

him; of course they say it's me; that's their malice. There's those children, too. Here, THEODORE, take your head out of that jam-pot! Now, don't put your new cap on! Goodness, ALEXANDER, what makes you bring that stick here? Now, you've broken that vase! There'll be another fuss. Get out of this! Never was a woman so plagued with husband, servants, children and everything else under the sun, and moon, as I am. What have I done that all this should occur to me above all others? There he is calling "MARIA! MARIA!" Call till you call your head off, and I wish you would.

The Coming of the Royal Party.

(By our Special G.A.S.sy Correspondent.)

I NEED not tell you anything about the big banquet they gave us at Liverpool prior to our embarkation on the *Sarmatian*; no doubt the daily papers have supplied you with the full details. It was a very brilliant affair, though I didn't feel well enough to enjoy it as I had hoped to. Contrary to my usual custom, I abstained altogether from the turtle soup, and only drank a moderate quantity of the wine. The Marquis alluded to my obvious indisposition, and hoped I would feel better after we went aboard. The Princess intimated kindly that if I recovered my appetite at sea, I was most welcome to help myself to a sandwich out of the royal satchel. I of course acknowledged this kindness in a polite manner—though my familiarity with the young couple (as in fact with all the crowned heads of Europe) prevented my expression of thanks from being so abject as that of ordinary individuals would have been. I was not called upon to reply to the toast of the press, as the chairman had to cut the proceedings short so that we would not miss the boat. The consequence was that the distinguished gathering were left in comparative ignorance on the subject of Canadian journalism. The moment at last arrived, and the company were thrown into confusion by the startling cry of "All aboard for Halifax!" The best blood of England accompanied us down to the wharf. As the Marquis and his sweet Princess passed into the boat I observed that an expression of fond regret suddenly came into the faces of the multitude: and as I passed along the plank myself just behind the royal pair, I observed that all eyes were filled with tears. Thus was the silver thread that bound the soil of England to myself, the Princess and the Marquis, severed.



LIVERPOOL.—DEPARTURE OF THE SARMATIAN.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

We found the *Sarmatian* very nicely fixed up, and much better arranged for comfort than the *Maxwell* used to be last summer. In fact nothing seems to have been omitted to ensure our pleasure. The bunks are built on the anti-*mal de mer* principle and are a great success. When I came aboard I was feeling unwell, as I have stated, but happening casually to sit down for a moment on one of the bunks, I was immediately restored to health. As we steamed down the river which was crowded with craft in our honour, the Marquis expressed a fear lest some accident should happen, but nothing *did* happen. I ventured to remark that this was Mersey-full, whereupon Her Royal Highness suggested that I should take another mild dose of the patent bunk.

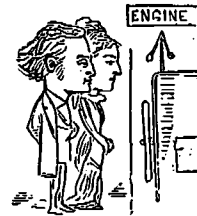


IRELAND.—THE IRISH ADDRESS.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

Having emerged into the open sea, we steamed along pleasantly until we came within sight of the coast of Ireland. Opposite Londonderry we stopped our engines, and allowed a party of Emerald Islanders to come aboard and read us an address. The visiting party embraced many distinguished gentlemen and represented the various kinds of Irishmen. For example I observed a genial looking, sprightly, smooth pated gentleman, who wanted to come to the front during the reading of the address, and in his efforts to do so kept moving from one side of the

ship to the other: In him I recognized a type of the NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN Irishman; then I noticed another rather jolly looking gent, who had unfortunately allowed himself to be separated from his chum, in the excitement of coming on board, and as I saw him moving about restlessly and apparently hankering for his twin, I put him down as a representative of the JERRY MERRICK kind of Irishman; again, I remarked a military looking gent, who stood at a respectful distance from the Royal party, and seemed to be curling up his nose disdainfully at the Tartan of the Marquis. In PATRICK BOYLE, thinks I to myself, we have a Canadian representative of *this* sort of Irishman. The Marquis made an elegant reply to the address, getting off as many good jokes as DUFFERIN himself might have done. For instance he told the deputation that, although Scotchmen and others might indulge in blarney, Irishmen always meant sincerely just what they said. After this the deputation smiled—the Marquis having ordered wine—and in due time they bade us a loyal farewell. We again got up steam, and are at present bowling over the billows in good shape. Every day brings us nearer to your shore, and we are looking forward to a good time at Halifax.



ON BOARD.—ROYAL PASTIME.

From a sketch by our Special Artist.

His Excellency and the Princess will be prepared to enjoy themselves by the time we arrive. I observed that as soon as we got to sea, they both took up their positions close to the engine, and stood submissively all day listening to the monotonous see-saw of the shaft. This practice they still continue. I made bold to enquire the meaning of this dreary penance, and was informed that they were in training, in view of the interminable addresses they are doomed to listen to in Canada.

The Fishery Award!

SALISBURY'S reply to EVARTS freely translated.

MR. SAM JONATHAN, United States.

SUR: Aw got your jolly long letter about the Fishery business tother day, and av read 'un all through. Wot aw says now is this, you av showed yersen to be a right cleverish sort o' chap a-tryin to wiggle cutgo' payin this little account, but aw don't appen to be such a bloomin jolly old lass as you take me to be. You awsk me to overawl the argyments made at Alifax. Aw aven't gotten time, my dear boy. You awsk me to agree with you that the award must be unanimous. Aw aven't gotten time, my bleeding relation. You want to cram in swinmat about the row among the fishermen at Newfoundland, but it don't go down with the undersigned. It as nothink to do with this affair. Pay me that \$5,500,000, and then aw will talk to you about business in general.

Your distant relation,

JOHN BULL.

Downing St., London.

A BAD novel to lend if you want it returned again, "Mine is Thine."

N. P. CONSISTENCY.—THE first act of the N. P. party is to appoint a N(isi) P(rius) lawyer to the bench.

THE wretch who made the atrocious pun on the "Marquis of Lorne" as "Markers of Lorne" needs *muslin*.

THE *Mail* in speaking of dancing, says, we run too much to h'eels. This is in consequence of a fish diet.

THE *Mail* tells us that:—"A coroner's jury has found the signalman who caused the collision and killed twelve men guilty of manslaughter." It is odd, GRIP thinks, that so many guilty of this crime should have been on the train. And how did he pick them out and kill them only? And where did they find him? And is he to be rewarded or not?

LAWRENCE BARRETT played *Richard III* in Hamilton the other night, and when he exclaimed "Off with his head—so much for BUCKINGHAM!" the Conservatives in the audience broke into delighted applause, but the editor of the *Times* shook his head sadly, for he was thinking of another crooked individual in the Department of the Interior.