

"Garson," you say, "donnay mwah vair doe,"
Or if it's your hat, you say, "Shappo."
If the *garçon* should make reply
Pay no attention. The reason why?
You won't understand, for Cook does not,
Give a thought, not he, to a Frenchy's rot.
With him to ask is to receive,
Any back talk would make him grieve.
"Zho swee American, Garson, vwa-lar,
Vair doe, toot sweet, donnay mwah."
In gay Paree, Cook's book in hand,
Americans can beat the band.



MAPLE LEAVES ⁽¹⁾

The shades of darkness gathered fast,
And 'round the corners swept the blast,
As came the Knight mid snow and ice
With banneret and loved device.

Maple Leaves!

From happy home came this brave Knight,
From household fire both warm and bright,
Yet from his lip escaped no groan,
Upon his banner there still shone.

Maple Leaves!

His brow was set, his eye it flashed,
As at the festal door he dashed,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accent of that well known tongue.

Maple Leaves!

1.—Read at the dinner given to Sir Jas. M. Lemoine at the Garrison Club by his numerous admirers to celebrate his having received a knighthood at the Hands of Her Majesty for his literary services to Canada.