

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

(Continued.)

Sir Lawrence had quitted the oak floor'd hall,
And he bared his head to the cooling breeze,
That with many a twirl
And wanton curl
Was waving the leaves of the old elm trees:
He locked and sigh'd,
And lo! he'd again
To the very identical window pane,
Where he late had stood, with the Lady O's
Little hands in his—when his body quiver'd,
And his shoulders heaved, and his whole frame
shiver'd.
And his face it twitch'd
Like a face bewitched:—
And the air rang loud with a s'norous sneeze,
Brought on by his bearing his head to the breeze—
Of joys titillating but few, I suppose,
Surpass that which pervades, in a sweet
sneeze, the nose—
Sir Lawrence he felt in his pockets each one,
For his kerchief; but, wondrous to tell, it was
gone.
He needed it sore,
And he looked at the door,
Of the mansion, and wondered if he could slip in
Unobserved; if without any very great din
He could get to the corner he lately had left,
And the cambriage of which he was bereft—
And perchance, thought he,
'Mid the curtains she
May be sighing and crying and dying for me—
And the signal will prove
All her depth of love
That I sometimes most strange and fully
doubt—
Why or wherefore I'm sure I can never make out.
In a moment he stood by the ponderous door,
In another he stealthily mov'd o'er the floor;
He pass'd by the passage, he mounted the
stair,
With a timorous bound and a step light as
air.
He looked at the curtain;
Oh horror! as certain
As "ova sunt ova"
There he did discover
His half promised bride
With a man by her side!
For a moment he stood as stiff as a post,
With a face as white as a sun bleached ghost;
Then from his pallid lips the exhalation
An ill-suppressed, deep groan of anguish;
The curate stopped in his making love,
The lady ceased for a moment to languish;
They turned their eyes,
With a frighted surprise,
To the spot where Sir Lawrence stood stiff as
a post,
And then they in their turn turned as white
as a ghost.
In the heat of his wrath
Sir Lawrence forgot
What was due to the cloth
Of his rival, and got,
Ere the latter could utter one penitent note,
His fingers gripp'd tight round his clerical
throat.
In a moment, the curate was suddenly hurled
Clean out of the window, and out of the world.
Though Sir Lawrence intended
His neck for to break,
The thing only bended,
Ahl fatal mistake!
The fair
Lady Clare
Went off in a long swoon,
And Sir Lawrence went off too, all hastily, soon
As he, with cold water,
Had brought the Earl's daughter

To her seven senses back, which a moment she'd
dropped,—
When down the broad staircase he noiselessly
hopped.
Whence came the commotion,
That like waves of the ocean,
Ever swaying and bending,
A tumult unending,
For day after day kept the village so quiet,
A scene of anxiety, restlessness, riot.
'Twas Sir Lawrence was missing, the villa-
gers said,
And fears 'gan get rife the poor fellow was
dead.
They had searched in the forest, dragged the
holes in the river,
Sent for word to the neighbouring town; but
word never
Came cheering, to tell
That Sir Lawrence was well;
Every word, like the toll of a funeral knell,
Struck fear to each breast,
And when darkness brought rest
To most villagers' eyes, there were some who
still sought
Every nook in the forest, some faint hopes to
borrow,—
But the sunlight that beamed on the slow-coming
morning
No hope of recovery ever once brought.
(To be continued.)

PUBLIC MEETING.—WATER MARSHAL
WANTED.

IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!!!

The citizens of Montreal held a meeting some
few days since for the purpose of urging upon the
City Council the necessity of appointing a "Water
Marshal." Many speeches were made in which
the City Council in general, and some of them in
particular, were consigned to where they would
have much more need of the *other* Marshal.

A LEADING TEETOTALLER rose and said that from
statistics he had himself taken, the morals of the
City ("must and shall be preserved" dovetailed-
in by a small boy in the crowd) the morals of the
City had suffered severely from the scarce
quantity of water. He was almost ashamed to
confess it, but on one occasion he had been forced
to ask his wife to compel him to take a glass of
beer, beer, gentlemen, beer. (Teetotalter overcome
by something or other is carried out by two
policemen.)

A REDUCED MILKMAN spoke next of the grievance
that had befallen all of his class since the supply
of water had become so scant. Their supplies too
had given out; their customers could not be satis-
fied; nor would they ever be until the force of
water was as great as of yore. A thick yellow
disagreeable substance had formed on top of their
milk since the scant supply had begun. There
was but one thing more needed to accomplish their
ruin; that was the failure of the chalk hills of Old
England. Did they too give up affording lactical
ingredients, they would all have to turn beggars,
or, worse still, have to work hard for a livelihood.
(Pathetic groans from a group of starving
milkmen.)

The Licensed Victuallers were represented by a
rising barrister who thought the scarcity of water
the finest thing that ever happened to the City.
Since that occurrence his practice had increased
ten-fold at least: in fact, he had just come from
the Recorder's Court; had just pleaded the cause
of no less than 5 prisoners, who, had there been a
good supply of the element, would never have
needed his legal assistance. He hinted to the J.
V.'s that it was no longer necessary to drive people
to an acquired thirst by causing them to eat red

herring and such thirst-causing edibles. He
recounted a story of a man who, in times gone by,
rushed into the Cosmopolitan Hotel and called for
"a copper cigar, a glass of water, and blow the
expense," thinking that he was saying something
very facetious. Some time since that may have
been a good joke, but at the present time,
such an order, on account of the lack of the
element, would, when the time of reckoning came,
prove anything but pleasing to the perpetrator.
He would urge then that one of the duties of the
Water Marshal should be, to dodge round the
different taverns and see that no one put too much
water in them; in fact, in plain language, to see
that no one "drowned the miller."

It was suggested here by a party who was
obviously up to a thing or two, that, if such a duty
as that were imposed, more than one Marshal
would need to be appointed.

Several parties who had suffered from the
exertions of the fire brigade lately, begged that an
additional force be added to the present City water-
power. Some of them had, on account of a burning
chimney or other trivial conflagration, had half
the reservoir turned upon them. In fact it was
urged by one party that the water did more harm
on such occasions than the fire. It was urged by
another, that before the water be turned on a
warning be given to "little girls and boys and all
those that don't know how to swim." Many other
urgings took place; amongst them one which
embodied a very good plan of letting the water
run all night, full speed, to keep it from freezing,
without any noise arising to attract the attention
of a passing policeman.

A plumber objected to this, but was hustled out
of the crowd by a lot of delighted housekeepers.

After the reciting of Hood's "Cold Water Man,"
and the singing of "Shells of Ocean," the meet-
ing broke up peaceably, without having arrived at
any very definite conclusion.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT GRATIS.

A volume of verse was lately published in
London, with the affected title of *Whose Idem?*
Perhaps some friend may be able to inform us
whether the author is any relation to the gentle-
man who wrote *What's his name*. (*Wat's
Hymns*.)

SCHEME—SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

JUNIOR FORM.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

TEACHER.—"Now tell me who was the oldest
man that ever lived? You Jones!"

JONES.—(Puzzledly).—"Um, um, ah, um (sud-
denly and brightly), Kafoozleum."

"*Rora acis in terris, nigro, ue sinillima cygno.*"

The following is clipt, with mingled awe and
respect, from the *Business* of the 8th inst.:

"SITUATION.—A teetotaler, in the prime of life,
now filling a position of responsibility, desires a
similar engagement, to be entered upon at the
expiration of the present. Reference, present
employer, &c. Good wages desired. Address,
'Teetotaler,' Montreal P. O."

Involuntarily Coleridge's lines arise to our
memory—

"Wear a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of paradise."

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