

Then for paper, and printing, and binding, too,  
Not less than five per cent. will do.  
If you count these up it will show you, boss,  
Thirty-three per cent. is the school books loss.  
Or in other words, and to make it plain,  
Thirty-three per cent. is the children's gain.  
Now these are the facts as you all may see,  
My case it is proven, and q e d.  
We must juggle the figures, or I tell you  
We'll have to vacate, and that p d q.

PROF. ROSS—Man, Richard, that's grand; its real metaphysical. Ye may a' tak pattern from Dick. If ye'll gie me a day figurin' in the Treasury I'll gie ye my picture, Dick. I'm wantin' to prove that we hae spent a' that surplus for the benefit o' the ratepayers; that we hae spent it ower again buildin' asylums an' the like; that we hae spent it a third time by distributin' it amang the municipalities; an' that notwithstandin' the report o' the Commission we hae got it a' safe an' snug in the treasury still, and four or five million mair forby. Ye'd just be the man to prove that, Dick. Man but ye're a graun' example o' the real practical nature o' our educational system, especially the mathematical part o't, an' the classical part, tac, for thae letters ye use stan' for Latin I'm thinkin'. Noo, let us hae a chorus that'll make the Tories quake, Rowell, lad, tak the bass an' mind the time. Steady Stratton, man, will ye never learn that noise isna' just exactly the same thing as music. Noo, a'thegither.

CHORUS BY THE COMPANY—

THERE'S A LAND.

There's a land where we'll all make our pile  
Up where Ottawa starts for the sea.  
There the boys get their pulp by the mile  
Giving pledges to help you and me.

In this pulp-ulp-ulp, by-and-bye,  
We will gulp all this pulp by-and-bye.  
Let us gulp-ulp-ulp all this pulp-ulp-ulp.  
For it may be our last chance to try.

PROF. ROSS—Ye're daein' real well. Noo try anither sang. Gie the Tories something that'll mak their lugs dirl.

SONG BY THE COMPANY—

THE TROUBLESOME OPPOSITION.

There's a lot of pesky fellows who always want to know  
Why we spend the public money as we do;  
They keep poking in their noses and asking us to show  
What we've done with the surplus that we blew.

When to save some friends from trouble, who had labored for the cause,  
We did—a little something, in our turn,  
It was hard to have Maediarmid keep pointing out the flaws  
In our tale of how the ballots chanced to burn.