

**BUILD UP ONTARIO**



**PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS, 1902.**

AR3553

# LAST REHEARSAL

FOR THE FAREWELL TOUR  
OF THE

## ROSS MINSTRELS

Positively the Last Appearance in Ontario of the  
Greatest Aggregation of Talent ever  
Combined under One Management

ADVANCE AGENT

ALEXANDER SMITH

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

GEORGE WASHINGTON ROSS

Assisted by the Greatest Living  
End Men Now on Earth

JOHNNIE DRYDEN

JIMMIE STRATTON

SEE THE ARRAY OF TALENT !!!

7	AXE GRINDERS	7
7	MACHINE HUGGERS	7
7	JUGGLERS	7
7	LOG ROLLERS	7
7	BALLOT BURNERS	7
7	SURPLUS MELTERS	7
7	THIMBLE RIGGERS	7
<hr/> 49	ARTISTS	<hr/> 49

At each performance Professor Ross will perform his inimitable self-swallowing act, to slow Referendum  
Music by the Company



THE ADVANCE AGENT

# Grand Opening Chorus

BY THE WHOLE COMPANY



## THE PATRIOT'S FAREWELL.

They're going now to plant us,  
No more we'll spend the taxes;  
They say they do not want us  
To grind our little axes.  
Of office we're not weary;  
But yet we're getting leary.  
They're going now to plant us,  
And—we—must—go.

We're going out o' business,  
We're going out o' business;  
We're going where the chilly winds do blow,  
Oh the other chaps are calling,  
We can hear the ballots falling,  
We're going out o' business,  
And—we—must—go.

We skinned them out o' timber;  
We took a surplus over—  
We made our pledges limber  
And lived in office clover.  
But now the funds are busted,  
We feel we won't be trusted;  
They'll put us out o' business,  
And—we—must—go.

They're going now to plant us;  
Kind people do not taunt us,  
We're going where the chilly winds do blow.  
We can hear the ballots falling—  
The other chaps a calling  
We'll soon be out o' business  
For—we—must—go.

END MAN STRATTON—Say, Professor, what you let 'em sing that song for?  
PROF. ROSS—We've got to sing something new, Jimmie, or I greatly fear  
our power is gone.

END MAN STRATTON—Cheer up, Professor, our power's all right.



PROF. ROSS—Aye man, nae doot it is, but we canna' use your power.

END MAN DRYDEN—How many horse-power have you got down at Peterboro, Jim?

END MAN STRATTON—You mean cow power out in Dakota, Johnnie.

PROF. ROSS—Nae personal allusions, lads, steer clear o' that kind o' talk.

(Applause from the Minstrels.)

END MAN DRYDEN—Say, Professor, kin you tell me why de electors of Norf Toronto are like old pagan Roman persecutors?

PROF. ROSS—Na, Johnnie, I can see nae resemblance. Why is it?

END MAN DRYDEN—Because they'll kill a Marter, sah! (Yah, yah, yah, from the minstrels.)

END MAN STRATTON—Say, Professor, kin you tell me, kin you?

PROF. ROSS—Can I tell ye what?

END MAN STRATTON—Kin ye tell me why de electors of Souf Ontario are like a box of red herrin'?

PROF. ROSS—I gie it up, Jimmie. Why?

END MAN STRATTON—Because the're Dryden cured. Loud applause from all the minstrels save one.)

PROF. ROSS—Ne'er mind their bit jokes, Johnnie. Gie us a saug, John.



SONG BY END MAN DRYDEN—

#### THE FARMIN' MAN.

I once took a trip from On-ta-ri-o  
And the people kicked like—well  
'Twas my love for the cattle that made me go  
To a better land than On-ta-ri-o;  
'Twas thus that I slipped and fell.

I'm a farmer good, as you all do know,  
And I think it little harm  
To feather my nest while my herds do grow  
In a better land than On-ta-ri-o  
When winter drives the storm.

For the days will be cold at the end of May  
And chilly for more than me;  
If Stratton now thinks he can hold his sway,  
Just because his water power will pay;  
Let him stick to his dam and see.

I show how to churn and butter to bring,  
And I've sold some eggs for cash.  
I snap my fingers and swear, by jing,  
That I'll join again with a Yankee ring,  
Though Ontario goes to smash.

