

He is afraid of the *Mulligan* guards, but we want him to understand the *Campbells* are coming, the *Campbells* are coming. We have seized many suspects, and they very nearly *Gaudet*. Those who know, say the junior rascal took a *Pe(e)p-in*, but say how quickly he must have *Sloan* away. He must be a *Shark-eh* ? Oh, we will *Lay-on-(h)-ard* when we get hold of him, we do not care for his *Ma-(h)-er* his Pa, he will yet *Bawl-for* mercy, ere yonder magnificent elms shoot forth their green *Foli-age*.

Gentlemen, the day of retribution is near at hand; if we can catch him once upon the hip (J. E.'s small voice in the background—"If pigs could fly"), if we could only get a proof (Same voice—He's on the roof), if he would only stand (voice—Oh ! wouldn't it be grand), we'd—we'd—we'd—(Chorus) run; echo—Guess you would).

Chairman—Whom do you think he is, Choquette ? Speak, man, speak.

Choquette—I no tink on him, du tout.

Chairman—Do you know him, Aubry ?

Aubry—Never saw him in North Bay.

Chairman—Is there anything like him up the Gatineau, Tommy ?

Tommy—I caught a whale once. (Cries of Oh ! Oh ! !)

Chairman—Did you look for him Schimmel ?

Schimmel—I think he has the contract for supplying us with beans.

Chorus—By jimmany ! By jimmany ! That settles him.

Chairman—Silence ! Order ! Quit yelling.

Chairman—What do you think of his tactics of war, Pepin ?

Pepin—Bed-ticks ? Bed-ticks of war ? What's dat ? (Roars of laughter).

Chairman—Sit down, sit down. Order, order. O tempora ! O Mores ! ! Study your rhetoric, Alexis.

Chairman—Chocquette, once more, how shall we catch him ?

Chocquette—Me no like for to talk au milieu dis august mob, but, I say, set the rat-trap in the dark-room.

Chairman—The quality of mercy is not strained, Chocquette.

Chocquette—No, just the milk is st ained.