

When he's with the Orangemen
He sports the yellow leaf,
But when he's with the Romans
He displays another "brief."

This method seems to me, too much
The methods of a thief,
And those who take such methods
Always come to grief.

Last year he raised a riot,
He and Dal'by with the *Star*,
And managed by buffoonery
Our local peace to mar.

He then accused the Frenchmen
Of being disloyal to the core
He now finds fault with Laurier
On quite another score.

He found some fault with Laurier
When speaking at Quebec,
And said Laurier was too British,
So he should get a check.

I could excuse a Frenchman
And some others talk like this,
But from either Scotch or English
Such talk stinks worse than —*

He must surely think we are asses
If we cannot guess his scheme,
But by and by I think he'll find
That he only had a dream.

The Liberals are not all faultless,
But they have a splendid chief,
He is a gentleman and scholar
To the best of my belief.

If I am not much mistaken
Laurier is of Norman stock,
And is constituted by nature
To be leader of the flock.

He dont have to condescend
To hypocrisy and cant,
Trying to bulldoze the people
By blatherskiting rant.

* If you cannot fill in the blank, ask for a key.

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