

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S MONUMENT.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

SIR JOHN must have a monument,
 'Twould be a burning shame
 If no memorial were reared
 As tribute to his fame.
 I'll give ten dollars at the least,
 To show appreciation
 Of the great statesman who has built
 Up this Canadian nation.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

Sir John should have a monument,
 I think we all agree
 That it is wise to recognize
 True patriots such as he.
 But every man should pay his share,
 Nor leave it to a few.
 I think a dollar bill from me
 Will pretty nearly do.

THREE MONTHS LATER.

Oh, ah! about that monument
 We talked of for Sir John.
 Well, I don't know—how very slow
 The scheme is getting on!
 And really I don't just see why
 I'm called to give a cent.
 You'd better get a good-sized grant
 Put through by Parliament.

A KEEN EYE FOR A JOKE.

A GROUP was standing around the window of a news depot on Yonge Street last week gazing at GRIP's cartoon of "The Empty Saddle," and passing comments thereon. Suddenly one of the party who had been intently scrutinizing the picture broke into a subdued laugh, and exclaimed, "Well, now, that's a pretty good one. Too bad, though, to joke about the Old Man's death, but them fellers which gets up funny papers have no respect for anything. Darned good joke though."

"There's no joke in this cartoon I tell you," said another, indignantly. "Taint meant to be funny."

"Aint, eh? I guess I know a joke well enough when I see it. Blamed funny joke, too. Aint any of you fellows caught on yet?"

"Well, where is the joke? Show us it if you're so almighty smart."

"Why don't you see; it's a saddle-horse. That means that the country has met with a sad loss—saddle-hoss—sad loss. Do you chumps catch on now?"

"Well, now, I believe you're right. It never struck me that way. It is kind of funny, but it's a darned shame all the same to go making jokes about any man that's dead, let alone Sir John."—*Labor Advocate.*

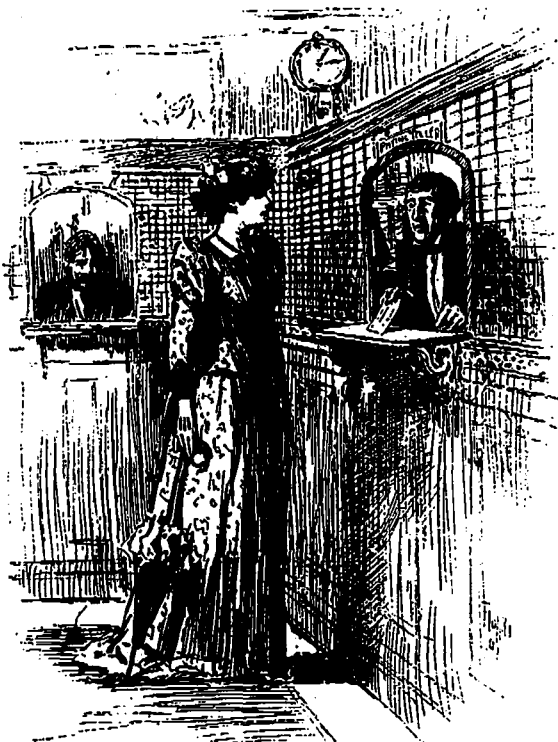
A BARREN IDEALITY.

GOLDSTEIN—"Ach, Isaac, id makes me sad ven I dinks vot de Hebrew nation haf come to. I would haf liked to lif in de oldt dimes ven ve had our own gountry."

JACOBS—"Dot vos voolishness, Jacob, mein vriendt. Auf ve Hebrews vas all by our sellufs vy ve vould sdarve trying to make a lifing selling cheap glothing undt shewlry to each other. I wants to be vere dere ish some Gentiles to do beensness mit."

A QUESTION OF LETTERS.

"THE Postmastership would nicely suit me,"
 Said that Governmental Pet, Adam Brown, M.P.,
 "Nothing simpler, dear boy," said the Cabinet—"ahem!
 Just reverse your M.P. and write it P.M.!"



SNUBBED.

PAYING-TELLER—"You will have to be identified—have some one introduce you to me—before I can cash this check."

YOUNG LADY (*haughtily*)—"But I do not care to know you, sir."—*Judge.*

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

"OF course," says Mr. Foster,
 "I favor Prohibition;
 But then, you know, our revenue
 Is in a queer condition;
 Besides, the country isn't ripe
 To render a decision,
 And so it seems my duty to
 Propose a Royal Commission."

"You see, we'll chose a score of chaps
 To form this Royal Commission,
 Who'll jaunt around, and sit and talk,
 And get an acquisition
 Of several tons of evidence
 To show the real position
 Of various foreign States and such
 Where they've tried Prohibition."

"We'll print (at Chappleau's Bureau
 In a nice, half-calf edition,
 In sixteen volumes) the result
 Of this patriotic mission,
 And then—who'll read it? No one
 In a mentally sound condition;
 But, don't you see, this clever scheme
 Of a solemn Royal Commission,
 Will give the Government a rest
 From troublous Prohibition!"

CRUEL.

GEORGE—"Oh, Amelia, for years I have loved you with the most passionate devotion. Oh, say that you will return my love!"

AMELIA—"Why, certainly, George; I really have no further use for it."