

When we give a grocery order to a friend at double price
To get for the Machine a little oil,
We hold it isn't pleasant, and it's very far from nice,
To be worried by the questionings of Hoyle.

When we give a friend a contract so he'll make a little pile
And be able for to help us in his turn,
It's hard to see Carscallen try the little game to spoil,
And all the whys and wherefores ask to learn.

When with the corporations we have fixed a little deal,
And thus secured a rake-off for the boys,
We are very much discouraged, and sad it makes us feel
To be questioned by the Whitneys and the Foys.



PROF. ROSS—That's real fine an' appropriate, but ye might hae said something about Miscampbell, an' Matheson, an' Pyne. They're just as bad as the lave o' them. Noo, Rowell, man, ye might gie us something. Yon concession ought to inspire yon tae sing sangs in praise o' leebralism.

SONG BY N. W. ROWELL—

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS.

Palsied the hand that forges jokes
At our fat contracts squinting;
And withered be the nose that pokes
Into the school book printing.

PROF. ROSS—Stop, man, stop. Your sentiments are sound enough, and I cordially agree wi' them, but they dinna dae for public expression. Ye're ower candid man. Harcourt, ye maun tak the lad in hand an' gie him lessons in metapheesics. Noo for a change, let us hae something elevating an' inspiring.