

DINING CAR
MENU
FOR THE LITTLE FOLK



CANADIAN NATIONAL
LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN AMERICA.



**CANADIAN
NATIONAL
RAILWAYS**

*Sleeping &
Dining Car
Department*





HERE'S the Station! Watch your step!
Now hurry through the gates!
Down the platform with the crowd
Where the long train waits!

There's "C.N.R." on the engine,
There's "C.N.R." on the train,
And on the strap of the porter's cap
There's "C.N.R." again!

"All Aboard!" Ding-dong, ding-dong!
Out into the world we glide;
Oh, I'm glad this car says "C.N.R."
And I'm glad that I'm inside!



LOVE the observation car,
It's like a long hotel,
With comfy chairs and magazines,
A radio as well.

And on the platform at the back
It is the greatest fun
To watch the hills and trees and track
All melting into one.

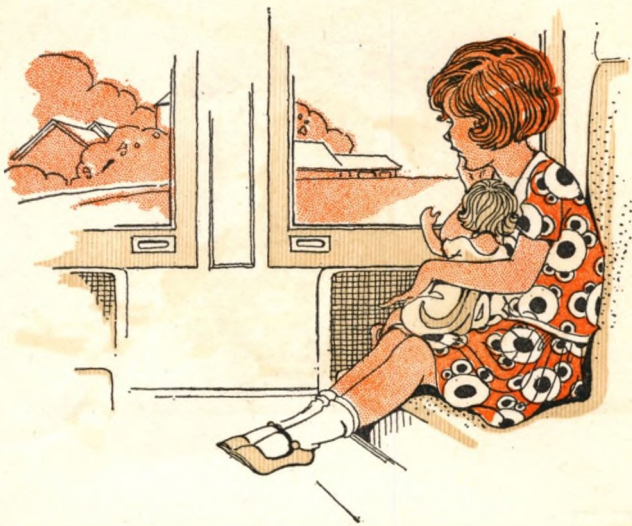
The morning hours they speed away
When you travel C.N.R.,
And oh ! the thrill when the waiters say :
"First call to the dining car !"



If you follow the magic carpet
'Twill lead to a fairy car,
Where all things good in the way of food
Are served by the C.N.R.

The chairs are right for they're just your height,
The bibs are of pink or blue,
And smiling up from each plate and cup
Are the nursery pictures too.

A smiling chef in spotless white
You'll see as you pass through;
His pots and pans are gleaming bright,
He cooks the food for you.



FROM model farms along the way
Come daily fresh supplies
Of vegetables, eggs and cream,
For puddings, cakes and pies.

I love to hear my Daddy say,
When we go in to dine,
"Choose anything you like to-day;
This children's menu's fine !"

Oh ! a shining car is the dining car !
And if I had *my* way,
Such a fairy treat of things to eat
Would be served ten times a day !



A DAILY nap makes children grow
(That's what our porter said).
He brings a pillow white and soft
To put beneath your head.

He'll fix a table for your books,
Your blocks or motor car;
The afternoon flies all too soon
Upon the C.N.R.

And then we have the view outside,
Of mountain, lake or plain,
And watch the pictures as they glide
Beyond the rushing train.



ME

☐ BREAK

40c

Baked Apple
or Sliced Orange
Toasted Brown or
White Bread or Rolls
Milk or Cocoa

50c

Grape Fruit
or Baked Apple
Cereal
Boiled Egg
Corn Meal Muffin
Milk or Cocoa

☐ DIN

50c

Soup
Boiled Potatoes
Milk or Cocoa
Sliced Banana
with Cream

65c

Soup
Poached Egg
on Toast
Mashed Potatoes
Fruit Salad or
Baked Apple
Milk or Cocoa

