

PUNCH

Is published every

SATURDAY.

TERMS:

\$1.25 Per Six Months.
0 5 Per Copy.

For Sale at all News Depots.



THE STADACONA

PUNCH.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

A limited number of advertisements will be published on moderate terms.

All friends of humour fancy wit are requested to give us a helping hand.

Our Prospectus is crowded out of this issue.

WANTED

Two or Three lads to sell this paper.

Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If it contains too little, they won't have it.

If the type is large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small they can't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we publish original matter, they damn us, for not giving original selections.

If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are to proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

What shall *Punch* do?

SONG OF THE SORDID SWEETHEART.

I Lov'd thee for thy money,
For wealth, they say, was thine;
But finding thou hast none, I
Thy heart and hand resign.
Think not I wish to pain thee,
Deem not I use thee ill:
I like thee;—but maintain thee,
I neither can nor will.

I thought thee quite a treasure—
A bond fide sum,
And dreamt of joy and pleasure
That never were to come;
The house—the hounds—the horses—
Thy fortune would allow,
The wines—the dozen courses;—
That dream is over now!

Not for thy charms I woo'd thee,
Though thou wast passing fair;
Not for thy mind I sued thee,
Though stored with talents rare:
Thine income 'twas that caught me,
For that I held thee dear;
I trusted thou 'dst have brought me
Five thousand pounds a year.
That hope, alas! is blighted,
Thereon I will not dwell;
I should have been delighted
To wed thee—but, farewell!

My feelings let me smother,
Hard though the struggle be,
And try and find another,
Rich as I fancied thee.

Information Wanted.

Of M. J. S. McDonald who disappeared from the City of Quebec about the middle of March last, also of M. M. Holton and Dorion from whom nothing was heard since last winter.

Provisional Prospectus

OF THE GRAND TRUNK DISTRIBUTION AND GENERAL LUGGAGE ALLOTMENT.

IN CONNECTION WITH ALL THE EXISTING RAILWAYS.

Capital 10,000 Portmanteaus, with a further stock of 20,000 Carpet Bags, and a reserve fund of Dressing Cases, Desks, small Parcels, and Hat Boxes.

In consequence of the spirit of enterprise that has been shown in realising a bonus, by boning the luggage at the termini of the various Railways, the present Company has been formed to introduce something like system into what has hitherto been a mere scramble of the most indiscriminate nature. It has been calculated that several hundreds of Portmanteaus, Carpet Bags, &c., &c., change hands in the course of every week on the arrival of the trains, and it is considered fair that instead of a few profiting by the present system of luggage allotment, the advantages ought to be accessible to the public in general.