

They're going now to plant us;
Kind people do not taunt us,
We're going where the chilly winds do blow.
We can hear the ballots falling—
The other chaps a calling
We'll soon be out o' business
For—we—must—go.

END MAN STRATTON—Say, Professor, what you let 'em sing that song for?

PROF. ROSS—We've got to sing something new, Jimmie, or I greatly fear
our power is gone.

END MAN STRATTON—Cheer up, Professor, our power's all right.



PROF. ROSS—Aye man, nae doot it is, but we canna' use your power.

END MAN DRYDEN—How many horse-power have you got down at Peterboro, Jim?

END MAN STRATTON—You mean cow power out in Dakota, Johnnie.

PROF. ROSS—Nae personal allusions, lads, steer clear o' that kind o' talk.
(Applause from the Minstrels.)

END MAN DRYDEN—Say, Professor, kin you tell me why de electors of
Norf Toronto are like old pagan Roman persecutors?

PROF. ROSS—Na, Johnnie, I can see nae resemblance. Why is it?

END MAN DRYDEN—Because they'll kill a Marter, sah! (Yah, yab, yah,
from the minstrels.)

END MAN STRATTON—Say, Professor, kin you tell me, kin you?

PROF. ROSS—Can I tell ye what?