





I love to eat in dining cars;
As on our way we fly,
And sit up in the baby chair
In comfort and so high.

Clickety-click, clickety-click!
The wheels go over the line,
Past rock and lake and mining town,
Past poplar, spruce and pine,


Through little hamlets and big towns,
'Cross farmlands stretching far,

## It's lots of fun to travel

On the good old C.N.R.!


