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# The Canadian Punch

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1868.

No. 2.

## COMPRESSED NOVELS.

No. 1.

### GRANDSPILL DE CREAM.

Motto.—A young man married is a man that's married (after a while).—SHAKESPEARE.

BY WRIDER.

#### CHAPTER III.

The bells pealed forth merrily in the morning. Flags were flung out from house-tops, groups of delighted tenants assembled, and many a loud laugh betokened that something out of the common was about to happen. Such was the fact.

The owner of the estate was to be married. Grandspill, the last of the De Creams, was to lead to the altar the lovely "Tricosis."

And the young people laughed joyously to think that their turn might come next, while the more ancient in days and experience laughed to think that two more victims were about to be sacrificed on the altar of Hymen.

The day hurried on, the ministers were in the ancient cathedral awaiting the arrival of the happy pair. The charity children sat prim and quiet, thinking of tea and buns. They at any rate were happy.

Grandspill and I sat together under the shade of an ancient elm. He was proud, and in a great hurry to get married. His mother, who had in vain opposed the match, walked listlessly to and fro, pale as a ghost. Grandspill glanced haughtily at her. They had quarrelled.

"One cocktail more," said he; "one more while I am still a bachelor."

We took two more while he was still a bachelor, and might probably have taken a third, when we were told that the carriages were waiting. He hastily chewed up some tender *cepulæ*, in which his flower garden abounded, to hide the odour of the cocktails, and we adjourned to the house. Arrived at the church, we found the bishop of the cathedral, assisted by several inferior prelates, handling a huge knot. This was the nuptial tie. Grandspill advanced fearlessly to the altar, and they began tying the knot. The "Tricosis's" eye gleamed supernaturally as the ceremony proceeded. As the ring was placed upon her finger a shriek rang through the aisles of the old cathedral.

Some one had fainted!

It was Grandspill's mother that had uttered that fearful wail. Grandspill glanced round (haughtily of course.)

"Carry out the old woman," he said to the sexton; "go on old cock," he said to the bishop. Both did as they were told. The ceremony was concluded, and Grandspill clasped the "Tricosis" to his heart.

Congratulators surrounded the couple, and I was the first to tender my good wishes. As I caught a withering glance from the eye of the "Tricosis," a frightful suspicion thrilled through me. "Can it be?" "Is it possible?" I was struck, as Milton says, "all of a heap." I had seen that face before! I laughed at my fears however, and went with the newly married couple to the rostrum. The articles of agreement had to be signed by the combatants; that is to say the marriage had to be duly registered.

Grandspill signed his name with the same flourish that the "original perch" of yore used to give to his tail. The trembling bride took up the pen, she glanced fearlessly round the room, sent through Grandspill a withering glance and wrote on the Book,

"THE TRICOSIS," ALIAS "SUSAN BROWN,"!!!

My brain jumped up and down in my head, Grandspill's brain must have done the same thing on the double. He stood like a marble statue, his lips slightly parted and quivering. She elevated her magnificent head, and glanced round the room with cold disdain. The game was out. The "Tricosis" Grandspill had just married, and the "Susan Brown," the love of his tender boyhood, were one and the same. And the object of our admirable novel is to show how wrong it was of her thus

"to cruelly deceive him,"

not taking into consideration the fact that years before he had as cruelly deceived her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some months after this, we, (Grandspill and I, of course,) were sitting together of an evening over our 6th cocktail, when he broke the silence.

"I am going to Canada," said he.

I admired the project, for I knew that change of air would do him good, and that the cocktails of that country would suit him admirably.

"When do you start?" said I.

"To-morrow morning."

The silence remained unbroken for some minutes.

"Where do you think *she* has gone to?" he said to me in a low tone, with an involuntary shudder.

I told him I thought it was very probable she had gone to the d——. Evil be to him who evil thinks.

This was the last time he ever spoke to me of her.

The next morning saw me making a farewell to my heart broken friend. A few minutes more and his white sail was far out to sea, bobbing up and down on the waves like one o'clock.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Grandspill had returned from Canada. He had quieted down during his tour, which had taken up twenty years of his life. He was in England, in his yacht, a mere impetuous child of twenty-five; he had returned, per Canadian packet, a mature youth of fifty, with cooled blood, more common sense, quieted passions; and to all intents and purposes, was a much more desirable companion than of yore.

