

By seeding ere the snow was fully off the ground."

This seemed to him a doctrine entirely safe and sound.

The members of his household said, with him they quite agreed,

Yet all the time they snickered and paid no further heed.

Their little plot was hatched and working in good order,

(Plots thicken and develop fast once plotters cross the border.)

This one, I rejoice to state, had no more serious aim

Than to defeat without delay the Prince's little game.

No Syharites were they, nor bred to country fashion,

They simply had for luxury the very natural passion

Peculiar to Quebec and quite to the manor born.

Quebec, I might add here without blowing any horn,

Is very up-to-date and has circles quite exclusive

Where art and culture are discussed in manner most conclusive.

Eastward the Star of Empire's moved, tho West is growing
musty,

Much too old fashioned in its ways, in art and culture rusty.

But this is by digression. Let me see, Oh ! I was saying,

The members of the Prince's house spent little time in praying.

"Hustle 'Round," that glorious well known motto of the West,

Each member well exemplified, they gave themselves no rest.

For days mysterious cases mere landed at a dépôt

Marked plainly : "White Pines." The clerks all muttered :

"You don't say so !"

But their surprised expression was full echoed by the Prince,

His staff had furnished country house in style that made him
wince.

Such luxury in farmer's house was never seen before,

It came to the Prince a rumor hut still it grieved him sore.

