

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.