We were once more together; once more we were *sant*-ing to one another over a creamy cocktail, once more we blew a common cloud to the heavens, (*i.e.*, ceiling) between us. And our peace was unbroken for a time, until another young beauty stopped on the scene.

And the whole of the ancient Grandspill impetuosity returned! He fell in love! But, alas! He was married already!!! He laughed at this obstacle. He had travelled in the Western States, and had frequently seen divorces sold for a quarter.

Would she fly with him there. Doubtless, she would; but alas, another obstacle stood in the way. By a strange concatenation of events, it turned out that the new aspirant to the hand of Grandspill was the aunt of a friend of his, to whom he had sworn to be a *brother for ever*. Now being unabsolved from this oath, the lady was his *aunt for ever*, and Grandspill had read his *Book of Common Prayer*; at any rate that part of it which told him that a man cannot marry his grandmother, no, nor aunt either. Here was a predicament; the oath he had taken made him his lover's nephew, twist it this way, or twist it

that way, it was all the same; and a man cannot marry his grandmother, nor his aunt either.

In the meantime, the fair lady, who was miserably poor, went on painting portraits for a livelihood, and Grandspill pined and pined for his wedding day.

It was asking him one evening if he did not think he was a little too melancholic in allowing so flimsy a relationship to hinder him from taking to his heart the object of his choice. He looked moodily at me. I read a dandy design in his eye, and shuddered. His mature love was eating into his vitals, his relish for cocktails was on the increase, he was fond of too much *stoughton* in them; the bitter sagaciated to well with his temperament.

We were silent. A shriek rang through the air outside. We listened. It was the shriek of a woman, followed immediately by the deep growl of a man's voice. Another man's voice was heard to exclaim, "Wait a moment, auntie, and I'll punch his head for him." This was followed by a scuffling sound, and both Grandspill and myself were on the ground in a moment. The light that here met our view contains the *dénoûment* of our classical tale, and must be reserved for our last, and

#### FIFTH CHAPTER.

"By Jove," cried a tall, sun-burnt young fellow of about 53 years of age, "the Count!"

This was a name Grandspill used to go by at school.

He turned to the sun-burnt stranger.

It was his *olim* brother by oath and adoption. They shook hands warmly. Our hero and the lady of his choice, whom we had heard the sun-burnt stranger address as "Auntie," shook hands more warmly.

"What have we here?" said Grandspill, as he glanced towards a couple standing by.

"Only a quarrelsome couple," rejoined the sun-burnt stranger.

The sterner vessel of the quarrelsome couple was evidently on very bad terms with the weaker, who stood trembling beside him, growing whiter and whiter every minute. He had been beating her until arrested by Grandspill's adopted brother.

I glanced at Grandspill.

What was the matter?

He was trembling and pale!

He could not speak, but kept his eye fixed on the quivering form of the woman!

I looked at her.

Changed she was, and for the worse. The insolent beauty that once was there was gone; deep furrowed lines, the result of many a midnight carousal, scamed her face and brow. Still, every moment made the fact more apparent that that face was the face of \* \* \* \* \*

Grandspill fell to the earth as a Christmas bullock that has been knocked on the head.

He sprang to his feet again and glared wildly around. He looked pitiously at me, and said, "Just as I might have attained earthly happiness, that monster in human form appears before me. Just as I might have been absolved from my oath, *she* turns up."

I tried to console him, but with very little effect.

The "Tricosis" by this time had resumed all her old impudence, and began "challing" Grandspill's last love, upon the relation she herself bore to him.

"'Tis false!" cried the sterner vessel, who had been detected beating her. "'Tis false, and here is the certificate to show it to be such."

He pulled a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket.

It was his certificate of marriage with Susan Brown five years prior to that amiable young woman's marriage to Grandspill under the name of the "Tricosis."

"Murder will out!" said I.

"And so will marriage," said the sun-burnt stranger.

"What is the matter?" said Grandspill.

"That's what's the matter," screamed I madly, holding aloft above my head the marriage certificate.

He saw through the whole of it.

"What a fool your are," said she, whom we must still call the "Tricosis," to her lawful husband.

"Why so?" said he.

"Wouldn't have given it up under ten pounds!" said she, shewing that she still kept an eye to the main chance.

"Ah!" said her husband appreciatively.

I gave them a ten-pound note, and they *excused*.

"What had we better do now?" said I to the sun-burnt stranger.

