

SUNSHINE

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MONTREAL

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Sand.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards
one day,
It was waiting in the round-house, where the
locomotives stay ;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled
and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of
sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a
grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the
wheels are apt to slip ;
And when they reach a slippery spot, their
tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it
with sand.

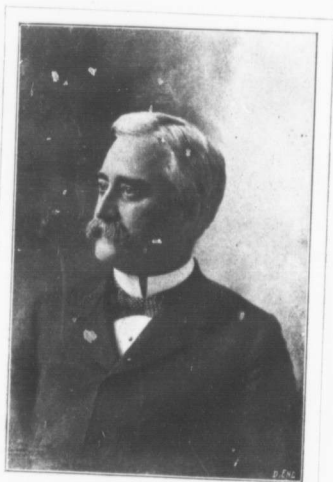
It's about this way with travel along life's slip-
pery track,
If your load is rather heavy and you're always
sliding back ;
So, if a common locomotive, you completely
understand,
You'll supply yourself in starting with a good
supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a
heavy grade,
And if those who've gone before you have the
rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper
tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal
use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover
to your cost
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of
frost,
Then some prompt, decided action will be
called into demand,
And you'll slip down to the bottom if you
haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's
schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's
strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a
rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good
supply of sand.

The Sun Life of Canada is
"Prosperous and Progressive."



HON. JOHN WALTER SMITH,
Governor of Maryland.

(See page 60.)