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The Canadian Punch

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 5, 1868.

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.]

The Canadian Punch

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 5, 1868.

In presenting to the public the first number of what we trust shall become the leading journal of Canadian wit and humour, it behoves us to say but little of the reasons that have actuated us in doing so. We have long felt that there was a great lack of such an institution; we cannot help thinking that that lack has been, until now, unsupplied.

From time to time there have sprung up in the country mushroom growths of humour that, for a time, have tickled the palate of a few readers. But they have vanished away, one after another. There still exist one or two *toutstool* growths, which oke out a miserable erratic existence, and which still retain a few subscribers by dint of scurrilous personality, which is so sure to obtain popularity with a certain class.

Our fixed and sole endeavour shall be to provide fun and humour for our readers, and occasionally wit. It is a general misapprehension that a paper of this class cannot retain popularity without, to a certain extent, overstepping the bounds which restrain the tone of an ordinary daily paper. This is a mistake, and we shall prove it to be such. On no account, and on no occasion, shall the slightest personality be indulged in by us at the expense of those who are not in public life. The public life of any one is fair game, and shall be treated by us as such; and we think that we can, in the public actions of public men, and in Canadian life and literature in general, provide ourselves with honest and good material to work upon; and lots of it at that. All that now remains is to hope that the public may look with favour upon this enterprise, and give it that success which they may deem it to deserve.—ED. CAN. PUNCH.

A VICTIM TO MISPLACED DIFFIDENCE.

In his reply with regard to the numerously signed requisition, presented to him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Councillorship of the West Ward, Mr. Romeo H. Stephens makes use of the following words: "I accept it with diffidence." Now, every day, it is our common lot to see men who suffer from "Misplaced Confidence" or too great an opinion of their own capabilities; but it is seldom that the reverse of that state of things is noticeable. Such, however, is the case here. There was not the slightest need of any declaration of diffidence. A better representative for the West Ward than Mr. Stephens could not be found, and if the acquisition of that office should prove in time a step towards the Mayorality, it would be decidedly, as far as the city is concerned, a step in the right direction. Still of the two extremes "Misplaced Diffidence" is more to be desired than "Misplaced Confidence." Mr. Beaudry, attention!

The average cost of a Prussian soldier, including the pay of the officers, &c., is estimated at £30 a year; of a French soldier, £40 a year; John Bull's red-coats, £100 a year.—*American Paper.*

Taking into consideration the comparative fighting power of the three specimens; the English army will be found to be conducted most economically of the three—by far.

"WOULD YOU ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER?"

The *Evening Telegraph* of last week animadverted severely upon the fact that some enterprising brewer in Quebec is about to open up an establishment on a large scale in that city. Had the writer of the censuring paragraph ever suffered a bottle from the tap of one of the breweries at present extant in the "ancient capital," he would have burst into panegyrics of praise rather than a fit of fault-finding. He says that the "*Quebec Flavour*" pervades the whole transaction. If such prove the case, alas for the Quebecers. But if the new caterer to the taste of Quebec ale drinkers can only manage to put in a little of the "*Montreal Flavour*," then—Quebec shall once more be blest, and once more, perchance, may find her trade revived and her resources resuscitated.

Over and above the fact that the Quebecers have determined in future to drink good ale in preference to the stuff they have hitherto "worried down," as the Eastern Townshippers say, the bachelors in their midst have determined to give a ball. This meets with much censure likewise. In fact, to please some people, Quebec must behave herself very primly. The eyes of the Dominion are upon her. Her inhabitants must dress in gray; broad-brimmed hats must be universal, and the woods on her hills must be clothed next spring in sombre tints. So say some, but so do not we say. We are happy to hear of the improved beer, happy to hear of the bachelors' ball, and only regret that we cannot be on hand to enjoy them.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.— "THE UNRULY MEMBER."

DEDICATED TO THE HON. JOS. HOWK.

Once upon a time a body which had but recently sprung into existence was much admired for the beauty of its proportions, and every one prophesied for it a long and happy life, and a speedy increase in beauty and wealth. Every portion of the frame seemed to work well, with one solitary exception. One member became unruly. It was the nose, and moreover this nose was a *Blue Nose*. It asserted that it had been brought into becoming a member of the body against its will, that when it was an independent nasal attached to no body whatever it was of more consequence. That it had been persistently bled since becoming a member of the obnoxious body. And moreover it asserted that not only did it wish to leave the frame it was attached to, but it would be *bloned* if it would stay.

