

to the use of the expression, "Brawling Brood of Bribers." It was likely thought to be an admirable illustration of apt alliteration's artful aid, but if Mr. Fraser will only look into it he will discover striking incongruity in the association of ideas. A "brood" is not supposed to have any connection with a "brawl" even by the very widest stretch of the imagination. Now, a "Brood of Brawling Bribers" would not have presented such an anomalous look, and then it might have been extended by a "Blatant Bloodthirsty Budgy," and a variety of other adjectives too numerous to mention. Fraser has clearly made a mull of it, and must now see that this, at first blushing happy expression of his, can never go down to posterity—in its present shape. Kindly give your opinion and counsel to

CONGRUITY.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

To GRIP:—People sez you Kin tell me suthin 'bout This ere bribe Bizness ole Mote. Kin you, if so gimme a pointer—was it McKirkland or Bunting or Villikins who hed the dosh? i mean wich wun of 'em handled the shug. If the yank hed 'de welth' he wuz workin' askeme fur hiz own self and with hiz own cash, so you kant git the drop onto the toris on 'count of 'Him. but mebbe Villikins wuz the Party wot fingered the crispies, did he git 'em frum Sir John fur to bi up Mote fur Meredith, or did he git 'em frum McKirkland fur to bi up them squealin members fur Mak hisself? Wuz they two littel jobs in hand to wunst—the Yankee feller's and Sir John's? If Bunting never hed nuthin to do with it wot made the meetins in the mail oris? did Mote send the members to Bunting or did Bunting send fur 'em? Wot's the good of the Mail lambastin the squealers now, emiyhow? Mebbe Mak found out Villikins gain an then the two chipped in az a team! And that's wot got Bunting in a hole. Wot do you say 'bout the hull racket?

JIM JACKSON.

WHAT SOME FOLKS SAY.

[By Grip's newest Quilt Nunc.]

Mowat doesn't go this trip.

—The little Premier.

The best little game of "I spy" ever we played.

—The whole Cabinet

I know the Tory Brigade had a fist in it.

—Pardee.

But I showed how to catch 'em in flag.

—Hardy.

And I dressed 'em down with "Brawling Brood," etc.

—Fraser.

Well, we did the dirty work and—and—but you know!

—The Spies.

It's a — — — lie about me. Put that in your own style, Griffin—but make it good and strong. We ain't on oath, you know.

—C. W. B.

Oh, I don't need instructions. If good solid lying can help the boss, here goes! But I'm doubtful, all the same.

—Martin J.

My client Mr. Wilkinson denies the charge in to-to. Perhaps that don't amount to much. But—we have got bail that will!

—Lawyer Neville.

Bail be jiggered!

—Fenton.

That information knocks me cold.

—Dr. McM.

It's given me a sore throat reading it.

—The Colonel.

It's a big heap to swear to on spec.

—Old John.

It's tough on my partner to have his name so prominent in it.

—John Riordan.

All I wanted was to get my timber legislation, and I had the money to do it, too.

—Kirkland.

Only I came along and fancied we could hunt in couples, and do better.

—Wilkinson.

Yes, and you got me and Bunting into the mess that way, you infernalscoundrel, —you.

—Meek.

Of course if Wilkinson had worked the thing right I would not have withheld my hand.

—The Grand old Schemer.

And I would have headed a coalition Government in Ontario—and passed as the Savior of the country.

—Meredith.

With me second in command! Spare these groans!

—Morris.

And me with the Key of the cash-box in charge! I'm real tired.

—Creighton.

I can make bother enough for Bunting and his party even inside of four years.

His Grace.

I believe Mowat has put up this job himself right through and through, and you needn't try to make me think otherwise.

—The out-and-out Tory Partisan.

The Ottawa Government are responsible for this whole business. Sir John's hand is clear in it. The money all came from there. I wouldn't believe a Tory on his oath.

The dyed-in-the-wool Grit.

I don't see much dignity in the spy business.

—The open-and-above-board Man.

Oh, but we must use questionable strategy at times.

—The not-over-particular crafty Man.

It's a bad piece of business all round, and I want to see more into it before I finally conclude how the blame really ought to be apportioned.

—The thoughtful, critical, fair-minded, independent Man.

A \$20 BIBLICAL PRIZE.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for April, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us how many words there are in the Epistle of Jude, as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision), by April 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner April 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the May *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

THE wild anarchist, Bailey, who has seceded Manitoba (see *Globe*) is described by an authenticated press correspondent—which is different from a press authenticated correspondent—as "a bifurcated phonograph who doesn't own land enough in the Province to bury him perpendicularly." This is, no doubt, a lively sentiment, embodied in a nicely rounded period. But really the correspondent should be more explicit. He neglects to say why a bifurcated phonograph should be buried perpendicularly rather than in the old accustomed style with toes up—that is, of course, always supposing a bifurcated phonograph has any toes to turn up. Perhaps also the correspondent while he is at it will say, not necessarily for information but as a guarantee of good sense, what a bifurcated phonograph might possibly be.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.



THE MODERN BAR-ROOMS.

WHERE BEER TEA, HOT MILK &c. ARE KEPT, A GREAT BOON. (As sung by the great Vance, Jolly Nash, &c., to the air of "Clacquot, Clacquot.")

Oh! what a blessed thing it is, that people now-a-days Can walk in, unsuspected, through the door of a saloon; Without their friends being anxious that they're treading naughty ways, For if they're asked what they've imbibed, why this will be their tune.

CHORUS.

"Beef-tea, beef-tea, that's the stuff to make you jolly, Beef-tea, beef-tea, that will banish melancholy; Yes, the very best of all the drinks it seems to me— Is what I've just been drinking, that adorable beef-tea."

To men who want to be considered temperance folks O. K., But who will take a quiet nip, this custom's quite a boon, For when seen by some abstainer coming out, he's sure to say,

"What could a temperance man like you want in a saloon?"

(SPOKEN: The answer comes as natural as possible)

CHORUS.

"Hot milk, boiled milk; that's the stuff to make you frisky, Hot milk, boiled milk, better far than beer or whiskey," Oh! This modern custom does enable them to birk Those goody-goody water men who can't object to milk.

Besides beef-tea and milk, you know, the "luscious bivalves," too, Are sold as well as whiskey, just for half a dime a glass; You go into a bar-room, take of drinks of rye a few, And say unto your temperance friend as through the door you pass.

(SPOKEN: With a clove in your mouth, you know)

CHORUS.

"Oysters, oysters, come and have some; I'm not selfish, Oysters, oysters, best of all the ocean shellfish!" A glorious custom this indeed, this modern bar-room dodge, And one that ne'er makes bother, like Regina versus Hodge.

And when you homewards, putty full, at night may take your way, Your wife will meet you at the door with fire in her eye, And as she tweaks your ruby nose I think I hear her say,

"So you've been drinking, have you? now I'll know the reason why." (SPOKEN—And then it isn't a bit of good—for you know the reason why—to say!)

CHORUS.

"Beef-tea, beef-tea; stronger 'tis than e'er I thought it; Hot milk, boiled milk, oh! indeed I ne'er had bought it If I'd thought that I should be in such a woeeful plight As beef-tea, milk and oysters have brought me to to-night."

SWIZ.

"Can you tell me, my dear boy," said that wag of a Jones to his friend Tomkins, who was very proud of what he called his moustache, "why that downy upper lip of yours reminds me of Shakespeare?"

"Well, no, I cannot," replied Tomkins, after a minute's reflection, though evidently highly flattered.

"Because, my dear fellow," said Jones, "it gives h-airy nothing a local habitation and a name.—The Judge."