

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.