Heret the whole body was moved, for it was attached to the *Blue Nose*—even though it did not wish to be attached to it. And the other members set about devising how the Cerulean feature might be retained—but, alas! the fable goes no further.

MORAL.—Will not be known for some time yet. We say: Let her slide.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—Mr. Kerr, Q. C., brought an action for damages against the *Evening Telegraph*, and Mr. Train brings a similar action against the British Government. The conclusion of the latter case will probably

prove as refreshing and remunerative to the modest plaintiff as was the former to its promulgator.

WARNING TO BILLIARDISTS.

SCENE.—*Young Charlie Miscue, just arrived home from an evening spent at James's.*—

To him:—

MRS. MISCUE.—Why, Charlie dear, where on earth do you spend your evenings that you come home all covered with that nasty chalk?

CHARLIE.—Well, ah, by jove, ah, 't'ell you the truth, we, that is to say I, no, we, ah, have opened up a night school for the teaching of the poor; and that confounded writing on the black-board, you know, dear.

SPORTING NEWS.

A correspondent asks us if the "*Lacrosse Democrat*" and the "*Sporting Editor of the Gazette*" are synonymous terms. We correct the naturally arising misapprehension. The first is an American journal of current news and literature, while the latter is what Dr. Johnson called the indignant fishwoman, "an individual."

NEARLY A MILE A MINUTE!!

It is generally known that some of the amateur pedestrians of this city can cover ground at a pretty good pace; but the following, extracted from a daily paper which professes to be something in the sporting line, beats anything we have yet come across. We should like to enter the snow-shoer in question for the Derby. No wonder that it was difficult to time such a race with any degree of accuracy:—

"SNOW-SHOERING.—The two miles run upon Sherbrooke street yesterday morning, in answer to a challenge that they could be accomplished in 2m. 50s., were by one authority covered in 2m. 55s., while another held that the time made was 2m. 55½s. It was in consequence decided that all bets taken upon the issue should be considered drawn."—*Daily News.*

WHO IS MY UNCLE?

(By our Short-hand Writer.)

Thy Uncle! it is he who lists
With pity to thy groan—
Who takes your time-piece in his hand
And makes *your case* his own!

Thy Uncle! it he who aids
Young Bankrupt Swells forlorn;
Who puts their jewels in a chest,
And *checks* them with a *pawn*.

Thy Uncle! Solitary man,—
To him no "bid" befalls,—
Still every night he doth attend
No fewer than "three balls."

Thy Uncle! fear not, he shall lose
His gems and jewels bright—
For strangers, even, go and put
A *watch* in every night!

Thy Uncle! like the *Auntly Howe*,
Knows what he is about;
Like him lives on the bread of fools,
Who live upon his "spont."

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

The Lady Clare
Was passing fair—
Had a wondrous profusion of rich golden hair;
And her eyes were blue
As the bright corn-
Lean tint of the sky, when there's never a
cloud on it,
Or the ribbon that graces my lady's last loud
bonnet.

Her lips were ripe and her cheeks were red,
And the proudly defiant sharp toss of her head,
And the riotous blush that suffused her face,
And many a hidden mysterious grace,
And the tenderly tapering little hand,
Told tale that she was as thoroughbred
As any lady within the land—

But for all that, my Lady Clare
Was fair;

For all that, she ever seemed *debonair*.
Notwithstanding her richness of golden hair,
And the sunlight that ever seemed streaming
there;

Though warmly the mantling blood would skip
Through her blushing cheek and her ruby lip;
Though she seemed *all born* of Paradise,
Her heart was as cold as a lump of ice—
And to one who too fondly was gazing where
Her sweet breast heaved, or her golden hair
Fell over her shoulders, I'd say—Beware—

Within the language is no word
Of more direct import than this is.
"Beware," the startled maiden cries
To him who fain would rifle kisses.
Thus speaks the matron sage as she
Looks at her comely growing "misses,"
And groans to think how men deceive.
Thus speaks the father as his hands
Press on his soon departing son,
Who seeks for wear in other lands.

"Beware the pass," the old man loudly bellows
To that pigheaded climber of Longfellow's.
Oh! many a peril on earth I've met
By flood and by storm; but never yet
Have seen equalled the smile of a cold coquette.

