

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.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Our rescarches in natural history, have disclosed to us the following facts. Bed Bugs are peculiar things; they smell more than any other animal of their size, we know of. They have no need of going into a drug store to find out what smells the most, they know already. They are very affectionate; being particularly attached to man, especially at night when he sleeps, they keep a most healthful guard over his person, and we betide the one who dares to bite but they. They are able to walk at an early age, and come to maturity quickly. They are large for their size, and small one in proportion. They generally live till about the time they die, and sometimes die before. They don't believe in future punishment, and don't give a hang where they'll die when they go to. Not particular about their food; they generally fast when they can get noting to eat. But poorly adapted as an animal of burden, they are not careful about whom, they burden. Space and time, will not allow us to develop the subject; so Bed Bug, adieu; a fond farewell;—good night!!!

Sad it is but true, that there is a movement now to light Ball rooms with electric light, and ladies, whose dresses are not the newest and finest one, using their best endeavours to prevent its general introduction.

S..... P.....—No, not even the horse and waggon and house would satisfy us now, that we know she has twelve sisters.

MASHER No. 1.

WANTED!!!

Wanted by a young lady, aged nineteen years, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information, and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, managed his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies, check his trademen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply at this office, by letter addressing Louise C....., and afterwards to Papa, on the premises. Wedding ring No. 4, small.

LODGINGS.

It is a habit that certain gentlemen have, of seeking shelter from the inclemency of the winter season in prison. A case in point has recently come to our notice, in a sister city. Two young men of the coloured persuasion, who had sojourned for two consecutive winters at the city prison, desiring to do likewise again, believing that "there is luck in odd numbers," collected a large number of cats, and sent them to the keeper of their anticipated lodgings. This worthy old gentleman, somewhat astonished at so singular an incident, was quite at a loss, how to act. To receive some hundred cats without an order from the prison commissioners, was too serious a proceeding for him to undertake. However, as the messenger who brought them positively refuse to take them away; and as they were nicely cooped and could do no harm; the warden consented to keep them till the morn-

ing. The morning came, and with it the following note, from the aforesaid coloured gents, which explains itself:

Dear Sir,

We don't low as how we is going to be chawnd up be no rats dis winter, like we was the las time we was wid you, so dos ere cats is to porvent nothing like dat from hapinin again.

Yours, Sir,

His
JOHN X KELLAN,
Mark

His
JOS. X SMITH,
Mark

It is needless to say that the warden will do his best to accomodate his guests.

Mr. Punch,

Sir, I have been on St. Antoine street and don't want you to hint at me, no more.

Yours, J... C.....

Go west young man and earn your bread, Pull down yaur vest, and if you aint got one, pull down your shirt. Punch.

NOTICE.

Punch fees so flattered by the success that attended his first appearance that he cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing his thanks to his many friends and the public generally. He asks for a like patronage for this and his succeeding numbers.

The charms of life, the charms of life,
Are found in women, free of *strife*.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The greatest compliment we can pay to a lady of sense, is to address her as such.

A lady writing to *Punch*, of a gentleman, who is an acknowledged masher; says she believes he is more *naughty* than wicked. Perhaps so, she ought to know.

Pas d'elle yeux Rhone que nous.

The *Burlington Hawkeye* gives us the reason of Mr. Baringer's losing faith in his old family physician, that he gave him a box with three pills in it, and on the lid it is said: "Take two, three times a day, just before eating."

A Danbury boy asked his father the other day what a philosopher was. "A philosopher, my son? Why a philosopher is a man who reasons." "Is that so?" said the boy dejectedly, "I thought it was a man that didn't let things bother him." The father silently patted his son's head.—*Danbury News*.

The "Christian Union," which is a good authority on all such things, says: "That Ah Sin, had not twenty-four packs up his sleeve, as they would be quite an useless incumbrance, but only twenty-four jacks." So that question is settled.

A gentleman is reported to have recently left his native town, because he proposed to a *child* and she refused him, when, in reality, he was accepted by two.

The *Globe* has said that Canada is now "more prosperous than any civilized nation on the face of the earth," and we want to know who could blame the country for going back on such an organ as that.

Why will so many ladies persist in wishing that they were men? Fair creatures answer.

Madam Nilsson has not been successful of late, and now she is to appear in England for only \$1,000 per night.

A young lady has expressed a wish, that when she is dead and burried, a tobacco plant may be cultivated upon her grave, so that her lovers may still console themselves with her sweetness.

Baby has a little sister named Mammie, who complained to her mama that her boots hurt her feet. "Well, dear," said the fond mama, "you have them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, answered: "What'll I do, mama? That's all the feet I've got."

It is said that while an Ottawa woman was in the water and likely to drown, her husband who was looking on (disinterestedly), yelled out: "New bonnet—swim for life!" and she swam.

WANTED—A son-in-law; modest, with all the virtue of innocence. Apply at this office.

Husband—"Why not take that dress, dear, and have done with it?" Wife (with cutting irony)—"Certainly, darling, if you don't mind the expense of having the drawing room re-furnished." Husband—"Drawing room re-furnished?" Wife—"Well, yes, you can hardly expect one to sit on a red sofa with a Magenta dress; and I should have thought it more economical to have a dress to suit the room than to have the room altered to suit the dress. But you know best—of course!"

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend and excused himself by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him: "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on, you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, we will take care of you!"

Ladies Beware.—A young lady in Sacramento became a raving maniac through taking arsenic to beautify her complexion. We are inclined to believe her something of a lunatic before she began to use it.

C. DAVID,
DESIGNER AND CARVER IN WOOD,
No. 212 Notre Dame Street, (above the office of the *Minerve*), MONTREAL.

WANTED—150 lads to sell *Punch*.
All letters and correspondence concerning our paper must be addressed,
PUNCH,
No. 25 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.