

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL PARTY.



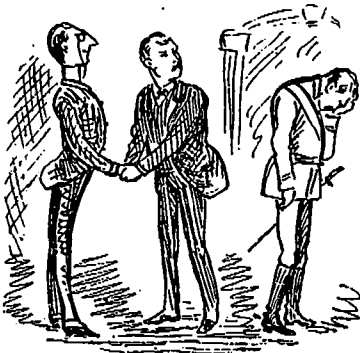
WISH to see the Marquis and the Princess," said a tall, intellectual, quietly but tastefully attired gentleman to the aide-de-camp who was on duty at the Queen's Hotel one day last week. "Be good enough to inform His Excellency that I am here."

"Haw, haw, haw; that is wick," laughed the military attache. "Why, my good fellow, weally now, I don't know which to admiah most, your cheek or your

beauty; haw! haw!"

"Fellow," said the gentleman, in a tone which caused the ill-timed levity of the other to vanish at once, "Fellow, do as I tell you. Obedience is the soul of the army, of which organization I see you are a member," and he bent his piercing gaze on the tunic of the officer, and saw that one button was unfastened, "attend to that button *at once*," indicating the breach of Her Majesty's Rules and Regulations, "and when you are properly dressed as prescribed by military law for a soldier on duty, take my card to His Excellency and let him be acquainted with the fact that I tarry here," and he produced his bit of pasteboard and stamped his foot authoritatively; "Instantly, sirrah, or your carcass swings 'ere sundown from yonder flag staff where flaunts that banner under which you serve; now, r-r't 'bout face: qu'k march."

The aide-de-camp hesitated at first to obey the imperious visitor, but awed by the majesty of that personage's appearance and the general *je ne sais quoi* of his *tout ensemble*, he cast his eyes on the card which he had taken in his hand and muttering something about "seeing to it," was on the point of retiring when the Marquis himself appeared at the door and enquired what the matter was. No sooner did he catch sight of the visitor than he thrust his aide-de-camp to one side and skipped towards the former, taking both his hands in his own and shaking them cordially. "Why, my dear fellow," he cried with a joyous accent, "how are you? I'm delighted to see you: Come inside; the Princess was just speaking of you a minute or two ago. And you, sir," he added, turning to the trembling aide-de-camp and frowning terribly, "how *dare* you keep the representative of GRIP cooling his heels here: how *dare* you sir? Ha! I place you on short rations for three days for this misdemeanor: 'tis meet that I should mete out a shorter al-



lowance of meat to you when I meet with such a breach of good-manners," and smiling at his quaint conceit as he glanced toward his visitor, he continued to his aide, "go you and stand in the corner," and then, bidding his visitor follow

him he led the way upstairs. GRIP's society man, slipping a fifty cent piece into the disgraced officer's hand as he stood at attention in the corner to which he had been ordered, and whispering, "Never mind, old fellow; slip out and get some buns," followed His Excellency into the presence of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, who rose with a charming smile and that stately courtesy for which she is so widely famed, and advancing two paces towards her visitor, extended her royal hand to him, over which GRIP's Ambassador, dropping on one knee, bowed low and reverently. "Come, get up, old man," exclaimed the Marquis, tapping the gentleman on the shoulder with an old fashioned snuff-mull, on the lid of which was a huge cairn-gorm, "we will dispense with ceremony; take a pickle o' sneeshin and a chair," at the same time drawing a fauteuil towards him, into which GRIP's representative gracefully dropped and produced his note-book. "Come, come, sir," cried Her Royal Highness with an enchanting smile, "please put that book away, or I shall think you are an *ordinary* newspaper man. Dear me, John," she continued, turning to her husband, "I can't help laughing when I think of that reporter of—well, I won't mention his paper's name—who was here yesterday. How sheepish he looked, to be sure; and *did* you notice how he persisted in addressing me as Your Highal Rawness, ha, ha, ha!" and the royal laughter became infectious as the two gentlemen joined in it. The visitor, obediently putting his note book into his pocket, said, as soon as his laughter would permit, "Your Royal Highness, I should very much like to hear what you think of our city." "I regret that I could see so little of it," was the reply: "Please tell me, are your streets *always* undergoing repairs? The last time I was here nearly every one we traversed or attempted to traverse was in a state of demoralization, and I see they are still in the same condition." "Your Royal Highness is a keen observer," remarked GRIP's swill. "We had hoped that you would not observe that our thoroughfares were not *comme il faut*." "Well, sir, I do not know that I should have done so had there been a principal street that was not "up," as we say in England, and in which country I soon hope to be."

