

sum av FORTY DOLLARS, an' don't yez forget it."

Raley, Mistor GRIP, our feelin's at this mament wor hard to dishcribe, but we tuk it all in in soillence, like a toasht to the mim'ry av the departed. Iviry mother's son av us wor aather considerin' where we'd borrow fifty cints to buy a purse big enough to howld it all in. We didn't go up to foight fur money, but fur duty, an' it brought tares to the oyes av iviry sojer boy prisint, to think av the Government emptyin' the national exchequer into our pockets like that. We might be apt to be like Jeshurim av old, an' wax fat an' kick over it. We were afraid our wives would get so extravagant that we wouldn't get a bit av dinner cooked for thim bein' out shoppin' all the time, so, bedad!—to privint the bad consequences av a suddin accession to grate wealth—it's meself that'll be aather followin' the example av Mistor Blake, an' put this bit av extra money which the Government has voted to me out av the taxes, an' which, sure, I've no use for, into some hospital fur the raisin' av chickens an' sich.

Yours martially,
BARNEY O'HEA.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

III.—MORE ABOUT "PUNCH"—HYDE PARK—

II.R.II. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LONDON, ENG., Aug. 8, 1885.

DEAR GRIP,—Punctually at the appointed hour I arrived in a hansom—having eschewed the "tram-car"—at the office of *Punch*. I found my way to the "lift" and was soon hoisted up to the storey on which were the editorial rooms. I found Mr. Burnand gazing out of the window from which he had seen my arrival.

"Ha! here you are at last," he exclaimed. "I see you did the journey in a hansom," and then he touched an electric knob. A boy appeared.

"Samuel," said Mr. Burnand, "send Mr. Sharpley, M.A., here." The boy vanished and the gentleman summoned made his appearance.

"Oh! Mr. Sharpley," said Mr. Burnand, "this is a representative of GRIP, the great Canadian comic journal; he arrived at the office in a hansom; there are four days before we go to press; take this bit of paper on which I have made a note; namely, 'Hansom; handsome,' and see if you can't get up a joke on those words."



Mr. Sharpley took the slip of paper and left the presence of the great English comic editor. "Immensely clever fellow that Sharpley," remarked Mr. B., when we were once more alone: "fearfully prolific; now, in a day or two, he'll have a complete joke on that word I gave him: that 'hansom-handsome' affair."

"Well, he ought to be able to hand—some—

thing in, I should think," I remarked. Sure enough, in the next issue of *Punch* appeared the following *bon-mots*, the work, Mr. B. told me, of Sharpley, M.A.:

"A MEMBER OF THE 'CAB'-INET!"
"A gentleman riding in a hansom!!!"
"IMPROMPTUS."

"ON SEEING 'GRIP'S' AMBASSADOR PAYING A CABMAN MORE THAN HIS FARE.

"Handsome (*hansom!!!*) is that handsome (*hansom!!!*) does!!!!!!!"

"None but the brave deserve the fair (*fare!!!!*)!"

"Can a man carrying chickens in a cab be said to be making fare (*fair!!*) of foul (*fowl!!*)?"

Clever fellow that Sharpley, M.A.

"Now," said Mr. Burnand, "suppose we start for Hyde Park; it's a very large place—big enough to *Hyde* in; d'ye see? H-y-d-e-h-i-d-e; play on the word 'Hyde';" and he poked me in the rib with his thumb, and jotted the joke down in his note book.

"Samuel," he said to the boy; for whom he had rung, "take that note to Dr. Fizzor and request him to get something ready from it by the issue after next. Ah! here come my girls," remarked Mr. Burnand, as eleven grown-up young ladies, decidedly English in appearance, filed into the sanctum.



"Mr. GRIP, my daughters," said the great editor, introducing me: "eleven of 'em: (Happy thought! joke about e-leavened bred! Eleven bred, you know; a little eleven eleventh, etc. My daughters in a fresh *role*: d'ye see: r-o-l-e, r-o-l-l? Good, that!)" and a note was dispatched to Mr. Douglas J. Nipper, B.A., by Samuel, with a request to work up the joke.

"And now for the Park," said Mr. Burnand. We descended to the lower regions by the "lift," and found four elegant, well-appointed private carriages in waiting in the street. These we—a party of sixteen, for three young male swells joined us—entered and set off for Hyde Park, the procession reminding me somewhat of an Oriental caravanserai.

We took a rather roundabout course, Mr. Burnand being anxious to point out some of the principal features of the great metropolis, and we finally entered the park through the Marble Arch and went tooling away round the magnificent carriage drive.

The place was crowded with swells—real blue-blooded aristocrats; people who, if they chance to prick their fingers or suffer from nasal hemorrhage, well out drops of blood the color of the labels of "Morse's Mottled."

Rotten Row was pointed out to me, and I was charmed to behold Mrs. Langtry cantering down the tan, escorted by Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chotwynd. These gentlemen scowled darkly at each other, and Sir George occasionally shook his fist at Lonsdale.

Presently a couple of outriders appeared in front of us.

"Here comes the Prince of Wales!" exclaimed Mr. Burnand, and sure enough His Royal Highness, accompanied by the beautiful and ever fresh and young Princess Alexandra swept up to us.

Albert E. stared hard at me, and then ordered his coachman to stop. Alighting from his barouche, England's future King walked up to the phaeton in which I was seated and exclaimed:

"By Jove! I knew I couldn't be mistaken. Isn't this GRIP's ambassador, Burnand?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness."

"Climb out of there," said the Prince, seizing me by the hand, "come on; you must join my party. Whoosh! won't my wife be glad to see you. She just dotes on GRIP, and never goes to bed without a copy under her pillow," and he dragged me along to his carriage. Mr. Burnand did not appear to half relish this speech and looked very gloomy as he beheld me thus taken captive by royalty. I waved him an adieu and soon found myself being boosted into the Prince's barouche by that eminent gentleman himself.

"Alexandra," he said, as he jumped in after me, and ordered his coachman to drive on, "here's someone you'll be glad to know—GRIP's ambassador; no less, by the lord Harry! the fellow that writes those pieces you nearly kill yourself laughing at: ain't he a daisy?"

"Oh! Albert," exclaimed Her Royal Highness, "how can you be so slangy?" Then, turning to me, smiling and holding out her exquisitely gloved little hand, she continued, "I am delighted to meet you. GRIP is worth fifty doctors when one is *ennuye* and has the 'blues,' as Albert says. Shake."



We shook, and were on good terms immediately. I fairly sparkled and ran over with wit, and kept their Royal Highnesses in a constant roar of laughter, even the coachman and the two flunkeys behind being compelled to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress their guffaws.

I was introduced to innumerable members of the Upper Ten, but found them, as a rule, dull and somewhat supercilious, but they mighty soon dropped their airs when they saw the terms of intimacy I was on with their Royal Highnesses.

"Now, old man," said Albert E., "when the time came for leaving the Park, "you needn't think I'm going to let you escape. You'll just come right home and dine with us. Nobody there but Edinburgh and his missus and a few others. No skrimshanking, old fellow; come just as you are. If you *must* have a swallow-tail I'll lend you one of Edinburgh's; he's taller than I am, though I fear your magnificent proportions will bust the seams of his duds, and he's mighty particular. However,