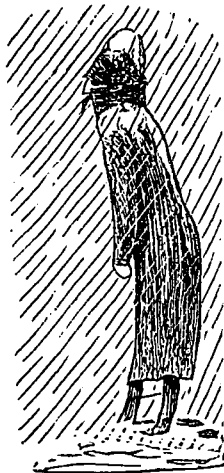


WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE LATE SNOW STORM.



Effect on Jones.



On a Colonel.



On a youth from the country.



On an Editor.

Meeting of the Natural History Society.

The meeting was called to order by the Chief of Police who observed that there was nothing before the Chair, upon which the Secretary placed his private table before that seat of learning.

The Egyptian mummy came forward, and having thanked the auditory for their devotion to Science, introduced a new member who sat on his hat.

It was then announced that the *minutes* of the last meeting had been *lost*. Agreed to.

REPORTS.

The Committee on History reported that as it had been said that "happy was the people that had no history," the occupation of the committee was gone. Adopted unanimously.

The Botanist in Ordinary read a ream of fools-cap on the Flora of Canada but was interrupted by a lady who remarked that the dog in question was absent.

A cast iron Sewing machine, recently discovered in the tomb of Pharaoh or elsewhere, was then exhibited. The simplicity of its inventor furnished a theme for general admiration.

A gentleman (whose name we suppress out of respect for his tailor) read a scrap of paper on the Fossil Proboscis of a fly, found (by request) in a brick. He was remarking that he hoped no one would suppose that the brick had been found in the hat of a member, when he was hustled out of the room.

The Veterinary Surgeon of the Society delivered a lecture on Roman Horse-Shoes, but as he was paid for his trouble no one listened to him—the Band playing the *Anvil Chorus*.

The Provincial Geologist read a side of parchment or so, on a fossilised India Rubber shoe, discovered in the coal yards of Nova Scotia by an abandoned urchin.

The learned professor stated that it was well known that the Indians were employed in the manufacture of India Rubbers. (A member here observed that *engines* not *Indians* were employed in the manufacture aforesaid, but he was politely coughed down and shortly afterwards, kicked down stairs amidst general applause). The speaker went on to say that the fossil he held in his hand did not, of course bear the goodyear or Jacques-Cartier stamp, though it might have borne a good many other stamps in its day—

A member begged to put in a work—was it not possible that the shoe had belonged to some labourer employed in having up the coal? (This suggestion threw *coaled* water on the discussion and it ended in *smoke*).

A lady presented the society with a beautiful specimen of pie-crust supposed to belong to the family of the *Crustacea*.

Somebody spelled an essay on a petrified elephant found in a creek and now in Guibault's Garden; and, on the invitation of the members from the country, the meeting adjourned to see the elephant.

MILINGTARY.—When does a drill-instructor possess supernatural powers?—Answer: When a *skeleton* battalion manœuvres at his command.

Why is a Bay de Chaleurs fisherman like Napoleon III?—Because he is supported by his *Bay nets*!

BURNT CORK PROSE.—Sambo, can you told me why de Recorder doesn't want no policeman to catch him prisoners? You gib it up? Because he allers knows how to *fine dem*. Yah, yah, yah!

A fashionable *cut*—Nobby tailor ignoring the salutation of a delinquent customer.

A CANONICAL JOKE.—If an importunating dun were kidnapped from your door by the police, what description of ordnance would it remind you of? Answer: A *rifled bore*.

A nuisance that most persons do not consider insufferable—The "silver nuisance."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

☞ We suppress the names out of respect for the Editors. *Punch; or the Northern Light*, is the only really witty paper we remember to have seen.—*** *Herald*.

The most clever thing of the sort.—*** *Times*.

We have received a beautifully illustrated *Punch* from the publisher and venture to say that from the days of Leonardo da Vinci (who, by-the-by, knew nothing of chemistry or he should never have used linseed oil on a lime wall) down to Vogt and Rosa Bonheur &c. &c.—*** *Gazette*.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *Punch*. It is the most stupid thing that ever were. The cartoon is really good. &c. &c.—*** *Intelligencer*.

At length a glorious star appears on the horizon, &c. &c. We FORGET WHICH *Newspaper*.

Besides five others.

Letter From Ottawa.

MY DEAR MR PUNCH,

May it please your Excellency.

I am happy to inform you that you have been received at Ottawa. So great was the excitement on your entry into the House of Commons that several members were arrested for riotous demonstrations of joy and the house adjourned.

Thus a whole day, valued at \$5000, has been lost to the country. You are an institution.

Yours &c.

FISCAL AGENT.