

that way, it was all the same; and a man cannot marry his grandmother, nor his aunt either.

In the meantime, the fair lady, who was miserably poor, went on painting portraits for a livelihood, and Grandspill pined and pined for his wedding day.

It was asking him one evening if he did not think he was a little too melancholic in allowing so flimsy a relationship to hinder him from taking to his heart the object of his choice. He looked moodily at me. I read a dandy design in his eye, and shuddered. His mature love was eating into his vitals, his relish for cocktails was on the increase, he was fond of too much *stoughton* in them; the bitter sagaciated to well with his temperament.

We were silent. A shriek rang through the air outside. We listened. It was the shriek of a woman, followed immediately by the deep growl of a man's voice. Another man's voice was heard to exclaim, "Wait a moment, auntie, and I'll punch his head for him." This was followed by a scuffling sound, and both Grandspill and myself were on the ground in a moment. The light that here met our view contains the *dénoûment* of our classical tale, and must be reserved for our last, and

FIFTH CHAPTER.

"By Jove," cried a tall, sun-burnt young fellow of about 53 years of age, "the Count!"

This was a name Grandspill used to go by at school.

He turned to the sun-burnt stranger.

It was his *olim* brother by oath and adoption. They shook hands warmly. Our hero and the lady of his choice, whom we had heard the sun-burnt stranger address as "Auntie," shook hands more warmly.

"What have we here?" said Grandspill, as he glanced towards a couple standing by.

"Only a quarrelsome couple," rejoined the sun-burnt stranger.

The sterner vessel of the quarrelsome couple was evidently on very bad terms with the weaker, who stood trembling beside him, growing whiter and whiter every minute. He had been beating her until arrested by Grandspill's adopted brother.

I glanced at Grandspill.

What was the matter?

He was trembling and pale!

He could not speak, but kept his eye fixed on the quivering form of the woman!

I looked at her.

Changed she was, and for the worse. The insolent beauty that once was there was gone; deep furrowed lines, the result of many a midnight carousal, scamed her face and brow. Still, every moment made the fact more apparent that that face was the face of * * * * * THE TRICOSIS.

Grandspill fell to the earth as a Christmas bullock that has been knocked on the head.

He sprang to his feet again and glared wildly around. He looked pitously at me, and said, "Just as I might have attained earthly happiness, that monster in human form appears before me. Just as I might have been absolved from my oath, *she* turns up."

I tried to console him, but with very little effect.

The "Tricosis" by this time had resumed all her old impudence, and began "challing" Grandspill's last love, upon the relation she herself bore to him.

"'Tis false!" cried the sterner vessel, who had been detected beating her. "'Tis false, and here is the certificate to show it to be such."

He pulled a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket.

It was his certificate of marriage with Susan Brown five years prior to that amiable young woman's marriage to Grandspill under the name of the "Tricosis."

"Murder will out!" said I.

"And so will marriage," said the sun-burnt stranger.

"What is the matter?" said Grandspill.

"That's what's the matter," screamed I madly, holding aloft above my head the marriage certificate.

He saw through the whole of it.

"What a fool your are," said she, whom we must still call the "Tricosis," to her lawful husband.

"Why so?" said he.

"Wouldn't have given it up under ten pounds!" said she, shewing that she still kept an eye to the main chance.

"Ah!" said her husband appreciatively.

I gave them a ten-pound note, and they *excused*.

"What had we better do now?" said I to the sun-burnt stranger.

"Send for a Parson," said Grandspill.

* * * * *

Why lengthen a story that is already too long.

They were married, lived happily and long, and are doubtless living still.

If any one wishes for further particulars, he (or she) had better apply to the author of "Held in Bondage," or the "The Jews in Egypt," a very religious work, indeed, by "Ouida," than whose books there are many better, pleasanter, and more religious in the world.

THE END.

The Canadian Punch

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1868.

