



INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Presentation to the Zoological Gardens of a Fox by the Toronto Hunt Club.

Barney O'Hea goes to Church.

ERINGORRAGH SCHOOL SECTION,
July 20th, 1881.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Shlap! bang! here I am again, an' don't yez be afther laffin' at me nayther. By the same token, I moosht confess it is wake moinded I am intiorely; I mane in the way av overcomin' timplation. For, bedad, the romembrance of the quare ould gospel av take-fwhat-we-give-an'-be-thankful praeched that Sunday in the Prodestan' church, always gives meself such a turn whiniver I think av it that, "The devil fly away wid you, Barney O'Hea," says I, "shure is it snakin' afther more Prodestan' prachin' you'd be?" "Thruve for yez," says Barney, "more's the pity. Shure meself is afther hearin' so much about Joseph an' thim identical lost brethren av his, (the tribes I mane) that its itchin' ears I've got, bad luck to thim."

No matther; the other Sunday but wan, I gives meself a bit av a clanc up, an' Nora she fixes me up wid an illigant paper collar an' a foine foive cint tie, an' afther oilin' me hair an' drappin' somethin' out av a shmall bottle on me coat that made me smell for all the world like the tail av a mooshrat, moosht beautiful—she shteps back a bit, an' cockin' her head on the wan side, she says to me, says she, "Now, Barney," says she, "go wherever yez want to go, an' just let thim see fwhat it is to be a good luckin' Oirishman. Bedad! Misther O'Hea," says she wid a curtsy, "fwhat wid yer clane face, an' yer hair all brushed up that way, so nice an' so nate, an' yer collar as white as the show, wan 'ud think now you'd a bin brought up widout father or mother, the very piether av wan av thim orphahs that cum out av the bye's home, God bless thim." She's grate on the blarney, is Nora, so I chased her out av the back dure, an' she a schreechin' an' a laffin' at the fun av seein' me clane Sunday face; but the bells began a ringin', an' another thing, I didn't want to be gettin' me good black Sunday coat all over wid goose feathers. There was a grate crowd round the church dure, and fwhat does they do but show a little bit av a ticket, just as they do at the thayatre. "Sowid again, Barney," says I, but wid that the dures open an' in goes the whole crowd, ticket or no ticket, an', bedad! loike many more that know betther, I follow the multitude. As soon as I gets inside av the dure, I takes off me hat an' shteps in moighty saft. The pracher was a young man from Toranty, that used to go, they towid me, to Bond St. Church. Ye'll nivir belave me, Misther Grip, but raley it was about the quarest prachin' I ever heard inside av a prachin' house. He said there was to be two gates, the Scotch was to difind the wan, an' the Oirish the other wan. An' it lukt as if ould John Bull was to have a moighty aisy toime av it betune thim.

An', bedad, all this was to be when Johnny came machin' home to Jerusalem. An' he said the first symptom av the millinium was "no taxes to pay." D'ye moind now! That's fwhat I call a masher sthroke. An' there's no doubt at all but that the pracher knew a grate dale av the moneyed human nature av the present day whin he bribed thim into kingdom come wid "no taxes." Maybe perhaps now iviry man will swape the strates in front av his own dure clane, an' they'll manage things that way widout any expinse. There 'ud be thin, he said, wan crowd, an' what they call the betther sort, an' they are nayther to buy nor sell, nothin' so low, but they are to live in the wan ind av the grand city, all by thimselves (much as they do now, bedad), an' then there's another crowd av unfortunate divils, an' they moosht live like lepers at 'tother ind, an' do all the buyin' and sellin' an' all the dirty work ginirally, an' a grate dale more av sich talk he gave us. Raley, Misther Grip, it was as good as a circus any day. I laffed fit to kill. But I was moighty sorry whin I was comin' out to see two av the foimest girls I ever clapped me eyes on. I think the grate hate had milted the marrow in their backbones, for they stud lakin' up agin the wall like as they were goin' to faint, an' as limp as the dishcloth. "Can I do anything for yez ladies," says I, in a swathe whisper. They smoiled in a far aff moonlite kind av a way. "No thank you, kind sur, we are Assthatates," says they, both together at onst. Now betune you an meself, private Mesther Grip, what is is an Assthatate anyway? Is it the statc uv bein' an ass? An' diz yez really believe now in the traumogrification av sowls?

Yours, BARNEY O'HEA.



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

The London *Free Press* takes the *Telegram* to task in a manner worthy of Sir Joseph Porter, for daring to express the opinion that Canadians care more for bread and butter than for naval glory, as represented in the *Charybdis*. Mr. Grip hopes the bold young man of the *Telegram* may not be ordered to a dungeon cell for his treasonable utterance, or if so, that the dungeon will be somewhat commodious. If it is to hold all who approve of the sentiment it ought to be large enough to accomodate two-thirds of the population of Canada—that is the entire population, barring the *Free Press* and the infants-in-arms. The idea of establishing a Canadian navy is only less ridiculous than the miserable old hulk which has been graciously presented to us as a nucleus, and upon which we will have to expend nearly \$20,000 before she will pass the Marine Inspector. It is not the portentous wrath of our London contemporary that troubles our mind at present so much as the question above written, though it must trouble the Minister of Marine a good deal more.



ONE FROM THE SHOULDER.

Snobkins (returning from Saratoga, meets his tailor).—Hello, old fellow, I'm back, you see. Had a capital time, you know. How is it you don't do the seaside like othaw fellows?

Ship.—Can't afford it myself when so many of you chaps go on my money!

Sanguinary Polly or Queen Mary Tudor.

A Historic Drama written quite independently of Mr. A. Tennyson by GRIP'S Dramatic Poet.

ACT I.

Queen Mary:

Strictly forbid the Orangemen to walk!
Cranmer's cremation satisfies me not,
I want to burn his Lordship, Bishop Sweetman,
Sir William Howland and Vice-Chancellor Blake.

Enter King Philip:

I much applaud your Majesty's pious purpose,
To aid in which ourselves would fain present you
With some new-modelled instruments of torture,
Pray you accept these thumb screws and this rack.

Queen Mary:

I'll try their virtues fully. No! bring forth
The city editor of the *Telegram*,
The comic writer of the *Evening News*,
The caillit slave that jesteth on the *World*.

Enter Inquisitors—The newspaper men are tortured.

ACT II.

Princess Elizabeth's boudoir—The Princess with the Earl of Essex at her feet:

Oh that we two were staying,
For a day at Victoria Park,
Where the journey's expense is but fifteen cents,
And 'tis safe to spoon and spark.

Oh that we two were gazing,
At monkey, and coon, and crow,
At lynx, and at bear, collected there,
In Harry Piper's Zoo.

Oh that we two were getting,
Some government sinecure,
With income clear, of thousands a year
To the rich man, paid by the poor.

Princess Elizabeth:

Accept this ring—'tis gold and genuine stones,
And if you want a favor, send it me,
And don't forget, and give yourself away!

ACT III.

Enter Queen Mary:

Don Philip loves me not. I catch him flirting
With one of my maids of honor every time,
He kisses the hired girl that sweeps the rooms,
He chucks the chamber-maid beneath the chin.
Such conduct hurts me. I no longer find
In burning heretics much satisfaction.

Enter Messenger:

Calais is taken;

Queen Mary:

Then my heart is callus.
(Dies. Tableau.)

Sullivan says that when he gets his girl fairly seated in his lap, with arms around her waist and hers about his neck, the whole situation beats the Albany deadlock all to pieces. And there is no adjournment until the business of the session is concluded, either.