



THE POLICEMAN'S JOKE.

POLICEMAN—"Come, now, move on."

OLD GLAGRUNCH—"Wha'sh matter wizh you? (*Hic*) Shan't budge!"

POLICEMAN—"It would have been a great deal better if you'd said so earlier in the evening. You've 'budded' far too much as it is."

MERCIER'S MEDITATIONS.

BY UNCLE RUFUS.

[On receipt of a request from His Holiness, the Pope, to prove himself a true Son of the Church, by settling up the claims of the Jesuits.]

YES, your Holiness, I'll do it,
Though we both may sorely rue it
In the end;
I'll depend
On the Church to see me through it;
If Canadians wrongly view it
And unite,
There may be a bitter fight.

You may know the Church is 'solid,'
All her words and acts are vaild
In Quebec;
Not a neck
Of our priestly governed people,
But would stretch for cross or steeple,
If 'twas found
We were coming to the ground.

But outside, 'tis my opinion,
Glancing over the Dominion,
There is need,

Yes, indeed,
Of the most profound attention,
Not to cause undue dissension,
Nor excite
Focs, and make them thus unite.

Now they're thoroughly divided,
Creeds and factions, each one guided,
Day and night,
Mind and might,

By a hatred of all others,
Though they call each other 'Brothers.'
They, like wolves,
Quarrel and fight among themselves.

So, if we can keep them at it,
While they snarl, and row, and spat it,
We are safe.

My belief
Is, they'll never be united,
And while thus, for self, excited,
We can do
What we like and put it through.

I will pass an 'Act,' and date it,
So that they can celebrate it
Each July;
By and by

(We can play the part of Stoics),
When they gag at mock heroics,
We, by tact,

Then can teach them—"Save the Act!"

And we'll pay the cash to you, sir,
As the one to whom 'tis due, sir,
On the day

When they say
All the cash in Britain's coffers
Was pre-empted from the scoffers
By a spy
Catching in a vault a 'Guy.'

So, while we are history making,
They can, by their annual 'Faking',
Celebrate,

For the State,
All the important things together—
They care little which is other,
If they're free
To go on a jamboree.

HE HAD A SUFFICIENCY.

SORETOE—"Say, mister, kin-yeh let me have a nickel?"

OLD GENT—"No, but here is an evening paper. You might be able to find something in the vacancy column that would suit you."

SORETOE (*laying his hand on his stomach*)—"Do I look like a man wot wants more of a vacancy than I've got?"

TO MY FRIEND MULDOON.

YOU'RE a good fellow, Clarence J. Muldoon,
And, while we take a social glass of beer,
(The very first I've had this afternoon),

Just let me whisper something in your ear:
Why don't you change that awful name of yours
'Twill mar your prospects all your earthly life.

What Muldoon wins, so long as time endures,
A seat in Parliament or wealthy wife?

Think of the warriors, poets, statesmen grand,
With fame resplendent as the sun at noon.

What man to eminence in any land

Could rise, if hampered by the name "Muldoon"?
Call yourself Benson, Smithers, Jones or Russell,
And you'll amount to something if you hustle.