

END MAN DRYDEN—Then you'll be like that river down Peterborough way, Jim.

END MAN STRATTON—Well I never was caught roping Yankee steers any-way. My patriotism goes deeper than the hide.

END MAN DRYDEN RECITES—

Fools may prate of love of country
Fools may sneer at horns and hide;
This is not the poor man's mecca;
Like it is "The other side."
When they're through with pulp and timber
'Twill be but fit for frogs and geese;
Let them now their guns unlimber,
Greatest smooth-bore, Pettypeice.

PROF. ROSS—Ah, by-the-bye, we've had naething frae Petty. I hear you an' him hae composed a duet between ye, John. Let us hear it.

DUET BY MESSRS. DRYDEN AND PETTYPIECE—

THE COW-BOY STATESMAN.

"Cow Puncher! Cow Puncher! Where went you, Jock?"
"I went to Dakota to see to my flock."

"Herd Laddie! Herd Laddie! Why did you go?"
"I fervently trusted that no one would know."

"Herd Laddie, isn't this country your pride?"
"My job in Ontario's just 'on the side.'"

"Herd Laddie! What of your poorly paid plowman
If 'on the side' he should act as a cowman?"

"The workman who gives not his whole time to me
Will find himself short of a part of his fee."

"Herd Laddie! Isn't your duty the same?"
"Not by a jug full, it's part of the game."

No man by deputy wieldeth a spade,
With us it's different—belongs to the trade."

"Herd Laddie! What of a ranch over here?"
"No sort of place for to fatten a steer."

"Cow Puncher! What of a cabinet there?"
"And leave our dear Province to other folk's care!"

I love my dear country so long as I see
Some thousands and pickings a coming to me."

PROF. ROSS—That's very edifyin'. Stratton, man, as I intimated afore, your voice is mair loud than tunefu', but ye might sing us a verse or twa.

END MAN STRATTON—Rowell, you sing, you were in it more than me.