

GOING TO HULL.

The other night while walking round,
A lot of my old chums I found,
And when I said "Where are you bound?"
They said "We're going to Hull."

Farewell bars that sell soft drinks,
Welcome Bridges golden LINKS,
Across the river we'll have high jinks,
We're going to Hull."

Just then I saw Old Blinks go past,
I never saw him walk so fast,
"Where are you going, old friend?" I asked.
Said he, "I am going to Hull."

And then I saw Old Cupboard-bare,
He lives in a cellar down a stair,
He'd left his wife and children there,
And he was going to Hull.

Then a shabby man with colored nose,
Whose wife works hard at washing clothes,
As he passed by he said, "Here goes,
I am going to Hull."

At last I said to Jack Disgrace,
"What makes the folks to Hull all race?"
Said he, "It's the SPIRIT of the place,
That makes them go to Hull."

I know little of the appetite,
With which these people have to fight,
But I know a power can put them right,
Without them going to Hull.

Who drinks Hull SPIRITS shall thirst again,
GOD puts His SPIRIT in all men,
Who yield to Him they thirst not then,
To go to Hull.

OTTAWA RIVER.

A toper in a bar-room stood,
Drinking something he thought good,
Neglecting wife and son and daughter,
Speaking loud of river water,
He said "You're drinking from a sewer,
The water never could be pure.
I'll never drink of it again,
Hurrah for Porter and Champagne."

A chum who knew a thing or two,
Said "Now Toper that will do,
It's not the water you should fear,
But the so-called engineer,
He has given us the shock,