

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.

TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will greatly oblige if each will endeavour to get us *one* subscriber for 1879. The price is only \$1.25, including delivery. This is the cheapest paper of its kind in America, and the Proprietors confidently appeal to your kindly aid in this direction.

PERSONAL.

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

WHAT WE WANT.

We don't want a Policy of Retaliation with the United States. We don't want Reciprocity, unless we can get the better of our neighbors. We want everything else we can get, and we don't care who goes without. That's about the position of affairs as generally understood by the reports of the Dominion Board of Trade.

TASTES DIFFER.

On Saturday last the Montreal *Post*, in a local item, announced itself as follows:—

"Our citizens will be happy and anxious to learn that a real, *real* prize fight did take place between two of our community, and within a short distance of the city limits."

Really, some people have queer ideas of what constitutes the happiness of the average citizen. It was only a day or so before, that our contemporary denounced the brutality of pugilism, and now in its anxiety to minister to the happiness of "our citizens" its columns literally riot in sanguinary eloquence. We shall soon begin to think that the *Witness* does not stand alone for inconsistency.

HOW IT IS DONE.

When the inexperienced pastor of a church has the courage to persist in preaching the truth fearlessly, plainly and honestly, the members of the congregation pattern themselves after the manner of the House of Commons and "divide." Then another church is built, and Peace arranges her garments comfortably around her until the time comes for the payment of the first mortgage, and so history repeats itself at the rate of six per cent. per annum. And this is how the cause of Charity works out the problems of Love and Truth which we hear so much of at those Annual Meetings where Brotherly Love continues until the benediction is pronounced, when the spirit of criticism takes possession of the souls of those "whose Church was not represented," as they journey homewards, in a manner that would gratify even the profound mind of the editor of the *Canadian Spectator*.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USES.

CLARA: "I don't like tall men; they are so stuck up."

FANNY: "But they make very useful 'hop'-poles, for all that."

RHYME WITH REASON.

Mr. Wm. Homer, of Bristol, has been declared insolvent.—*English Paper*

That *Homer* should a bankrupt be
Is not so very odd-d'ye-see (*Odyssey*),
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So ill-he-had (*Iliad*) his books conducted.

DON'T ABBREVIATE.

acre, writing to the Greensboro' *Herald*, calls the Independent contemptible foolishness, and signs himself Ajacks—clearly an abbreviation.

"JENKINS" AT NIAGARA.

The trip of the Governor-General and his Royal wife to Niagara Falls was *incognito*—with a vengeance! A correspondent of the *Herald* has been dodging about them (or says he has) wherever they went. His eyes have been snail's eyes: patent, double, flexible field-glasses. And his ears—ah, how long and flexible *they* must have been! Even with the roar of the cataract, the wind brought clearly to him the dulcet tones of the Princess, as coming suddenly in sight of the mighty stream, as it fell there over the edge of the rocks above, she murmured, so the *Herald* man says, in such admiration, "Don't speak, let me *drink it all in!*" But, of course, the noble Marquis couldn't allow this; seeing that Niagara pours down one hundred and twenty million gallons a minute. And the consequences of "drinking all this in" might have been serious—even for a Princess. So Her Royal Highness speedily retired from the spot in safety. But the Princess would not be safe. For when that careful Mr. Isaacs (bless him, we won't charge a single cent for the advertisement) said presently that it was dangerous to go further, his warning was unheeded, "Push on," said the brave lady, and they pushed "through tremendous icicles" for quite a time longer. How these icicles must have suffered, thus broken and shattered in their early youth!

But how about the moral application of this specimen of "journalistic enterprise?" Would it not be better to stop this caves-dropping and small reporting business, before it goes any further? The Princess is beloved in her own land, and we are learning to love her here. We are glad to know that she is no exception to the ordinary human visitors to the great cataract; but that its matchless grandeur and beauty filled her with delight. But we doubt if even this Royal lady can teach us a new sensation in regard to Niagara, and we feel it is derogatory to journalism and lowering to one's sense of privacy to have the chance expressions of refined enjoyments—the more enjoyable because they are supposed to be freed, *pro tem*, at least, from the semi-Court, ceremonial, picked up (or "fixed up") and Heralded around to the crowd, just as one would expect to be the case with a circus clown, or a George Francis Train. This lady, for she is a dear, good, lady, in every sense of the word—who has been so chary of having her photograph hawked around must surely be hurt at this miserable snobbery. There are Jenkinsses who are well bred, and there are Jenkinsses who have yet to learn good manners, and to respect the privacy of an *incognito*, which to some is evidently the Italian term for Flunkeyism.

TOBOGGANING.

A pretty little stranger
Gazed wistful down the slope;
I said, "There is no danger,
You'll slide with me, I hope?"

She answered frankly, "Yes, sir!"

The inference is drawn—
A little Yankee—bless her!
A shout, and we are gone.

The hissing, pliant bass-wood!
The glister of the spray!
I think (as any ass would)
I'd like to slide all day.

The bumps are something frightful;
The snow is soft and light.
She murmurs, "It's delightful";
I whisper, "Hold on tight."

And when we reach the bottom
Her cheeks are all a-glow,
The dancing eyes are tearful,
Her hair *poudric* with snow.

Then, shaking off the snow-flakes,
"I guess," says she, "I'll smother,
Wait till I fix my cloud, please,
Now let us have another."

And while we yet are sliding,
The shadows fainter fall,—
The lazy sun is hiding
Behind old Montreal.

Still am I puzzled fairly—
Her ways embarrass me;
Going down she calls me "Charlie,"
Going up I'm "Mister T——"

THE BULING PASSION.

He overtook us as we were walking home. He was a perfect stranger, but we could tell he had been drinking. He approached us by a series of inter-jaculatory, pedestrial instalments. Finally, he made another lurch, which brought him alongside of us, and said:

"Say, mister, (*hic*) you're the JESTER, (*hic*), aint yer?"

We told him we were.

"I spo'se (*hic*) yer think now (*hic*) yer kinder (*hic*) funny, don't yer?"

We confessed as times went, we had some pretention to smartness.

"Now mister (*hic*) JES (*hic*) TER I want yer ter (*hic*) say (*hic*) something funny (*hic*) right away, or I'll (*hic*) knock yer inter a terbaccer sign blow'd (*hic*) if I wont."

We said at once that anyone could see he was a gentleman, and—fled.