

GRIP'S WREATH

ON THE COFFIN OF F. SWIRE, E.A.

FAREWELL! oh, brother of the pen!
Thou genial heart—thou witty brain,
Whose phrases droll with laughter sickened
Dull care—and healthy pulses quickened.
How swift thy merry arrows flew!
Shot in the dark, their aim how true!
Not rankling with a poisonous wound,
But barbed with wit—and ever tuned
To humor true—e'en while exposing
The cloven hoof in pious posing.

Across "that bourne" thou'rt passed—too soon!
Life's jarring chords, so out of tune,
Challenge no more thy ready pen;
The clever hit at things and men,
The sharpened sting for love of self,
The unsparing judgment for thyself.

Or soon or late we follow, where
No stern creed limits mercy fair;
Where all unclogged by tainted clay,
That trammels, tempts, faints by the way,
The baffled soul her wings shall preen,
And be all that she would have been.

Ah brother! if 'twere only those
Who wear the bays upon their brows;
If only those of us who win
In life's grim fight may enter in
Upon the further—fairer life—
Alas for us who in the strife
Are beaten!—But it is not so:
Above His children, lying low,
The Father bends—and where men blame,
He but "remembereth our frame."

POLITICS.

"If it wuzzent for them dezntion Blues of Frenchmen, Canady would be all right. We don't want no consarned French domningnation here. They was allus rebels, them Frenchmen, and allus will be," said old Uncle Hiram Goosenbury, who is of the Grit persuasion, to old man Quackenbush, a good old sterling Tory, as they sat in the "settin" room of a North York tavern last week.

"Now, see here, Hiram, I'll allow we don't want no French domningnation here, and I allus stuck to it, but it's the dashed bobbed rooges in Lower Canady that's allus bin raisin' trouble," replied the old man.

"Jist so, jist so," Tory like, retorted Mr. Goosenbury, "stick up for your friends, the blue Frenchmen."

"Well, I don't know, kinder think the boot's on the other foot. Grit like, stick up for your friend, the Rooges, Uncle Hiram."

"Why, dog gone it!" said Mr. Goosenbury with some warmth, "everybody knows what the Blues are."

"Yes, and great crotch an' hemlock! I reckon we all know what the Rooges are."

"Wall, now, what is a Rooge? come," said Uncle Hiram.

"Wall, *you* tell me what a Blue is," retorted the old man.

"Wall, I know what a Blue is, but I'll be darned if I kin exactly explain."

"Jist my fix regardin' the Rooges," said Mr. Quackenbush. "Darn a Frenchman, anyway. Watcher goin' to have? Two hot ryes, landlord." B.

"It's the early bird that catches the worm." It is not, as some say, the early worm that is caught, but it is the early bird that catches the late worm. Be either the early worm or the early bird.

POSSESSED!

A PORT PERRY contributor to the *Week*, who confesses, with child-like *naivete*, that he has a terror of subscribing his own name to the letter he sends, on account of the objectionable subject thereof, and who signs himself "One Who Knows," after eulogising the editor for his bravery in tackling the questions of the Scott Act and fermented drinks, shows, to his own satisfaction at least, that whiskey, the much-abused, libelled and berated whiskey, is not only a harmless, but "indeed a beneficial thing."

Whiskey, the gentleman says, is alright if treated properly. It consists of two elements: one which has all "the devil" in it. In fact, it appears that, in other words, whiskey is "possessed" of a demon. That there is a demoniac element in whiskey few will deny. Others who know will quite agree so far with "One Who Knows." But the O. W. K. says that the two elements in alcohol are easily separated. He says, "Take a pint or quart of whiskey, put it in a saucepan or other vessel which will stand the fire, give it a boil, and the mischievous part will pass off rapidly with a strong smell. Take if off, get some lemons, sugar and water," he says, "and lo! Koumiss is an ardent spirit alongside of it, and Blue Ribbon Beer as Spirits of Wine when compared to the innocent and wholesome beverage concocted, which," he avers, "has not a headache in a hoghead of it."

This is indeed glad tidings brought to the ear of the clubbiter, the wine bibber and the bum, who awaketh at early morn with a head of immense proportions, to be reduced, after great suffering and remorse of conscience, by the application of cracked ice. Byre ladie! but the O. W. K. must have a great head! Here we've been abusing whiskey, with all that the name implies, with persistent savagery in our ignorance, that its demon could be exercised by the aid of a quart pot and a hot fire! It's too bad! We've all heard of the wicked partner. It is apparent that this volatile Mephistopholes is whiskey's W. G., so let us look leniently henceforward on whiskey as whiskey, and let a testimonial, say a massive quart can, be presented to the great discoverer, "One Who Knows."

Since writing the above I met a gentleman friend of mine, Parnassass McGuick, of the City of Dublin, in the Kingdom of Ireland, I showed him the *Week* with the O. W. K. article, and his remark thereon was, "Faith, sorr, 'One Who Knows,' knows how to make whiskey punch, anyhow; sure, it's an Irish recate the spalpan is palmin' off as his discovery! Bad cess to him, sure we make it in me father's castle since toime immemorial!" B.

THERE is quite a difference between taking GRIP and being taken by GRIP, isn't there? In the first case you pay the money and you get the fun, but in the other case your friends get the fun, but it don't cost you anything. And where does all the funny matter come from? Well, you are not supposed to know, but we'll tell you. Bill Nye's receipt for making celluloid collars will do: "Take a lot of ingredients and mix up with some foreign substances, etc." Now, then, "Take a number of constituents (volatile, if possible) and mix up with a couple of members: by keeping up a constant agitation. Enough solid matter will be evolved to furnish GRIP with the proper article." It's quite easy, you see. All these funny things are turned out by machinery according to receipts (subscribers). Do you wish to give GRIP a little fun, send in three dollars (or more, if you are behind) and get in return "GRIP's Receipt for Making Publishers Happy."