

THE DRAW.



"I've heard," said the Gunner, "your forwards are fine,
And your backs are remarkably sound,
But do you imagine, in spite of all this,
You can lick me upon my own ground?"

"I do," said the Hatter, and smiled a broad smile,
"For at present I'm feeling most fit.
I shall spike all your guns and finally hurl
Your Cup hopes to the bottomless pit."