PROF. ROSS—Noo, Dryden, lad that'll no' dae. I'll admit that ye hae the real leebal principles, an' your patriotism's o' a real leebal kind, but ye should na' speak sae plain. Cannie's the word. Ye'll hae to cut that last verse out, for, as the guid book says (though the text is nae in my version) we must be wise as doves an' as harmless as serpents till after the 29th. After that ye may sing anything ye like, but I misdoot some o' us will feel mair like sighin' than singin'. Gibson, man, ye're the heid o' the morality department o' the Ministry, gie us an edifyin' sang about how we deal with evildoers.



SONG BY PROF. GIBSON—

Oh I'm a policeman bold,  
Don't you know.  
And I do as I am told,  
Don't you know.  
If a Tory plug a vete,  
I will make of it a note  
And I'll take him by the throat  
Don't you know.  
If a Grit should "lead" his thumb,  
Don't you know.  
I'll be deaf and also dumb,  
Don't you know.  
If the party make a slip  
And the ballot box should tip,  
Then—my finger's on my lip,  
Don't you know.

PROF. ROSS—That'll dae, Gibson. Its true leebal principle nae doot, but it's put raither plain. Ye should be mair metaphysical. I'm sure ye'll no say ye ever kent or heard tell o' any leebals daein' ony "slippin'."

PROF. GIBSON—Certainly not, nothing of the kind ever came under my notice. I'll leave it to Smith. Eh, Smith?

ADVANCE AGENT SMITH—No, sir. You never saw anything suspicious in West Elgin or elsewhere. Your back was turned. I never saw anything either. I never knew of a single case. I never saw Pritchett, nor Lewis, nor Bolé, nor O'Gorman, nor Vance, or any of those fellows in my life. I don't believe there are any such persons. I never spoke to Pritchett; the last time he wanted



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 Nipegon 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 leebra, 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, Mabee aye an' Mabee 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?

PROF. ROSS—Man Elihu, ye maun hae had the heid as well as the hide tanned. We want votes man, votes. Whether they're cast for us or meerly coonted for us is no sae particular, but votes we maun hae, an' gin the fairmers an' the workinmen bodies leave us we're lost, an' I wadna' gie the smell o' a burnt ballot for our chances if ye sing sangs like that. What dae ye think, Marter? We aye had a deal o' respec' for your opeenion, an' we think mair o't noo since ye've become, as it were, a brand snatched from the burning'. Ye must sing us a sang.



SONG BY MR. MARTER—

THE SONG OF THE NEWEST RECRUIT.

The way I got my title's by a habit I have got  
Of getting cheaply in the game while others pay the shot.  
I tried to work my party, to play my little game,  
But Whitney wouldn't stand it, so to the Grits I came.  
I've made my peace with Gibson, and a little deal with Ross,  
So, Grits of North Toronto, in me behold your boss.  
I'll work the "temperance" racket and the "independent" fake,  
And if your machine's in order we'll make the Tories quake.

Ground Floor Grafter is my name.  
Ground Floor Grafter is my name.  
Who's the man that turned his coat,  
And has the gall to ask your vote?  
Ground Floor Grafter is his name.

PROF. ROSS—Weel done, Marter. The candor an' frankness is maist better than the music. Noo we'll hear frae the sweet singer o' New Ontario. Come, tune up, Conmee, an' pit Shakespeare tae shame.

SONG BY JIMMIE CONMEE

THE TRIUMPH OF SCRAP.

Oh, the only song I sing when my muse is on the wing  
Is the one that makes us ready for the fray.  
Oh the trusts to us belong for we helped them to be strong,  
And they'll help us in return when comes the day.

Scrap, scrap, scrap, assessment's easy  
For the gangs who see us through.  
If a town should want a plant  
They will quickly find they can't  
Till they buy the private corporation, too.

(Wild cheers from the company.)

