read;
One sunny room to dine and chat
About their trip, and this or that.
There hung outside above the door
This sign, which measured two by four—
“This is the home of Bob and Bill,
Come in and see us if you will,
And if you should assistance need,
Or from some trouble would be freed,
We’ll lend our aid, just step inside,
Your story tell, in us confide.”
So here, their journey at an end,
Immediately they planned to send
Letters to all the friends they’d made
To thank them for their kindly aid.
For eight full months from East to West
The climate they had put to test,
So wrote the Premier to advise
That Canada should advertise
And quickly let the whole world know
That this is not a land of snow.

By working hard, early and late,
They brought their diaries up to date,
And told about the good times spent
In crossing this great continent.
They also made a lengthy list
Of all the towns which they had missed,
That should they take a tour once more,
They'd know what still remained in store.

THE END

