

At last," said he, with rare alert,
"I'll bid my tracts for brave Alberta
So with his bundle and good cheer,
He started in the self-same year.

He bought a team of heavy greys,
From Mr. Bange near Mr. Haise,
And said without a hie or huff,
I'll drive my team to willow Bluff."

And on the hilltops of the prairie,
"I'll sow my grain and reap it early,
For with such wit as mine, you know,
I'll show the slocums how to go.

So here he turned his first touch of sod,
With many a dissapointing nod,
Said Barney, with good British cheer,
"Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

Then walking with a manly stride,
He cast his grain both far and wide,
And said again with British cheer,
"Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

He reaps his grain and stacks it high,
While neighbors envy him and sigh,
But he said again, with British cheer,
"Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

I am slow to say what all this cost,
It was gently nipped by an early frost,
But he said again with British cheer
"Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."