

stane throwin' habit. Latchford, my man, ye've been awfu' quiet, which isna' yer ordinary, for though ye seldom say onything, ye dae a great deal o' talkin'. I'm no askin' onything original. I'm no' unreasonable an' never ask a man tae dae what nature never fitted him for, but maybe ye've a poem or sompthing ye hae learned an' can recite.

FRANKIE LATCHFORD RECITES—

HOW THEY PLANNED TO BE SAVED.

The party feared defeat and held consultation
As to the best method of fortification.
Quoth Harcourt, the learned, the school-book ring
Will back us up in any old thing.
Says Gibson, Attorney, there's no holes in his suit.
The Tories may grumble but I'll not prosecute.
What, prosecute men who have kept us in place?
See them blanked first, and then I'll do nothing so base.
Says Dakota John Dryden we'll not go on the rocks,
There's my ranch to fall back on, you just bet your socks.
I'll sell my spring calves, cows, hay crop and roots,
And we'll work up some scheme on these Tory galoots.
Up spoke Georgie Ross, the Ontario Premier,
As long as I'm boss, there's nothing to fear,
There's big lumber tips; there's Ontario New.
And to tickle the public I've invented the Soo.
There are railway rebates from appropriations;
And then a few dollars from my favored relations.
The trusts and combines will come into line,
For they can't get away from this string of mine.
Says W. T. R. Preston, who stood in the lobby,
Don't forget my good friends, there's my box-stuffing hobby.
There's heaps of new schemes you'll all have to learn,
And, don't you forget, there'll be ballots to burn.
If the people do find in your doings a flaw,
Possession's nine points in the eyes of the law.
That's the ticket, quoth Ross, we'll pull every string
And, fair play or foul play, we'll sweep everything,
For to carry the day we'll all have to juggle.
Though our bubbles are bursting we'll give them a struggle.
If things do look muddy and start scandal to rise,
We'll look, oh, so innocent, and all shut our eyes.
We want a full pocket to live at our ease;
If a dust is kicked up, don't anyone sneeze.
So hug the machine with vigor and zest.
If we hold to our seats we can brazen the rest;
Swear the treasury's full; swear we've money lent out;
Swear any old thing to save us from rout.
We've had thirty years, but that's not enough,
We'll need thirty more for to bank all the stuff.
Though scandals come out and frauds round us fly,
While we've ballots to burn we'll never say die.
So hail to Dakota and hail to the Soo;
Hail to any old thing that will help us get through.

Curtain.