PROF. ROSS—Canny, lads, canny. Conmee ye're a great poet an' a great singer, but ye hae a bad habit o' bein' ower candid. Ye speak the truth, man, an' its a dangerous habit tae get intae for a man o' your age, an' fatal tae your chances o' poeetical promotion. I canna' help reflectin' what might hae been the consequence if I, myself, hadna' broken off the habit in early life. I certainly never wad hae attained tae my present high position. I wad impress upon ye a' that while a man may admire truth in the abstract, as I dae mysel', yet in practice there's times when it will be fand expedient tae modify, an' qualify, an' justify ye're statements. Speakin' as a man o' some experience I may say that as a rule there should be nae greater proportion o' truth in an average political statement than there is o' common sense in ane o' Patullo's speeches, or originality in our friend Sam Clark's jokes. Ye'd be far better tae deenounce the corporations an' abuse the Trusts. Ye'll please the silly votin' bodies, an' ye'll no alarm the corporations a bit. If they dinna ken you they ken me an' Stratton, an' Gibson, an' Harcourt, an' they're no' a bit feared o' us daein' ony harm tae them. Noo we'll hae a word or twa frae ane that we're proud tae hae wi' us the night. I'm meaning Maister Willison o' the Globe.

SPEECH BY EDITOR WILLISON—

Christian friends—that is to say, Fellow-workers in the cause of the—of the People. I mean, of course, the best interests of the Liberal Party. It gives me great and unalloyed pleasure to hear your leader counsel you with sage advice. I may say that the Globe has always stood up for the noble principles enunciated by your leader. The rule of our office is the same that has guided the whole political life of the great man—may I not say the truly great and good man who leads you. These principles are to treat the truth with the utmost reverence and respect, using it sparingly as such a precious commodity should be used, and only upon rare occasions exposing it to the vulgar gaze of the common herd, which I hold with your leader, would be a veritable casting of pearls before swine. In honor of our leader and his eminent colleagues I have composed a song which I shall be pleased to sing to you.

SONG BY EDITOR WILLISON—

THE GLOBE'S DAILY HYMN.

Who was it that buided 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 Leebal  
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.

PROF. ROSS—Tut! Tut! Mowat, that'll never do. It's maist heretical. It's as bad as gin it had been composed by that camsteary bodie Doctor Adams. Canna' ye gie us something mair cheerfu' an' encouragin'?



SONG BY PRESIDENT MOWAT—

TRUE LIBERALISM. (*New Variety.*)

Oh, there's Conmee and there's Marter,  
And there's Stratton—he's a tartar—  
And other clever fellows in the deal.  
How they grab the land and timber  
While their consciences, so limber  
Always say they "develop" when they steal.

Oh, it's pulp, pulp, pulp,  
And it's deal, deal, deal.  
And to sum it all up,  
It's a steal, steal, steal.

PROF. ROSS—Man, man, Mowat, that's awfu'. Can ye no' understand that though this is but a rehearsal, we shouldna' be sae ready tae ca' things by their right names. Hae ye nae regard for the feelins o' our friends. Then there's our new friend, Marter, wha has made a very strang protest against calling certain very profitable transactions steals. Wad ye mind sayin' a word, Marter, just tae show that ye hevna taken offense.

SPEECH BY MR. MARTER—

I may say, gentlemen, that I am greatly pleased to be with you to night,



Shake off the shackles of the "boss,"  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
And, to this end, "Remember Ross,"  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
For sure 'ts plain as any pike  
That Grit and Tory, both alike,  
For honest government should strike  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Ontario—old as well as new—  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Ontario honest, bold and true,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Break up the demonizing band  
That, junketing, rides o'er the land;  
Now thy redemption is at hand,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

A government maintained by fraud,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Write o'er its portals "Ichabod,"  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
What can a people's wrongs condone,  
With justice, truth and honor gone?  
Oh my Ontario! Och hone!  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Who is this man, G. W. Ross,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Who seeks thy destiny to boss,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
By baleful trickery and "skill"  
To force thee 'gainst thy sacred will  
And hold thee in vile bondage still?  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Are these the men to build thee up,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Ross and the gang who with him sup,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Who, while there are machines to hug,  
Boxes to burn, and votes to "plug"  
Will hold their places, calm and snug?  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