"Send for a Parson," said Grandspill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why lengthen a story that is already too long.

They were married, lived happily and long, and are doubtless living still.

If any one wishes for further particulars, he (or she) had better apply to the author of "Held in Bondage," or the "The Jews in Egypt," a very religious work, indeed, by "Ouida," than whose books there are many better, pleasanter, and more religious in the world.

THE END.

## The Canadian Punch

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1868.

We have much pleasure in thanking the Montreal public for the very enthusiastic reception that the first number of this attempt to please met with last Wednesday. We were, without doubt, very sanguine of success; but the most sanguine expectations fell very short of the reality. Our innate modesty caused us to order but 1500 impressions to be struck off. Before one o'clock on Wednesday it was necessary to throw off 500 more—and so on, until the total circulation of the first number reached with a but very little of 2750.

Our childish contemporary issued an Extra to herald our approach to the city, and called it "The Montreal Punch." It was a very *stubby* affair indeed; home-made with a vengeance; price one half-penny. We warn our readers against it for the future.

This Wednesday we hope to improve upon the circulation of last week by at least one thousand. We again thank the public for the very kind reception afforded this publication.

### SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

HALIFAX.—The *Chronicle* of this morning discusses Mr. Howe's question 'What then?' should the Imperial Parliament refuse to release Nova Scotia from the Union. In a patriotic, masterly, and statesmanlike article, it advocates the immediate massacre of all natives of Ontario and Quebec throughout Nova Scotia; the capture of the citadel and the hanging of the British troops; the erection of a guillotine, and the trial, condemnation, and execution of every Unionist—man, woman and child—in the Province. It advocates the immediate appointment of an ex-

cutioner-in-chief, at a salary of \$4,000 per annum, with twenty-four assistants, at a salary of \$2,000 each. It suggests the name of its editor, Mr. Wm. Annand, in connection with the first appointment. It advocates the iron-planting of all the fishing boats along the coast with the Canadian subscriptions to the distressed fishermen, and the compulsory enrolment of the fishermen into a naval reserve navy to man the fleet of Nova Scotia, and to defend Halifax against the navy of Great Britain. It then discusses the question of assistance from the United States, and shows in the most masterly manner the advantages of exchanging King Log for King Stork. It points out the superior matrimonial prospects to the ladies of Halifax, which would follow the substitution of a few regiments of United States coloured infantry for the soldiers of England as the garrison of Halifax. It concludes by urging a deputation to be sent to the Fenian Senate, asking for assistance in money and munitions of war, and hints that Mr. W. Annand will be agreeable to head the deputation at a salary of \$3,000 per annum, with travelling expenses, to prove his disinterested and undying love to Nova Scotia.

This remarkable article can be obtained at any pastry-cooks in Halifax, by purchasing a couple of penny buns, or at any tobacconists, by speculating in three cents worth of snuff.

### GRAND CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

HUNGRY ANTIS.

SPLendid PROGRAMME.—DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

#### PART FIRST.

1. Scotch Song—"Nae Mayor I'll Roam"—J. L. Beaudry.
2. Recitation—"Fare thee well, and if for ever"—Hon. Jos. Howe.
3. Drinking Song—"Still so gently o'er me stealing"—Mr. S. Pellman.
4. Dance—An Irish Jig—to be followed by the song "Oh! Release me!" or "The Maniac"—Geo. F. Train.
5. A Fibbing Match between "Veritas" and the Editor of "The True Witness."
6. Paper on "Stone Quarry Investigations," by Mederic Lanctot.

Arrival of *Punch* in *Canada*, smiling affably on all present. Sinks gracefully into the midst of a group of lovely Canadians, who release him from his great coat, fur hat, etc. The applause gradually subsides, the dust clears away, and there is announced:

#### PART SECOND.

1. Letter from the Hon. T. D. McGee, explaining his absence.—(No concert is a concert without such an epistle.)
2. Song—"There's nae Luck about the House"—Rabid Anti.
3. Private Theatricals—Imitation of Eastern Magnificence—Quebec Legislature.
4. Chorus—"O Come, Come Away"—Canadian Patrial Zouaves.
5. Irish Coronach—Ululatory Solo by B. Lenihan. Chorus by Members of the St. Patrick's Society.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

VERY LIKE! VERY LIKE!

—SHAKESPEARE.

