

rections or, in fact, to do anything. H.R.H. Prince George will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I observe that H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor has stated his, H.R.H. Prince George's, latest misdemeanors. I feel very sorry, very sad. Dined with the captain. His cellar and cuisine are excellent. Shall reach Jamaica to-morrow.—J.N.D."

Space will not allow further extracts to be given, but Mr. GRIP awaits the appearance of the royal diary with much anticipation.

It is to be hoped that H.R.H. Prince George will not appear in *quite* so unfavorable a light as he does here, though what is a middy worth unless he is full of fun? Nothing.

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Soon will November be here,  
 My dear,  
 With its blowing and snowing; no knowing,  
 I fear,  
 How soon 'twill be on us, so dismal and drear,  
 No comfort outside, in the house no cheer.  
 Oh! dear,  
 Already I feel in the tip of my nose  
 A kind of a thrill and a chill, and it goes  
 From my blooming proboscis clear down to my toes;  
 I know  
 It's a sign of the coming of surly old winter,  
 With a breath that is sharp as a hickory splinter,  
 Which, so early as this, is a kind of a hint.  
 It's no sin ter  
 Be kind of annoyed that the summer is gone,  
 More especially when a man's ulster's in pawn,  
 And he hasn't a cent to repay "Uncle's" loan.  
 I must moan,  
 I must groan,  
 And write these dull verses in lachrymose tone,  
 Ocho-ne!  
 Dear reader, if you were in such a bad fix  
 You'd be as cross as a bear or a pair of cross-sticks;  
 No raiment for winter; an' amount of wealth—nix,  
 And to see jolly fellows just as full up as ticks!  
 It ticks  
 The Dutch how some men are not a day sober  
 In October,  
 Or in any one month for the matter of that.  
 They never have money, but are drunk and are fat,  
 They toil not, nor spin,  
 But muck gin,  
 They can win,  
 It's a sin,  
 And too thin,  
 For they grin  
 When they see  
 Men like me  
 Hung-e-ry  
 And their glee  
 Is as great and as joyous as e'er it can be;  
 For whilst I am quite sober and drink only tea,  
 These villainous bunnings are e'er on the spree;  
 And they say E.K.D.  
 Was right as we see.  
 For ho said "jolly fellows" were just such as we.  
 But somehow or other I've wandered away  
 From what I intended at first for to say,  
 Which was—Winter is coming, and also good-day.  
 (The above was written by GRIP's special bard,  
 Who, as you may see, gets his pay by the yard.  
 Ed. GRIP.)

THE DOODYS AT PORT STANLEY.

(A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST SUMMER.)

The 28th was a great day for the Doodys. The *revellé* was sounded by Mrs. Doody with a rolling-pin at 5 a.m., and five minutes afterwards Master Daniel O'Connell Doody, and Miss Bridgetina Glorvina Doody, and the pup, and Daniel Doody himself were all broad awake.

"The airly burds catches the worms," soliloquized Daniel, "not but fwat the Doodys has had them," he mentally adds. The Boffins were to go with the Doodys—Barney Boffin being "a handy crathur at a pic-nic" and a "corner-sewer" of divers potent and spirituous liquids, which were conceived by Dan. to add zest and stimulus to the natural charms of Port Stanley.

The happy family worked industriously, packing the "nutriment," consisting of cabbage, bacon, the banty rooster (which had been sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion), and a "poy" which was a "poy"—Mrs. Doody being universally acknowledged to be a "joyant" at the composition of those delectable articles.

The proud procession started in good time. Barney and Daniel struggled along in front with the clothes-basket filled with provisions, and were closely followed by Ann Boffin and Mary Doody, accompanied by the infant Doody, also by Barney's carmine-headed cousin, also by five miscellaneous little Boffins, holding each other by their perspiring hands, and momentarily colliding with dogs, perambulators, and such possible obstacles as the pavement afforded.

"Musha, thin, Terence is the Dood," whispered Daniel, at the same time indicating, by divers winks and signals, the eldest scion of the house of Boffin.

When tickets had been purchased, the pup driven home with maledictions, and the combined Doody-Boffin aggregation got safely aboard; the energies of Barney and Daniel were, as it were, bankrupted, so that they were fain to go into liquidation over the contents of a black bottle.

The scene was a happy one, Terence and Glorvina consumed love and lollipops, the five little Boffins played kazoos, and Mary Doody and Ann Boffin dismantled the reputation of the Conroys.

Barney and Daniel had a terrible "rustlin' match" with the clothes-basket, ascending the hill to the grounds, and between the jawing of their consorts and the "evil coorses" of the juveniles, they began to mistrust the joys of pic-nicing, and when they found that Daniel O'Connell Doody had been the author of the greater part of their woes by making the basket the depository of the family flat-irous, their rage was infinite.

