



SONGS
OF THE
BY-TOWN COONS

REPRODUCED FROM

"The Montreal Star."

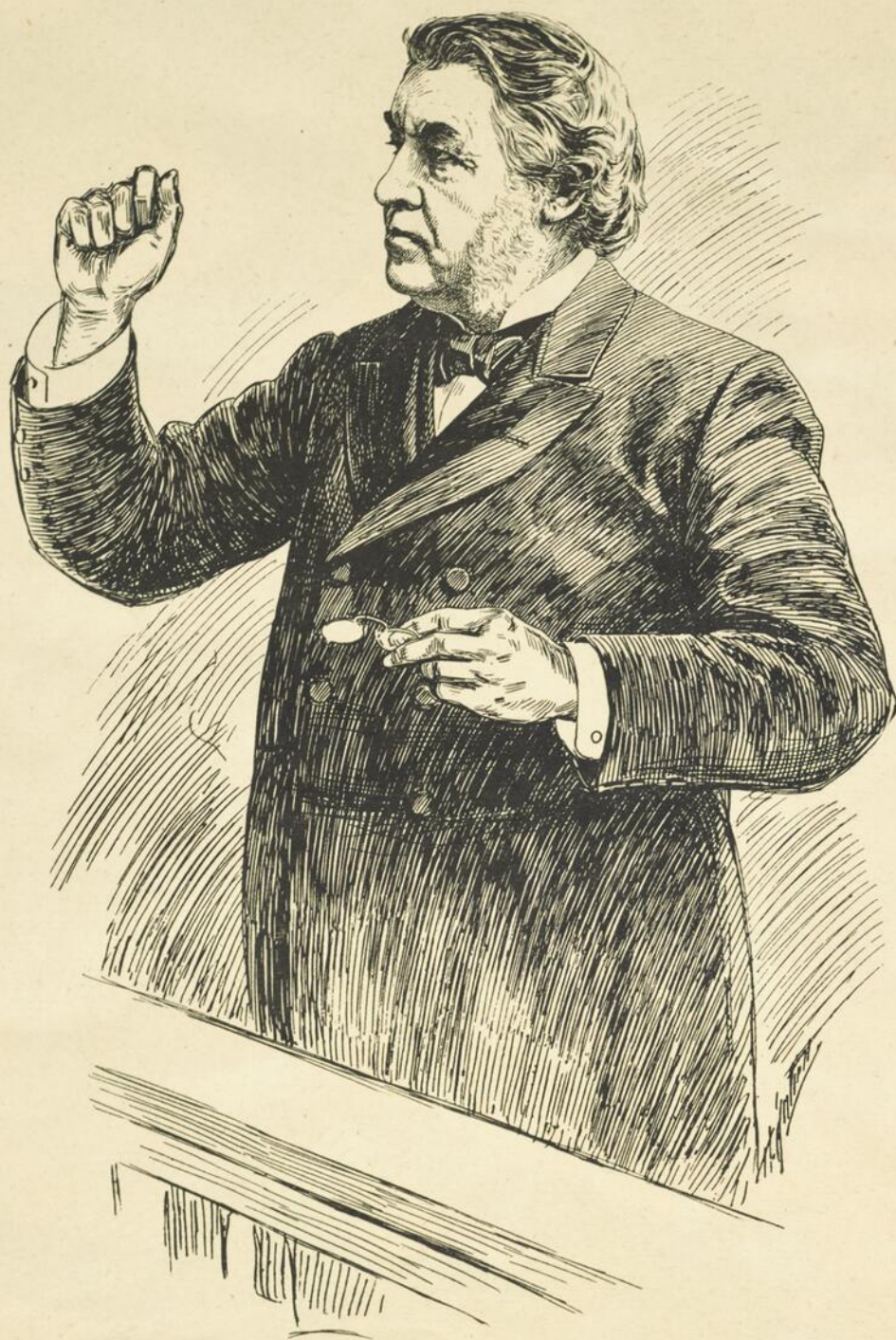
[SALUEN, Henri Octave]

BY-TOWN COONS

REPRODUCED FROM

THE MONTREAL STAR.