It surely would be passing strange,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Dids't thou not now demand a change,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Even now they totter to their fall,  
And soon thou'lt end this Grit cabal,  
And Whitney thou wilt then instal,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Yes, Whitney, honest, bold and brave,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Thine honor to conserve and save,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
He's true and manly to the core;  
He comes with amplitude of lore  
Thy varied interests to explore,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

With moral turpitude and fraud,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Thy franchise they have rudely clawed,  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.  
Oh! province mine, cans't thou forget,  
The blooming, banot burning set?  
Oh! we'll "Remember Ross," you bet!  
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

PROF. ROSS—Noo, Marter, just stop there. I can stand nae mair o' that. That's, nae doot, ane of the Midianitish melodies ye used to sing afore ye cam tae us, and while ye were yet in the gall o' Toryism and bonds o' political iniquity. If ye expec' tae share wi' Stratton, an' Rowell, an' Conmee, an' the ithers in the profits o' developin' an' buildin' up, ye maun learn ither tunes an' sangs. Lads, ye might gie us a guid inspirin' sang a'thegither, ane that'll illustrate the real genius o' Leebralism as ye understan' it.

SONG BY THE COMPANY—

SONG OF THE BUILDERS.

Build up, build up the Party  
We call On-ta-ri-o.  
We'll share the stuff quite hearty  
As far as it will go.

Build up with pulp and timber,  
With water-power and ore.  
Use up the New Ontario  
Then seek fresh fields for more.

Build up the corporations,  
The Railway Magnates, too.  
Build up the school book ringsters—  
There's a slice for me and you.

PROF. ROSS—Na', na', lads, that'll no dae. Ye'll no' build up the pairty wi' that kind o' a sang. Stratton, man, bottle that bazoo o' yours and try tae get yerself' into a pious an' sober frame o' mind. It's fair polectical blasphememy tae hint that we get our campaign siller oot o' the price of the weans' books.



END MAN STRATTON—Oh, rats! Why the very crows in the trees and the woodchucks in the fields know that we get the stuff from the school-book crowd. You may bunco Brother Dewart, and Brother Spencer, and other easy marks with your referendum guff. They're easy and are willing to believe that forty rod whiskey is water from the well, if you show them that party necessities require it, but it's different with the average voter. You can't make them believe that our machine is one of them roller-bearing ones that run without oil, or that our "Cap" Sullivans and Tom Lewises work for their health. Why, everybody knows the rings and grafters divy with us, and we get credit for being a government of good level-headed business men in consequence.



PROF. ROSS—I wasna' referrin' tae the fact, Jimmie, but tae the inadvisability o' proclaimin' it sae loudly. Man, it wad dam us mair—if I may be allowed the expression—tae tell aboot our doings wi' the school-book fowlk than if we were tae make a clean breast o' a' our dealings wi the grocers an' pulpwood chaps, an' a' the ithers. Fowlks dinna care that muckle if we let a friend, like Rowell noo, grab a few hunner miles o' timber that they never saw an' ken naething aboot, but they'll no stan' robbin' the school weans, for

that's takin' the bawbees oot o' their ain pockets. But I'm sure a man o' gumption could make it plain that there's nae robbery about it. What think ye, Harcourt, lad?



RECITATION BY PROF. R. SLIPPERY HARCOURT—

PHILANTHROPY UP-TO-DATE.

Cheer up my friends, we won't get lost,  
I'll prove the books sell less than cost.  
The author should always get a third,  
Because of the labor his brain has stirred;  
And then the people who books retail  
Twenty-five per cent., or they're sure to fail.  
Then there's the people who job them out,  
Should have thirty per cent. or thereabout.  
And there is US, who slave and toil  
To keep the machine supplied with oil;  
It's understood we should get a touch,  
And forty per centum is not too much.

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.

When we give a grocery order to a friend at double price  
To get for the Machine a little oil,  
We hold it isn't pleasant, and it's very far from nice,  
To be worried by the questionings of Hoyle.

When we give a friend a contract so he'll make a little pile  
And be able for to help us in his turn,  
It's hard to see Carscallen try the little game to spoil,  
And all the whys and wherefores ask to learn.

When with the corporations we have fixed a little deal,  
And thus secured a rake-off for the boys,  
We are very much discouraged, and sad it makes us feel  
To be questioned by the Whitneys and the Foys.



