

## TENNYSON.

THE "Votaries of Literary High Culture" met last night for the discussion of Tennyson's works. Their proceedings were as follows:

MR. GUSH (President of the "Votaries," in absence of Chairman)—"Eh—ladies and gentlemen, we are met—eh—to add—eh—our small brooklet of praise—eh—to the boundless ocean—eh—which already flows to the feet—eh—of that incomparably sweet and thrilling poet—eh—Tennyson. Eh—we were each—eh—expected to tell—eh—which is in our opinion—eh—his best work—eh—but I found—eh—that upon reading each successive poem—eh—that each one seemed to me—eh—more grandly sublime—eh—than the others.

Eh—I shall not spend more of your time—eh—as I know that we are all—eh—going to the Hon. Startup's—eh—later in the evening.

Eh—I hope each will—eh—give in a few words—eh his or her—eh—tribute to the greatest poet who has ever lived—eh—to the pure—eh—the mind-uplifting—eh—the soul-satisfying, and the—eh—never-to-be-forgotten Tennyson. (great applause). Chorus of ladies—Divine! Too sweet! Lovely!

MR. BLUNT—"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen. In my opinion Tennyson has never written anything equal to his late 'Locksley Hall.' His early poems are too sentimental to suit me. What was he driving at in that "Princess" for instance? All stuff and nonsense!" (prolonged silence).

MISS TRY POETRY—"O, Mr. President, it is with a feeling of the deepest awe that I approach the sacred presence of Tennyson, who is, it may be, a greater poet than even I. Poetry is such an ecstatic theme, that it should only be touched by the reverent hands of those who are poets themselves. The rude touch of an alien sends a clash of unmusical sounds along the delicate strings of the beautiful instrument of song:

Poetry is a blissful dream of such an heavenly art  
That it can only be responded to by a poet's heart."

(Applause, deep but not loud.)

MR. SLIGHTLY MIXED—"I found great pleasure in reading "In Memoriam." How much must Tennyson have loved the lady of whom he wrote! To love her must indeed have been to him as he so poetically put it—"To have broken the golden bowl and cracked the pitcher." (Awkward pause and an ironical. Hear! Hear!)

MISS FLIPPY (after much laughing and whispering to her neighbor)—"Tennyson is just too sweet for anything, and I think his photos don't half do him justice! If I were his daughter I should just sit by him and make him write poetry about me all the time."

MR. HALTY—"Tennyson's poetry—good! "Fallen Leaves," "Idylls-King!" "Maud!" "Enoch Arden!"

MRS. MYSTERY—"Mr. President, I am passionately fond of all Tennyson's poems, but I love best those which have a vein of deep mystery running through them, among which are my favorites, "The Lady of Shalott," "The Lotus Eaters," and "The Two Voices."

MR. NEARSIGHT—"B' jove, now, I like Tennyson's poetry, you know. There is something lively about it, b' jove! That little piece where the wrens sing to each other, don't you know. Light and airy, b' jove!"

MISS GISDEY—"I am awfully fond of lots of things he has written. The 'Gardener's Daughter' is so sad, I think. I quite like her (although, of course, I have never associated with any of that class.)"

MR. GUSH—"Eh! We have had an entertaining—eh—and instructive—eh—evening. Eh—I think we



## DIVISION OF LABOR.

HOUSEWIFE (to elderly person)—"What do you want, sir? I have engaged this boy to shovel off the snow."

McGUFFY—"That's all right, ma'am. Sure, we're pardners."

BOY—"Yes; I does the work an' he takes the money."

could remain here—eh—until the dewy break of another morn—eh—were it not—eh—for the Hon. Startup's—eh—"Evening." As it is—eh—we must tear ourselves asunder from—eh—this most engaging theme. Next week—eh—we shall study together the works of—eh—Pope—eh—a most sarcastic but—eh—popular—eh—poet."

ROLY ROWAN.

## A BUSINESS BOY.

JOHN HASTINGS, a school boy, saw the advertisement of GRIP ALMANAC in the *Telegraph*. He ordered fifty copies of the book, and in three days he sold forty-two of them. And yet some people say it does not pay to advertise.—*Palmerston Telegraph*.

It does pay to advertise, providing you are advertising an article that has real merit, because then the confiding public, represented in this case by wide-awake Johnny Hastings, is not deceived. We have about 200 copies of the ALMANAC still on hand, if any other business boy would like to try his hand at beating Johnny's record. This is all that remains of a large edition, and no more can be printed this year. *Verb sap. sat.*, not only to enterprising lads, but to those of their fathers who have, up to date, failed to secure a copy of this unique Christmas publication.

## THE "BOY."

"I SEE the celebrated boy-actor, N. S. Wood, is at one of the theatres this week," said Mr. Middleage, glancing up from his paper.

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. M.

"No," replied Middleage, "not personally, but I've been familiar with his name as the boy-actor ever since I was a little chap in short clothes."