

The Jester,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.
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Those subscribers who do not get their paper regularly, will oblige by addressing a postal card to P. O. Box 905, or at the office 162 St. James Street.

PERSONAL.

Our Mr. George Maynara is about to pay a visit through Ontario. Such attention as he may receive will be esteemed a favor.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions to appear the same week must be handed in not later than Tuesday morning.

OUR CITY'S PROSPECTS.

The English-speaking voters of Montreal have waived their right to the nomination of an English-speaking candidate for the Mayoralty, and ex-Alderman Rivard has been duly elected, and installed as Chief Magistrate of one of the most peculiarly situated, and, in some respects, the most ungovernable city on the Continent. But Mr. Rivard was infinitely preferable to the Hon. Mr. Beaudry, although in justice to the latter, he was gifted with the most heroic fits of mulish obstinacy which rendered his office by no means a sinecure. Had Mr. Beaudry, however, pleaded his cast iron virtues with a modicum of politeness his adversary would have had a harder fight for victory. For even a mule cannot always kick with impunity. The Mayor's opening Address was in many respects far more satisfactory than the Speech from the Throne, at Ottawa. For instance: the City Financier and the Health by-laws were dealt with in honest and out-spoken freedom. If his Worship's words mean anything in regard to the periodical visits of small-pox and typhoid, they can only be construed as indicative of his intention to enforce the laws in regard to them. The Volunteers may also glean comfort from his very pertinent reference to that piece of monumental folly termed—by a great strain of courtesy "the Drill Shed." But so far as the "peace of the city" is concerned—and everybody knows what *that* means—his utterances are vague and unsatisfactory. His Worship may have all the faith in the world "in the good sense and sound judgment of the great majority of the population of Montreal," but the mere fact of his confidence does not hinder the possibility of a recurrence of these annual troubles which all good citizens regret and condemn as much as he does. The far better way to deal with the matter is to look the issue squarely in the face at the outset. Nobody has yet succeeded in defining the Law on this point. It is all very well for lawyers to say "this is Law, or that is Law," but a higher adjudication than a paid legal opinion is required, and, whatever it be, Mayor Rivard would have done a public service by firmly expressing his intention, without fear or favor as to what the "great majority" may think. If there is no Law, then he should tell us so; but really if a certain class wish to assert their right to their own construction of what "religious and civil liberty means," they are as much entitled to their views as are the "great majority." The Law does not prevent a man smashing his household furniture if he wants to. He would be making himself very ridiculous by doing so, but who is going to prevent him? Whether the case is parallel or not, it does not hinder the fact of the Mayor laying down such an explanation of his views as to admit of no misconstruction. There is, of course, plenty of time to do this. Ex-Mayor Beaudry, for instance, had made up his mind what *he* would do, long before affairs came to an issue—and he had the bulldog courage of his convictions, from the responsibilities of which he did not shrink for one moment—even his worst enemies admitted that. However, seeing that Mayor Rivard is his superior in tact and courtesy, let us hope that he will find a way out of this perplexing dilemma. But, for all that, he should not shrink from doing what is right, even to the protection of would-be suicides, from the wrath of the "great majority."

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Mr. Fred E. Lucy Barnes is a plucky musician. In his efforts to raise the tastes of the music-loving public he has successfully ignored the word "impossible." The series of Chamber Concerts which he is about to give, will be produced under many disadvantages consequent upon the hard times, when

every dollar is an object. But Mr. Barnes has successfully ignored the word "impossible" and, therefore, the greater credit is due him. It is, however, to be regretted there are a certain few who make it a rule "to go everywhere"—people who are not only supremely ignorant of what good music is, but who delight to talk so loudly and persistently, that they completely destroy the pleasure of those who go to *hear*, but who, unfortunately, have to sit in their immediate neighbourhood. With the view of obviating this intolerable species of boredom at the approaching concerts, we would suggest that the programme contain a notice that fifteen minutes be given for the interchange of small talk and gossip, in order that these people may get full value for their money. To make the attraction still more successful, perhaps the *Witness* might be induced to publish a description of the dresses of those who come to talk, and go away to criticise—other people's wardrobes. But, for all that, there will be a satisfactory margin of other people who will appreciate good music exclusively for its own sake.

BEFORE DINNER, AND AFTER.

Guests were assembled—formal, prim and staid—
The conversation did not yet come pat in;
The bachelor found speeches *ready made*,
The *ready maid* looked twice as hard as *Lain*;
The host was stiff—the hostess half afraid
To spoil her *silk* dress with the chair she *sat in*.

A dreadful, dull demureness fill'd the place;
Room-alties might be caught on that first-floor;
No *racy* word from all the human *race*
There gathered—nothing to create a roar—
Weather and poetry their themes of grace—
They talked of snow, and Byron—nothing *Mo(ore)*.

There broke no pun upon the startled ear—
Nothing the soul of etiquette to smother,
None were at home, but each on each did leer,
As who should say, "You're out," and "Does your mother?"
Their words were *dry*, and yet they did appear
To *throw cold water upon one another!*

They stood, or sat, like lumps of social stone
Their *wheel* of life went round, yet *no one spoke*,
Or, if they did, *not speeches from the throne*;
From horse or trap were more devoid of *joke*;
The little fire that in the stove had grown
Dim, had a longing for a stir, or *poke*.

The *hes* were stupid, and, it might be said,
The *shes* were as uneasy as the *hes*.
It was all *heavy* there and nothing *led*
To anything but minding *Qs* and *Ps*.
While every heart was absent, every head
Ran upon soup, fish, flesh, fowl, tart and cheese.

Nothing was *on the carpet*, when there came
This bright announcement: "*Dinner on the table!*"
Then wagg'd the tongues, which soon began to frame
A young confusion, like to bees or Babel,
And each face wore a smile, that quite became,
Just as a doctor's bottle wears a label.

The guests gave out a host of best good things,
By way of compliment to their good host;
Brim full of eloquence, a friend up springs,
And hopes that he will always rule the roast;
The praises of the *belles* another rings,
And turns at once "The Ladies" to a toast.

So freedom reigns; whereby it seemeth clear
That people grow most cordial after dinner;
Till then, the dearest woman seems less dear,
The thinnest gentleman's thin wit grows thinner;
The cheerful will be cheerless, without cheer—
You must have meat and drink, as you're a sinner.

INTERESTING QUESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION.

- What do you generally think:—
1. When you ask if any one is at home, and the servant tells you "she don't know, but will go and see," asking your name, and then comes back and answers in the negative?
 2. When a man at an evening party says he does not waltz, "because his head won't stand it?"
 3. When a broken dish is found behind the dresser, and the cook says "the cat did it?"
 4. When a friend presses you to "come and see him very soon—any day—he always dines at five"—but does not name a day?
 5. When at a party, the lemonade and negus get gradually weaker towards the end of the evening?

SIMPLE RULES FOR INTERPRETING ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

Now Parliament is in Session, the following rules, may be regarded as seasonable:—

Always avoid reading the preamble, which is likely to confuse, rather than to enlighten. It sets forth not what the act is to do, but what it undoes; and confuses you with what the law was, instead of telling you what it is to be.

When you come to a very long clause, skip it altogether; for it is sure to be unintelligible. If you try to attach one meaning to it, the lawyers are sure to attach another; and, therefore, if you are desirous of obeying an Act of Parliament, it will be safer not to look at it, but wait until a few contrary decisions have been come to, and then act upon the latest.

When any clause says either one thing or the other shall be right, you may make sure that both will be wrong.