PROF. ROSS—That's real fine an' appropriate, but ye might hae said something about Miscampbell, an' Matheson, an' Pyne. They're just as bad as the lave o' them. Noo, Rowell, man, ye might gie us something. Yon concession ought to inspire you tae sing sangs in praise o' leebralism.

SONG BY N. W. ROWELL—

#### PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS.

Palsied the hand that forges jokes  
At our fat contracts squinting;  
And withered be the nose that pokes  
Into the school book printing.

PROF. ROSS—Stop, man, stop. Your sentiments are sound enough, and I cordially agree wi' them, but they dinna dae for public expression. Ye're ower candid man. Harcourt, ye maun tak the lad in hand an' gie him lessons in metaphesics. Noo for a change, let us hae something elevating an' inspiring.

We'll sing our gran' old battle hymn. Noo, Stratton, ye needna laugh. It's no' Preston's favorite I'm meanin'.



SONG BY THE COMPANY—

#### HOLD THE PORK.

Ho, my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky;  
"Pluggers, switchers, now are needed  
For election's nigh."  
"Hold to office for we want it,"  
Ross he signals still.  
Wave the answer, "Tap the barr'l  
Then, by jinks, we will."

See the Tory host advancing;  
Whitney leading on;  
Mighty public issues calling,  
Timber almost gone.  
"Stick to temperance and to toddy,"  
Ross, he signals still.  
Wave the answer, "Tap the barr'l,  
With the stuff we will."

Hear the mighty Stratton rumble  
With his loud bazoo;  
On our leader's words we'll gamble,  
Whether false or true.  
"Build us up, for we're Ontario,"  
Ross he signals still.  
Wave the answer, "Send us pluggers,  
With their help we will."

PROF. ROSS—That wasna' badly done. But what for did you quit, Stratton?

END MAN STRATTON—They said "bazoo" and "rumble," and Dryaen was laughing. I'll be —— if I'll stand it.

END MAN DRYDEN—Then you'll be like that river down Peterborough way,  
Jim.

END MAN STRATTON—Well I never was caught roping Yankee steers any-  
way. My patriotism goes deeper than the hide.

END MAN DRYDEN RECITES—

Fools may prate of love of country  
Fools may sneer at horns and hide;  
This is not the poor man's mecca;  
Like it is "The other side."  
When they're through with pulp and timber  
'Twill be but fit for frogs and geese;  
Let them now their guns unlimber,  
Greatest smooth-bore, Pettypeice.

PROF. ROSS—Ah, by-the-bye, we've had naething frae Petty. I hear you  
an' him hae composed a duet between ye, John. Let us hear it.

DUET BY MESSRS. DRYDEN AND PETTYPIECE—

THE COW-BOY STATESMAN.

"Cow Puncher! Cow Puncher! Where went you, Jock?"  
"I went to Dakota to see to my flock."

"Herd Laddie! Herd Laddie! Why did you go?"  
"I fervently trusted that no one would know."

"Herd Laddie, isn't this country your pride?"  
"My job in Ontario's just 'on the side.'"

"Herd Laddie! What of your poorly paid plowman  
If 'on the side' he should act as a cowman?"

"The workman who gives not his whole time to me  
Will find himself short of a part of his fee."

"Herd Laddie! Isn't your duty the same?"  
"Not by a jug full, it's part of the game.

No man by deputy wieldeth a spade,  
With us it's different—belongs to the trade."

"Herd Laddie! What of a ranch over here?"  
"No sort of place for to fatten a steer."

"Cow Puncher! What of a cabinet there?"  
"And leave our dear Province to other folk's care!

I love my dear country so long as I see  
Some thousands and pickings a coming to me."

PROF. ROSS—That's very edifyin'. Stratton, man, as I intimated afore,  
your voice is mair loud than tunefu', but ye might sing us a verse or twa.

END MAN STRATTON—Rowell, you sing, you were in it more than me.

N. W. ROWELL.—Oh, no, Jim; you were in it up to the eyes, by proxy, of course—typewriters and friends, you know. You sing, Conmee, you were in it, too.

PROF. CONMEE—In what, Rowell?

