

And we'd "canned" from Australia—but all was no go—
Oh for the beef of Old England,
And oh for the true British beef!

Then conscienceless butchers improved upon that,
They bought up the carcass beef, trimmed off the fat,
And swore it was English! What think you of that?
Oh the 'cute butchers of England!
Let's "owe" for their ocean-brought beef!

And now *you*, Miss Canada, send me live-stock
To replenish my store and swell trade at the dock,
Yet failure your well-meant attempt seems to mock—
To improve the roast beef of Old England,
And the funds of our growers of beef!

So what with bad times and competings like these,
And our imports of foreign live-stock with disease,
Poor John Bull is enjoying a deuce of a squeeze,
And he sighs for more luck for Old England,
More power to Old England's roast beef!

MISS C.

My bonnie Scotch boys are serenading me!
They're singing their favourite "Bonnie Dundee."

(Voices in the distance are heard singing vigorously.)

We Kanucks and you Yanks are short-sighted in greed,
We're depriving each other of what we both need;