

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

If the following Campaign Songs are not perfect little gems their authors are to
blame, I am not.

ONTARIO.

"Row de dow, dow, dow," says the drummer,
"Fie! O fie! fie! fie!" says the bummer,
"Shy, O shy, shy, shy," says the *shyster,
"Lie, O lie, lie, lie," says the liester.
I will let the tories see
That I will lie and save this summer,
Sweet Onta-ri-o-i-ee!

* Shyster, a grade of lawyer below a pettifogger.

MOWAT.

THE BENEFACTOR.

Who is he that makes the money
Float around like milk and honey—
Makes the days so very sunny?—
Big-nosed Johnny.

Who is he that makes the grass grow?
Who's the chap can give them sauce, O?
Who gets off the bestest gas, O?
Big-nosed Johnny.

Johnny, he's the re-al stingo;
He's so full of gallant lingo;
He's the boy I'll bet, by jingo,
Big-nosed Johnny.

SIR JOHN'S OLD FRIEND

AFTER THE STORM

The Tories have the battle won,
They're going to have all the fun
As true as I'm a son of a gun,
"But de'il may care."