N. W. ROWELL—Oh fudge, Conmee, don't play innocent. This is no Sunday School. You know what they mean. Sing about the only thing that's left to sing about.

PROF. ROSS—Ye are a' bashfu' an' ye were a' in it. Sing about Spanish River, or Montreal River, or Blanche River, or Nipigon River, or any o' the ither spots whaur ye got grafts. Noo, a'thegither. Easy wi' your cowbells, Dryden; loud on the cornet, Davis; no quite sae high wi' your horn, Gibson; tak' yer time frae Marter, lads.

SONG BY THE COMPANY—

WAY UP UPON THE SPANISH RIVER.

'Way up upon the Spanish River,  
Far, far away.  
There's where our hearts are turning ever,  
There's where we watch and prey.

All up and down the whole north country,  
Hungry we roam,  
Still looking for a new location—  
Something to carry home.

All the country's well culled over,  
Everywhere we roam.  
Oh brothers don't you wish 'twas bigger,  
More stuff to carry home.

'Way over all the whole north country.  
What is left to-day?  
What for the coming settler's comfort,  
But brushwood, rocks and clay?

All the country's well culled over,  
Everywhere we roam.  
Oh! brothers don't you wish 'twas bigger—  
More swag to carry home.

PROF. ROSS—Weel, lads, that'll dae for this time. We haena' spoken o' a' the beauties an' virtues o' leeberalism, tae be sure; neither hae we said a' that micht be said o' the abominations o' Toryism, for on baith these topics whole volumes might be written an' said. If we had the time I've nae doot we might be able to mak it plain tae the meanest comprehension that it wasna' us but the Tories that did the personatin' an' pluggin', an' switchin', an' spoilin' o' ballots in Elgin an' Waterloo an' ither places, an' that it was a Tory emissary that burned the ballots up in the park. But we've done very weel; though I maun again caution you against the danger an' inadvisability o' bein' ower candid an' outspoken. If ony o' ye are every tempted to mak allusions tae deals an' grafts in which ither o' ye are interested, my advice is tae "let that flee stiek tae the wa'." An' if onybody taunts ye wi' bein' intae ony o' thae things just "jouk an' let the jaw gang by" as the old sayin' has it. Ye're a' in glass houses an' its far better no' tae get intae the

stane throwin' habit. Latchford, my man, ye've been awfu' quiet, which isna' yer ordinary, for though ye seldom say anything, ye dae a great deal o' talkin'. I'm no askin' onything original. I'm no' unreasonable an' never ask a man tae dae what nature never fitted him for, but maybe ye've a poem or sompthing ye hae learned an' can recite.

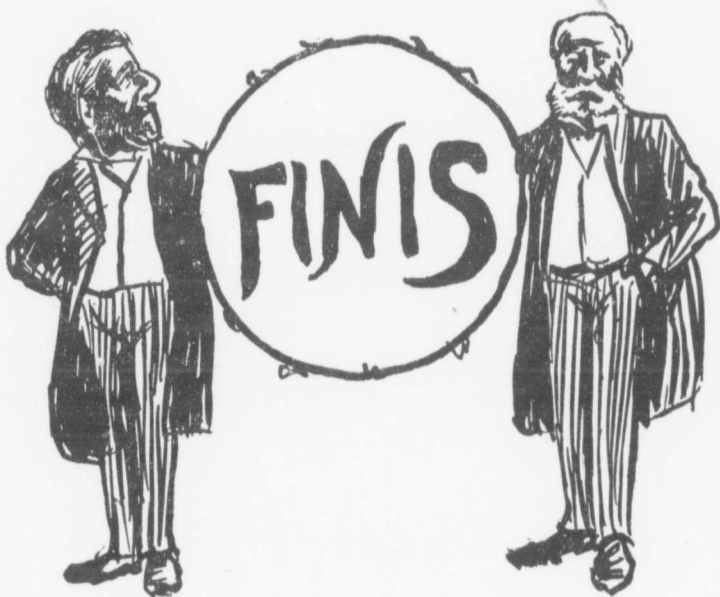
FRANKIE LATCHFORD RECITES—

HOW THEY PLANNED TO BE SAVED.

