

## BARON TENNYSON.

At last has Mister Tennyson received from Britain benison for writing rhymes—does any son  
Of gun deny he's earned it?  
Or hasn't he scrawled panegyrics, poems, odes and royal lyrics, 'nough to give a man hysterics?  
Fool if he had spurned it.

Nor did he offer an objection when, by royalty's direction he was told to sing perfection,  
Of a menial royal:  
He who'd harped, with tender touches, of a duke and of a duchess, of a prince and others such as  
Acted truly loyal.

"Baron Tennyson of Dyncourt," writing bosh and drinking wine—port is it? No, it's better—fine sort—  
Fit for prince or poet.  
Honored Alfred! you're a rhymester to be envied. For the time, stir up your Muse and make her chime—  
ster—  
ty, don't you show it.

—C. M. R.

## FLORETTA:

OR, THE RUIN WROUGHT BY A CHRISTMAS CARD.

## CHAP. I.

Floretta Broune was the only child of an immensely wealthy old chap, J. Traceyton Broune. She was young, pretty, cultured and affectionate: she was admired by all her female friends, as are all the only daughters of don't-know-what-to-do-with-their-money old men. She had been offered the hands, hearts and empty pocket-books of scores of young fellows, but she refused each and all of them as though she didn't want them. She had accepted their invitations to dine till she could walk through the surrounding country blindfolded; she had eaten their ice-cream and drank their soda-water till she had nearly all the requirements of a peregrinating refreshment room; she had attended the theatre till she knew the terrible words of the terrible tragedian, "T-r-r-rible monster-rr! I'll have your be-lud ere ticks theclock another second!" better than she knew her prayers. She was, in fact, a triple-action, forty-horse-power heart-breaker; she was an unmitigated tripler with the hearts of love-sick swains; she was a beautifully wicked monopolist of her own love—in short, she was a heartless dirt. Her name was once Flora Brown, but when her pater retired from business he suddenly discovered that his name was Broune, not Brown.

Now, among the many planets that circled around this centre of the social system were two persons of the male kind named Isaac Van Cobb and Wellington Scant. Isaac was aged about forty-five, and wore clothes that were in vogue ten years before, and a complexion that resembled pumpkin pie minus the crust plus a lot of ginger; his hair was withered, and his head reminded one forcibly of a porcelain lampshade—a cracked one; he wore a deep-in-love expression all over his face and a pair of terra cotta whiskers on the sides of it. He was engaged in no business, but lived on the interest of a fortune amassed after years of labor—by his granduncle. So much for Isaac. Wellington Scant was a bank clerk (don't smile, dear reader) whose name expressed the extent of his salary. He was young, only twenty-one. He had already cut his eye teeth, but at the time we speak of he was not well, for his upper lip had broken out in seven capillary eruptions. He was decidedly dudistical, for he was exquisitely stylish and excruciatingly brainless. His mode of dress, to use an expression as modern as Adam, was better imagined than described. He piled on the agony mountain high. Oh, he was undoubtedly lah-de-dah. As has been remarked before, both of these animals basked in the smiles that lit up Floretta's face, and in the heat that radiated from Papa Broune's No. 25 coal burner.

## CHAP. II.

Christmas came apace. Likewise Christmas

cards. To some came the money to buy them but it came not to Wellington Scant. That remittance had been delayed and the bank manager was a very clever man. As for Van Cobb he had all the money he wanted. Now, although these rivals seemed very sweet towards each other in the presence of this flesh and blood goddess, still each regarded the other with a hatred that burned like the heart of Vesuvius—a burning hatred whose flames could be quenched only by the blood of the other. When they met they smiled, spoke, shook hands and tried to seem pleasant, but ah, their eyes gave them dead away. One day before Christmas they chanced to meet in a bookstore. Mr. Witon Scant (it was thusly that he signed himself) saw his rival looking at some handsome Christmas cards. He saw him select a magnificent affair—hand painted on ivory. "This," said Van Cobb to the clerk, "is my choice. 'Tis superbly gorgeous, 'tis bewitchingly lovely—what's the price? Only seven dollars? 'Tis cheap." Witon Scant saw Van Cobb put his art gallery under his arm and walk out. He was amazed, dumbstruck, paralyzed. He slid outside the door, gasped for breath and muttered: "Farewell Hope, Love and Bliss! Welcome, Ruin, Despair and Death!" He trod the streets, "absorbed in silent sorrow," and in his grief forgot to walk camel fashion. He met Van Cobb and gave him a stare as cold as an iceberg.

