

SONG BY EDITOR WILLISON—

THE GLOBE'S DAILY HYMN.

Who was it that builded Niagara Falls?

Why, Ross and Stratton and Ross.

Who buys for the farmers their overalls?

Why, Ross and Dryden and Ross.

Who spent all the surplus and has it yet?

Why, Ross and Harcourt and Ross.

Who can conjure an asset out of a debt?

Why, Ross and Harcourt and Ross.

Who is it that makes the crops to grow?

Why, Ross and Dryden and Ross.

Who was it discovered On-ta-ri-o?

Why, Ross and Davis and Ross.

Who is it that makes the hens to lay?

Why, Ross and Dryden and Ross.

Who tells the sun the time o' day?

Why, Ross and Latchford and Ross.

Who planted the forests of spruce and pines?

Why, Ross and Davis and Ross.

Who placed the metals down in the mines?

Why, Ross and Davis and Ross.

Who was it that put the machine at play?

Why, Ross and Gibson and Ross.

Who helped the pluggers to get away?

Why, Ross and Gibson and Ross.

Who have fed the electors on buncombe and trash?

Why, Ross and his outfit and Ross.

Who is it the people are eager to smash?

Why, Ross, his machine and Ross.

PROF. ROSS—Weel done Willison, ye dae us but simple justice in the main; but do ye no' think that some deil's buckie o' a Tory got haud o' your muse at the last? I'll call, noo, on Maister Mowat, President of the Toronto Leebral Association, for a sang.

SONG BY PRESIDENT MOWAT—

THEY WON'T DO A THING TO ONTARIO.

The grafter's foot is on thy shore,

On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

The ballot switcher's at thy door,

On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Connec and Rowell and forty more,

Gibson and Barber, they rush to the fore—

An army of heelers to plunder thy store

Of pulp wood and timber limits galore,

On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.