

PROF. ROSS—Tut! Tut! Mowat, that'll never do. It's maist heretical. It's as bad as gin it had been composed by that camsteary bodie Doctor Adams. Canna' ye gie us something mair cheerfu' an' encouragin'?



SONG BY PRESIDENT MOWAT—

TRUE LIBERALISM. (*New Variety.*)

Oh, there's Conmee and there's Marter,
And there's Stratton—he's a tartar—
And other clever fellows in the deal.
How they grab the land and timber
While their consciences, so limber
Always say they "develop" when they steal.

Oh, it's pulp, pulp, pulp,
And it's deal, deal, deal.
And to sum it all up,
It's a steal, steal, steal.

PROF. ROSS—Man, man, Mowat, that's awfu'. Can ye no' understand that though this is but a rehearsal, we shouldna' be sae ready tae ca' things by their right names. Hae ye nae regard for the feelins o' our friends. Then there's our new friend, Marter, wha has made a very strang protest against calling certain very profitable transactions steals. Wad ye mind sayin' a word, Marter, just tae show that ye hevna taken offense.

SPEECH BY MR. MARTER—

I may say, gentlemen, that I am greatly pleased to be with you to night,