

The Travelling Post Office.

Mr. R. Herrod, a member of the recently organized Railway Mail Service Association of Regina, sends the following letter:—

Moose Jaw, May 9th, 1913.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I have read with great interest the efforts of your poet "Low Rate." In the Saskatchewan Division of the Railway Mail Service we have a poet who oftentimes breaks forth into verse. The following is one of his efforts:—

The Ballad of the Goose Lake Line.

By Jack Cadden, R. M. Service.

I've travelled fast, I've travelled far,
By G. T. P. and C. P. R.,
But Heaven send a guiding star,
And keep me off the Kindersley!

O'er Saskatoon the Sun sank low
Across the silent leagues of snow,
As we in haste prepared to go
Along the road to Kindersley.

All day the steady stream had flowed
From every dope-infested road,
And each addition to our load
Brought forth its share of agony.

Left far behind, the city's glare
Dissolv'd itself in empty air,
Whilst in the confines of our car
Progressed the silent tragedy!

Few, few the words we cared to speak;
Tho' scarce, they still were far from weak,
And made the dusty closeness reek
With sulphurous profanity!

Through toil no wage could recompense,
To ends not worth our diligence
We played the game,—and took the chance,
And came at last to Kindersley.

I'll go where Duty's pathway lies,
I'll play the game o'er any ties,
Excepting—(*this I emphasize*).
The road that leads to Kindersley!

Oh! rotten rust and sinking sand,
Unfit for beast, and made for man;
Oh! letter littered, lousey land,
'Twixt Saskatoon and Kindersley.