However, the dinner was "immiuse." Daniel was the orator of the day, and Barney "pull't" the corks, and hoorayed for "Oireland," and between the oratory, minstrelsy and "poy," and the performance of certain hilarious and dexterous jigs, all went most cheerfully until Barney's indiscreet potatoes toppled him over with his head in the buttermilk, and his feet waving defiance to the Saxon race. Daniel was much scandalized by this result of Barney's bibulation, and observed in solemn sorrow that "dhrunkenness was a crime whereof the joys were 'thransitory' and the pains were purgatory."

The sight of the merry little white-caps of Lake Erie kissing their hands, the skinning sea-gulls, and the misty haze of the horizon made Daniel feel poetical and generous, and he straightway insisted on a sail by the Company. Down the hill they went with peals of glee, shortly turned to exclamations of surprise, occasioned by the complicated revolutions, and acrobatic miracles of the carmine-headed cousin from Wexford, who, essaying to descend the hill in an adventurous spirit at a peculiarly perpendicular point, was soon involved in certain rigid and extraordinary changes of posture, or, as Daniel said, "rowling cartwheels an' double somersets, an' rootin', shquealin' an' doin' the most diabolical antiques."

The Lake was tremulous, the boat small for its age, and the passengers became preternaturally serious. Finally Daniel and Mary Doody were seen crawling to the bulwarks on hands and knees, the acrobatic cousin hung over the stern—as Daniel said "he nigh come to pieces wid the stringency of his emotions,"—and the boat (Mary Boffin) was a complete wreck. They got back in very reduced circumstances. They found Barney restored, repentant, and finishing the oysters. Soon, the hour for return drew nigh, Barney was sent out to call in the infantry. Terence was evidently much out of mental equilibrium, Brigotina had been exercising the "drawing qualities" of a poultice on his excitable young affections. The rest of the party wore the usual second-hand appearance of pilgrims returning from celebrating the rites of the goddess of Port Stanley. And the gamins at the city station made merry at their belated aspects.

Truly the home of the Doodys, with its little whitewashed fence, never welcomed a more weary set of prodigals; and Daniel says:

"Let others to the sayside roam,  
 In fucher the Doodys stay at home,"

STRAY LETTERS FOUND IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 1st, 1884.

MY DEAR SAMUEL—Yours received, in reply I am happy to say the widow has consented to be spliced with your humble servant and debtor at an early day, although, in confidence, I would to heaven I could see some other way out of this corner than by marrying her. She's too fond of me by half, and only the thought of her money and property can at all reconcile me to her frequent caresses. If it were't for that note of yours, and that tailor's bill, which the fellow declares he will sue me for, I declare I would back out yet. It's bad enough now; what will it be afterward to have her around all the time. Don't be astonished if I commit suicide at the last moment. Only the ever-present idea of the handsome property can save me.

Yours in a dilemma,  
 BENJAMIN SWITHER.

Reply to Above.

MONTREAL, Oct. 2nd, 1884.

DEAR SWITHER,—Don't make me feel sick with all this rot about backing out. You've no right to go deceiving a poor woman like that. I don't think it's the square thing to go and entangle the affections of any poor, unsophisticated widow, and then give her the grand bounce, as you propose to do; that is when she's a widow of means, and people waiting for their money. I saw Shears, yesterday. He says if the marriage doesn't come off soon he will sue—sure as fate. As for my own note, that's all right; of course I know as soon as you get control of that money you will pay me; but I am really sorry to see you having so little principle as to think of trifling with a woman's feelings, and backing out like that. You screw up your courage like a man, marry her, keep on the soft side of her till you get her to make over her property to you, and then, if she gets too soft, or you find her too much of a bother, why there's Longue Pointe Asylum—tip the doctor, and the thing's done. Splendid institution—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and so forth. My dear fellow, your duty's clear—marry her, get the property, then ho for Longue Point!

Yours faithfully,  
 FRED. CROOK.

MONTREAL, Oct. 4, 1884.

MY DEAR SAMUEL,—Taking it all in all, I grant your advice, like your morality, is good; but there's a fly in the ointment. True, there is also Longue Pointe—but there is also Perry—what about Perry? What good is Longue Pointe to me so long as Perry sits at the gate. No, that's no go.

Yours in haste,  
 BENJAMIN SWITHER.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ.,  
 ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

MY DEAR GWIP,—Being in a wathaw philosophical state of mind lately, in consequence of trying to awgue the point with myself whethaw or not the yeahly Pwovincial shows are pwoductive of any gweat amount of benefit to the—aw—countwy at lawge, beyond stirring up people into a pwoper degwee of enahgy to perseveh in theah usual—aw—avocations, and, as it weah, wclax theah minds a little by affawding them some amusemunt, I have, notwithstanding horwible boating of dwums, the shrieking of fif's, the bwazzen blare of twum-