

There he saw a sign which shouted
That the firm of Mike Maloney
Was at hand to furnish homesteads
Of all sizes and descriptions.

Farmer Corncob, once directed,
Bought Maloney out and told him
What he wanted in the land way,
And enquired how was business.

On the instant that he heard him,
Mike Maloney, on the double,
Quickly cleared his decks for action,
Quickly froze onto the Corncob.

Told him tales about the country,
How the lakes were full of fishes.
How the woods were full of moose,
And the stubble full of chicken.

Told him tales about the barley,
Wheat and oats and many grasses.
Took him out joy-riding, gratis,
In his faithful old tin Lizzie.

Farmer Corncob was delighted
With the country and its prospects,
Settled on a quarter section
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.

Sent a wire to his Mrs.
Who was living in Dakota,
In the land of the Dakotas,
Saying "Come at once and join me,

I have found a second Eden
Where the crops are always bumper.
There is wealth for us awaiting
In the district of Grande Prairie.

Sell the farm and sell the horses,
Sell the cows, and all the chickens,
Come, and bring the little Corncobs,
All the seven little Corncobs."

Mrs. Corncob, as ordered,
Sold the farm and all the chattels,
Brought the seven little Corncobs,
Met her husband in Grande Prairie.

Now the Corncobs, re-united,
Are all settled on a quarter
In the district of Grande Prairie,
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.