



SELF-CRITICISM.

FATHER (to his son's chum, who is just entering the drawing-room)—"I'm afraid you're leading my son into bad company."

SON'S CHUM—"I daresay you're right, sir; he's just behind me!"

And straight the news was carried to the other vessels, too. The signals then and orders flew around like driving hail, And ere the turning of the tide that day the fleet set sail— (A boat's crew left behind came up to Montreal by rail.)

"Oh, what care we for Newport, its society so quick And altitudinous? We know worth two of that trick, McAllister is very well, but there's another Mc."

With full steam on and all sails set the fleet put out to sea, And up the broad St. Lawrence soon it sailed right merrilee. Quebec was reached, the officers take time to brush their clothes, Then up the stream the *Canada* and *Thrush* each points her nose—

They mean to get there in good time, no matter how it blows.



AUTOMATIC AIR.

MRS. McSPIDER—"How did Jimmy and the baby enjoy their trip on the Fresh Air Fund excursion, Mrs. Janes?"

MRS. JANES—"Why, since then the baby has bellered so for fresh air that we had to get a bellows and Jimmy does nothing else but pump it now."

Next morning early, let us say, at twenty-five to six, The Prince, who had been up all night, said to the pilot—"Dix Piastres shall be yours if you save us from a fix And bring us to the wharf in Montreal at half-past nine; I've made a sharp appointment with a p'tickler friend of mine."

A goodly group of citizens were gathered on the quay All anxious to express their most unswerving loyalty, By means of long addresses—in both languages—mais oui! And when the *Thrush* came up the stream, the yards and bulwarks manned

By jolly tars, who one and all the demonstration scanned, Prince George stood on the bridge, and, smiling waved his roya hand.

Here the committee raised his hat, while music by the band Mingled with ringing British cheers from both the men of war, Which glided up the harbor and were soon moored to the shore; Twelve "Answers to Addresses" did the Prince take from his store

And wearily insert within the lining of his hat. But R.D.M. by "savoir faire" saved Prince and people that— Linked arms, and took the Prince below to have a quiet chat. "Of course Your Royal Highness will attend the City Hall Reception. After that there comes a rather scrumptious ball, With Beauty, Wealth and Fashion—and the supper won't be small.

A grand lacrosse match has been fixed—I mean—it has been set For Thursday afternoon. Next day, if you're inclined to bet, We'll both attend the races—if the weather isn't wet." 'Twould take too long the doings gay here to enumerate. The host was most assiduous—from early morn till late Attentive he to royalty. 'Twas an affair of State. Each item on the programme rich came off as was set down, It was the merriest, maddest week that ever struck the town. Prince George, on taking leave, remarked that "Mac had done it brown."

An envious few, who hitherto upon the mountain slope Exclusively had entertained the lions, now did mope And ventilate their grievances, expressing loud the hope That "George" would overlook the frequent well-meant gaucheries.

A country editor besides, a man named P—m—lee, Consumed with envy, wrote a witty leader on R.D. Of truth, exalted station hath its drawbacks, for not here Did malice cease her ravings. Far and wide there did appear A most mendacious press despatch, in which, with covert sneer, The Prince and his companions figured in a street affray. The Prince and comrades "downed" their men, while on the pavement lay, Their friend (a nabob) who it seemed did not enjoy the play.

Now this was very wicked of that naughty scribbling loon; The Prince—no brawler he—the worst with his companions boon,

He did was to go through a popular ice cream saloon. "This lying correspondent," said R.D., "I'll make to wince, A mighty charge I straight will lay, I'll not the matter mince—I'll vindicate the honor of my guest, the sailor Prince."

No sooner said than done. A correspondence long ensues With Dunlap's Cable Agency which published this as news— In pamphlet form 'tis mentioned favorably by the Reviews— In gilt and Russia leather in *édition de luxe*. Destined a copy each for Prince and all the royal dukes, With other kickshaws, freaks and pumpkins large is now on view In the *Star* window, where all may admire and wonder, too. All I've to say at present's said; 'twill be a welcome job To add the sequence as it comes. That prophet true, "Old Prob-

Abilities," with foresight keen, has made the pregnant ob-servation that our next new knight will likely be "Sir Bob." C. QUERULUS JONES.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

LADY DOWAGER—"I am at last thoroughly satisfied that the wife Lord Henry brought from America used to be an actress."

COUNTESS FANGLO—"How did you find out?"

LADY DOWAGER—"I renounced them both yesterday, and she clasped her hands, took three steps to the right, sobbed convulsively for fifteen seconds, and then turning about, towered to her full height and defied me."