



CAED MILLE FAILTHE.

GRIP welcomes the brave and eloquent priest, Father McGlynn, on his first visit to the land of the Free!

THE SUAVITER IN MODO, FORTITER IN RE.

IT is not every bank clerk who is as kindly and courteous as my friend D——, who fills the accountantship in a C. B. C. Branch in a Western Ontario town.

Bland and obliging to every caller, even a chimney-sweep will get a soft answer to his enquiry as to the condition of the internal economy of the flue.

One day D—— stood off a life insurance agent four times, by resort to those mildly immoral subterfuges which most men have to fly to in extreme cases, when they desire to preserve their reputation for good temper and avoid bloodshed.

The first time he cordially assured the policy-pedlar that he would see him after dinner. He did see him—coming back—and managed to hide behind the safe. The third assault was repulsed by a genial explanation that he would have to look up the amount he already had on his life before considering an additional few thousands.

Attack No. 4 was met by a captivating request to the Risk Rustler to postpone further onslaughts till the busy time was over.

"Certainly, sir," acquiesced the Endowment Engineer. "I stay in town for a few days. Name your day, and it will suit me."

"Say Friday, then," continued D——, with insinuating grace.

"All right. What hour?"

"Ten a.m., sharp."

Ten a.m., sharp—sharper than a serpent's tooth is an Insurance man on hand to keep an appointment—found the Tontine Terror at the Bank door.

This notice on the closed portals greeted his eagle eye:—

To-day—Good Friday—
Bank Holiday.

"Looks as if he was playing me for a chump," mused the Premium Prevaricator. "But I may be misjudging him. I'll be onto him to-morrow."

"Very sorry, my friend, that I forgot about Good Friday," explained D——, with an angelic smile. "But I guess we can make it all right yet. Saturday, as you know, is my busiest day. How'll Monday catch you?"

"I'll stay over Monday, on purpose. But I must be off next day, sure!" solemnly declared the Straight Life Strategist.

This legend on the deserted Bank met his ardent gaze Monday morning:—

To-day—Easter Monday—
Bank Holiday.

* * * * *

My friend D—— still bears a name for courtliness of air and accommodation of disposition. But there is a traveling man, representing a well-known Life Insurance Co., who has sized up the young bank clerk as a confirmed, irreclaimable liar and dinged, heartless humbug.

MANIACAL MUSINGS.

IN the far-distant realm where the jiggle-dooof roves
And the rivers run up to the sea,
And the gimbus disporteth in crystalline droves,
There dwelt a fair maid by the anthracite groves,
Whose beauty was lurid to see.

As was clearly foreshadowed by Plato's remark,
Notwithstanding the Plan of Campaign,
Non-essentials are never divulged in the dark,
Though the Tree may be dimly discerned by its Bark,
"Yes," she murmured, "it threatens to rain."

And the Youth from Bobcaygeon who lurked in the dell,
Allured by the vintage, drew near,
He had hardly emitted a querulous yell,
When the earthquake arose with a tremulous swell,
And citrons began to appear.

"Just to keep up the interest," she shouted in fear,
As she pounded him over the head,
"Oh, why this aloofness? I prithee draw near."
A voice in the meeting responded, "hear! hear!"
As the vulture sailed high overhead.

"I often have dreamed," said the pink-headed youth,
"I often have dreamed—have I not?"
I often have dreamed—'tis an obvious truth,
For instance—however—moreover—forsooth,
I cannot exactly tell what."

"Then come," said the maiden, "no longer digress,
For consciousness must be innate,
The greater you cannot subtract from the less,
Will you kindly report my remarks for the press,
And I'll work you a sum on the slate."

"But 'tis history," quoth he, "that's my favorite fake,
I have read *Johnny Schmoker* of late,
And the numerous critics on *Finnigan's Wake*,
And how Paddy Rats gave Mike Duffy the shake,
And the *Memoirs of Doolan the Great*."

"Now methinks that if Doolan," the maiden replied,
"Could return to the land of his birth,
He would quickly perceive that, all jesting aside,
It is lunar attraction which causes the tide,
Or the waters would cover the earth."

"Inasmuch as moreover by infinite reach,
Should the force of conviction perpend,
It can scarcely be lucidly shadowed in speech
That as each is to all—so should all be to each,
That to distance enchantment may lend."

The great catawampus came out of his lair,
And the whizzigs were gibbering round,
When the book-agent said, with a business-like air,
"If I don't make a start I shall never get there,"
While the Echo kept silence profound.

What a theme for a poet of delicate touch!
For myself, I don't make much pretence,
I can put it in English, or even in Dutch,
And fix all the rhyme and the metre and such,
But the reader must find all the sense.

HE APPRECIATED THE SCENERY.

MRS. FRESHPORK (*back to Chicago from honey-mooning in Europe*)—"Do you remember that gorge up in the mountains, Arthur? Wasn't it just lovely?"

MR. F.—"You bet. I never ate a squarer meal in my life!"