

N. W. ROWELL.—Oh, no, Jim; you were in it up to the eyes, by proxy, of course—typewriters and friends, you know. You sing, Conmee, you were in it, too.

PROF. CONMEE—In what, Rowell?

N. W. ROWELL.—Oh fudge, Conmee, don't play innocent. This is no Sunday School. You know what they mean. Sing about the only thing that's left to sing about.

PROF. ROSS.—Ye are a' bashfu' an' ye were a' in it. Sing aboot Spanish River, or Montreal River, or Blanche River, or Nipigon River, or any o' the ither spots whaur ye got grafts. Noo, a'thegither. Easy wi' your cowbells, Dryden; loud on the cornet, Davis; no quite sae high wi' your horn, Gibson; tak' yer time frae Marter, lads.

SONG BY THE COMPANY—

WAY UP UPON THE SPANISH RIVER.

'Way up upon the Spanish River,
Far, far away.
There's where our hearts are turning ever,
There's where we watch and prey.

All up and down the whole north country,
Hungry we roam,
Still looking for a new location—
Something to carry home.

All the country's well culled over,
Everywhere we roam.
Oh brothers don't you wish 'twas bigger,
More stuff to carry home.

'Way over all the whole north country.
What is left to-day?
What for the coming settler's comfort,
But brushwood, rocks and clay?

All the country's well culled over,
Everywhere we roam.
Oh! brothers don't you wish 'twas bigger—
More swag to carry home.

PROF. ROSS.—Weel, lads, that'll dae for this time. We haena' spoken o' a' the beauties an' virtues o' leeberalism, tae be sure; neither hae we said a' that might be said o' the abominations o' Toryism, for on baith these topics whole volumes might be written an' said. If we had the time I've nae doot we might be able to mak it plain tae the meanest comprehension that it wasna' us but the Tories that did the personatin' an' pluggin', an' switchin', an' spoilin' o' ballots in Elgin an' Waterloo an' ither places, an' that it was a Tory emissary that burned the ballots up in the park. But we've done very weel; though I maun again caution you against the danger an' inadvisability o' bein' ower candid an' outspoken. If ony o' ye are every tempted to mak allusions tae deals an' grafts in which ither o' ye are interested, my advice is tae "let that flee stick tae the wa'." An' if onybody taunts ye wi' bein' intae ony o' thae things just "jouk an' let the jaw gang by" as the old sayin' has it. Ye're a' in glass houses an' its far better no' tae get intae the