



XMAS IN FLORIDA.

CROCODILE (*singing*)—

Some prefer the breast-bone
Others like the wing,
But I never could digest bone
Or any such a thing.

Some go in for white meat,
Tastes differ so, you see,
When I am asked I always say
Dark meat for me!

Ald. Hallam—To overcome his bashfulness and speak oftener in the City Council.

Ald. E. A. Macdonald—To go to law sometimes rather than be put upon, and run for every office in sight.

John Ross Robertson—To criticize the civic administration more fully.

Col. Denison—To show up traitors and annexationists on every occasion, and try and convince the Yankees by argument that they are a cowardly and treacherous lot.

E. E. Sheppard—To become the Ward McAllister of Toronto "society."

Ald. Frankland—To explain after each of his speeches that it didn't mean what his hearers thought it did.

W. A. Douglas—To mention the Single Tax occasionally in conversation with his friends.

D. J. O'Donoghue—To introduce the immigration question into the Trades and Labor Council.

Hon. Frank Smith—To lay low and put his money where it will do most good.

Sergeant-at-arms Glackmeyer embodied his resolution in flowing metre thusly:

"I will wield the mace
With an easy grace
Which shall dignify the motor
So that folks shall say,
'Well, he earns his pay,
If he does live in Dakota.'"

Prof. Goldwin Smith—To start a new *Bystander* one of these days, as soon as his indignation against Woman

Suffragists, Home Rulers, labor men, prohibitionists, etc., has accumulated near to the bursting point.

GRIP—To eschew mule, goat, mother-in-law and stovepipe jokes, unless in cases of absolute necessity.

TO STYLUS.

A MODERN LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

DEAR Stylus, don't you think it time
To dam your stream of turgid rhyme?
Although it flows with great pretence,
'Tis not of crystal eloquence.
Out of a cavern dark 'tis brought
To belch abroad its mud of thought.
The Muses, as your soul can see 'em,
Exist but in your brain's museum;
You travel like a minstrel show,
And leave behind, where'er you go,
Poetic posters telling us
You are a very clever cuss;
No sane man will deny the same,
Or grudge your self-awarded fame;
But, boaster, why not bid adieu,
We've had enough—too much of you;
Return to that poetic ground,
Where first your jingling gifts you found,
Go back and write new books a score
And post them through the world galore,
But be they bound in paper, vellum,
Boards, parchment, calf, you cannot sell 'em,
Your verses have gone forth before you,
And surely they're enough to floor you.
Go home and haunt your own Parnassus,
We do not want you to surpass us;
We have a breed of poetlings
To soar and sing; fold up your wings;
Direct your luggage; shut your mouth;
And take the organ with you South.
Why did you start this starry rôle?
To advertise abroad your soul?
Your fire of genius should not roam,
But ought to be kept close at home,
Lest straying sparkles should ignite
The lunacy of fools and light
The path that every rhymster passes
Unto the crowded bridge of asses,
Whence into black oblivion's tide
Each leaps—a happy suicide!
Enough there are without your aid
Who swell the poetaster's trade
In Canada; old rhyming hacks
Whose volumes bear upon their backs
Sure symptoms of the senseless mind
That dulls each drivelling page we find;
And many, smelling yet of schools,
Who take the grammar's golden rules,
Construct in blank both thought and verse,
Chop off the ends, and rhyme them worse.
We have them, Stylus, of both sexes,
Ah! that's the thought that always vexes;
'When lovely woman stoops to folly'
Her verses are most melancholy,
And yet there are a precious few
Can stoop to verse and conquer too;
Ah! Stylus, make your best excuse
And go—for you we have no use.
We raise up poets by the score,
They sing in chorus by the door
Of great McGill;—they play the flute
Near to the Fraser Institute;—
They chirp in club, or clique, or class;—
And if on certain nights you pass
Our Natural History Museum
There by the dozen you may see 'em,
Wrapt in that conscious pride of self,
Like dummy books upon a shelf.
Stylus, you might have lectured there
And shown the laurels that you wear
Upon your very classic brow,—
Ah! yes, methinks I see them now,—
Laurel? A poet's eye deceives!
They are but common cabbage leaves;
But call them laurel, you will find