



As to quantity and tillage,  
When you come to Grimsby Village,  
Ask Woolverton, for he's the man who knows.  
He doesn't deal in mystics  
But, he'll give you some statistics,  
About this charming "Lady of the Snows."

And if more you want, you'll get it  
Just enquire of A. H. Pettit,  
Who is posted on our record at the shows,  
Of the big Chicago Fair.  
And the laurels gathered there  
By this enterprising "Lady of the Snows."

In your land of boggy weather  
You have gardens in some measure  
Pears upon the wall, gooseberries I suppose;  
But the whole blooming batch  
Wouldn't be a garden patch  
When compared with "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, in winter we have snow,  
And the temperature is low  
And at times the roads get drifted when it blows.  
But with winter sports and pleasure,  
We enjoy it altogether,  
Healthy, happy, with our "Lady of the Snows."

And now, dear Rudyard Kipling,  
I won't say you've been tipling,  
Nor to scold you for your error I propose;  
No doubt you meant it kindly,  
But you did it rather blindly,  
When you called our country "Lady of the snows."

*Craighurst.*

G. C. CASTON.

