

"I know a bank."—SHAKESPEARE

I'd like to know who is this swell, that signs himself a Bank Clerk,
And thinks himself in poverty, although he's safely anchored
Behind his counter telling out, or talking in our dollars,
Of which one thousand every year he by permission collars.

The one I mean is that bright youth who sneers at early marriages,
And actually turns up his nose at ladies in their carriages!
Because forsooth he can't afford to keep up the same style on
His thousand dollars—why should they such airs and graces pile on.

Ye gods! what we are coming to, that with two hundred sterling,
Each year unto him duly paid this chap can't keep from hurling
His wrath upon society? because it can't provide him
With club, cigars and carriage with a wife to sit beside him!

Does he forget when the "old man" out on the tenth concession
Was whacking at the maple trees to get him a profession?
And when his head was found too thick to scan a line of CÆSAR,
His father put him in a Bank to give the girls "a breeze" sir.

Let him abandon his desire to gaze on swells bewitchin',
And cast his 'ristocratic eye on SALLY in the kitchen.
The chances are his earlier years were spent in its vicinity
Before he thought of U. C. C. or "mortar board" of Trinity.

Let him reflect that many a man, and just as good as he is,
On half such pay can keep a wife and children on his knee as
Happy as a king, but then perhaps it's his blue blood, sir—
Or dilettante tastes that makes him pine so for his club, sir.

Ingenuous youth, go home and rest, and think while in your attic
How comfortable you could be though less aristocratic,
If you'd only give up aping swells and wait till some more tin come,
Give up cigars and buy a pipe and live within your income.

MATILDA.

To the Editor of "Grip,"

SIR:—This letter, I am aware, should be addressed to the *Mail*, that enterprising journal having started the subject which heads it, and which is now agitating the minds of the youth of both sexes throughout the Province; but as this is a question affecting Grit and Tory alike, I think it only right that the controversy should be removed from the columns of a purely partisan sheet, such as the *Mail*, and transferred to one that is read and enjoyed by all classes, Tory as well as Grit—the great advocate of "Protection" (for the oppressed), and of "Free Trade" (in Charity, Humor and all that makes life pleasant). I need not say I mean GRIP.

My case, Sir, differs somewhat—in fact I may say considerably from any of those which have appeared in the columns of the *Mail*, from "BANK CLERK" downwards. It is briefly this:—I am gradually approaching my twenty-fifth year—if I linger till August next will have lived a quarter of a century. My friends all tell me that I should call myself blessed among young men, yet what is life to me? Poverty? you ask. No. Listen. I hold a Government situation worth £1200 a year. This is also supplemented by £80 stg. which my dear mother in Ireland allows me, to say nothing of the £20 my spinster aunt (from whom I have great expectations) sends me at Christmas, or the £5 note which she encloses whenever she writes—say twice every three months. In addition to this (bless her old heart) she has promised to settle £200 a year on me the day I am married, this over and above what I am to receive at her death. So much for my financial situation. I enjoy the best of health, keep my horse, and am to be seen any fine afternoon, mounted on my barb, and clad in unexceptionable attire, caracoling through the streets of the metropolis, the envy of many a poor Government employée, and I flatter myself, the cynosure of every eye.

Modesty forbids my dwelling for any length on my personal appearance, but I have it on my mother's own authority that I was a remarkably lovely baby, and I believe I have not much changed since my infancy—however I send my photograph.*

There, Sir, you have me as I stand—yet with all these advantages I am a miserable wretch. The cause is briefly: I yearn, yet dread to marry. The summit of my ambition, the acme of my fondest desire is to have a wife. I know I could have one for the asking and yet I dare not ask! Bear with me then, dear GRIP, and advise me. I know seven young ladies, young, pretty, accomplished, well connected—*everything*—any one of whom would gladly become Mrs. EGO to-morrow, yet I hesitate to ask—to put the fateful question, so sure am I that the answer, whatever it might be, would be destructive to my peace of mind. Should it be "yes," I know I would never forgive myself for not having asked one of the others—and were it "no!"—but my heart sinks, my brain reels at the bare conjecture.

I say nothing of the bitter animosity that would be engendered in the hearts of the six less fortunate maidens, and those of their male and female relatives †—that I know would be awful. I only ask you to take pity on a not altogether "poor young man" and aid me with your counsel.

Your constant reader

EGO.

The Metropolis, Nov.. '78.

GRIP's advice to EGO is that of the immortal HORACE—"GREELY," not "FLACCUS"—"GO WEST YOUNG MAN!"

* He sent us seventeen, taken in different attitudes. No, EGO, you do not appear to have changed much since you were a baby. Wait a few years for your whiskers and moustache though. (ED. GRIP)

† Don't let that alarm you, Peacock! (ED. GRIP)

The Conservative Leader to His Followers.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For the years that we've spouted at picnics away,
To see once more round me my old Tory friends
All once more looking forward to glad quarter day?

And remember we need not on that day alone
Rest our hopes of progression in booty and pelf,
For each day and each week to the calendar known
Will give each one new chances of helping himself.

Oh, what joys the Pacific hath for us in store,
Which no wonder our TUPPER is anxious to push,
You remember how nearly we grabbed them before,
But our golden bird 'scaped from us into the bush.

He shall not 'scape again; by yon orb of day,
By this goblet which to our success now I drain,
That bright bird Paradisaic shall here with us stay
Till no feather unplucked does upon him remain.

Then Protection—I know that it troubles you sore,
How the work that we've pledged we'll contrive to get through,
Well, what then?—sure experience has taught you before
If you don't wish to pay, why 'tis best to renew.

Its apostle—who got us the places we hold,
How severely and quickly we dished him you know,
We have used him, and then left him out in the cold,
For we won't tread the path where he wished us to go.

You're aware of the reason, your leader has showed
You before,—but keep mum—it is strict *entre nous*,
But remember it shortly: We don't know the road,
And we won't share our pay with the fellows who do.

So we'll go to the House, and we'll promises make
Of Protection and all of the good things to be,
But remark "Mustn't hurry; some time it will take,
In a session or two *such* results you shall see."

And we'll committees strike, and we'll evidence bring,
And we'll seem to be doing a deuce of a lot,
And when four or five sessions have flown on Time's wing
Why, quite up in the subject perhaps we'll have got.

Then we'll say "We're all ready Protection to give,
You won't turn us out now we've worked at it so long,
Give us but five years more and as sure as you live,
We'll go in for the National Policy strong.

Then meantime about pickings; but mind you I don't
Counsel you; but if people approaching you see
Who would bribe you for tariffs; I hope that you won't
Listen to them—at least, mind, don't implicate me.

We've good salaries got, boys; so give me a cheer,
And don't think for a moment, nor venture to say
That our big thumping majorities are coming here,
Just to vote for good measures. They'll vote for JOHN A.

ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY—Write to the *Mail*.