'Twas evening, and the twilight hour;
That sweetest time when softened rays
Of the set sun steal gently o'er
The earth, and fold it in a haze;
When half night's darkness and half day's
Brightness are blent to make a light
That's sweeter far than day and calmer still
than night.

And in the sky one little star
Was twinkling, glimmering away,
And through a window bright blue eyes
Watched it for aye, for aye,

The Lady Clare by her window sat,
And her eyes were cast from earth afar;
She was gazing for aye and for aye where
gleamed

In its solitude evening's glimmering star.
Gazing for aye on its sickle light,
While the sighing breeze and the singing stream
(Though she heeded not their murmurous note)
Lent a charm to her waking dream.
Thus she sat in wakeful thought,
Thus she dreamt in a quiet dream,
Till a footfall struck on the floor by her side,
And my Lady Clare thought fit to scream.

"Oh! Lawrence," she cried,
"I thought I'd have died."

But he seated himself at the fair lady's side.
He calmed her fear,
And her fluttering breast

At his words of soothing fell fast to rest.
'Twere vain to tell of their words of love,
Of his burning thoughts and her tender flame;
But if you have read the melting tale
Of any old poet—'twas much the same—

There was sighing,
And crying,
And talking of dying,

And at times on my Lady Clare's part some
"fi-fying,"

As though Sir Lawrence at times o'erstept
The decorous distance chaste love demands;
But I know, with it all, that that tyrant time
crept

With amazing celerity onwards; the hands
Of the clock on the mantel shewed twelve by
the ray

Of the moon o'er Sir Lawrence said half he'd
to say;

But time's warning note bade him haste swiftly
away.

The parting was sad;
In the silvery gleam
Of the moon stood the lad,
And his strong hands between
Clung her tapering fingers
Round his tightly twining;
And still blinked the star,
Still the moon kept on shining,
And still he kept going,
While time still kept darting,
And still he'd taste more the
"Sweet sorrow of parting."

At last said he, I must really go,

And the Lady Clare said, "I fear 'tis so."

But before we part, said the gallant knight,
For a week it is till we meet again,
Let your sweet voice ring in my ear with a
song.

Then she sang the following strain—
'Tis the song, said she, of a flirt like I,
Of the Rhine mermaid

"THE LORELEY."

Where the ripples break on the craggy stone,
Where the light breeze whispers its sweetest
tone,

The Loreley sits and sings alone.

She sings, the while she binds her hair
That lies adown her bosom fair,
Or floats in the tenderly curling air.

Behind you erag the sun is set,
His heavenly glory lingers yet
To gaze on a scene he'd not forget.

But never a sunset could compare
With that golden mass of maiden hair
Tossed loosely, or trimmed with a cunning care.

Her soft blue eyes with a mournful gaze
All earnestly peer through the deep'ning haze;
For a moment a note of her song she says.

A spell has entered her sweet-tuned throat;
She sings such a ravishing mournful note
That the song has stayed you passing boat.

Away, blind boatman! grasp thy oar!
Nor ever approach this treacherous shore
If wife or child thou would'st see once more.

His oars plash wearily in the stream;
He listens entranced—"Tis a waking dream,
Thinks he, wherein heavenly beauties teem.

The circling waters have drawn him nigh
The cave of the gold haired Loreley,
But the softness has left her deep blue eye.

The mournful gaze that once was there
Is changed to a grim and cruel glare.
He grasps his oars with a last despair—

Too late! in vain! He has found a grave
In the slimy depths of the monster's cave,
And his boat goes dancing off on the wave.

She finished. As the last note died,
Slow fading on the midnight air,
Sir Lawrence quitted his place by her side.
And she stood by the window *solitaire*;
And she smiled as her lover left the room,
And she stood in the curtain's fold alone;—
But if that smile was a smile of love
The writer of this will be "blown."

A hollow echo ran through the hall—
She starts; 'tis mother man's footfall;
A figure in black o'er the chamber fits—
A figure in black by the lady sits.

How on earth could the goddess of true love
endure it?

She's forgotten Sir Lawrence, and's ogling the
curate.

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS FROM QUEBEC.

Great excitement prevails throughout the
city on account of the Bachelors' Ball. Rumour
says the Bachelors are backing out as they had
forgotten this is Leap Year. Some want one
big ball, others two little ones, some none at
all. Tickets will be sold as high as 25 cents.
The root beer and other drinkables are supplied
by the new brewery.

