

was the production of a new snowshoe song, announced with due solemnity by the Captain. A nice little man sat down at the piano, a robust tenor stood beside the treble keys, and between them they gave to the world the following rattler :—

Chilliest of skies above,  
 Coldest of fields below,  
 Bound to the shoe we love,  
 Ever and on we go ;  
 Far as the eye can peer,  
 Where the goal of the Mountain shines,  
 Our forward course we steer,  
 Up to the feathered Pines ;  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Vive la Tuque Bleue.

What if the tempest roars,  
 What if the wild winds blow ;  
 Our buoyant spirit soars  
 Over the steppes of snow ;  
 Swift as the antlered deer,  
 Light as the soft gazelle,  
 The hedge and the wall we clear,  
 And the gorge that we know so well ;  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Vive la Tuque Bleue.

The crescent moon glows bright,  
 Like Ali's scimitar,  
 And the plain reflects the light  
 Of the golden evening star,  
 While with shout and laughter and song,  
 And the beat of our measured pace,  
 We skirt the meadows along,  
 Or join in the champion race ;  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Vive la Tuque Bleue.