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THE BABY MYSTERIES.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the every where into here.

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand smothered it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm, white
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

« Can animals communicate ideas? » asks an exchange. If they cannot there is a vast amount of wasted conversation o'moon-light nights around fences and back sheds.

« Was it your eldest daughter, madam, that was bitten by a monkey? » « No, sir, it was my youngest. My eldest daughter had a worse misfortune, she married a monkey! »

A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognised by the bishop.

« Pray, have I not seen you before? » said his lordship.

« Yes, » replied the woman, « I get me conformed as often as I can; they tell me it is good for the rheumatiz. »

Exclusiveness. — « Our daughter never dances out of her own set, » said a proud dame at one of those nondescript entertainments got up at the hotels of a certain fashionable watering place. « Is it a blue set or a pink set? » some one asked; and the good lady coloured up and could make no reply. It turned out that this exclusive person was the worthy mate of a dealer in modern china.



Late A. T. Stewart.

Merchant Prince of New-York.

From a pencil etching by one of his employees and pronounced to be a true and correct likeness.

« A strong-minded woman was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him. »



Captain M. WEBB,

Who performed the unparalleled feat of swimming across the English channel from Dover to Calais.

—Blessed is the man who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

—There is a man in Tennessee with such big feet that, if he gets them wet in December, he doesn't have cold in his head until February.

—The married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

—Victor Hugo says that woman is the conundrum of the nine-teenth century. —We may be able to guess her, but we won't give her up.

—Husbands and fathers will be pleased to learn that "small checks" will be fashionable for silks next summer.

—At Landaff, N. H. is the grave of a Mrs. Bronson, who lived in three centuries. She was born in 1699, and died in 1801. It is said that there are but three similar cases on record.

« At what age were you married? » asked she, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, « At the personage. »

—Ah, love! she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, a ah, dearest! why do the summer roses fade? He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

—A stroke of lightning the other day tore a boy's boot all to pieces and didn't harm the boy. The reason was that he had placed the boot under a tree and gone in swimming.

—When a clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she "knew the party to whom he referred."

—Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself some body. And everybody is somebody; but when everybody thinks himself somebody, he generally thinks everybody else is nobody.

A writer says that when a swimmer gets a cramp, he should turn his toes towards the knee. Another good way is to turn your toes towards the middle of the pound, and paw for the nearest dryland.