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SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

"Thus we have in power a party of Economy which has tremendously increased the Expenditure, augmented the Debt and made heavier the Taxation; a party of Tariff Reformers, who have done nothing but worry the Manufacturers with uncertainty and threats; a party of purity, which began with 'Business is business' and constructed the Drummond and Yukon Railway deals; a party that treats its own pledges with contempt; a party that thinks it can promise the farmers everything, and give them nothing, and thinks the farmers are stupid enough to believe the promises over again."—*Toronto Globe's report of Sir Charles Tupper's speech at Clinton.*



24-1
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SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

AN ORATOR-IO BY THE GOVERNMENT LAURIER-ATE.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



You may talk of Billy Bryan, who grew famous by a speech,
Or tell how mighty Gladstone could the heart of England reach;
Demosthenes you may extol—and also young McInnes;
“Joe Howe,” McGee, and Thompson—though they were all “agin us.”
But at utilizing rhetoric, at profiting by “gab,”
This Young Tribune of the People is something of a “dab.”
I made my way by talking to the Liberal leadership,
And carried the elections by a speechifying trip.

For I am the man with the Silver Tongue,
Also, the Sunny Ways—
I’ve climbed the ladder rung by rung;
I’ve found that talking pays.

But there’s more in public speaking than the touching of the heart—
Of course I’m not referring to the eloquence of Tarte—
He has a way of “touching” folks in quite a different place.
He’ll go and promise something while this minstrelsy I grace.
But what I meant to speak of is a habit people nourish,
Of expecting you to mean the things you utter with a flourish.
Thus when I told the farmers—“I’m a Democrat to the hilt,”
Some thought the words were golden, and sulk because they’re gilt.

This is like to tarnish the Silver Tongue—
To cloud the Sunny Ways;
What orator’s heart would not be wrung
If required to mean each phrase?



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

AN ORATOR-IO BY THE GOVERNMENT LAURIER-ATE.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



I have a patent theory, which I'd put into a bill—
If I had not learned the proneness of the Senators to kill—
Requiring that all eloquence be taken on the spot;
None may taste of it when cold—we must always serve it hot.
To twit a politician on a speech but two days old,
I'd punish with a diet of mutton chops grown cold,
And, if a resurrectionist back of '96 should go,
I'd chain him in a graveyard near a College Medico.

Then could I wag the Silver Tongue,
Let shine the Sunny ways—
Get Hansard into the furnace flung,
And live rhetorical days.

Still it's true, I must confess, talk pays better than you think;
It's astounding what the people will gulp down without a blink,
Take those earnest Plebisciters, whom I met the other day—
They haven't raised a ripple since they crossed my Sunny way.
Should you ask me of the tariff, or the money we have spent,
I would draw myself up proudly the insult to resent.
I'm a master hand at passion, appeal, and scorn, and fury;
I practise on the country what I learned before a jury.

For I am the Man of Majestic Pose,
Also, the Flashing Eye;
I'm an understudy of "John A's" nose,
And affect his blood-red tie.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

Ballade by Sir Richard.



I cannot sing the old songs,
'Tis four years since I've
tried,
Nor hum the tune I used to
sing,
Of which the old cow died.
To sing those songs just
now would be
Most inconvenient :
T'would place me in a
quandary,
And bust the government.

I do not like the old songs,
I'm not in harmony
With free trade schemes, and
idle dreams
Of reciprocity.
My music now is up to date,
From ancient error free,
Not Drummond deals, nor
Yukon steals
Can mar my melody.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

Ballade by Sir Richard.



I would forget the old songs,
Nor e'er recall that we
Once swore to turn the
rascals out,
And rule with honesty.
That we were those who
cursed Sir John,
And cursed the great
N. P.
Who cursed monopolies, and
cursed
Protected industry.