We have much pleasure in thanking the Montreal public for the very enthusiastic reception that the first number of this attempt to please met with last Wednesday. We were, without doubt, very sanguine of success; but the most sanguine expectations fell very short of the reality. Our innate modesty caused us to order but 1500 impressions to be struck off. Before one o'clock on Wednesday it was necessary to throw off 500 more—and so on, until the total circulation of the first number reached with a but very little of 2750.

Our childish contemporary issued an Extra to herald our approach to the city, and called it "The Montreal Punch." It was a very *stubby* affair indeed; home-made with a vengeance; price one half-penny. We warn our readers against it for the future.

This Wednesday we hope to improve upon the circulation of last week by at least one thousand. We again thank the public for the very kind reception afforded this publication.

SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

HALIFAX.—The *Chronicle* of this morning discusses Mr. Howe's question 'What then?' should the Imperial Parliament refuse to release Nova Scotia from the Union. In a patriotic, masterly, and statesmanlike article, it advocates the immediate massacre of all natives of Ontario and Quebec throughout Nova Scotia; the capture of the citadel and the hanging of the British troops; the erection of a guillotine, and the trial, condemnation, and execution of every Unionist—man, woman and child—in the Province. It advocates the immediate appointment of an ex-

cutioner-in-chief, at a salary of \$4,000 per annum, with twenty-four assistants, at a salary of \$2,000 each. It suggests the name of its editor, Mr. Wm. Annand, in connection with the first appointment. It advocates the iron-planting of all the fishing boats along the coast with the Canadian subscriptions to the distressed fishermen, and the compulsory enrolment of the fishermen into a naval reserve navy to man the fleet of Nova Scotia, and to defend Halifax against the navy of Great Britain. It then discusses the question of assistance from the United States, and shows in the most masterly manner the advantages of exchanging King Log for King Stork. It points out the superior matrimonial prospects to the ladies of Halifax, which would follow the substitution of a few regiments of United States coloured infantry for the soldiers of England as the garrison of Halifax. It concludes by urging a deputation to be sent to the Fenian Senate, asking for assistance in money and munitions of war, and hints that Mr. W. Annand will be agreeable to head the deputation at a salary of \$3,000 per annum, with travelling expenses, to prove his disinterested and undying love to Nova Scotia.

This remarkable article can be obtained at any pastry-cooks in Halifax, by purchasing a couple of penny buns, or at any tobacconists, by speculating in three cents worth of snuff.

GRAND CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

HUNGRY ANTIS.

SPLendid PROGRAMME.—DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

PART FIRST.

1. Scotch Song—"Nae Mayor I'll Roam"—J. L. Beaudry.
2. Recitation—"Fare thee well, and if for ever"—Hon. Jos. Howe.
3. Drinking Song—"Still so gently o'er me stealing"—Mr. S. Pellman.
4. Dance—An Irish Jig—to be followed by the song "Oh! Release me!" or "The Maniac"—Geo. F. Train.
5. A Fibbing Match between "Veritas" and the Editor of "The True Witness."
6. Paper on "Stone Quarry Investigations," by Mederic Lanctot.

Arrival of *Punch* in *Canada*, smiling affably on all present. Sinks gracefully into the midst of a group of lovely Canadians, who release him from his great coat, fur hat, etc. The applause gradually subsides, the dust clears away, and there is announced.

PART SECOND.

1. Letter from the Hon. T. D. McGee, explaining his absence.—(No concert is a concert without such an epistle.)
2. Song—"There's nae Luck about the House"—Rabid Anti.
3. Private Theatricals—Imitation of Eastern Magnificence—Quebec Legislature.
4. Chorus—"O Come, Come Away"—Canadian Patrial Zouaves.
5. Irish Coronach—Ululatory Solo by B. Lenihan. Chorus by Members of the St. Patrick's Society.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

VERY LIKE! VERY LIKE!

—SHAKESPEARE.

When mothers dose their children with naufoous medicine, they generally give immediately afterwards a spoonful of preserves or other condiment. The proprietor of the *Daily News* gives to a yearly subscriber a volume of GARNEAU'S HISTORY OF CANADA. Evidently he remembers his childhood.