The party feared defeat and held consultation  
As to the best method of fortification.  
Quoth Harcourt, the learned, the school-book ring  
Will back us up in any old thing.  
Says Gibson, Attorney, there's no holes in his suit.  
The Tories may grumble but I'll not prosecute.  
What, prosecute men who have kept us in place?  
See them blanked first, and then I'll do nothing so base.  
Says Dakota John Dryden we'll not go on the rocks,  
There's my ranch to fall back on, you just bet your socks.  
I'll sell my spring calves, cows, hay crop and roots,  
And we'll work up some scheme on these Tory galoots.  
Up spoke Georgie Ross, the Ontario Premier,  
As long as I'm boss, there's nothing to fear,  
There's big lumber tips; there's Ontario New.  
And to tickle the public I've invented the Soo.  
There are railway rebates from appropriations;  
And then a few dollars from my favored relations.  
The trusts and combines will come into line,  
For they can't get away from this string of mine.  
Says W. T. R. Preston, who stood in the lobby,  
Don't forget my good friends, there's my box-stuffing hobby.  
There's heaps of new schemes you'll all have to learn,  
And, don't you forget, there'll be ballots to burn.  
If the people do find in your doings a flaw,  
Possession's nine points in the eyes of the law.  
That's the ticket, quoth Ross, we'll pull every string  
And, fair play or foul play, we'll sweep everything,  
For to carry the day we'll all have to juggle.  
Though our bubbles are bursting we'll give them a struggle.  
If things do look muddy and start scandal to rise,  
We'll look, oh, so innocent, and all shut our eyes.  
We want a full pocket to live at our ease;  
If a dust is kicked up, don't anyone sneeze.  
So hug the machine with vigor and zest.  
If we hold to our seats we can brazen the rest;  
Swear the treasury's full; swear we've money lent out;  
Swear any old thing to save us from rout.  
We've had thirty years, but that's not enough,  
We'll need thirty more for to bank all the stuff.  
Though scandals come out and frauds round us fly,  
While we've ballots to burn we'll never say die.  
So hail to Dakota and hail to the Soo;  
Hail to any old thing that will help us get through.

*Curtain.*





Copies of this Pamphlet may NOT be had from Alexander Smith,  
Secretary Ontario Liberal Association

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS GIVEN UNSOLICITED BY  
EMINENT MEN OF ALL CLASSES.

Office of the W—stm—n—st—r.

TORONTO, April 1st, 1902.

I can cheerfully bear testimony to the high and edifying character of the entertainments of the Ross Minstrels. The self-swallowing act of Professor Ross I regard as really educational in its character and entirely in accord with the eternal fitness of things.

J. A. MCD—N—L—D..

TORONTO, April 1st, 1902.

To raise the moral tone of our saloons, to add to their attractiveness and increase their patronage, I know nothing more effective than a performance by the Ross Minstrels. Their rendition of the screaming Referendum farce is unrivalled as a thirst provoker.

F. S. SP—N—CE.

Colborne Street,

TORONTO, April 1st, 1902.

I cordially commend the performances of the Ross Minstrels to the entertainment committees of Temperance Societies. Even one rendering of the Referendum comedy will cause the rum fiend to quake and flee. Yours in faith, hope and charity.

J—S H—V—ER—S—N.

Globe Office.

TORONTO, April 1st, 1902.

Nothing better has been offered to those of our citizens who delight to combine amusement with instruction than the entertainments of the Ross Minstrels, which have had a consecutive run of thirty nights in the Queen's Park Variety Theatre. The pulp concession gift enterprize feature which the management have added has added greatly to the popularity of the show.

THE G—BE.

Office of Licensed Victuallers' Association.

TORONTO, April 1st, 1902.

The entertainments of the Ross Minstrels are as exhilarating as a bottle of '83, I.X.L. or Club. The racy humor of the Referendum extravaganza was keenly appreciated.

EDWIN D—K—IE, *Secretary*.

The pleasing, instructive and edifying entertainments given by the Ross Minstrels are, to my mind, better than as many temperance lectures. As I listened to the Referendum comedy I felt myself raised to a very high pinnacle of temperance enthusiasm. The accursed traffic must tremble before this latest and greatest power for good.

REV. D. SP—N—C—R.