Too long we sung those old
songs,
Till all a change desired,
Like an organ grinder's
monkey
Of one tune getting tired.
We fired them out, those old
old songs,
And now I try to troll
Some really modern music
from
The repertoire we stole.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

"COME, FESTIVE FIDDLE."

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

By Handy Andy.



Come, festive fiddle, while I sing
The wiles of men political;
Nor shall there be in what we say
Aught that is hypocritical.
For what care I what people think,
Let them be Grit or Tory,
They cannot alter me a bit,
Nor shall they spoil my story.
And this old fiddle is the thing
To tune my little rhyme;
The fiddle Nero played while Rome
Burned in ye olden tyme.
The fiddle then was Nero's choice
To lend accomp'n'ament to his voice;
The fiddle now will do quite well
To gild the tale I have to tell.

The "old school" Grits say "Blair must go."
(Hi-tum-tiddley-um-tum-tiddley-O!)
But I give to them all my response; "No, No!"
And Sir Wilf nods approval, and grants
"Just so!"

So merrily fiddle and merrily sing,
Despite "Old Grits" we're still in the
ring.

Up and down the country,
Everywhere I go,
The poor "Old Grits" are making
A most infernal blow,
Saying I'm a Tory,
Claiming that I show
A preference for men of that extraction.
Perhaps there's something in it,
Perhaps again there ain't;
Perhaps I am a demon,
And maybe I'm a saint.
Though a saintly politician
Would be somewhat rather quaint
And not quite in keeping with our
faction.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

"COME, FESTIVE FIDDLE."

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

By Handy Andy.



Just now I'm having heaps of fun
With people who of old
Were wont to look upon me as
Within the Tory fold;
Though they never were quite certain,
For I always had the knack
Of going not so far but that
I safely could draw back,
And as they found me shifty then,
They find me shifty still.
When in St. John I tell the folks
That city is my care;
In Halifax I change my lay,
Their welfare I declare
To be my only dream by night,
My only thought by day,
And smiling blandly to myself
I forthwith glide away.

ENVOI.

Perchance it has occurred to you,
While list'ning to my song,
To note the great variety
Of poetry all along.
No single metre claims my lay,
I sing as suits my own sweet way.
In politics I do the same,
I shift about and change the game;
Now argue for free trade, now not;
Economy, I say's all rot,
Though once upon a time 'tis true
(And this is just 'twixt me and you.)
I think I did a few words drop
To say extravagance must stop.
But, then you know, times change about
Sometimes we're 'in,' sometimes we're
'out,'
Now being 'in,' we'll have our fling,
And that is all I care to sing.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

HOW FREE TRADE "STRUCK BILLEE PATERSON."

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



Once more the By-Town
coons are out
With instrument and
voice,
And "Brantford Billy"
leads the rout,
Contributing the noise.
I've got myself a good
trombone,
Whose notes sound loud
and strong,
And with my voice of
mighty tone
I'll sing my merry song.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'm as merry as can be,
(Though I may seldom
smile),
For biscuits are not yet made
free,
And won't be—yet a while.

A staunch Free Trader I
have stood—
As I shall ever stand—
Proclaiming that the
people's good
Needs free trade in our
land;
And yet on biscuits I must
make
To this law an exception,
For (don't you see?) myself
I bake
These biscuits to perfec-
tion.—*Chorus.*

At Brantford, where my
factory is,
The folks quite clearly
see
The reason and the why of
this,
And all agree with me—
Leastwise, I think they do,
for it
Would be a great mistake
To drop the duty, and let in
The cakes the Yankees
bake.—*Chorus.*

So though Free Trade I
gravely preach,
Protection's curse I show,
The biscuits 'scaped the
tariff's reach
When duties were made
"low."
And here am I, in office
high,
Controller of all duties;
And here I'll stay, though
I may sigh,
At thoughts of theory's
beauties.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'm as merry as can be
(Though I may seldom
smile.)
For biscuits are not yet made
free,
And won't be—yet a while.

SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

... A PASTORAL ...

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

By the Fisher-y Minister.

(NOT THE MINISTER OF FISHERIES.)



