

It does seem strange to us when we are bothered
 With things we cannot plainly understand,
 Inquiry, poor thing, gen'rally is smothered
 And covered up by some official hand.
 We dare not ask them about such and such,
 Or we are told we're asking rather much.

Is there a railway to be planted here ?
 It is impertinent to ask the cost ;
 They'll preach and tell you it is simple, clear,
 Although in figures you are fairly lost ;
 Or if you doubt it, force it down your throat,
 And then at next election ask your vote.

It is amusing at election time
 To stand aside and watch the mimic fray,
 To note the players in this pantomime,
 Observe their actions and what each may say ;
 How coolly, too, each candidate pretends
 The working man and he are sterling friends.

But watch his movements for a month or two,
 And then compare them with his recent speech ;
 He spurns petitions, aye and meetings too,
 And tries his erstwhile friends to over-reach.
 But " Save us from such friends ! " becomes our prayer,
 We have enough of them and some to spare.

But working men are coming to the front,
 And ere long will assume their proper place ;
 And, lagging not behind, as was their wont,
 Will very soon be leading in the race ;
 And lead where blindly they had followed on,
 And fighting, faint not till their cause be won.