

END MAN STRATTON—Kin ye tell me why de electors of Souf Ontario are like a box of red herrin'?

PROF. ROSS—I gie it up, Jimmie. Why?

END MAN STRATTON—Because the're Dryden cured. Loud applause from all the minstrels save one.)

PROF. ROSS—Ne'er mind their bit jokes, Johnnie. Gie us a sang, John.



SONG BY END MAN DRYDEN—

THE FARMIN' MAN.

I once took a trip from On-ta-ri-o  
And the people kicked like—well  
'Twas my love for the cattle that made me go  
To a better land than On-ta-ri-o;  
'Twas thus that I slipped and fell.

I'm a farmer good, as you all do know,  
And I think it little harm  
To feather my nest while my herds do grow  
In a better land than On-ta-ri-o  
When winter drives the storm.

For the days will be cold at the end of May  
And chilly for more than me;  
If Stratton now thinks he can hold his sway,  
Just because his water power will pay;  
Let him stick to his dam and see.