

A HINT FOR THE PEOPLE.



WAITING TO SEE HOW THE CAT JUMPS.

PUNCH'S PRIMER.

LESSONS FOR SMALL BOYS WHO CAN ONLY READ WORDS
OF ONE SYLLABLE.

II. THE TWO BOYS WHO SOLD IN THE STREETS.

Jack and Sam were two boys who sold cakes and fruit in the streets. But Jack did not sell half as much as Sam did; for he was not so old nor yet so sharp as Sam was, and he did not go up and down the streets as fast, nor cry his things as loud as Sam would do; and then, he would get tired and play, or lie down and go to sleep, while Sam took care to keep hard at his work all day long.

These two boys got most of their cakes and fruit from old John, a man who kept a large shop for all sorts of nice things. Old John, who was quite rich, would let them have each day as much as they thought they could sell; and he would take their word that they would pay him next day.

But one day poor Jack met with sad ill luck, in this way. He saw some bad boys at play, and he thought he would go and play with them for a while. And they all played at pitch and toss, till poor Jack, who was not at all a sharp boy, lost all the pence he had got to pay for the things old John had let him have to sell that day. And then he sat down and had a long cry.

At last he had to go to old John's shop and get some more things to sell. But as he could not pay for what he had last got there, old John put on a grave face and said "my boy, you sell much less than Sam does, and now you tell me you have lost all the pence that you ought to have brought here to pay me with. How can I trust you, if you go on so? Why do you not sell more, and take care to pay for what you buy?"

Then Jack was such a fool that he went to Sam and said, "Old John does not like to trust me, as he does you. I must go shares with you, or I shall starve. Old John will be too glad to trust us both, if we were to go shares, and we should both grow so rich, you can't think."

But Sam was not to be so caught. "You must be a sad fool Jack," said he, "if you think I will let you go shares with me. Why I sell twice as much as you do, and old John is quite glad to trust me. What should I go shares with you for? If you will be such a fool as not to work like me, and make old John glad to trust you, why, may be, I will let you sell a few things for me, and then I shall buy all the things from old John, and you will just be my boy, you know. You will not get rich that way, I guess, though no doubt I shall. If you sold more than I could, I would be glad to go shares with you; but come what may, I shall not starve, I tell you."

Then Jack thought a bit, and said, "No, Sam, nor more will I.

I will just work hard as you say, and show old John and you what I can do."

And strange to tell Jack so kept his word that in a few days he came to sell quite as much as Sam did, if not more. And he did not then think he should like to go shares with Sam.

THE THIMBLE-RIG.

Punch is informed that some evil-minded individuals have been indulging in sneers, at what they are pleased to consider his defeat in the sporting game lately got up for the public amusement by the ministerial dodgers. Many talented men have before now been taken in at this fascinating game; and Punch is at this moment convinced that Mr. Baldwin had about his person, at the time of playing, at least a bushel of peas, ready for every emergency—But it must be remembered that Punch did not *play* the game with the illustrious professor of legerdemain referred to.—Punch knows better than that,—for though the peas may not be green, the players at the noble game of thimble-rig are sure to be so,—jolly green, in fact, if Punch may be allowed to use so strong an expression: and therefore, if Punch tilted up a thimble and discovered a pea,—what then?—Why if he had lifted up another thimble he'd have found another pea; and so on—had there been a bushel of thimbles there would have been a bushel of peas, as Punch is credibly informed that Mr. Baldwin grows several hundred acres of them for the purpose, on his estate near Toronto. What Punch ought to have done, however,—and in this instance he pleads guilty to a weakness which is often one of the elements of a too amiable disposition,—What he ought to have done would have been to have knocked the table over, and handed the professor to the nearest policeman. And for the satisfaction of swindlers in general, Punch herewith declares his determination to smash them remorselessly for the future; should there be the slightest indication of a tendency to sport the game of Thimble-Rig.

HALF A DOLLAR REWARD.

This sum will be promised by Punch to any one who will discover the whereabouts of the Annexation Association of Montreal. It was last seen somewhere near the *Herald* office, and is suspected to have either drowned or pawned itself, or perhaps both.

WANTED, an active tall boy, to make the next annexation "move" at a public meeting. He must have plenty of brass and strong lungs. Brains no object.

N.B.—Frank Johnson need not apply.