When I was a lad, I served,
no harm!
As "farmer's boy" on a
Judge's farm,
I milked the cows, and I fed
the swine,
And was always in bed by
half past nine;
I milked the cows so care-
fully,
Pa purchased "Alva" farm
for me.

As a farming man, I did very
well,
Had cows and plenty of milk
to sell;
"Water and milk"—being
my make up.
I spouted against the red
wine cup;
I spouted and milked quite
religiously,
But kept my eye on a can-
didacy.

I never smoked, I never
drank;
I never tried to "break the
bank";
The Dunkin Act I did in-
voke.
A wicked word I never
spoke,
I looked so "goody" at a
temperance spout,
That the "goody" people
brought me out.

I was goody then, I am
goody yet;
Tho' forced to work with a
wicked set;
But Wilfred needs all kinds
in the game,
So a farmer's minister I
became.
I say goody things with so
much zeal,
That I cover many an awful
deal.

I don't like "deals" and I
don't like Tarte,
And I fear I'm losing my
innocent heart;
But I'm saving my pennies
and living cheap,
And I'll soon return to
my "stable heap."
On a "stable heap" we
farmers sing,
And 'tis purer far than the
cabinet ring.

MORAL.

Now farmer boys! if you, like
me,
Would climb into the cabi-
net tree;
Just say "goody" things, let
your light be seen,
And some day you'll do for
a cabinet screen.
If you can't be good, then
bad's the game.
They use both kinds in a
cabinet frame.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

DOBELL'S PHANTOM SHIP.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



No doubt you have heard of the bottle nose whale ;
Of a sword-fish's spear, with its sharp-pointed tip ;
But no nautical freak's so deserving a tale
As my wonderful bottle-neck ship !

An unsinkable, bottle-neck craft—
For a fast trans-Alantic steam line,
Spick and span up aloft, 'midship, fore and aft—
'Tis for this consummation I pine :

For a greyhound of ocean, in style most unique,
Dashing safely through stormiest sea ;
No dread of an iceberg, collision or leak,
Nor grim rocks on strand close a-lee ;

Swiftly racing through fog to Quebec,
Past breakers that roar: cleaving winds all a-shriek—
My unsinkable ship ! that nothing can wreck,
Though she bang into Labrador bleak !



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

DOBELL'S PHANTOM SHIP.

(Reproduced from The Montreal Daily Star.)



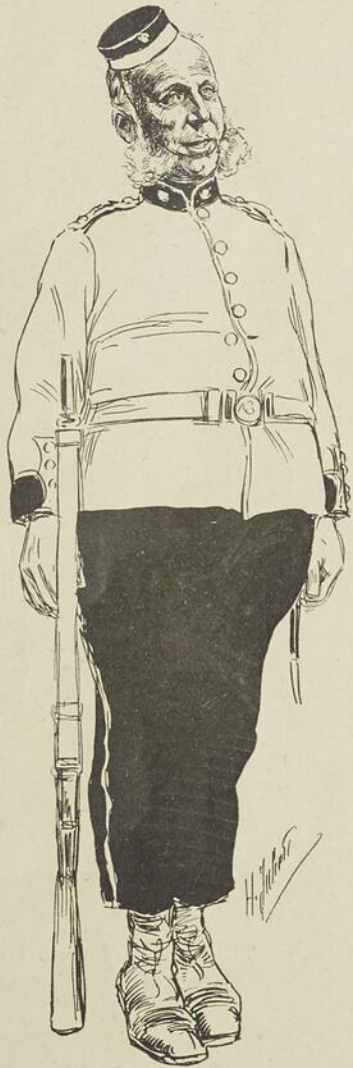
But alas ! 'tis a spectral, mythical dream,
Though 'tis deep-graven into my mind ;
A weird " Flying Dutchman " sort of a scheme,
That no one but me has defined.
Oh ! again and again have I sailed,
Rushing off on a trans-'lantic jaunt,
But again and again have I dismally failed
In this quest for the ship that I want :
An unsinkable, bottle-neck craft,
For a fast trans-Atlantic steam line,
Spick and span up aloft, 'midship, fore and aft—
'Tis for this consummation I pine.
But like Vanderdecken, in story of old,
My ship comes never to port ;
Still will I not drop a project so bold,
E'en of it my critics make sport.
Let mariners curl up their lips ;
Landlubbers these jeers and jibes parallel—
I'll hunt for unsinkable bottle-neck ships
So long as my name is Dobell !