Mutton pies can be had on the grounds, three-
pence apiece.

Sir Narcisse Fortunatus Bello sneezed last
night! The Cathedral bell tolled "God bless
you, my lord" on the auspicious occasion.

A school of Court Etiquette is to be opened in
the city. Fortunatus Bello is its patron.

Some magnificent puppet shows are to come
off soon. Fortunatus, Fortunata, all the little
Fortunati and the Local House are to take part.
It is rumoured that since the opening of the
Local Government here, Astley's in London
and Niblo's in New-York have closed their
doors to the public for ever, and that the wan-
dering Punch and Judy shows have vanished.

Man fell through the ice and lost ten dollars
in silver. Commercial panic expected in conse-
quence.

Ship carpenters have been endeavoring to
raise a subscription to Mr. Lanetot. They
failed; only one spurious dime and a brass
button being collected. They were placed to
the credit of the Union. So in the end will
many of the carpenters themselves be.

Snow-shoe races come off here shortly. The
winners of any of the races will need to run
hard, but the winner of the crack race will need
to run "Harder"

Tomicodz are lively.

The rest of the market quotations are un-
changed.

There will be no ball.

STILL LATER.

There will be at least 10 assemblies instead,
but on economical principles. No money is to
be lavished on Root beer and Matton Pies.
Every one brings his own grub. The Bened-
dicts say it is not surprising that the Bachelors
should be so dis-united. This joke has been
told to Fortunatus and explained. It is
expected that in a week he will be able to see
through it.

COMPRESSED NOVELS.

No. 1.

GRANDSPILL DE CREAM.

MOTTO.—A young man married is a man that's Par-red (after a while).—SHAKESPEARE.

BY WREEDER.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The De Creams were a noble family. Their blood was second to none in the country, and it they were devoid of title it was that they scorned such empty honour. Many times had a coronet been offered them, on two occasions the throne of England had been placed at their disposal. But they scorned alike the Sceptre and the Coronet. They did not trace their genealogy back from Adam, through the Antediluvian period and right up to the original porch, (from which, according to Darwin, have sprung all living beings) for nothing. No, they had reason to be proud, and they were proud. Throughout all their long pedigree no blot had appeared upon their still spotless escutcheon.

And the last member of the family was no exception to the general rule. I thin. I behold him now (we were school-fellows together under Doctor Syntax) turning to ice the marrow of a tyrannical gamekeeper who had dared to insult a particular friend to both of us. A glance from the irate eye of a De Cream in the early history of the country once turned the course of a river, and left its bed high and dry for time everlasting. The gamekeeper fared no better than the river. The eye of the lust of the De Creams was upon him; his blood congealed, his senses swam, his marrow hardened, his heart ossified, he died!!! And his corpse still stands in the old Doctor's garden, and the nurses tell strange stories, and I perchance am telling strange stories too.

Grandspill had been moody for many days. More than moody, he had been taciturn. More than taciturn at times, he had been gruff. And even my marrow at times shivered and grew cool as I approached him. One evening as I drew near him, he called out, "Beware!!" My marrow trembled. "Come not within glance of my eye" he cried, "if you would save yourself! Look at yonder oak tree!!"

I looked.

It had been a noble tree in its time. That morning saw it nobler ever, its wide branches green with a multitude of leaves. Now it was blighted, and only a mockery of its former self. Grandspill's eye had done it; his eye had lit upon it and blasted it. A strange fascination caused me to look after him. I elevated my eyes. He was just in the act of crossing the stream. He seized hold of a small sapling, and aiding himself with it, crossed the stream with a hop, step, and a jump, and landed on the other side with safety; a distance of about 150 feet.

Ha! I started!

He was not alone!!

A female form was by his side!!!

The wildness of his eye lit up the place! And she lived through it! His voice assumed a pleading tone. He was asking for something. She boxed his ears playfully, and I trembled for her safety. They were for a moment hid in the midst of some young alders; suddenly an unnatural light gleamed from the spot! An unearthly sound like the report of a 300-pounder

Armstrong crashed on the air! Another! Another!

My senses could not bear it! I rushed home and lay for some time half unconscious on a sofa.

A light bounding step sounded on the corridor. I knew whose it was. It was Grandspill's. He entered. His bearing was prouder than usual, and his face was radiant. He seized my hand and squeezed it until I groaned again.

