

Don't sit down and say you're beaten, just because you lose your grip,
 Make up your mind to get there—though its p'raps a rotten trip,
Grit your teeth and pull the traces—give life's whiffletree a strain,
 And although the road is frosty, your load will start again.

When you find you've struck an incline and the traces start to bite,
 Put your shoulders to the collar, boys, and **pull** with all your might,
 If your feet start sliding backwards—why, you'll surely understand
 That you'll soon regain your foothold if you use a little sand.

I have travelled on life's roadway when the walking wasn't good,
 And I've drawn about as heavy loads as any fellow could,
 But I always thought of "**street-cars**" and you'll find it's simply grand
 If you follow their example, and apply a little sand.

As you draw up to the summit, and you're panting like a bull,
 Just tighten up your traces, **grunt**, and give an **extra pull**,
 And outstretched from the pinnacle, you'll find a helping hand—
You can grab it if you pull again and use a little sand.

BUCKING SNOW.

By Jack Cadden, Railway Mail Service.

Though I am no craven coward, yet I beg to introduce
 To your notice a performance that would furnish an excuse,
 If I sometimes felt the shivers crawling up my vertebra,
 Whilst I twitched a sickly snigger o'er a face as white as clay:

I refer to bucking snow,
 When its forty odd below,
 And the throttle's standing open
 Just as wide as it can go.

Yes, I'll own, nor blush to say it, that I show the yellow streak
 When we're hiking through a blizzard o'er the prairies black and bleak,
 When the headlight's on the hummer and the drift is on the rails,
 And we're waiting, always waiting, for the bump that never fails.

Beastly business, bucking snow
 When your nerves are all ago,
 And the presence of the grab-rods
 Is the only balm you know.

It's hard to quit the gravel for the comforts of the ditch,
 When, for just a single moment all creation starts to pitch,
 But I'd ten times rather have it, (though you'll say its going some),
 Than to sit and hold the air-brake, heading straight for Kingdom Come!

So I "pass" at bucking snow,
 It's a game that's far from slow,
 But it has its little drawbacks,
 And I guess I ought to know!