

## Our own Medium.

NO. VI.

## THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—I am asked by my brother spirits to request of you the favour of an insertion of the following advertisement, as much for your satisfaction as our own, and the more so as you are the only recognized medium of intelligence with us in your city, the other mediums having taken their departure for warmer climates.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas the *Daily Globe*, a newspaper published in the City of Toronto, did lately, feloniously and with malice aforethought, with intent to deceive an enlightened public, abstract from and convert to its own use, certain ideas, thoughts and expressions heretofore published by us in a certain series of papers styled *The Spectator*. Now know ye, that the same was done without our consent and authority, and in the name of ourselves and all others whose ideas are daily abstracted and made use of in the same *Daily Globe*, we protest against the use so made of the same, and we hereby notify an intelligent public that Grip is the only authorized medium of imparting our ideas to those existing in the nineteenth century.

Should the practice be continued, we shall shed upon the head of the offending editor thrice heated rays of the *Daily Sun*, and send by the *Daily Mail* from our abode such a supply of tormenting hosts, that he will speedily find himself to be even a more curious specimen of a creature than the one styled so peculiarly an *Irish Canadian*. Therefore Beware,

(Signed) ANDERSON, on behalf of Your Familiar Spirits.

While I am on the subject of newspapers, permit me, dear Grip, to ask you in all candour which of your city papers one is to believe? Walking down King street last Monday afternoon, while the Municipal Elections were in full blast, I stopped opposite the *Mail* office in search of information. On a blackboard in front of the building was printed in large characters, 'MANNING 170 ahead.' Pleased with the information, I walked further down the street, and wondering at the crowd of people collected around the *Globe* office, went over to see what was causing the commotion, and found on the blackboard there that SMITH was 131 ahead. A similar crowd around the *Leader* office took me thither, and I found out that MEDCALF was 400 ahead, and this at the same hour. I was very much astonished, and was still more astonished to find by the result of the election that for once in its life the *Leader* was a true prophet.

MEDCALF is Mayor; is chief citizen of the great Queen City of the West as you style yourselves, and a Council well worthy of the presiding genius will surround him at the Aldermanic Board. With pride and satisfaction your citizens can point to a body of men, including in their number the most refined, the best educated, and from social position the most suitable, who for one year will control in so able and masterly a manner the civic duties.

Then dear Grip, leaving municipal matters for the higher sphere of political life, I am surprised to find that our Local Ministry have followed the example set them in municipal matters, and without any personality, I may be permitted to say on behalf of my brother shades that we consider the appointment equally suitable. Some of the late able speakers of the English House of Commons ask us to suggest, however, that perhaps a taller man with a little more august presence might have been selected, or one with a little more knowledge of parliamentary practice, and especially with a little more gravity as suited to such an assemblage.

Doubtless the extraordinary services he has rendered to his Party extending over such a long series of years may have turned the scale, as in municipal matters, in his favour. May he turn out a Prince Rupert in the chair, and without being engulfed in the *Maze* of political partizanship, show himself possessed of *Wells* of wisdom and tact in his guidance of the *House*.

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

## PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

We find amongst the "Local Brevities" in a late number of the *Collingwood Bulletin* the following item:

Mr. BETTS has gone into the Dew-Drop.

Few the Dew-Drop is undoubtedly a Saloon, and it would appear that the Editor had been watching his neighbours' movements from his Sanctum window. In the absence of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH (who is at present in England,) and in his name Grip indignantly protests against this style of Journalism. Let there be no more of it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.—the constituent parts of an old fashioned sermon.

## Grip's Political Parodies.

TUNE—"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE JOHN."

JOHN A. McD., my Joe, JOHN, when first I saw that face,  
You then were quite a bean, JOHN, a lad of wit and grace;  
But now you've turned quite grave, JOHN, your speech is short and slow,  
You've got a cussed hang-dog look, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

JOHN A. McD., my Joe JOHN, lang syne when you began  
To try your youthful band, JOHN, full tilt at sin you ran;  
And now you have been steeped, JOHN, as all the world does know,  
To lips in rank corruption, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

JOHN A. McD., my Joe, JOHN, when in the "purist" trade,  
A bright and shining name, JOHN, unto yourself you made;  
But now—and sad we are JOHN, to say that this is so,—  
You stand a mark of public scorn, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

JOHN A. McD., my Joe JOHN, how sportive were your tricks,  
When you had got GEORGE BROWN, JOHN, or SANDFIELD in a fix;  
But GEORGE now will rise, JOHN, upon your overthrow,  
And second fiddle you must play, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

JOHN A. McD., my Joe JOHN, spontaneous was your glee,  
When letting off your jokes, JOHN, at FORBES or MCGEE,  
Or jumping on MACKENZIE, JOHN, or stopping HULTON's blow,  
Now can you have the heart to joke, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

JOHN A. McD., my Joe JOHN, you've been in mazy a scrape;  
But still with wit or luck JOHN, you've managed to escape,  
You're now knocked out of time JOHN, and up the spongo must throw,  
Retire and take to fattening pigs, JOHN A. McD., my Joe.

ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY.

AN OTTAWA IDYL AND IDOL.

SKETCHED IN THE RU-SELL HOUSE SMOKING ROOM.

If one goes to the Russell House bar,  
For a weed, or a tumbler of toddy,  
He won't have to look very far  
For little ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY.

That's he, with the meaningless face,  
And downy ambitious moustaches,  
No whiskers,—his cheeks in their place  
Are covered with pimples and rashes.

His opinions,—if so can be called  
His half notes on humanity's gamut,  
Are mincingly quavered and drawled,  
And end in a treble with "damn it!"

"He don't think MACKENZIE is fit  
For the place that he holds,—oh! he guesses  
That he's able enough,—every bit—  
But—how doosidly bad the man dresses."

BLAKE's "all very well in his way,  
But what stooped, dry sermons, his speeches,  
He's not a small patch to JOHN A., —  
And he wears such infernal loose breeches."

Thus little TOMNODDY will pipe,  
While politeness may force you to listen  
Ask the dry little parrot to swipe,  
And observe how his bleary eyes glisten.

TOMNODDY but echoes the bray  
Of louder and better known asses,  
Who were as attached to JOHN A.,  
As flies to a pot of molasses.

He saved them from utter contempt  
By his MACHIAVELLIAN ability;  
But he's squelched, and their strong discontent  
Is with his opponents' "gentility!"

That's all—from the greatest to least,  
Their complaints have but little variety,  
And they tell you, down there in the East  
That they speak with the voice of "Society."

As the Tooley street tailors, well known,  
Said "WE MEN OF ENGLAND," so SHODDY  
Thinks its voice is Society's own,  
As expressed by ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY.