

IV.

Is Canada so ill at ease
She needs a *Doctor's* skill?
Must, too, a *Druggist* her attend,
To aid him with a pill?

V.

To her four sister Colonies
In haste, for help she flies;
Such nurses, and such treatment prompt,
A desperate case implies—

VI.

A *sovereign remedy* they've found—
A plaster famed, they say,
Which for a time at least, 'tis hoped,
The hæmorrhage will stay—

VII.

A Federation *sugared pill*,
“Good both for man or critter,”
Till dosed “*ad nauseam*,” she'll find
The sweet, but coats the bitter.

VIII.

Search classic lore, and there portrayed
The God of Healing find;
A wand, the emblem he displays,
With serpent round entwined.

IX.

A Serpent our first tempter was—
Beware its subtle ways;
Trust not to politicians, or
Their “*cure-all*,” of our days.