



WILFRED E. CLOUTIER, LEWISTON.

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 to-day.
 Son of no alien land is he
 But ours by right of dower,
 A sterling, upright business man
 A "Man for any Hour."