When mothers dose their children with naufoous medicine, they generally give immediately afterwards a spoonful of preserves or other condiment. The proprietor of the *Daily News* gives to a yearly subscriber a volume of GARNEAU'S HISTORY OF CANADA. Evidently he remembers his childhood.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MCGILL COLLEGE,  
Montreal, 8th Feb., 1891.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH:

Knowing that you are a scholar and a gentleman, I write to explain to you of what I cannot but consider the unjustifiable conduct of one of our Professors in plucking me last session. I do not wish you to publish his name, which I herewith enclose; but I am naturally desirous that such an occurrence should not take place again. At the conclusion of the Sessional Examinations I was politely informed that my History Paper was not up to the mark. Now, as I flatter myself that history is one of my strong points, and as, moreover, I have unlimited confidence in your learning and judgment, I have sent you the printed examination paper, and my answers to it in manuscript, as nearly as I could recollect them. The words may not be exactly those that I used, but I pledge my honor that the sense is the same. If, after having critically perused the documents enclosed, you adopt my view, that I was unfairly plucked, I hope that you will not hesitate to publish the fact in your widely circulated journal. Awaiting your decision with the utmost confidence, I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours faithfully,

A MCGILL COLLEGE STUDENT.

[*Editor's note on the above.*—We have carefully examined a mass of papers transmitted to us by our correspondent, and, though we sincerely regret to disappoint him, we must unhesitatingly confirm the decision of the Professor. The answers to the History Paper are not up to the mark. As, however, *A McGill College Student* seems anxious to appeal to the public, we will cheerfully gratify his wish in this respect. We accordingly quote from his papers two brief specimens, selected at random, which will sufficiently illustrate the extent of his historical lore.

Question 6.—“What became of all the locusts after the plague of Egypt?”

Answer.—“John the Baptist ate them all!”

Question 33.—“State what you know of the death of Spurius Cassius?”

Answer.—“He was crucified at Rome (A. U. C. 61) for having been detected in passing some counterfeit coin.”

If a Student is not satisfied with what we have now written, we shall continue these extracts in a future number.

## SPECIAL TELEGRAMS FROM QUEBEC.

The first Bachelors' Ball has come off. Magnificent success! Great feature of the evening was the entry of delegates from the “Canadian Punch.” Another ball comes off shortly. The citizens bought up the 300 copies of the C. P. before they had been four hours in Holliwell's Depot. The next number is to be met at the Point Levi Station, by the mayor, the civic body, the garrison, and an immense crowd of admirers. They will escort it across the river. A salute is to be fired from the citadel at the moment the entourage touches the northern shore.

Send down 1,000 copies of the second number.

## FEARFUL POISONING CASE.

Fifty people killed, who had been in the habit of persistently swallowing “Quebec Mercury.” It has proved their everlasting vindication from the troubles of this world.

## SPECIAL FROM KINGSTON.

A concert was given here last night by a troupe of minstrels. Such an event has not occurred in the city for years.

A leading farmer has applied to the City Council for the privilege of cutting and making the hay which grows every summer on Princess and the

other public streets in the city. It is expected he will make a good thing out of it.

## ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The *Evening Globe* has the following in large type:

## PUBLIC MEETING.

An enthusiastic public meeting of the citizens of St. John was held yesterday at the office of Mr. W. Droll, the eminent barrister. Among the prominent citizens present, we noticed Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis. On the motion of Mr. Valentine Ellis, Mr. W. Droll was unanimously called to the chair. Resolutions were carried with acclamation protesting against the appointment of Judge Wilmut as Governor of New Brunswick, and in favor of the annexation of New Brunswick to the United States. Able speeches were delivered by the Chairman and by Mr. Valentine Ellis. The Chairman then made a practical suggestion that he should resolve himself into a committee and be empowered to collect subscriptions. Mr. Valentine Ellis contended that a committee of two should be appointed. After some discussion Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis were elected as a committee to collect subscriptions. On the motion of Mr. Valentine Ellis, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. W. Droll for his able conduct in the chair. Mr. W. Droll replied in a speech of considerable length. Three cheers were then given for Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis, and the meeting separated.

We have received three hundred letters of congratulation and laudation this week, of which we select three by way of example, and which we need not say are no less gratifying than encouraging.

## Canadian Punch.

RAWACKS, Fwiday.

