

MONTREAL. Appearance! yours! I laugh at such pretence—

*I've got the Dollars!*

TORONTO. And I've got *the sense!*

So I'll not quarrel.

WEST. That's well said, my dear;

For even Politicians now appear

To hit it off, and one don't know a bit

Whether a man's Conservative or Grit!

CANADA. My boy, the moral to yourself apply,

And love your brother—

WEST. Love? that's all my eye!

I'll do as I darn please, because I choose—

I never could a-bear them *parlez-vous!*—

EAST. [*Getting angry.*] Dis done, mon frère—

WEST. Ding-dong! Say, no Sirree!

I won't be bullied—aint this country free?

Your tight French cut no longer suits my figure,

For though you're older yet I'm much the bigger,

And growing still, although so stout of limb:

Look on this picture—

WEST. [*Turning round and showing patches.*

[*He has out-grown his clothes to a ridiculous extent*

—pointing to EAST, who is now very angry.

And then look on him!

Look at my jacket—it would be a feat

If I could only make *the two ends meet*—

But yet extravagance is not my taste:

No one accuses me of any *waist*.

I thrive, whilst *he* remains in *statu quo*—

I'm sorry for him—

EAST. You take care, *mon gros*—