

The Canadian Punch

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 5, 1868.

In presenting to the public the first number of what we trust shall become the leading journal of Canadian wit and humour, it behoves us to say but little of the reasons that have actuated us in doing so. We have long felt that there was a great lack of such an institution; we cannot help thinking that that lack has been, until now, unsupplied.

From time to time there have sprung up in the country mushroom growths of humour that, for a time, have tickled the palate of a few readers. But they have vanished away, one after another. There still exist one or two *toutstool* growths, which oke out a miserable erratic existence, and which still retain a few subscribers by dint of scurrilous personality, which is so sure to obtain popularity with a certain class.

Our fixed and sole endeavour shall be to provide fun and humour for our readers, and occasionally wit. It is a general misapprehension that a paper of this class cannot retain popularity without, to a certain extent, overstepping the bounds which restrain the tone of an ordinary daily paper. This is a mistake, and we shall prove it to be such. On no account, and on no occasion, shall the slightest personality be indulged in by us at the expense of those who are not in public life. The public life of any one is fair game, and shall be treated by us as such; and we think that we can, in the public actions of public men, and in Canadian life and literature in general, provide ourselves with honest and good material to work upon; and lots of it at that. All that now remains is to hope that the public may look with favour upon this enterprise, and give it that success which they may deem it to deserve.—ED. CAN. PUNCH.

A VICTIM TO MISPLACED DIFFIDENCE.

In his reply with regard to the numerously signed requisition, presented to him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Councillorship of the West Ward, Mr. Romeo H. Stephens makes use of the following words: "I accept it with diffidence." Now, every day, it is our common lot to see men who suffer from "Misplaced Confidence" or too great an opinion of their own capabilities; but it is seldom that the reverse of that state of things is noticeable. Such, however, is the case here. There was not the slightest need of any declaration of diffidence. A better representative for the West Ward than Mr. Stephens could not be found, and if the acquisition of that office should prove in time a step towards the Mayorality, it would be decidedly, as far as the city is concerned, a step in the right direction. Still of the two extremes "Misplaced Diffidence" is more to be desired than "Misplaced Confidence." Mr. Beaudry, attention!

The average cost of a Prussian soldier, including the pay of the officers, &c., is estimated at £30 a year; of a French soldier, £40 a year; John Bull's red-coats, £100 a year.—*American Paper.*

Taking into consideration the comparative fighting power of the three specimens; the English army will be found to be conducted most economically of the three—by far.

"WOULD YOU ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER?"

The *Evening Telegraph* of last week animadverted severely upon the fact that some enterprising brewer in Quebec is about to open up an establishment on a large scale in that city. Had the writer of the censuring paragraph ever suffered a bottle from the tap of one of the breweries at present extant in the "ancient capital," he would have burst into panegyrics of praise rather than a fit of fault-finding. He says that the "*Quebec Flavour*" pervades the whole transaction. If such prove the case, alas for the Quebecers. But if the new caterer to the taste of Quebec ale drinkers can only manage to put in a little of the "*Montreal Flavour*," then—Quebec shall once more be blest, and once more, perchance, may find her trade revived and her resources resuscitated.

Over and above the fact that the Quebecers have determined in future to drink good ale in preference to the stuff they have hitherto "worried down," as the Eastern Townshippers say, the bachelors in their midst have determined to give a ball. This meets with much censure likewise. In fact, to please some people, Quebec must behave herself very primly. The eyes of the Dominion are upon her. Her inhabitants must dress in gray; broad-brimmed hats must be universal, and the woods on her hills must be clothed next spring in sombre tints. So say some, but so do not we say. We are happy to hear of the improved beer, happy to hear of the bachelors' ball, and only regret that we cannot be on hand to enjoy them.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.— "THE UNRULY MEMBER."

DEDICATED TO THE HON. JOS. HOWK.

Once upon a time a body which had but recently sprung into existence was much admired for the beauty of its proportions, and every one prophesied for it a long and happy life, and a speedy increase in beauty and wealth. Every portion of the frame seemed to work well, with one solitary exception. One member became unruly. It was the nose, and moreover this nose was a *Blue Nose*. It asserted that it had been brought into becoming a member of the body against its will, that when it was an independent nasal attached to no body whatever it was of more consequence. That it had been persistently bled since becoming a member of the obnoxious body. And moreover it asserted that not only did it wish to leave the frame it was attached to, but it would be *bloned* if it would stay.

Heret the whole body was moved, for it was attached to the *Blue Nose*—even though it did not wish to be attached to it. And the other members set about devising how the Cerulean feature might be retained—but, alas! the fable goes no further.

MORAL.—Will not be known for some time yet. We say: Let her slide.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—Mr. Kerr, Q. C., brought an action for damages against the *Evening Telegraph*, and Mr. Train brings a similar action against the British Government. The conclusion of the latter case will probably

prove as refreshing and remunerative to the modest plaintiff as was the former to its promulgator.

WARNING TO BILLIARDISTS.

SCENE.—*Young Charlie Miscue, just arrived home from an evening spent at James's.*—

To him:—

MRS. MISCUE.—Why, Charlie dear, where on earth do you spend your evenings that you come home all covered with that nasty chalk?

CHARLIE.—Well, ah, by jove, ah, 'tell you the truth, we, that is to say I, no, we, ah, have opened up a night school for the teaching of the poor; and that confounded writing on the black-board, you know, dear.

SPORTING NEWS.

A correspondent asks us if the "*Lacrosse Democrat*" and the "*Sporting Editor of the Gazette*" are synonymous terms. We correct the naturally arising misapprehension. The first is an American journal of current news and literature, while the latter is what Dr. Johnson called the indignant fishwoman, "an individual."

NEARLY A MILE A MINUTE!!

It is generally known that some of the amateur pedestrians of this city can cover ground at a pretty good pace; but the following, extracted from a daily paper which professes to be something in the sporting line, beats anything we have yet come across. We should like to enter the snow-shoer in question for the Derby. No wonder that it was difficult to time such a race with any degree of accuracy:—

"SNOW-SHOERING.—The two miles run upon Sherbrooke street yesterday morning, in answer to a challenge that they could be accomplished in 2m. 50s., were by one authority covered in 2m. 55s., while another held that the time made was 2m. 55½s. It was in consequence decided that all bets taken upon the issue should be considered drawn."—*Daily News.*

WHO IS MY UNCLE?

(By our Short-hand Writer.)

Thy Uncle! it is he who lists
With pity to thy groan—
Who takes your time-piece in his hand
And makes *your case* his own!

Thy Uncle! it he who aids
Young Bankrupt Swells forlorn;
Who puts their jewels in a chest,
And *checks* them with a *pawn*.

Thy Uncle! Solitary man,—
To him no "bid" befalls,—
Still every night he doth attend
No fewer than "three balls."

Thy Uncle! fear not, he shall lose
His gems and jewels bright—
For strangers, even, go and put
A *watch* in every night!

Thy Uncle! like the *Aunt* Howe,
Knows what he is about;
Like him lives on the bread of fools,
Who live upon his "spont."