

A Song for the Elect Elector.

To the Tune of "*John Brown's Body.*"

Asquith and his party dare not face the country
now—

Redmond's Rule for Ulster dare not face the
country now—

Ramsay's Socialistics dare not face the country
now:

But our side's going strong.

Asquith's sun in Downing Street is downing to the
west:

Rarest mangel-wurzels are no longer at their best,
And Mackenna's pussy-cat is sorely needing rest,

But our side's going strong.

Churchill in the Admiralty thinks he rules the
waves,

But he'd better learn that Britons never shall be
slaves,

For when Rads get in at all it's by the closest shaves,
And our side's going strong.

Masterman's a minister who hasn't got a seat,
Asquith's playing soldiers, and he's pretty nearly
beat,

Ninepence too for fourpence is a fruit no longer
sweet,

But our side's going strong.

Even Disestablishers are learning how to pray,
Wishing they had done it rather sooner in the day,
For the country's up and now the devil is to pay,

And our side's going strong.

(fff)

Glory, glory and the Union of the Three,
Scotland, England, Ireland, as it was and still shall
be

When the Coalition are with Churchill gone to sea.

For our side's going strong.

THE FREE COMPANION.

The author of the above, though unable to support the candidature of a man who does not consider that she has enough sense, and distinguish between himself and his opponent, is not thereby interdicted from supporting the Unionist cause as such. And as Suffragette, as Unionist, and a person with some regard for the honour of the University, she has much pleasure in opposing Mr. Churchill. *Dixit.*