



L'ARGENT ET L'AMOUR.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY-MEDIEVAL TALE.

BY G. P. R. SWIZ-JAMES.

"Nay, girl; it must not be, in aught but this will I humor thee, but, by the spotless escutcheon of the De Bungstartyrs! thou shalt not wed this penniless varlet," and the doughty old baron, the puissant Lord Ludovic Hamfatte De Bungstartyr, girding on his trenchant sword, prepared to sally forth to his counting house at the soap factory. "I tell thee, child, he is beneath thee both in rank and wealth and I will none of it," and lifting a pail of lager to his lips, he tilted up the visor of his helmet and quaffed a gallon or so.

For some moments naught was heard in the spacious apartment of the old feudal castle on Sherbourne street save the gurgling and the fizzing of the cool malt liquor as it ran into the imbiber's parched and over-heated inward arrangements, and the low sobbing of the beautiful girl to whom the preceding harsh words had been addressed.

"Young O'Doherty is but a knave of low degree," continued the earl, setting down the empty bucket, and drawing the back of his gauntleted hand across his bearded mouth, "and is no fitting mate for thee,—a De Bungstartyr: Nay, Godiva, it must not be; by my halidome! it shall not be, grammercy! so think no more of him; Odsboddikins! things were come to a pretty pass, methinks, when thou would'st give thy hand to a penniless reporter—I trow—"

"The street car waits, m'lud," interrupted a liveried menial, as the jingling of the bells of the fiery steeds was heard without, and the low muttered oaths of the driver of car 29 stole in through the open door, as he fretted and foamed at the delay.

"What ho! there, warder" roared the doughty nobleman, passing his sword through the abdomen of the lackey who stood in his way, and decapitating his chief henchman who ran against him. "What ho, raise the port cullis and lower the draw bridge, and see ye tarry not, or, gadsooks! thy carcass shall swing from yonder ramparts ere sundown," and amidst the clangor of the falling draw bridge and the clash of his steel scabbard and wrought iron duds, Lord Ludovic strode forth and boarded the street car, and was rapidly whirled away down Sherbourne street.

CHAP. II.

Noon. A solitary horseman might have been seen wending his way along the classic street of Sherbourne. He is a member of the

Toronto Hunt Club and is in no way connected with this romance, but is introduced to give a picturesque effect to its *toute ensemble*. Moreover he is only a wholesale grocery clerk—so let him wend. Our tale deals with personages of the Lady Clara-Vere-de-Vere-Idonotwisitowinrenown stamp. *Allons!*

The pitiless August sun is pouring down upon the battlements and turrets of Barsope Castle. The Lady Godiva has sobbed herself to sleep in her dainty boudoir: All voiceless hangs her tuneless lute upon the wall where she had hung it after warbling, in a voice husky with emotion, the beautiful troubadour ballad, "My grandfather's Clock," the effort having caused the instant resignation of her maid and little foot page.

Suddenly she starts. A tap at her latticed casement has aroused her. With a glad note of surprise she throws open her window, and there, clinging to the wires up which are trained a myriad morning glories, and hanging suspended some three hundred feet above the paved courtyard below, she beholds the man she loves above all others—Richard O'Doherty, police court reporter for the *Midday Gallowstree*, an independent local journal, subsidized by the Licensed Victuallers, and advocating their interests and the passage of the Scott Act, alternately.

"Anything fresh, darling?" enquired the reporter, hanging to a convolvulus stem by his teeth whilst he draws forth pencil and notebook with his hands, "the old fellow has'n't bust a blood vessel or done anything that will give me an item, eh?"

"Nothing, dearest Richard" replied Godiva, "but he, this very day, alluded to our proposed union and vowed it should never be; and he went forth swearing like a trooper."

"The old rip," muttered Richard, "but, Godiva, I have a scheme—"

"Will it bring wealth to thee, darling? for if not, our chances of getting spliced are hopeless: What—oh! Dick what're you doing?" (Splutter, splutter, splutter—for Richard had inadvertently slipped a piece of plug tobacco between her rosy lips in mistake for a chocolate cream, several of which he had been presented with by a confectioner in return for a promise of a 'puff' worked into the reading matter of the *Gallowstree*, and which he carried loose in his trowsers pocket.)

"Excuse, me sweet," he cried, "T was a mistake. But now, listen," and drawing down her shapely, glowing, sunset head to his lips he whispered long in her ample, sea-urchin-shell-like ear, while she held him safe from falling by encircling his neck with her John L. Sullivan arms.

"Ha! tis well," she said when he had finished speaking, "I'll spring it upon the governor this evening when he broaches his fifth flask of Malvoisie. Good for you, Dick; there, take that," and she imprinted a kiss on the brim of his hat—bad shot,—and now fly, yonder archer on the ramparts has spotted thee, and there—be gone—so long"—as whizz! ping! and a bolt from the sentinel's crossbow passed through the seat of the journalist's inexpressibles and remained quivering in the wall of the tower.

Richard loosed his hold and falling dexterously turned over in the air in his descent, and struck head first on the stone pavement three hundred feet below, and bounding up several yards into the air, disappeared across the moat. "T was well done," muttered Godiva, "t was a knightly feat," and she half closed her casement and twanged a merry canonet upon her lute, at the same time singing a wild rhapsodical air, which, reaching the ear of the archer on the castellated wall, knocked him silly and he fell as one paralyzeed.

CHAP. III.

"Pa," yelled Godiva, as the portly earl strode across the oaken floor of the castle hall

on the evening of the same day as that on which all the foregoing took place. "Richard O'Doherty, a descendant of an Irish king—for he has told me so,—and no varlet of low degree as thou thoughtest, will 'ere long have coifers of red, red gold. The O'Doherty will soon be rich ha, ha, ha!"

"Ay, ay," said Lord Ludovic, raising his eyebrows, "and how, hussy, will he raise the wind? Has he obtained a 'sit' as conductor on some railroad line where 'spotters' are unknown, or does he contemplate going into the ice or coal business. Expound, girl."

"None of these, dear father," cried the lovely maiden, springing into the air, and clapping her heels together thrice ere she descended. "None of these, he has been appointed an agent to make collections for the purpose of relieving his unhappy country, poor down-trodden, England-mis-ruled Ireland, and he starts at once."

"Then I revoke my former refusal, Godiva, thou marriest him on his return. Thank Heving! I shall have a son in law who will never need to stick me for a loan," and the lordly soap-boiler embraced his daughter and reared for a patent pail of beer.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

THE KILLER, Church st.—The title of your sketch is most appropriate, but, thanks to a naturally strong constitution, we shall pull through this time, though we are still in a very low condition, in which state we have been ever since perusing your manuscript. If you send another like it, we shall be compelled to publish it, with your name and address; the reading public of Canada is a patient and long-suffering one, but there is a limit to all things; so beware.

TO THIRSTERS AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

JIMMY, London.—No, you're wrong, 'Bobbies' and 'Peelers' are so called after Sir Robert Peel, who first introduced the real policeman, and the nickname, 'cop,' is derived from the initials of the title of any Chief of Police: viz., C.O.P.



EDWARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN.

Come all ye readers of our sheet,
Come, jubilate with Grip,
For Blake now bows along the street
With shaven chin and lip!
He saw that whiskers and moustache
Gave Grip's back fyle the lie,
Reported of their growth so rash
And shaved em—Blake's the Bie!