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

THE MILITARY MEDICINE MAN.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



Yo' may talk ob Julius Caesar an' ob Gen'ral Bonaparte ;
Yo' may brag ob our Sir Wilfrid, and ob Mistah Israel Tarte ;
Yo' may search throughout creation—take in all de culle'd
nation,

But I'se got 'em beaten easy from de start.

Did yo' eber see me walkin' ?

Now, w'at's de use ob talkin' !

Watch me w'en on dress parade.

All lace, wif gold an' feathers,

Spurs, cocked hat and patent leathers :

De big buck in de By-Town Coon Brigade.

W'en Sir Wilfrid came to powah, he glanced thro' all de lan'
Fo' a fus-class fightin niggah ; an' ses he yo're jes de man.
De bes' we am affordin' ain't too good fo' Mistah Borden ;
Jes' put on all de gold lace dat yo' can.

Yo' see I'd had some practis'—

Tho' to tell de troof de fact is—

'Tis at patients, not at targets, dat I aim,

An' as to sellin' rifles,

An such unconsidered trifles,

W'y, very few can beat me at dat game.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

THE MILITARY MEDICINE MAN.

(Reproduced from The Montreal Daily Star.)



Oh! Sir Wilfrid he's a cute one, an' he knows a t'ing or two;
Se's he: "We don't want experts, that's why we sent fo' yo',
You're quite experimental—so be merely ornamental;
Be suah an keep yo' mouf shut an' yo'll do."

So I jes' keep on a-walkin'

Now w'at's de use ob talkin'!

Walkin' to de dress parade.

Fo' I don't mind de drillin',

It am better far dan "pillin' "

An' if dey ain't no fightin' who's afraid!

So w'en dey talk ob 'spections, and adjutants an stuff,
I goes on doin' nuffin', fo' I know 'tis all a bluff.
An' I jes' keep on a-smilin', w'en reports and ordahs pile in;
Fo', he says, "Jes' draw yo're sal'ry—dat's enuff."

Oh, yo' sho'd hear me sassin'

De Gen'ral w'en he's passin'

Up an' down de ranks w'en on parade.

Well, he don't cut no figgah

Wif dis yer gold-laced niggah;

I'se de big buck ob de By-Town Coon Brigade!



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

LINGER LONGER LOU'S RETURN TO BY-TOWN.

SOME "POINTERS" FROM A "HIGH JOINTER."

(Reproduced from The Montreal Daily Star.)



To Ottawa from Washin'ton de coons am now returned,
A-tellin' all de folks dat High Commission am adjourn'd,
An' dat we's gwine back aga'n fo' reciprocit-ee,
W'en de Yankees straighten out dat twisted 'Laskan
boundar-ee.

But we ain't! Oh, no! now jes' yo' wait an' see!
Dat's our "bluff," right 'nuff; we've still de old N.P.!
But excuses we mus' frame, as our case am mighty lame
Fo' a "show-down" in dis diplomatic game.

Ef you'd eber be'n a-tourin' wif' a busted minstrel troupe;
Or had tramp'd lit back to By-Town feelin' dat you'd be'n a dupe,
Den yo'd realise ma feelin's as I stan' befo' yo' all,
Tootin' out ma little toottle, w'ile de "gods" repeat de call:—

"Linger Longer Lou! ain't yo' a nice hoodoo!
De Yankees done yo' brown, no wondah yo' feels' blue!
Ain't yo' glad yo's back alive? Say on—yo's got de flo',"
(W'en ma music's poo' an' I'se a-feelin' so'.)