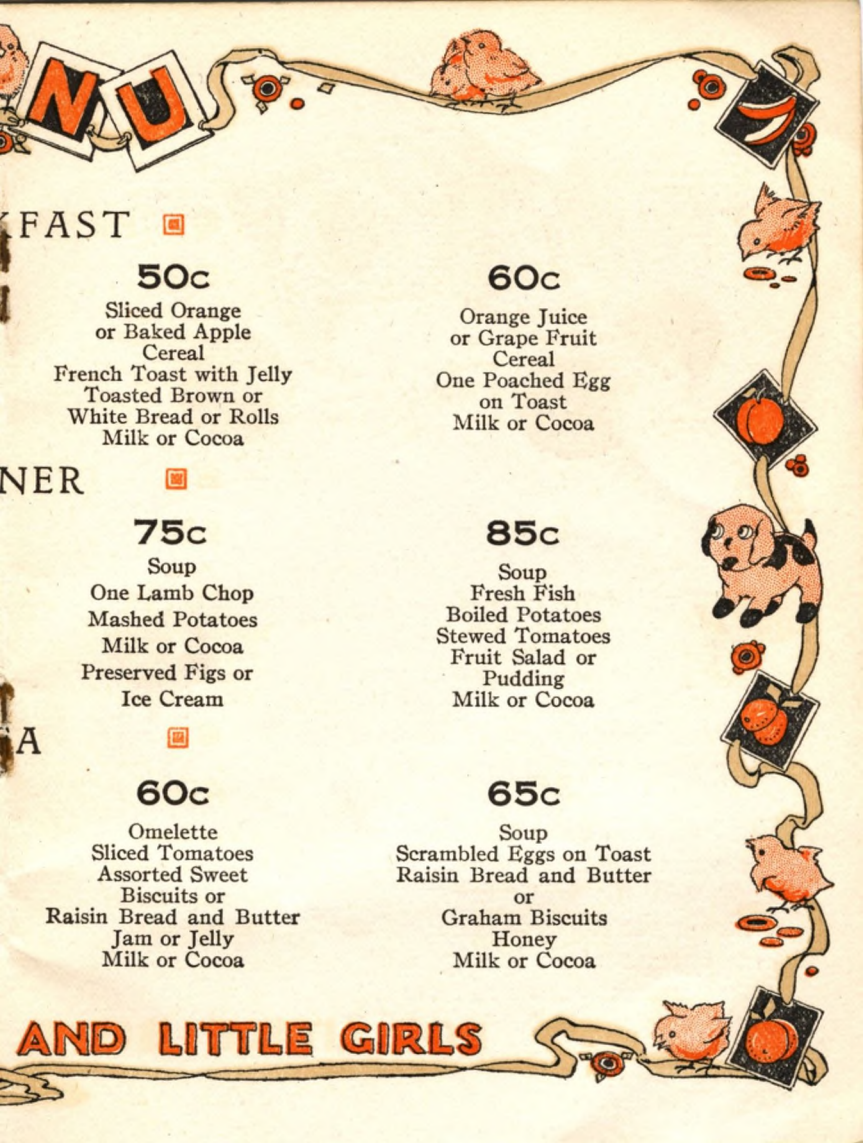
35c


Boiled Egg
Brown or Raisin
Bread and Butter
Sliced Orange
Milk or Cocoa

40c

Egg Salad
Brown or Raisin
Bread and Butter
Malted Milk

FOR LITTLE BOYS



FAST 


50c

Sliced Orange
or Baked Apple
Cereal

French Toast with Jelly
Toasted Brown or
White Bread or Rolls
Milk or Cocoa

60c

Orange Juice
or Grape Fruit
Cereal
One Poached Egg
on Toast
Milk or Cocoa

NER 

75c

Soup
One Lamb Chop
Mashed Potatoes
Milk or Cocoa
Preserved Figs or
Ice Cream

85c

Soup
Fresh Fish
Boiled Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Fruit Salad or
Pudding
Milk or Cocoa

A 

60c

Omelette
Sliced Tomatoes
Assorted Sweet
Biscuits or
Raisin Bread and Butter
Jam or Jelly
Milk or Cocoa

65c

Soup
Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Raisin Bread and Butter
or
Graham Biscuits
Honey
Milk or Cocoa

AND LITTLE GIRLS

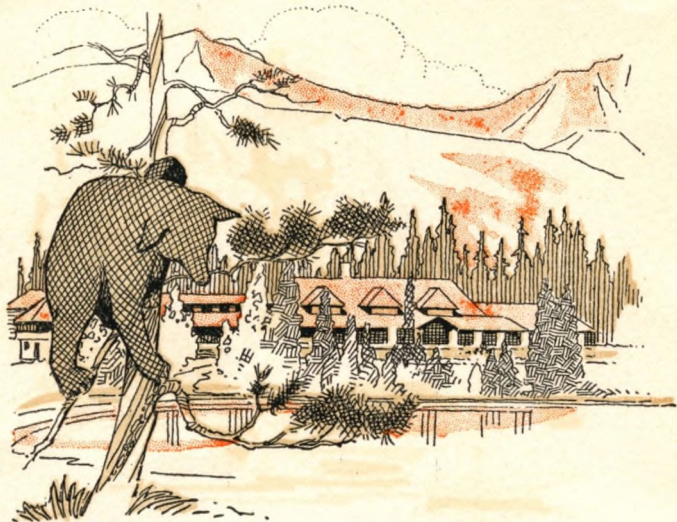


WHEN lights come on and sleepy-time
Is drawing near again,
You wonder where you'll go to bed,
Or if you just sit up instead
And rub your eyes and hold your head,
Or p'rhaps get off the train.

But look ! The porter's all in white,
To make the berths up for the night,
And, with his magic key
Unlocks the stores of bedding neat
And changes every springy seat
Into a private curtained suite
As cosy as can be !



HOW lovely to sink in a white downy bed
When day time and play time are done,
With cunning wee lights just in reach over-
head,
And nothing to trouble the child that's well fed,
Until he wakes up with the sun !
I've a spot in my heart for the good C.N.R.,
Its lodges and inns and hotels,
Its trains are the fastest and best that there are,
With service so perfect there's nothing to mar
The comfort and pleasure of journeys afar—
And that's what unfailingly tells !



LAST year we went to Jasper Lodge,
The C.N.R. Hotel.
I'd never been to such an inn,
Or seen things done so well.

The real live bears came from their lairs
(The very first I'd seen);
They climbed the trees in twos and threes
And ambled round the green.

And all around were mountain peaks
That almost touched the sky,
With ice and snow piled high although
'Twas nearly mid-July !



WHEN Mother wants a week of golf
And Dad to fish or swim,
They always say, "Let's get away !
The children need new vim !"

So to Minaki Lodge we go,
And on the sandy shore
We dig and play and wade all day,
And always beg for more.

While Dad goes fishing, Mother's out
To do the course in par;
So everyone is having fun,
Guests of the C.N.R. !



NATIONAL," my Daddy says,
Means ours—yours and mine,
And so "CANADIAN NATIONAL"
Is our own Railway line.

It carries us from coast to coast
On journeys near and far.
When we stop off it's still our host,
Still does the things we like the most.
Now can you wonder that we boast
Of

our

own

C.N.R.?



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This Booklet enclosed in envelope ready for mailing
may be had on application to Dining Car Steward.