



The Canadian Punch

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No. 1.

SCENE.—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED DRAWING-ROOM.

FLEET STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—MR. PUNCH and TOBY.

MR. PUNCH.—Yes, Toby, now that they have accomplished Confederation, they *are* one of the finest nations on the face of the Globe

TOBY.—And considering their origin, so they *should be*.

MR. PUNCH.—Nobly said, Toby. Your opinion gives point to my own, even if it adds nothing to its weight. They *ought* to be a fine nation.

TOBY.—They are a loyal nation.

MR. PUNCH.—They are an enterprising nation.

TOBY.—They possess the largest railway in the world.

MR. PUNCH.—They possess the largest bridge in the world.

TOBY.—They likewise lay claim to the largest waterfall.

MR. PUNCH.—(Smiling)—Then have they not seen the fashionable ladies of our clime! (Toby wags his tail appreciatively). But, Toby, how about their newspapers? (Toby hands him one or two Canadian sheets. He looks at them.) Very fair, very fair. Any in the comic line, Toby?

(TOBY, who has read what has hitherto aspired to be the Canadian comic weekly, tries to divert his attention from the question he has just asked.)

MR. PUNCH.—(Sternly)—Any comic paper, Toby?

TOBY.—(Evasively)—I cannot say that there are, Sir.

MR. PUNCH.—(More sternly)—Then hand me anything that may be an *attempt* in that line.

(Toby trembles, and hands a copy of a weekly paper.)

(MR. PUNCH'S brow gathers; he looks at Toby severely).—Is this the only attempt at wit—is this personality the only humour that finds favour amongst our Canadian brethren? Toby, (impressively), I must see to this myself. How long does it take to go to Montreal per Atlantic Cable?

TOBY.—(Reflectively)—About a quarter of an hour.

MR. PUNCH.—Then must I make the trip weekly. Every Wednesday shall see me in the chief city of Canada, laughing at their follies, censuring their sins, making game where game can be made with decency, and shewing them that true wit and fun can be obtained even without intruding into private life, and leaving wit aside to enter into the pale of personality.

TOBY.—Hear, hear.

MR. PUNCH.—(Modestly)—A well turned sentence, even although *I* say it.

TOBY.—Then you arrive at Montreal on the 5th of February to assert the cause of true wit to the demerit of any imitation that may still eke out in that place a miserable existence.

MR. PUNCH.—It is my intention to arrive there weekly, per Atlantic Cable.

TOBY.—And I?

MR. PUNCH.—(Radiantly)—Must sail over the ocean on your own bark.

[Exit, smiling hugely.]

TOBY—*Solus*—(Delightedly)—Now are all preceding failures things of the past and forgotten, and the land of the maple leaf shall at last rejoice in a weekly CANADIAN PUNCH. [Exit.]