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

LINGER LONGER LOU'S RETURN TO BY-TOWN.

SOME "POINTERS" FROM A "HIGH JOINTER."

(Reproduced from The Montreal Daily Star.)



Sawdust Johnny talked ob greetin's by a big brass band,
But I can't perceive de faintes' sign ob eben a glad hand !
Oh! we "jointers" want some "pointers;" we will need
dem, 'deed we will,
When Sir Jimmy raps fo' ordah in de legislative mill.

An' I tells yo' folks ma tone hab drop't a bit.
To pitch de propah note; play music tuned to fit
In de plaintive chords dat sound above de critics' din.
I'se a-tootlin' on dis tootah made ob tin!!

De session time's a drawin' nigh- de white trash Tory crew
Am honin' up dar razahs keen fo' Linger Longer Lou.
Dar's Tuppah, an' dar's Fostah (an Nick Davin, who wif' zest,)
Will make it wa'm fo' Dismal Dick, gib Weary Wilf. no rest.

W'en de Tories get up steam, an' put questions in a
stream;
Meet our stereotyped replies wif' ansaws w'ich we deem
"Much too trivial to heed;"—so I'm now moved to
sing
'Bout dat hot time in By-Town dis spring!!



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

BY THE GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE QUARTETTE.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



THE PENNY POSTMAN.

With the "cling, clang, cling" of the postman's
ring,

I summon you out to meet me;

If you don't possess a P. O. box,

You block the wicket to greet me.

For by river and rail, I carry the mail

For lovers, and friends and—debtors;

My colleagues may claim some measure of fame,

But I am a man of letters!

(And the Postman continues his search for Messrs. Lister, Choquette, Yeo, et al., whose addresses he still has at the "House of Commons," and cannot understand how they came to move before the expiration of their term.)

THE SWELLEST COON OF ALL.

I pride myself on grace,

Which comes of kin and race;

I'm "Sir Henri, le Grand Seigneur"

And a list for cabinet places

To comprise quite "all the graces,"

Would be incomplete without de Lotbiniere.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

BY THE GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE QUARTETTE.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

"COMPREND PAS."

Mes amis, eef you hax for know
How Geoffrion mak' hees fame,
I spik hup queek—'tain't la politique—
Hain't no chance for play dat game
I'm le grand seigneur; un Rouge tres haut,
All de same don't get portfolio.
Mak' speech so smart, lak' M'sieu Tarte,
Mais je ne comprends pas w'y I get no show!

FITZ OF INCONSTANCY.

In Tory days of grace, when all Quebec was
bleu,
I toyed with Tory perquisites—the Rogues were
so few,
But when the fortunes changed, and Mercier
was King,
I got back into line again, and all went with
a swing,
When Mercier was defeated, and politically
was dead,
My choice anathemas were heaped on his
devoted head,
I didn't join the Tories though, much as I
wanted to;
For Laurier saved the Grits just then—now I'm
among *his* crew!
Behold me in my legal robes; I'm rigged out
bright and smart;
An honest man—I love the law. It pays to
follow Tarte!!



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

With Apologies to the Author of "The Habitant."

"THE PROMISE OF ISRAEL."
(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

Sung by Mon Frere Jo-zeph.



Ba Gosh! de tam seem very long since I be young
an' gay,
Dere's not'ing now but plaintee troub' was
comin' ev'ry day;
An' w'at you call ma bosom frien' believe on me
no more.
Dat's mak' me feel so lonesome I never feel
before.

CHORUS.

But don't forget, mes chers amis, I'm always frien'
wit' you,
An' w'at you want I promise: sure, dat's easy
t'ing to do.

De ole Rouge Home Guard alway say dat I'm
beeg tory still,
But all de bleu gaw-zette dey say "Jo-zeph don't
fill de bill;"
So I never know w'ere I belong; don't care de
mcche I try;
But w'ile I stay on office—Wall! I'm very
satisfy.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

With Apologies to the Author of "The Habitant."

