

We'll sing our gran' old battle hymn. Noo, Stratton, ye needna laugh. It's no' Preston's favorite I'm meanin'.



SONG BY THE COMPANY—

HOLD THE PORK.

Ho, my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky;
"Pluggers, switchers, now are needed
For election's nigh."
"Hold to office for we want it,"
Ross he signals still.
Wave the answer, "Tap the barr'l
Then, by jinks, we will."

See the Tory host advancing;
Whitney leading on;
Mighty public issues calling,
Timber almost gone.
"Stick to temperance and to toddy,"
Ross, he signals still.
Wave the answer, "Tap the barr'l,
With the stuff we will."

Hear the mighty Stratton rumble
With his loud bazoo;
On our leader's words we'll gamble,
Whether false or true.
"Build us up, for we're Ontario,"
Ross he signals still.
Wave the answer, "Send us pluggers,
With their help we will."

PROF. ROSS—That wasna' badly done. But what for did you quit, Stratton?

END MAN STRATTON—They said "bazoo" and "rumble," and Dryden was laughing. I'll be —— if I'll stand it.