Sir,

I dont usually wite to papaws, but as you seem a decent sort of a fellow, you would pewhaps like to know the opinion of an ollisaw and a gentleman of yah papaw. I bought a copy from a waggid little devil. I weed it with pleasaw, and think it devilish amusing, wewy good, pon my honaw, and wewy eweditable for a blasted colony whowe an ollisaw and a gentleman is one-half of the yeaw up to his eyes in mud and Colthaw hulf up to his eye glass in snow. If you wont cawientunh any of our fellows, and continue to conduct yoself pwopwely I shill subswibe wewulawly to yah papaw and may pewhaps become a contributaw.

I have the honaw to wemain

REGINALD DE DUNDERHEAD,

Cornet Prancers.

## Minder Punchie,

I bocht your bit paper twa days syne frae a luddie on Great St. Jounnes street and gied him twa bawbees for 't. Maun, its raed gude and I had a gude lauch to masel—the only gude one ein I left Auchtermuchty in the East Neuk o' Fife. I like a gude joke masel' and can mak a gude one after I have had sax tumbler. I set me doon for the weist twalmonth, and I will send my super-scription in twa days or I'll may be drap in on you and we'll hae an auld Scotch dram thegither, and surely you will be your pint stoup, for, faith, I'll be mine.

SANDY HOOT AWA.

## C. Punch, Esq.,

Sir,

I am afraid I am doing something awfully rude in writing to a gentleman. I don't know, but then I am sure you are an elderly gentleman you are so shockingly cool. How could you be so cruel as to tell those fibs of the Lady Clare? I am sure if Sir Lawrence had proposed, she would have referred him to *Papa*, but if he did not propose how could she know that the dear curate would

not? You horrid old bachelors are so harsh and inconsiderate. Besides you ought to tell where Sir Lawrence went after he left that dear Lady Clare? No doubt to some horrid club, or billiard room to smoke and drink and swear, and do other dreadful things. I hope you will in your last chapter make Sir Lawrence propose and that Lady Clare will accept him, and he will then reform and go no more to horrid clubs and billiard rooms. Do tell us all about the bridesmaids, and it would be so delightful if the curate would assist at the ceremony, looking pale, and if Sir Lawrence would then find him a beautiful church and he would marry one of the bridesmaids.

ROSA MATILDA DE LAINE.

P.S.—I hope you will give us nice love stories every week, but please don't say spiteful things about our waterfalls or chignons.

## THE MORALS OF DRESS.

We are not surprised to read in the latest fashion-letter from Paris that the ball dresses of ladies now begin as close as possible to the waist. This daring condensation of the upper part of the female form is perhaps intended to counterbalance the inordinate length of some of the walking costumes. An evening dress may now be fairly defined as a dress well suited for *Eve*. In satirical allusion to this style, which demands an epithet far stronger than *décolleté*, a young lady, preparing for an evening party, lately remarked: “*Je vais me déshabiller pour aller au bal.*” A cynical bachelor in a ball-room was asked by a friend whether “he had ever seen much of Mrs. —;” a lady too profuse in the display of her charms. He promptly replied that “he had seen a great deal of her—that evening.” Archbishop Whately's *mot* on a similar occasion was more truthful and witty than clerical; but as it is probably remembered by our readers it need not now be repeated. From all that we can see or learn, the famous article in the *Saturday Review* on “The Morals of Dress” does not seem to have had much effect on the toilettes of the New World.

## RECORDERS' COURT.

Coram—Mr. THOMAS S. JUBBE, Deputy Recorder.

The cases last week, in the absence of the Recorder, were disposed of in an unusually happy or unhappy manner, as chance directed. The following is a pretty correct report of the proceedings:—

The first prisoner is accused of selling liquor without a license. The *Witness Reporter* picks his ears and points his pencil. Mr. Jubbe tosses a copy in the air—looks at it after it has tumbled.

Mr. J. to the Clerk of the Court—What is the largest file in this case?

CLERK OF THE COURT—Ten thousand dollars. (Aside)—Hadn't you better hear the evidence?

Mr. J.—Not at all, not at all; I had made up my mind long ago. Ten thousand dollars and costs—this nuisance must be put an end to.

CASE No. 2 approches.

A burly brute is accused of maltreating his wife. The copper on a more goes up into the air.

Mr. Jubbe (to the prisoner)—There is something in your face, my good fellow, which tells me you are a good hearted man. Go home, my dear sir, and you (to the woman) don't provoke your husband, who I see is by nature a lamb, until roused by your vicious tongue.