"THE PROMISE OF ISRAEL."
(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

Sung by Mon Frere Jo-zeph.



I work no t'ree card bizness, me—I alway'
spik for true ;
De way I'm frien' McGreevy—dat's way
I'm frien' wit' you.
I spen', Bapteme ! more money was never
spen' before,
An' w'en de nex' year come, Hooraw ! I
spen' few million more.
I t'ink I'm feelin' better since I mak' dis
leettle song,
An' now, mes chers amis, I hope you don't
fin' it too long.
De partie she can't get along widout de
Tarte an' Blair,
Becos for w'y ? Wall 'lection don't be never
mak' wit' prayer.

CHORUS.

So don't forget, mes chers amis, I'm
alway' frien' wit' you.
An' w'at you want I promise : sure, dat's
easy t'ing to do.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

SOME PROMINENT FEET-URES OF OUR FINANCES.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

By Mistah Fieldin'.



Dis coon done lef' a happy home fo' to go to de
Capital ;
W'en I j'ined de By-Town minstrel troupe,
I felt quite natural.
I lef' good job at Halifax ; but now, ma fren's,
I feel
Dat dere's gwine t' be a heap
O' trouble fo' to keep
Finances on an eben keel.

CHORUS.

Pretty soon, I guess, I'll hab to go to London,
An get money in exchange fo' bonds an'
stocks,
Dat's wha' de Tories allus done dere borrowin',
Eben Fostah cros't the briny fo' his rocks.
Jus' a temp'rary inconvenience, I'll 'xplain it,
No mattah sho'd d' amount be ratha' steep,
I'll cable to our agent fo' to help 'long our
pageant,
W'ich we don't intend to run 'pon de cheap.
Fo' de debt, as yo' know, am pilin' up,
An' so am de taxes too ;
But w'at's de use o' money, w'en I dunno w'at to do
To keep de balance straight, a-gib d' su'plus
a fair start.
Oh, dat man Blair !
He elebates ma hair,
Not to speak o' Brudder Tarte.

(Chorus.)



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

SOME PROMINENT FEET-URES OF OUR FINANCES.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)

By Mistah Fieldin'.



Dem ra'lways an' canals, an' t'ings, how dey
swaller up de gold !

But I caint refuse DEM two coons, fo'

Bof am bad an' bold.

Tho' Ise a-gut ma own suspishuns—

W'en dose spenders raise de deuce—

Dat de peopl 'll say,

On 'lection day,

"Mistah Fieldin', you've a po'r excuse."

(Chorus.)

But jes' now, all de By-Town coons

T'ink de snap am simplee gran' ;

'Ca'se I gets a lot o' de people's money,

An' dey po's it out like san'.

"He ce't'nly am good t' me," one an' all de
minstrels shout ;

W'ile de orb o' day

Am a-shinin' gay.

All dem coons fo' de stuff am out.

(Chorus.)



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

GREAT SCOTT—HIS ACT: THE LAY OF A LEFT-OVER MINISTREL.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



I'se a general utility coon ;
Called de Secretary ob State.
To me dat offus wah a boon,
W'en Wilfrid made his slate.
An' I'se a-gut ma uses,
Eben if "old grits" do say,
De job am 'mong d' "abuses,"
W'ich de Liberals 'ud sweep awa'.

CHORUS.

Dis yer job suits me to def' ;
I'se one coon dat didn' get lef'.
I made ma kick,
An' it dun de trick ;
Dey took me in out ob de wet ;
I'se a-heah fo' keeps, yo' bet !
In de Laurier Cabinet.

I shines in de summa' season,
W'en dere's nuthin' doin' 't all ;
Den yo' clea'ly cotch de reason
W'y I got ma cab'net call,
All d' oder coons g'way ;
On'y dis un's at his post—
Dey's a-habin' a happy holiday
At de seasho' 'long de coast.

(Chorus.)



