

mine should induce a scion of the first to think himself upon a level with an upstart who possesses the second.

Adieu, ADOLPHUS, for the present.

King Street demands its admiring MUDGE.

I am, as ever, your faithful

DEMOS.

Mr. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY,  
Russell House, Ottawa.

### Our own Medium.

NO. VIII.

#### THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—Though there are many poets, both past and present, who have written poems of no ordinary merit, and whose names are revered generation after generation, I must say I am rather disappointed to find that you cannot point as yet to the works of a Canadian *Poet Laureate*, and that you still have to make use of the works of the great poets of the world to help to train the enthusiastic imaginations of the weaker vessels of the community. There is no doubt, however, that you have in your midst many who are striving with a noble ambition to hand down their names to posterity as the Canadian LONGFELLOW, or TENNYSON, and specimens of whose art may from time to time be seen cropping out in the poetical corner of your rural contemporaries, and reprinted to fill up space in a similar corner in your city Dailies. One of these efforts came in my way this week, one which had been rejected by the "*Barnhill Expositor*," and by the rule of that celebrated paper in regard to communications not accepted, consigned to the waste basket. Recognizing its merit, I venture to give it what its author earnestly desired, *publicity*,—and whilst your readers appreciate its marked ability, trust they will not attribute to its author any personality. The *poem*, like the subject of it, has *no title*, but runneth as follows:

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,  
You are a mistake and bother,  
With your Proton Tale  
So threadbare and stale—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,  
Why do you make such a bother,  
With words out of place,  
And speech without grace,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,  
Why don't you try some soft sawder?  
Elected a Grit,  
The coat did not fit,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,  
You are a very great plodder,  
You met with a sell  
'Midst the opposition you dwell,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER,  
Remember a well-known author,  
Who wrote a small book,  
And regrets that it took,—

Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

#### MORAL.

Had poor ABRAHAM LAWDER  
Not been a mistake and a bother,  
He would have stood high,  
And we would not now cry,  
Oh! poor ABRAHAM LAWDER.

I am not aware that the author ever read the celebrated tale of "Robinson Crusoe," but it would appear that he has.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

REASSURING.—Old lady in the train (very nervous) to gent—"Do accidents often occur on this line?" Gent—"One every day. Liable to be smashed up at any moment."

RELATIONSHIP.—JACKSON, of Dansville, is distantly related to a Senator, whom he addresses "Cousin." JACKSON has another relative, a washerwoman, and is quite offended because she speaks of him as her "Cousin" JACKSON.

WHY is a Jewish physician like a good brewer? Because he knows how Hebrews ail.

#### IMPARTIAL GRIP, ACCUSED OF PARTY ZEAL, ASKS FIGHTY GRITS TO READ THESE LINES—AND SQUEAL.

There once was a bumpkin who witnessed a fight  
'Twixt a couple of skunks on a moon-lighted street,  
He, thinking them canines, approached too near sight,  
Then retired, remarking "he cared not which beat."

Like that countryman, GRIP can no sympathy hold,  
For political pole-cats, whatever their stripe,  
But fearing no venom, on such seizures hold,  
And squelches the foulest with merciless gripe.

And the foulest, awhile in the past, have been those  
Who clung with MACDONALD to power and shame,  
They the strongest offence were to BARNABY'S nose,  
And he—true to his duty—has widened their fame.

But there's many a sinner who hides his disgrace  
Behind the broad Aegis whose Gorgon is BROWN,  
GRIP dreads not to petrify under that face,  
And is ready to hunt all the scalliwags down.

The heroes of "Proton," the scrubs of the "Farm,"  
The knaves of "The Islet," escape yet the taws,  
Let them shudder and shrink in uneasy alarm,—  
We will bring down the cat if they give us fresh cause.

There's a sneak insignificant who has gone free,  
JUDAS WOOD, whose effluvia foulth the air,  
He has, stamped on his traitorous forehead, the T  
That he earned from poor SANDFIELD—*speak now*—if he dare.

There are Grit "Jacks in office," so many and small,  
That compassion compels us to let the crew pass,  
'Twould be cruel to single a few from them all,  
But some day, perhaps soon, we'll roast them, *en masse*.

#### A SOFTY.

They stood at the gate  
Very late;  
And the moon seemed to smile as she gazed from aloft,  
For the anxious swain looked decidedly soft,—  
So did his mate.

He stood there—half froze,  
I suppose;  
For the climax had come in his wooing of ANN,  
And intent in his mind he was brewing a plan  
To propose.

They spoke of the stars—  
And the wars;  
Of the beautiful hue in the Northern Lights,  
Of gentlemen's collars, and woman's rights—  
Till all hours.

But time slipping by  
Very sly—  
Put the lover in mind that he'd better make haste,  
Lest this golden chance of his life he might waste,  
Through being shy.

So he summoned a look  
Of great pluck;  
He changed his feet in a resolute style,  
And clearing his throat, he put on a smile,  
And—never spoke!

A remark by ANN  
Just then,  
Put his forthcoming question quite out of joint,  
And led him to talk away from the point  
Again.

Half an hour  
Or more,  
He struggled to muster up courage to "vow"—  
But his heart caved in at the thought—somehow  
O'er and o'er.

The word from his tongue  
Wouldn't come,—  
He gazed on her face with ineffable love,  
And wildly again with his bashfulness strove,  
Then—went home.

WHICH IS HE?—There is a gentleman in this city who washes the dishes and peels the potatoes, to save his wife's hands. Query—Is he a fool or an angel?