"I did it," he cried.

"What?" I hinted mildly.

"Kissed her, kissed her! Yes," he cried, rushing frantically round the room and jumping six times consecutively over the large dining room table, "I kissed her!"

"Kissed whom?" I asked.

"Kissed her! my own! My Susan Brown!"

His eye was getting dangerously bright, but still I questioned on.

"Was it with her you were were walking in amongst the alders?"

"Yes! Yes! with her my own heart's —" here he stopped.

"And that fearful noise?" I suggested.

"Was the kiss of a De Cream" he responded.

All that night I lay awake, and I could hear Grandspill tossing in his bed and groaning "Susan," He had fallen in love with a milliner's apprentice, and I was too craven to endeavour to save him. How could it end? Not satisfactorily. So we had better begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Grandspill and I had both grown up together until the time this chapter opens. He was now twenty-four years of age, "going on twenty-five," as the nurse said, or rising twenty-five as Grandspill's hostler would have said had he deigned to ask him such a question. But Grandspill would disdain to ask such a one such a question. He was prouder than ever. We were both officers in the Guards. His eye was brighter than ever, his temper was more fiery; but his will and command over himself had increased in greater proportion, and he was a much safer companion than of yore.

We spent a jolly time together, and bade fair to continue to do so until the arrival on the scene of a lady character, who is to play a notable part in this condensed drama.

She was a brunette, beautiful and like Grandspill himself, haughty. Their natures were similar, they cottoned to one another. He grew madly in love with her. She drew him on and on, and I saw that the poor fellow was being driven mad.

I spoke to him one evening. His eye was dangerous. The house cat had been found dead in the passage. Grandspill turned it over contemptuously with his toe, and said rather sorrowfully. "That confounded eye of mine again."

I spoke to him, but avoided his gaze.

He told me the reason of his madness. He was mad with love of the brunette. She was commonly known as "The Tricosis." This was the nature of his complaint—"Tricosis," and on the heart at that. I pitied him. He told me moreover that his mother was violently opposed to his strange attachment. His blood boiled when I proposed a trip to the North Pole, where his misplaced ardour might cool a little. He had made up his mind to make the

"Tricosis" his wife. He would have "Tricosis" on the heart for ever.

I was silent.

He gulped down a case of brandy and left the room. I followed him.

There was a grand ball in the house that evening. Grandspill attended in full uniform, and the "Tricosis" was there too. He danced with her, talked with her, flirted with her, danced again with her, and only left her company a moment. He came to me and said—never shall I forget those words; how they thrilled through my very soul with an indelible delight—he came to me and said, "Come and have a drink old fellow."

We adjourned into the supper room.

Grandspill glanced with *hauteur* at a servant. "Bring me a case of brandy, and mix this gentleman a cocktail." (The De Creams prided themselves upon supplying the delicacies of all nations at their *recherche* table). I had travelled a summer in the States.

The case of brandy and the cocktail being duly demolished, we mixed once more with the whirling throng of dancers.

Grandspill and "Tricosis" bent a measure, and I knew he was excited beyond control, inasmuch as the perspiration burst freely from his face and trickled drop by drop from his aristocratic nose.

He led her to the conservatory!

I trembled.

I saw her face for a moment as he led her to one of its many nooks and corners, and proud and haughty though Grandspill might be, there was an insolent glare of satisfied pride in her face that his had never won.

I was conning over that look, and must have been rather inattentive to the fair partner who was hanging on my arm, when a most unearthly noise burst upon the air, and left the dancers horrorstruck in the middle of the mazes of the waltz. My partner clung to my side shivering with terror. Some ladies fainted. In the midst of the confusion another report burst upon the air. Mrs. De Cream, Grandspill's mother was carried out of the room by two John Thomases. "What is it?" "What is it?" burst simultaneously from 50 voices. I bid them be quiet, and at the top of my voice told them to fear nothing that it was only "the kiss of a De Cream."

The ball broke up, and, like a great many other such social entertainments, amongst other mischief arising from it there arose a marriage, the particulars of which are reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

BEING GENEROUS TO A FAULT.—Giving away what don't belong to you.

APPROPRIATE.—It appears that the annual meeting of the St. Patrick Society takes place on the 1st of April in each year. It has been suggested that, however appropriate this day may be, the fifth of November would be still more so.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

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

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