

money I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and so he ought. When I pay a man I expect him to do his work and if he gets caught not to squeal and give us away. No, sir, I can say "cross my heart" and "hope I may die" if I ever knew of any crooked work (except what was justified by party necessity). In fact I never knew anything and don't now.

PROF. ROSS—There, there, that'll dae, Alec, naebody wad accuse ye o' kennin onything, an' ye needna speak sae emphatic, man; ye're no gein evidence afore the West Elgin Commission. But I see the Globe is represented here the night, can ye no gie us a sang, Rowell? Còme, tune up, mon, an' dinna be bashful. Ye're ne'er blate when ye're askin' for things.

SONG BY DIRECTOR ROWELL—

THE POLITICAL ROBIN-SON.

I'm monarch of all I survey,	Oh law pleading where is the prize
My right there is none to dispute;	Pettyfoggers have seen in the job?
On the Niipigon river and bay	Better into good pulp to the eyes,
I am boss of the stuff—it's a bute.	Than citing old cases, begob.

PROF. ROSS—That's the true ring, Rowell, man. Noo let us sing a the-gether about oor policy in general.

CHORUS BY THE COMPANY—

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

Let us gather up the timber in the New Ontario.
 Let us not forget the pulp wood—that belongs to Grits, you know.
 Let us take our share of comfort in the blessings that we get,
 For the day is surely coming when we'll sorely need them yet.

Then gather up the timber,
 Then gather up the timber,
 Then gather up the timber,
 For the chilly by-and-bye.

Let us collar all the pulp wood that will sell for ready cash,
 Leaving just the rocks and brushwood for the dirty farmer trash.
 Let us—

PROF. ROSS—Let us stop, lads, stop. This is but a rehearsal, tae be sure, an' there's nae harm where we're a' friends, but oot in the country a sang like that wandna' dae. Gin the fairmers desert us what's our fate?

PROF. DAVIS—Well, Professor, what else is left to the farmer in New Ontario?

PROF. ROSS—Right, Davis, lad. Ye did yon job like a real new leebral, but we mustna' advertize it. Let us consider where we're at. Tae be or no' tae be. That's the question. Or in ither words, Mabec aye an' Mabec no. I'm thinkin' no', he spoilt us. We'll hae tae mak' a big push to win. The contractors an' ithers we hae "built up" are wi us tae a man; sae are the book publishing bodies, an' wi' good reason, we hae "ouilt" them up an' may fairly expec' them tae come down handsomely. There's funds enough, but I'm no feelin' very cheerfu' for a' that.

PROF. DAVIS—What more do we want than money and the support of the corporations?