

X.

Why should we be the *Styptic* made
For Canada's old sores ?
Why should we send our "*choicest men*"
Far from our sea-girl shores ?

XI.

For old sores, as we all well know,
Do oft break out afresh ;
A limb is lost, life ebbs away,
Take warning by "*Secesh.*"

XII.*

But onward ! onward ! still resounds
The cry from far and near,
For Federation all run mad,
And think they've nought to fear.

XIII.

Tho' Federation's paths are steep,
And up a "*winding stair*"—
Led by *ambitious* bands of men,
We'll triumph ! ne'er despair.

XIV.

"*Great Statesmen*" then, we all will prove,
With "*Tilley*" to the fore,
And lord it too, in famous style,
Our sway from shore to shore.

XV.

Then hie away to "*Ottawa* !"
The scheme's both grand and vast,
Such an "*expanded field*" we'll have,
For old, and young, and *fast*.