"Ah!" sighed the visitor, drawing out his silk *mouchoir*, "Your Royal Highness is unkind thus to remind me of your rapidly nearing departure. We shall be very sorry to lose you."

"Thanks, old fellow," said the Governor-General, "but we shall be constantly reminded of you, for GRIP will be forwarded to us regularly: we have subscribed for the paper for twenty years. However should we get on, Louise, without that admirable little weekly messenger of humor? Just fancy; we should actually have been compelled to read Punch if it had not been for this gentleman's indispensable little paper."

"Bully for GRIP," cried a voice from underneath the sofa, as a young gentleman emerged therefrom with a copy of the very paper in his hand. "I tell you, auntie, it's a boss sheet."

"Oh! George, how you startled me," exclaimed the Princess, turning pale, "you naughty boy to hide under the sofa, and where *did* you pick up that *horrid* American slang?"

"Oh! shoot the slang," cried the effervescent young prince, "is this GRIP?" he asked, laying his hand on the visitor's shoulder. "Say, old fellow," he continued, without waiting for a reply and addressing the representative of this paper, "I'm dry; wouldn't you like to splice the main brace? I should. Lorne, order up some fizz: no three water grog for this chicken," and he opened the door and shouted to the aide to send up a bottle of "the widow."

"I like Toronto, GRIP," he went on, standing on the rung of the visitor's chair: "whack-



ing big peelers here, too, and my gracious, they set out a bully fine feed in this hotel: none of your midshipman's nuts here, no, sir: say, aunt, what time's luncheon? I'm as peckish as I can be. Say, GRIP, I'll take you out sailing this afternoon; there now, I knew you would fall if you weren't careful," he exclaimed as he suddenly drew the chair from beneath the gentleman he was speaking to, thus causing that personage to measure his length on the carpet. "Never mind; pick up the pieces," and he made for the door.

"Oh! George, you naughty boy," cried H. R. H., with a pained look on her beautiful face, "come and beg this gentleman's pardon at once." "Don't you wish you may get it? ha, ha: why didn't the land-lubber look out for squalls?" and he ran out of the room, hotly pursued to the head of the stairs by His Excellency, from whom he barely escaped by sliding down the banisters and landing with a terrible thump in the aide de camp's waistcoat who was at that moment about to ascend—preceding a waiter with the champagne ordered, throwing him, bottles and all, to the ground with a crash.

GRIP's representative now rose from the chair on which he had reseated himself, and announced his intention of taking his leave, though pressed to stay a little longer, by the distinguished personages on whom he had called, and who, finding that he was compelled to depart, bade him be sure and not neglect to send GRIP regularly, and the Marquis pressing upon his acceptance the snuff-mull, and the Princess presenting him with a richly jewelled medallion of herself, he bowed his adieux and was gone.

A no table event is a pic-nic where one must sit on the ground to eat.—*Ex.*

The poultry farmer and the carriage-maker know how to make a coop pay.—*Ex.*

An earthquake usually causes an active movement in real estate.—*Ex.*

Burdette thinks the "Jumbo" bonnet is so called because it is worth all the rest of the show.—*Ex.*

An exchange speaks of a man who is "but one step removed from an ass." He'd better make it three or four. The animal has a long reach backward.—*Millon (Mass.) News.*

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