

Our Own Medium.

No. III.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—In the course of my rambles during the past week I visited the various banking institutions in your city, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, cashiers, and clerks, with all the other members of these wealthy corporations ranged in their several stations, and busily intent upon their several duties. Looking, however, beyond the more outward appearance of things as presented to the ordinary every-day observer, I could not but notice that the presiding officer over all was a lady, and her name, as I was told, was *The Public*. In front of her was placed a large golden bowl, filled with a clear crystalline liquid called *Capital*, which was filled and emptied by two pipes, placed one on each side, the supply pipe being called *The Deposit*, the other *The Discount*, and both of which were controlled and guided by the lady in question. I was astonished also to find that the other officials, the directors, cashiers, and clerks were but servants of this great lady, and obeyed her behests implicitly.

The lady seemed sometimes to be very ill and feverish, and short in temper, and then the crystalline liquid seemed to be a mirror of her mood, and danced fretfully within the golden bowl as it sank rapidly through the *Discount* pipe; at other times she seemed in good spirits, and surveyed with much pleasure the rapidly filling bowl, as the liquid flowed freely in through the *Deposit* pipe. Tired of watching the various whimsical moods into which this lady flung herself, I spent some time in looking into the working of the details, and to the manner in which *The Public* was served.

I was glad to find how faithfully her commands were carried out, and how in most instances the clerks were all that could be desired. I noticed, however, that there were some of the clerks (imported, I was told, from across the water) who seemed to think they were not servants of my lady, but her masters, and was surprised to find that this arose from their fancying they were persons of great importance, coming from an old country to a new one like Canada, and that society was waiting with outstretched arms to receive them. In fact, they had but to choose their own society. Hence their supercilious manner to those frequenting the banks, and the irritating coolness shown towards those who with little time to spare are compelled patiently to await their pleasure. I trust this will soon be remedied, and that all will remember that they hold their places for the good of and as servants of *The Public*, and give will for the future that quick and ready, polite and gentlemanly service that is required at their hands.

Leaving one of the banks, and passing into the counting house of a prominent merchant, I was astonished to find a letter lying on his desk, written with the intention of sending the same to one of your daily papers, but his courage failed him. Recognising, however, the correctness of the ideas contained in the same, I venture to give a copy of it to the public, through *Grip*:

"Spool Lane, Monday.

"MR. EDITOR,—I have a grievance to redress. Why should I be subjected to the torture I now endure—why should a plurality of persons sit in judgment on my business—as coroners over a supposed murder? I am unfortunately a merchant requiring discounts. I go to my bank expecting to have a private interview with the cashier. I enter the room and find the president, vice-president, and three directors seated with the cashier. A series of good mornings and winning smiles greet my entrance, and then all but the cashier suddenly become interested in the morning papers. I explain my business—the cashier is afraid to reply—president strikes in—vice-president does ditto—directors ditto. I am pulled to pieces. My business is canvassed by men in the same line, and I leave the room feeling my self-respect lowered. Dear Sir, if a cashier is a cashier, let him be one in earnest.—Yours,

"B. O. COMMERCE,
"Dealer in Tapes, Ribbons, &c."

But, for the present, adieu,

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

REGARDLESS OF COST!

A very important meeting of the recently formed Liberal-Conservative Association of London was held at the Court House in that city the other day, when a Constitution was adopted, and in the words of the *Free Press*:

The subscription list was very largely signed, without any regard to the membership fee, and in a few minutes several hundred dollars were subscribed towards the funds of the Association.

The enthusiasm of these gentlemen can only be measured when, in connection with the above, we quote Sec. XII of the Constitution:

"The subscription fee to be fifty cents per member."

JOHN A. AND THE ELEMENTS.

Mr. Moss, in his speech the other evening at the Soho Street meeting, did not put it so strongly as he intended when he said:

"If we may believe some people, the sun could not shine if Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD was not Premier."

We may believe "some people" very readily to that extent if it is the *Toronto Sun* they mean. The statement is a fact as absolute as it is painful to the proprietor of our little evening contemporary.

"PUNCH" PRIGGETII!

If those who have the first volume of *GRIP* on fyle—and who has not?—will take the trouble to look over some recent numbers, they will find the following characteristic *bon mot*:

"THE ONLY FUSION OF LAW AND EQUITY—Confusion."

This was justly considered very clever by all who were keeping themselves read on the Fusion Question in England; and *Grip* is ready to swear to its originality. In the face of that, is there not something very suspicious in our London contemporary, *Punch*, on the 8th of November—by which time, you observe, he would be in receipt of his copy of *Grip*—publishing this line:

"NEW NAME FOR THE FUSION PARTY—Confusion."

Now, we don't want any palliating letters from *Metropolitans*, please!

TO THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

Great Duke, all hail! your Grace's note we read,
And all our doubts and all our scruples fled;
We see the wrongs our wanton haste has wrought,
Sir JOHN and ALLAN may have stoned in naught.
'Tis true, the first was perhaps a little rash
In his manipulation of the cash;
But who's to blame? Impartial-minded *Grip*,
Taught by your Highness, mourns there was no whip,
Else had the dirty work been done, 'tis plain,
And yet the knight remained without a stain.
We stand instructed—full our grateful hearts
Of admiration for your Grace's parts;
Your English rank no higher may attain,
But yet there's one step for your Grace to gain—
The public voice declares, where'er it rules:
"Be Duke, and Prince, and Autocrat of Fools."

AN ANSWER WANTED.

This Duke of Manchester, who's been so busy,
Dear *Grip*, inform us, who the dickens is he?

THAT POLICEMAN!

By an Idiot, who, through being naturally harmless, and of inferior muscular development, justly merits (and gets) the concentrated attention of the Force.

A policeman stood (as a policeman should),
Leaning against a lamp;
He buttoned his coat well up on his throat,
For the air was chilly and damp.
And I heard him sigh, as I passed him by,
O'er joys now strangely marred;
And he shook his head, in a way that said—
"O! a policeman's lot is hard."
Then down the street, to the end of his beat,
With a dignity naught could excel,
He strode ahead with that measured tread
That suits a policeman well;
And turning a lane (I not without pain
Observed this indifference to duty),
He walked a few yards, to pay his regards
To a cook (famed for more than her beauty).
I thought it no sin to just peep through the window,
And oh! what a sight met my gaze—
Of beer and cold mutton, enough eat this glutton,
To last him a week or ten days.
But sounds, as of blows, on the instant arose,
And a crowd gathered quick in the street;
And the policeman turned white, and says he, "Blow me tight,
If I venture out yet on my beat."

AMPUTATION.—Dr. De La Hooke yesterday successfully amputated one of the fingers of Alfred Bishop, a brakesman on the Grand Trunk, who recently had his hand badly crushed while coupling cars. — *Globe*.

Next week we may expect to learn that Dr. CROMBIE, L.D.S., has safely extracted Mrs. SMITH's first molar, or that Dr. McCLAVENS has operated successfully upon Mrs. THOMPSON'S CORNS.