Short way of settling a family jar, ha, ha, ha. And so on, and so on, and so on.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors to the *Canadian Punch* are requested to send their contributions to box No. 330½ Post Office. Suitable matter will be liberally paid for.

## THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

(Continued.)

Sir Lawrence had quitted the oak floor'd hall,  
And he bared his head to the cooling breeze,  
That with many a twirl  
And wanton curl  
Was waving the leaves of the old elm trees:  
He locked and sigh'd,  
And lo! he'd again  
To the very identical window pane,  
Where he late had stood, with the Lady O's  
Little hands in his—when his body quiver'd,  
And his shoulders heaved, and his whole frame  
shiver'd.  
And his face it twitch'd  
Like a face bewitched:—  
And the air rang loud with a s'norous sneeze,  
Brought on by his bearing his head to the breeze—  
Of joys titillating but few, I suppose,  
Surpass that which pervades, in a sweet  
sneeze, the nose—  
Sir Lawrence he felt in his pockets each one,  
For his kerchief; but, wondrous to tell, it was  
gone.  
He needed it sore,  
And he looked at the door,  
Of the mansion, and wondered if he could slip in  
Unobserved; if without any very great din  
He could get to the corner he lately had left,  
And the cambium regain of which he was bereft—  
And perchance, thought he,  
'Mid the curtains she  
May be sighing and crying and dying for me—  
And the signal will prove  
All her depth of love  
That I sometimes most strange and fully  
doubt—  
Why or wherefore I'm sure I can never make out.  
In a moment he stood by the ponderous door,  
In another he stealthily mov'd o'er the floor;  
He pass'd by the passage, he mounted the  
stair,  
With a timorous bound and a step light as  
air.  
He looked at the curtain;  
Oh horror! as certain  
As "ova sunt ova"  
There he did discover  
His half promised bride  
With a man by her side!  
For a moment he stood as stiff as a post,  
With a face as white as a sun bleached ghost;  
Then from his pallid lips the exhalation  
An ill-suppressed, deep groan of anguish;  
The curate stopped in his making love,  
The lady ceased for a moment to languish;  
They turned their eyes,  
With a frighted surprise,  
To the spot where Sir Lawrence stood stiff as  
a post,  
And then they in their turn turned as white  
as a ghost.  
In the heat of his wrath  
Sir Lawrence forgot  
What was due to the cloth  
Of his rival, and got,  
Ere the latter could utter one penitent note,  
His fingers gripp'd tight round his clerical  
throat.  
In a moment, the curate was suddenly hurled  
Clean out of the window, and out of the world.  
Though Sir Lawrence intended  
His neck for to break,  
The thing only bended,  
Ahl fatal mistake!  
The fair  
Lady Clare  
Went off in a long swoon,  
And Sir Lawrence went off too, all hastily, soon  
As he, with cold water,  
Had brought the Earl's daughter

To her seven senses back, which a moment she'd  
dropped,—  
When down the broad staircase he noiselessly  
hopped.  
Whence came the commotion,  
That like waves of the ocean,  
Ever swaying and bending,  
A tumult unending,  
For day after day kept the village so quiet,  
A scene of anxiety, restlessness, riot.  
'Twas Sir Lawrence was missing, the villa-  
gers said,  
And fears 'gan get rife the poor fellow was  
dead.  
They had searched in the forest, dragged the  
holes in the river,  
Sent for word to the neighbouring town; but  
word never  
Came cheering, to tell  
That Sir Lawrence was well;  
Every word, like the toll of a funeral knell,  
Struck fear to each breast,  
And when darkness brought rest  
To most villagers' eyes, there were some who  
still sought  
Every nook in the forest, some faint hopes to  
borrow,—  
But the sunlight that beamed on the slow-coming  
morrow  
No hope of recovery ever once brought.  
(To be continued.)

PUBLIC MEETING.—WATER MARSHAL  
WANTED.

IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!!!

The citizens of Montreal held a meeting some  
few days since for the purpose of urging upon the  
City Council the necessity of appointing a "Water  
Marshal." Many speeches were made in which  
the City Council in general, and some of them in  
particular, were consigned to where they would  
have much more need of the *other* Marshal.

