

A GOOD CRY.

Punch has often heard his beloved Judy, after she has been duly chastised with the connubial *baton*, assert that she should be better when she had had "a good cry." The British League in Canada, and the Protection Association in Great Britain, are Judies, and, like Punch's own Judy, are preparing to relieve themselves with "a good cry." The word these Judies utter is the same, but how different the meaning! However, in both instances, the "good cry" can be traced to selfish and unphilosophical motives. In Great Britain, the farmers, or rather the landlords, are blustering for protection, which with them means dear bread; in Canada, the "League" blubbers for protection, which with it means dear manufactures. In England, the landlord would enrich himself at the expense of the manufacturer; in Canada, the manufacturer would enrich himself at the expense of the landlord. In both instances it is an effort of Wealth to trample on Labour. Let Labour look out. Let the Protectionists have "a good cry," and be done with it.

MORE OF THE MISERIES OF OUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

Mrs. Busybones's Boarding House,
Feb. 23rd, 1850.

DEAR PUNCH,—I am a victim, I am a victim, sir; don't deny it, for I am, sir. Very well, sir!

Methinks I hear you, in the fulness of your heart, exclaim "Alas, poor victim!" Generous soul, I thank you, I thank you, sir. Very well, sir! Since you wish it, sir, I will rend my bosom into two pieces, and lay its hidden sorrows upon this small sheet of paper. On the Monday following the issue of your "No. 6," sir, some friend, some meddling friend, sir, sent Mrs. B. a No. 6; Mrs. B., sir, who never reads, but does nothing but sweep and dust all the day long, sir, and "put everything in its place," except me, sir, I have no place. Well, sir, all unconscious of the horrors I was about to encounter, and determined not to delay my contribution for this week, I sat in my own room, sir, trying to catch an idea, sir, when of a sudden, in pounced Mrs. Busybones, sir, No. 6 in hand, her finger pointed to my note to you, and following me round the room, she exclaimed "Monster! but I'll punish you, I'll fill your bed full of pins." In my bewilderment I had forgotten her threat; but—Oh! that I had a voice of thunder, a thundering voice, sir, that in the face of day and in the public squares, I might proclaim to the populace "SHE'S DONE IT." For three days, sir, was I anointed with "the Poor Man's Friend"—but, sir, I cannot bear malice; I met Mrs. B. with a smile, yes, sir, a smile of forgiveness and reconciliation; and she smiled, sir, yes, with a duster in one hand and a stick of wood in the other she smiled, sir, grinned sir, and asked me what I would have for dinner.—Both mutton and beef, sir, she said, were in the house. For a whole week, sir, I had lived on defunct sheep, I ordered beef, sir, when with a triumphant growl, Mrs. B. rushed to the staircase and screamed "Mary, dress the mutton." She then hinted at the amount of my small account, sir. Can you cash up, sir, my dear sir, my very dear sir, and forgive the apparent neglect of

YOUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE WIFE OF A SUBSCRIBER.

From his early connexion with Bartlemy fair, it is but fair to suppose that Punch is partial to fair correspondents: indeed so open is he to their attractions, that he might style himself a thoroughfare. Punch in confidence, replies to the question asked by "the wife," and informs her that it is the correct practice for great cards to return visits by despatching small cards. This may not be a perfect practice, but it should be remembered that practice makes perfect.

[By our worst Contributor.]

Why is Lord Elgin like a dilapidated wharf? Because he is a used up peer. (Pier.)

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

LADIES' PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Bonnets are generally worn by those who have them. We have, however, seen several mesianic leaders of fashions in the east, who tastefully fold a shawl around them, so disposed as to form a hood which protects both head and shoulders. The style of bonnet is frequently that of the winter of 1845, and in some instances of a later date, indeed of dates unknown; the fabric resembles velvet denuded of pile; some possess a variety of tints, from atmospheric influence, and have a *negligee* drop in front partially concealing the visage. The ribbons generally fasten under the chin, sometimes tied in knots, but ladies of taste prefer bows. Necks are ornamented with the furs of wild animals, or the domestic cat. Shawls are crossed in front. Ladies of a domestic turn, who indulge in the useful pursuit of fetching beer from a neighbouring hotel, frequently carry keys, which swung round the finger present a singularly lively and striking *coup-d'œil*. The dress of the lower part of the frame, falling in careless elegance over the shoes, particularly when of different colours and heterogeneous material, adds much to the picturesque effect. Boots or shoes are much worn down at the heel, and open at the toes for the purpose of ventilation.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—We notice that coats are frequently open at the elbow, and richly fringed at the termination of the tails. These are of a description much worn. Amongst architects' assistants the favourite material appears to be fustian, to which members of parliament are also much attached. The garments of the former class are generally profusely ornamented with the city mud. We have seen a few shirts with buttons on, but they are by no means general. Trousers appear to be all the rage; in morning dress, few are seen without them, but they are generally taken off at night; occasionally, however, when gentlemen dine out, who are unaccustomed to do so, they form a portion of the night dress. Trousers are worn long or short, at the option of the owner, but gentlemen generally object to wearing them too long. When worn long, they are usually of a variegated material. Stockings are sometimes divested of feet, which saves the inconvenience of darning. Hats are various. The favourites appear to be well greased, and are richly trimmed with black crape.

THE NEW FOOL-OMETER.

Punch has invented a new measure of folly. Up to the hour of publication, the following indications were placed against the degrees of the scale to prove a man to be a fool.

Any annexationist or other person, who believes that the twenty per cent. duty on grain and lumber, exacted by the tariff of the United States, comes out of the pocket of the producer and not out of that of the consumer.

Any Canadian farmer, who fancies that where land and labor is cheap wheat will fetch the same price as where it is dear.

Any person who believes that the present ministers, or the Governor General, thought the Rebellion Losses Bill a just measure.

Any person who thinks England will give up Canada without a fight.

Any citizen of Toronto, who would not cheerfully pay a tax to have the city streets made passable.

Any person who can read, and does not subscribe to Punch.

Any reader of the *Globe*, who believes what he reads.

Any elector who believes in the promises of the candidate.

Anybody who believes anything.

CONS. OF THE COMFORTLESS.

Why is my health like my last shilling? Because it's bad.

Why is my purse like my head? Because there's nothing in it.

Why is my barrel of beer like my tailor? Because they are both done.

Who drove the first 'bus? Phce-bus, of course.

[Punch thinks that the green parrot at Beverly's, must be the author of the last conundrum. If not, the party from whom it emanates will be good enough to communicate his address.]