Witon Scant went home and to bed. It was all up with him. He saw the future. Van Cobb would send that seven dollar card to Floretta and Floretta would give Van Cobb her heart and her purse. But, ah—he thought a happy thought. It was his last resource. He would raise enough money to buy a fifteen dollar card that would win Floretta's heart, even if he had to mortgage his summer shoes and pawn his eye-glass. He arose in the morning, when "Aurora's beams purpled the dawning day" as the poet's says, and hid him to his friends. From some he borrowed a dollar each, from others a quarter, and the balance he made up by pawning all his underclothing, excepting what he wore. He visited a bookstore and planking down fifteen dollars got a Christmas card that was to Van Cobb's what one of Raphael's is to a circus bill. "Ah," said he, "I need not fear the expense, for Floretta shall be mine and her fortune will settle everything. Van Cobb's seven dollars will not be missed, for he is already rich. Excelsior!"

## CHAPTER III.

It was the night after Christmas. Scant had sent his card to Floretta, and supposed that his rival had done likewise. He hurried to her house and there found Floretta, her pa, and that odious Van Cobb. After having made the others ice-housically cold by placing his feet before the fire, he asked the fair one if she had received his card. She said that she had, and brought it forth to show it to Mr. Van Cobb, who said that it was very pretty and then accidentally dropped it into the grate. Puff! a little smoke and Scant's dearly-bought card was wafted in black morsels over the house-tops. Of course they all felt bad, but Scant felt haddest. Floretta didn't say a word about receiving a card from her other wooer, and Scant wondered thereat, till Van Cobb said that he had paid seven dollars for a very nice hand-painted card which he sent to his sister in England. "Crushed again!" thought Scant. He didn't faint, but he felt like it. What made matters worse, was the fact that twice had Van Cobb addressed Miss Broune as "Floretta." Things looked suspicious. Mr. Witon Scant excused himself and went home. The next day he received a card inviting him to the wedding of "Floretta, only daughter of J. Traceyton Broune, Esq., to J. Van Cobb, Esq."

## CHAPTER IV.

Poor Witon Scant! The coroner's jury said that he died from a broken neck caused by falling on an icy pavement, but it is believed that he died of a broken heart. He was buried on tick and in the ground, and his clothes were given to the Society for the Distribution of Toothpicks among the Hottentots. One more victim of reckless extravagance and unrequited love!

C. M. R.



## THE MAN WE LOVE.

STREET GAMIN.—Say Mister, why don't yer buy a copy? I'll lend yer five cents!

## "THE SLUGGER."

'Twas the voice of "The Slugger," "I cannot complain,  
I only hope Griffin will do it again—  
He may call me bad names till his hair is all gray,  
If it works in this highly desirable way.

'Cut of three in the field I have carried off two,  
Which, as things are at present, I count not a few—  
And for these I'm indebted to Griffin's own pen,  
Which disgusted all moderate, non-party men.

"Long life to the 'gentlemen's journal,' say I,  
While it's written for 'gents' who inhabit the sty;  
Call me 'Bull Pup,' or 'Slugger,' or what you may please  
So long as you help me to twos out of three.

Far, far be the day when the widely-read Mail  
Shall with calm-printed reason my weakness assail.  
I've no fear of the critic who merely throws ink—  
It affects not the people—the people can think.

## MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM.

The sleeping car nigger who attempted to assault a young lady while occupying a berth in his car, was tried at Guelph the other day and committed for trial. If he is ultimately convicted—and it is most likely he will be—we sincerely hope the judge will give him the full penalty of the law. If Mr. GRIP were on the bench, the rascal might think himself forlunate if he got off with twenty years at Kingston. This new outgrowth of crime must be crushed in its inception.

## A FACT.

A witty bank manager in this city was asked by a drover to advance him a loan. "I will give you as security a lien on some cattle I have," said the drover. "My dear sir," replied the urbane manager, "there is probably enough lean on them already, and besides I am not allowed by law to make loans on stock."