

# PUNCH

Comic Illustrated Paper.

EDITED BY THE ASSOCIATED MASHERS.



Dr. TUPPER.—Well, Sandy, don't you intend to come with us.

McKENZIE.—Go to h....., and let me think of my sins.

PUNCH.—Poor Sandy! I wish you better chance in future. You are in a very bad position.

## AN UNHAPPY LOVE SCENE.

With a face that was pretty and red,  
Our maidenly heroine stood,  
Looking, as though, she were fied,  
On shavings and small chips of wood.

In front of her Francis, her beau,  
So modestly turning his hat;  
His hair stood like pins in a row,  
And his eyes, were turned down on the mat.

The hall, it was spacious and grand,  
Her father stood there like a mute,  
His hat on his head; and his hand,  
Was pulling his other great boot.

Of a sudden, the door was thrown back,  
The father rushed out on the step,  
The lover, changing his tack,  
Cleared ten or twelve feet, at a leap.

We hurried right on the press,  
Though we'd like to have follow'd them up,  
The girl, she has lost her new dress,  
And papa, calls the young man a pup!

## ADVICE GRATIS TO FRIENDS.

Dear "Punch,"

I am in love, but mama says, if the young man will come to the house, she will tell papa, and you know that papa will kick him out. What am I to do? Would it be prudent to call on the young man at his office, or at his home, or shall I make an occasional appointment, to meet him some place; say between the Post office, and McGill street? As you know how to work those little matters, dear Punch, I shall, depend on your advice,

Yours,

CLARA.

P. S.—You can answer through your columns.

Well Clara dear, although you are not *ours*, as you sign yourself, we are at a loss to say exactly what you should do. If you go to see him people will talk, and papa will hear of it; and in all probability he will *kick* you and not the young man. If you walk with him, papa,

may see you and create quite a scene. Now on the whole, we would advice you to propose to him, (taking a new departure), and marry him, and the whole matter will be settled. If after your nuptials, you find you don't like him; come to our arms and we will receive you to our heaving bosom; so fair one we will prepare.

M.....e.—We knew those darting eyes and little feet would do the business. He is dead gone on you, invite him up often, and occasionally to tea (but he is an awful eater), and he will surely take the hint and you will have him. We will patiently await the result, and see how you run him you have him in your own hand.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

We have been requested by a human individual to state that the best cure for heart disease, caused by—well, no matter,—is to sit on ice. He has tried it and can speak feelingly upon its merits. Not being troubled with any love matters, we have not made the trial, and depend simply upon our friends' veracity. Try it, it can do no harm.