

Yes, Whitney, honest, bold and brave,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
Thine honor to conserve and save,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
He's true and manly to the core;
He comes with amplitude of lore
Thy varied interests to explore,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

With moral turpitude and fraud,
 On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
 Thy franchise they have rudely clawed,
 On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
 Oh! province mine, canst thou forget,
 The blooming, baidot burning set,
 Oh! we'll "Remember Ross," you bet!
 On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

PROF. ROSS—No, Marter, just sto' there. I can stand nae mair o' that. That's, nae doot, aue of the Midianitish melodies ye used to sing afore ye cam tae us, and while ye were yet in the gall o' Toryism and bonds o' political iniquity. If ye expec' tae share wi' Stratton, an' Rowell, an' Comcee, an' the ithers in the profits o' developin' an' buildin' up, ye maun learn ither tunes an' sangs. Lads, ye might gie us a guid inspirin' sang a'thegither, aue that'll illustrate the real genius o' Leebrialism as ye understand' it.

SONG BY THE COMPANY—

SONG OF THE BUILDERS.

Build up, build up the Party
We call On-ta-ri-o.
We'll share the stuff quite hearty
As far as it will go.

Build up with pulp and timber,
With water-power and ore.
Use up the New Ontario
Then seek fresh fields for more.

Build up the corporations,
The Railway Magnates, too.
Build up the school book ringsters—
There's a slice for me and you.

PROF. ROSS—Na', na', lads, that'll no dae. Ye'll no' build up the pairty wi' that kind o' a sang. Stratton, man, bottle that bazoo o' yours and try tae get yerself' into a pious an' sober frame o' mind. It's fair poeetical blasphemy tae hint that we get our campaign siller oot o' the price of the weans' books.