



The New York Comic Opera Co. (late Havrily), are performing this week in Montreal. Next week they go to Ottawa, and afterwards visit Hamilton and London—appearing in the latter city during the Western Fair. Two new members have been added to the Company in the persons of Mr. John E. Nash, baritone, and Mr. Harry Pepper, tenor. Miss Manfred remains as *prima donna*, and is sure to be popular wherever she sings. No better performances of the popular operas have ever been given in the city than by this organization.

Mr. Sheppard has an immense card for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week in the person of the incomparable Lotta, who will appear in her new play 'Bob.' Go for your seats instanter, if you want to make sure of them.

"Atkinson's Jollities," the present attraction at the Royal, presents an entertainment of the most original and droll character, which must be seen to be appreciated. All who can enjoy two hours of hearty laughter should make it a point to see these clever comedians. Harry Webber returns next week with his popular and successful play, "Nip and Tuck."

Lovers of "the noble animal" should take the opportunity of seeing the exhibitions which are being given nightly at the Zoo by Prof. J. G. McPherson and Mr. W. H. McConkey with their educated horses, "Salamander," and "Mexican Chief." As an illustration of the power of kindness the show deserves at all events the hearty patronage of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

THE ZOOLOGICAL CONVENTION.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING—THE WHALE'S SPEECH—ITS RESULTS—A TERRIBLE ROW.

This is an age of conventions and "annual meetings." Every profession, every trade, every class convening either for the purposes of organization or mutual greetings. Not to be behind the times, the quadrupedal, tripodal and bipedal inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens recently determined to inaugurate a yearly pow-wow for the edification of the members of the Zoo. A preliminary committee was appointed, arrangements were completed, and the first annual gathering was held last week. The hour of midnight was aptly chosen for the time of meeting, when the grounds were clear of staring spectators—and reporters, as they fondly imagined. Little did they know that one of their number had proven himself a traitor to their plans by secretly informing your reporter of the proposed convention. But so it was, and, as a consequence, GRIP has the honor of presenting the first report of the interesting proceedings to the public.

As the cathedral chimed broke upon the stillness of the night by striking the witching hour, two of the more active monkeys visited each cage and released its inmates, who then ranged themselves around the fish-pond. The sea-lion and an aged turtle stationed themselves on either side of the gate: a bald-headed eagle and Peter the Great next fell into line; Romeo held Juliet on his lap; the three black bears sat in a row; the sword fish and a horned toad hobnobbed together; the panther and the

crane cracked jokes in a corner; in short, the whole population was in attendance with the exception of a homesick owl, who regarded the whole affair as a "bit o' peacockery."

The whale, by an unanimous vote, was elected chairman, and ascended the platform amid the heterogeneous plaudits of the assemblage. After quiet had been restored by banishing the parrot and the guinea pig to an outer corner, the chairman made a few happy remarks, in which he expressed the gratification he felt at being placed in such an honorable position. He assured the audience that Nova Scotia, his native province, would also feel highly delighted at the honor paid her by appointing him. Proceeding, he gave a sketch of his life and career, and finished by relating an amusing story of a lampooning he once received from his father for plugging up his brother's blow-pipe, and pinching the tail of a younger sister. Referring to his present surroundings, and to the curious people who daily ply him with a volume of questions, he advised his hearers that it was a foolish rule to be crabbed—

MRS. TURTLE—"I protest against such language. To be snapped up in this public way is intolerable. I move to submit a claws"—

CHAIRMAN—"My friend misunderstands me. I merely meant to say that I think it is not always wise when questions are put to you to be dogged—"

The two-legged representative of the canine race mildly said "Will you kindly curtail these unpleasant references? If you are going to embark—"

CHAIRMAN (somewhat out of patience)—"There's no use storking this way—"

STORK—"Confound your old cranium! You must think we are easily gulled to submit to such insults. If Jack Daw or Bob O'Link were here, we would knock all the spermacti out of you!"

