

THE FLIGHT OF DAVIE.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA BALLADE, SHOWING WHY AND WHITHER
THE PREMIER "CUT HIS LUCKY."

(In Three Fyttes.)

FYTTE I.

Of many a "flight" we've heard or read
In legends or in story books,
But Davie's flight surpassed them all—
At least that way to me it looks.
A short time after Mother Eve
Had bitten that confounded apple,
Young Cain was forced to "cut his stick"
Because he'd cut his brother's thrapple.
We read that Lot hadfonce to flee
From Sodom; when his wife, so fickle,
Looked back, and, straightway, found herself
A rigid statue, done in pickle.
Young Joseph fled from Mrs. P.,
(Not very much he thought of her)
Leaving his garment in her fist—
She went and "squealed" to Potiphar.
Moses "vamoosed" when he had slain
That quarrelsome Egyptian,
And got in trouble with his wife,
A swarthy wench of Midian.
Full many other "flights" there were
Which I quite easily might mention
But I have "other fish to fry,"
And to "enlarge" have no intention.
The time would fail to fill the list—
They tally up to sundry score—
But they're not comparable to
The hurried flight of Theodore.
The men I've mentioned fled with speed,
As if they never meant to rest;
But Davie's flight had greater pace
And more dramatic interest.
The others "moseyed," some on foot
And some on horse or donkey back,
But Davie fled by steam, to dodge
The M. P. P. for Chilliwack.

FYTTE II.

The Premier swore he'd "stump" the land
And show himself a prodigy,
By proving black "as white, while he
Delivered his "apology." *
He'd prove that in Vancouver Isle
Concenters *mundi gloria*.
Nec transit, but is focussed in
In the city of Victoria!
[While Boston is "The Hub of Earth"
In boasting Yankee's estimation;
Davie maintains Victoria is
The very navel of Creation.]
He'd show that Euclid was an ass,
A logicless, strabismic soul,
Who failed to see, with Davie, that
"The part is greater than the whole."
[For Mainland lands created were
'Mong Island "faithful" to be "jobbed;"
And Heaven designed their settlers all
By politicians to be robbed."]

FYTTE III.

Such was the burden of the song
Which he proposed to sing;
But what he meant from what he did
Was quite another thing.
For Nemesis, in human form,
Was soon upon his track,
In shape of Kitchen, M. P. P.,
Who hails from Chilliwack.

Quoth Kitchen: "Let me get my range,
With my jaw tackle loose,
And you will see, my bully boys,
How I will cook his goose!"
When Davie heard about this threat,
Of culinary smack,
He said: "By Jove, I hardly think
I'll speak in Chilliwack."

He hied him thence, between two days,
To distant Kootenay,
And thought that surely, there, at least,
He'd have his little say.

He girt on him a "mineral belt"
With suit of brass endued him;
But Kitchen came, and Davie found
"The villain still pursued him."

As clam is silent, when a klootch
In wicker creel bestows it,
So Davie thought that, for his "gab,"
The best thing was to close it.

And so he took the "Route Van Horne,"
So well known to us all,
And leaving the pursuit behind
Escaped to Montreal.

And thus it came his "little piece"
Until this day's unspoken,
And Davie's silence still remains
A something yet unbroken.

When Theodore can skip by train
No easy task is fetchin' him,
Especially when he dreads the fate
Of Mr. Kitchen ketchin' him!

L'ENVOY.

Those "swagger" buildings still go on
To make Victoria "swell,"
And Mainland men and members may
Go simply plumb to — well,
I hardly care to name the place;
'Tis where lost sinners dwell.

* The original meaning of "Apology" was a *defense* not an admission of being in the wrong. For example the "Apology of Socrates" and Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia pro vita sua*."

CAUDA vs. CANIS,

OR, HOW THE ISLAND TAIL TRIED TO WAG THE MAINLAND DOG.

[Dedicated (without permission) to Hon. Theo. Davie.]

The tail of the British Columbia dog
One day got feeling gay,
And thus unto its owner spoke
In a self-sufficient way:
"Although you're bigger far than I—
As any one can see—
I want you to make up your mind
You cannot waggle me.
I look upon you simply as
A bump upon a log,
So, henceforth—just as heretofore—
The tail shall wag the dog!"

The dog looked round and growled and said:
"You're a lively sort of tail,
But, in the role of "dog"—good Lord!
You could not help but fail.
And, should you try your little game,
(Nay, never sneer and scoff,)
I'll take my oath that I shall feel
Compelled to cut you off.
So be content to follow me
Where'er I want to jog,
Since I'm the "dog" and you the "tail"
The tail *shan't* wag the dog."