IN WINTER time 'tis a joy to see
The four-in-hands swing by,
With loads of maple, birch and beech
Their big sleds piled on high.
"They're Cloutier's!" So the people say
"And Cloutier's making good,
For while so many trust to luck
HE keeps on sawing wood."
Out of the far Canadian land
He came to fight his way,
And lands and wealth and high esteem
Are all his own today.
Son of no alien land is he
But ours by right of dower,
A stering, upright business man
A "Man for any Hour."