CHAIRMAN—"Really, friends, this is disgraceful. I shall have nothing more to say, but will call on Mdlle. Juliet to sing 'Romeo—er the deep blue sea.'"

At the conclusion of the fourth verse, the tiger cat, in his quirelous tones enquired of his neighbor, Mr. Bab Oon, "Who was doin' all that owling?" "Did she macaw'll that noise herself?" "Sparrow spare our feelings!" and similar reflections on the talented lady. These immediately led to a general uproar.

"I venture to say," the chairman remarked, "as heron this platform I stand, that during my 400 years of experience I have never witnessed such a scene. I would like to see the perpetrator ferretted out and treated to a dose of cat-o-nine appendages. Hard lions, you may say, but none too severe for such unbearable conduct!"

"Would Juliet your wife be insulted like that, Romeo?" asked the warlike Peter. "I would beaver-y loath to see any female thus badgered."

These taunts at last succeeded in arousing Mons. Romeo, who inaugurated what bid fair to be a terrible fracas. Your reporter at this critical moment found it necessary to descend from the poplar tree that had sheltered him, and to hurry to his chambers to transcribe his notes, and was thus unable to give you a detailed account of the remainder of the proceedings. A visit to the grounds the following day, however, found sixteen paws, nine tails and twelve heads bandaged; forty three teeth missing, and a coroner's inquest ready for the evening.

POLYCARP PENDENNIS.

The banks are now looking out for chance for new investments, in view of the fact that next month the hackmen will return from the watering places and make their deposits—Puck

THE REAL LAST WORDS OF CONSTANCE AND MARMION.

Addressed to the Hon. Adam Crooks on his action in withdrawing, by a sudden edict, his own deliberate act, a year ago, of putting Sir W. Scott's Marmion on the list of subjects for the Intermediate Examination, on the alleged ground, 1st, that the *convent scene might offend Roman Catholics*, and, that MARMION IS IMMORAL!!!! (the notes of admiration are from GRIP's own beak). This concluding portion of Sir W. Scott's ovely and Christian poem has been secured at immense expense from a noted medium.

CONSTANCE'S LAST WORDS.

Ontario's late remorse shall wawe,
And then such vengeance shall she take,
As will make Mr. Crooks be fain
To cover, a lawyer's clerk again.
Behold the crookedness of Crooks!
Those mean tergiversation looks!
The intermediate course upon,
Last year he added MARMION,
Which did not seem IMMORAL, then,
To Crooks, the crookedest of men!
And Campbell published then, and Gage,
Two new editions, sound and sage,
With hopes of profit to be won
From students crammed in Marmion.
And with all students 'twas the rage,
To buy from Campbell or from Gage.
But now hath Crooks, with cheek supreme,
Made all their hopes an idle dream.
Forbids that Marmion shall be read,
Since there of Rome hard things are said.
Because he wants the Catholic vote,
He crams such nonsense down our throat.
But lo! a darker hour ascends,
Crooks only injures all his friends,
And GRIP's zook friend, our trusty Mowat,
Will own the fact, he sure must know it.

LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

"Say I'm 'immoral'? like your cheek,
With Truth who play at hide and seek,
Vamoose, git, go! false Crooks, begone."
Were the last words of Marmion.



"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE."

MOTHER.—Elizabeth Jane, there's a ring at the door; will you please answer it.

ELIZABETH JANE.—Answer it yourself! (*Resumes playing*).

The doctors are now telling their creditors to call round after the gunning season has opened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

Mark Twain's residence at Hartford is pointed out as one of the most tasteful, as well as comfortable, houses in that city. His study, wherein he performs expertly on a type-writer, is in the rear of the house, and screened by vines and evergreens. To deter the large number of sight-seekers who invade the place, Mr. Twain has posted on the study door the sign—"Step softly! Keep away! Do not disturb the remains!" In the centre of the study is a table covered with books.