

Mother of mighty Empire
Thou callest not in vain.
We of thy womb have hearkened,
And we respond again.

Canada's sons are thy sons,
Loyal are they to each.
Witness O God ! of battles
The lesson this will teach.

A unit when foe threatens,
Resistless in our might.
The call to arms we answer,
Shoulder to shoulder fight.

The bond that binds us ever,
The flag that flies on high,
We glory in as Britons ;
For it we'll fight and die.

Send to our brothers greeting,
Bid them be of good heart.
Brothers to brothers hasten,
Only in death to part.



THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

" Why is it that," you sadly ask,
" The truthful angler finds his task
Of yarning true,
A dreary, thankless one at best,
For he is classed among the rest
A liar, too ? "

The reason why I cannot tell ;
No one relates a yarn so well
As you and me,
And yet, forsooth, it is our luck,
Although to truth we've always stuck,
To doubted be.