A LEADING TEETOTALLER rose and said that from  
statistics he had himself taken, the morals of the  
City ("must and shall be preserved" dovetailed-  
in by a small boy in the crowd) the morals of the  
City had suffered severely from the scarce  
quantity of water. He was almost ashamed to  
confess it, but on one occasion he had been forced  
to ask his wife to compel him to take a glass of  
beer, beer, gentlemen, beer. (Teetotalter overcome  
by something or other is carried out by two  
policemen.)

A REDUCED MILKMAN spoke next of the grievance  
that had befallen all of his class since the supply  
of water had become so scant. Their supplies too  
had given out; their customers could not be satis-  
fied; nor would they ever be until the force of  
water was as great as of yore. A thick yellow  
disagreeable substance had formed on top of their  
milk since the scant supply had begun. There  
was but one thing more needed to accomplish their  
ruin; that was the failure of the chalk hills of Old  
England. Did they too give up affording lactical  
ingredients, they would all have to turn beggars,  
or, worse still, have to work hard for a livelihood.  
(Pathetic groans from a group of starving  
milkmen.)

The Licensed Victuallers were represented by a  
rising barrister who thought the scarcity of water  
the finest thing that ever happened to the City.  
Since that occurrence his practice had increased  
ten-fold at least: in fact, he had just come from  
the Recorder's Court; had just pleaded the cause  
of no less than 5 prisoners, who, had there been a  
good supply of the element, would never have  
needed his legal assistance. He hinted to the J.  
V.'s that it was no longer necessary to drive people  
to an acquired thirst by causing them to eat red

herring and such thirst-causing edibles. He  
recounted a story of a man who, in times gone by,  
rushed into the Cosmopolitan Hotel and called for  
"a copper cigar, a glass of water, and blow the  
expense," thinking that he was saying something  
very facetious. Some time since that may have  
been a good joke, but at the present time,  
such an order, on account of the lack of the  
element, would, when the time of reckoning came,  
prove anything but pleasing to the perpetrator.  
He would urge then that one of the duties of the  
Water Marshal should be, to dodge round the  
different taverns and see that no one put too much  
water in them; in fact, in plain language, to see  
that no one "drowned the miller."

It was suggested here by a party who was  
obviously up to a thing or two, that, if such a duty  
as that were imposed, more than one Marshal  
would need to be appointed.

Several parties who had suffered from the  
exertions of the fire brigade lately, begged that an  
additional force be added to the present City water-  
power. Some of them had, on account of a burning  
chimney or other trivial conflagration, had half  
the reservoir turned upon them. In fact it was  
urged by one party that the water did more harm  
on such occasions than the fire. It was urged by  
another, that before the water be turned on a  
warning be given to "little girls and boys and all  
those that don't know how to swim." Many other  
urgings took place; amongst them one which  
embodied a very good plan of letting the water  
run all night, full speed, to keep it from freezing,  
without any noise arising to attract the attention  
of a passing policeman.

A plumber objected to this, but was hustled out  
of the crowd by a lot of delighted housekeepers.

After the reciting of Hood's "Cold Water Man,"  
and the singing of "Shells of Ocean," the meet-  
ing broke up peaceably, without having arrived at  
any very definite conclusion.

## LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT GRATIS.

A volume of verse was lately published in  
London, with the affected title of *Whose Idem?*  
Perhaps some friend may be able to inform us  
whether the author is any relation to the gentle-  
man who wrote *What's his name*. (*Wat's  
Hymns*.)

## SCENE—SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

JUNIOR FORM.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

TEACHER.—"Now tell me who was the oldest  
man that ever lived? You Jones!"

JONES—(Puzzledly).—"Um, um, ah, um (sud-  
denly and brightly), Kafozuleum."

"*Rara avis in terris, nigro, ue sinillima cygno.*"

The following is clipt, with mingled awe and  
respect, from the *Business* of the 8th inst.:

"SITUATION.—A teetotaler, in the prime of life,  
now filling a position of responsibility, desires a  
similar engagement, to be entered upon at the  
expiration of the present. Reference, present  
employer, &c. Good wages desired. Address,  
'Teetotaler,' Montreal P. O."

Involuntarily Coleridge's lines arise to our  
memory—

"Wear a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed  
And drunk the milk of paradise."

## TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

Ten cents per line, for first insertion; five  
cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

All orders for the insertion of advertise-  
ments, must be addressed "The Canadian  
Punch, Box No. 330½, City."

No departure made from the above terms.

The Canadian Punch is issued weekly, by the  
Publisher and Proprietor, Wm. H. Hicks, resident  
in Montreal.