

Our province, too, must make a move
And things will soon be starting,
For Dick McBride* has crossed the tide,
(We wish him joy at parting).
The world shall hear our factories roar,
And ask us, "What's the row, Sir?"
When old B.C. shall governed be
By me (and Billy Bowser*).

We'll then away to Ottawa
To straighten the Dominion,
And questions sore shall be no more
A matter of opinion.
The faults of party politics
Shall all be on the shelf,
And men will boast, from coast to coast,
Of (Borden and) myself.

And then we'll take another step
And turn to things Imperial.
And we will show, what Britons know,
We have the right material!
For harmony shall reign supreme
And perfect peace shall be,
When British lands are in the hands
Of (Bottomley and) me.

Feb. 2nd, 1916.

* *Well-known figures in Port Alberni
political circles.*