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

GREAT SCOTT—HIS ACT: THE LAY OF A LEFT-OVER MINISTREL.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



Den I'se Min'sta' ob eb'yt'ing
From Ra'lwa's to Finance;
I'se a Pooh-Bah—greater dan a king,
Dat's de time I'se a-gut ma chance.
But dere ain't a t'ing fo' to do;
Still a figga' head mus' exist;
I dun luk wise—I do fo' shuah!
So d' oder coons am neber mis't.

(Chorus.)

I knows how to draw ma pay,
Keep de pens an' mucilage straight,
Proclaim w'en dere am a holiday,
Oh! I'se de Secretary ob State!
It's de job I'se a-fitted fo',
An' I ain't a-gwine to squeal;
Dere's nuthin' to do dat I eber saw;
Dis coon's got de best ob de deal!

CHORUS.

Dis yer job suits me to def';
I'se one coon dat didn' get lef'.
I made ma kick,
An' it dun de trick;
Dey took me in out ob de wet;
I'se a-heah fo' keeps, yo' bet!
In de Laurier Cabinet.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

The Jig-antic Accomplishments of the Minister of the Interior.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



To the west! to the west! in that land of the
True

High carnival's held by my Corsican crew—
Bold robbers each one of 'em, rude and uncouth,
(In whispers they're talked of, to state a bold
truth)

But they shine at elections as I at a ball—
In fact, I'm sole one that can dance of them all—
For no dancing instructor has taught them to
glide,

To waltz, or to polka; so they gaze with fond pride
When they see me cavorting at high-toned affairs,
So graceful, yet nimble, with elegant airs!

By my heels—not my head—when I'm swallow-
tail dressed,

They'll think I'm Napoleon throughout the
whole West!

To the west! to the west! to the land of the Free
Where the muddy Red River rolls down to the sea;
Where a man gets along if he only votes straight,
And practises politics right up-to-date;
Where partisan heelers of genuine type
Off the face of the earth all my rivals will wipe,
When they gather in conclave to blacken my
name—

It's a costly experience, but goes just the same,
For by making fat jobs, and donating new places
To a clamorous mob of dissatisfied cases,
I retain my position; I knock out the rest,
And pose as Napoleon, the Pride of the West.



SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

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To the west! to the west! to the land of the
Brave,
Where I helped dig Joe Martin's political grave,
Though he's now in Vancouver, still living, I see,
Far away o'er the Rockies, oh! worse luck forme
Where fragrant Golicians are tilling the soil,
And my Doukhobors going in thousands to toil;
Where the Tribune and rascals who claim to be
Grits
Are raising—well, trouble—and giving me fits;
Where sometimes for me it's confoundedly cold
And as chilly as Dawson in new lands of gold;
But where, when it comes to a critical test,
I'm still young Napoleon, the Pride of the West.

To the west! to the west! to the land of the Good,
Where Tom Greenway says nothing, but keeps
sawing wood;
Where all prospects are pleasing, and Tories are
vile,
And alleged Lib'ral doctrines are having sore
trial;
Where we promised the farmer that things would
be cheaper,
Tho' he still pays as much for his coal oil and
reaper,
Where, further away, in the golden Klondike,
I've enabled some good friends to make a rich
strike;
Where in all this broad land I'm the boss of the
show,
And will be so long as there's plenty of "dough,"
And though hated opponents may think it a jest,
I'm still young Napoleon, the Pride of the West.



THE RETURN OF THE COON QUARTETTE FROM WASHINGTON.

(Reproduced from *The Montreal Daily Star*.)



LINGER LONGER LOU.—“Say, fellies. Take it easy. This ain't no pedestrain competition.”
SAWDUST JOHNNY.—“And what about the brass band and the fireworks awaitin' for us in By-Town?”
WEARY WILFY.—“'Tain't no use practisin' cake walk paces when it's cold enough to freeze the sunny smile out of a feller.”
DISMAL DICK.—“Yah! This ain't nothin' to the frost we struck at Washin'ton.”
LINGER LONGER LOU.—“And that weren' nothin' to the frost we are goin' to strike when we get home.”
(*Silent Meditation.*)