

THE JESTER,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES; ILLUSTRATED; WEEKLY.
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 12th JULY, 1878.

MACKENZIE'S ADMINISTRATION.

The *Witness* is much exercised anent the South Greenville nomination of Mr. Dumbville, conservative, whom it supports in preference to Mr. Wiser, a grit whiskey distiller, and editorially on 28th ult. it says: "the chief defect of the Mackenzie Administration seems to be the fact that already by far too many of its supporters are more or less supporters of the liquor traffic, and we decidedly object to assist in adding another distiller to the number." The city Junior Reform Club had better take warning before it is too late—Perry's headquarters is too near Tansley Hall.

POLITICAL CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It is freely stated in the city that the fishing excursion trip of the Dominion Premier to the lower St. Lawrence last week was simply a blind to warrant an excuse for "crak'in a wee" with the Provincial Premier and the Governor of Quebec. The consultation seems to have been satisfactory and we noticed that the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE had also been provided with a seat of honor on the floor of the Quebec assembly. Before leaving he was understood to have expressed himself as being highly satisfied with the results of the past three months policy and training in Quebec, and also considered that the Hon. Mr. Joly was an admirable instructor under the Dominion Rouge Board of Education. The Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE was, it is perhaps superfluous to say, accompanied on the above occasion by Mr. Stewart, the Herald and Secretary of the above Board for the District of Montreal.

COLUMBIA AND CANADA CLASP HANDS.

The American Eagle and the British Lion have come to terms. It was a heated term and both tried to keep as cool as possible under the circumstances. The Lion had the lion's share of the Eagle's attention, and the Lion bravely met the *file* in store for him. The Monarch honored the Eagle's bill at sight. It was a beaker of the most stimulating character, and both grew intoxicated with delight in the most kindly way—on temperance principles. They toasted each other, but omitted all reference to *quail* with which toast is so often associated. Take it altogether, it was a glow-rious Fourth. The British Lion had a roaring time, while the Bird of Freedom was in high feather. Let us drop metaphor and proceed to business; but we must not forget to add that though the Eagle ranks first among birds, the success of the Celebration at St. Albans was, in no small degree, due to the ability of the Martin. The Sixth Fusiliers have immortalized themselves; their name has passed into History as the pioneers of a new departure. But although armed, they were harmless, and in the capture of the picturesque town of St. Albans, History will not forget to mention how they, with becoming gallantry, placed their arms at the service of Vermont's fair daughters and how the ladies got a firm hold of them—and kept it. Possession being nine points of the law the "Green Mountain Boys" promised to return the compliment as soon as possible. And thus, surrounded by beauty, brotherly love and everything that contributes to make one feel there is something more desirable in life than mere political intrigue and money getting, the scarlet and the grey, mingled together as brothers in the great family of universal relationship. Comparisons are always odious, but if we may be permitted to venture the opinion, there was only one kind of unhappy man present on that occasion, and it must have been the married men of the Sixth Fusiliers. For who could witness the attentions of those fair ladies of St. Albans without feeling that the only thing necessary to complete the success of the day's festivities was the presence of a license and a minister to bind into closer relationship the ties of affection! And what can we say of the boundless hospitality extended to our Montreal boys? It passes description or imagination. It could only be *felt*, for language cannot express it. The nearest estimate that can be formed of the scale on which it was discharged is in stating the fact that the subscriptions donated for this purpose by the St. Albans' people averaged fifty cents for every man, woman and child of its population! Under such circumstances we cannot give especial prominence to any individual in connection with that memorable occasion, for we feel persuaded that the humblest citizen of that pretty little town did his part to the best of his ability to prove his regard for the people of a mighty Empire blessed by the sway of that great, pure minded Lady, Victoria! Such a demonstration as we had the honor to participate in was the spon-

taneous outburst of a loyal people who strained every nerve to make their 103rd Anniversary of Independence a glorious reality. To say that the Sixth Fusiliers behaved themselves as gentlemen, worthy of their reputation as representative Canadian Volunteers, is *not* a compliment. No right-minded soldier would have done otherwise. It was the most natural thing to do, and their comrades of other regiments will feel glad to know that they succeeded so well. Henceforth let us believe

The Canadian Beaver has dammed up the past,
A new order of things is established at last;
May the Stars and the Stripes, a great nation's pride
With the old Union Jack long float side by side!
Proclaim to the World the new Declaration
Of Friendship and Love between each mighty nation;
Whose sons ever loyal in the true cause of Right;
Whose daughters with glee in rejoicing unite.
Let the hills of Vermont take up the glad sound,
Swift heralds proclaim it on Canada's ground.
Let our valleys and lakes continue the strain;
Let the zephyrs repeat it o'er mountain and plain,
Till the North and the South, and the East and the West
Shall share the same feeling in each gladsome breast:
St. Albans rejoicing with great Montreal
Clasping hands in affection respond to the call;
While the nations look on at the glorious scene
Shout "Long live the President!" "God save the Queen!"
Let War be no more, let strife ever cease
While bright winged hosts proclaim "on Earth, PEACE!"

NOTICE.

The Province of Quebec begs to notify the world in general that it has opened an office where it can supply witnesses to swear anything. Black made white on the shortest possible notice. Also, it possesses unrivalled facilities for bungling things generally and contains a larger number of would-be Legislators than any other community in the world. Terms easy and notoriety guaranteed.

SACRIFICED TO GREATNESS.—The party Press, in reporting the Quebec Parliament invariably credit their chief debaters for always winding up with a "brilliant peroration." While the rank and file, orators by the half hour, have to be content if only their names are even mentioned in the daily telegraph reports "from our special correspondent."

INTERESTING TO VOLUNTEERS.

The following correspondence will, in view of the festivities at St. Albans on the 4th July be read with much interest by our Volunteers. It is the natural outgrowth of International courtesy. It is scarcely necessary to state how the letters come into our possession. Read them.

FROM HIM TO HER.

Montreal, July 6th 1878.

DEAR BESSIE.—You will excuse me calling you Bessie but you said I might, you know. We arrived home safely and the boys are gone clean crazy over the St. Albans' girls. All the way home they never talked about anything else, and the Montreal girls are that jealous there's no putting up with them. As I said to a young lady friend of mine—only a very near cousin and over thirty, nothing to me, of course,—what is the use of opportunities if you dont improve them? None whatever. Well, I must confess that this state of morbid abstraction is getting serious. It was only the other night when I was drilling the Company that I had your image in my mind, and the thought of you led me to say "Right turn, Bessie," at which all the boys burst out laughing. The doctor says I need change; that a visit to St. Albans would do me a world of good. That doctor is a most sensible man. I scarcely know how to address you, this is the sixth letter I have tried to write but I dont know how to express my feelings in the way I should like. Mother says I needs tonics and she actually went so far as to say I had lost my heart. Exchange is no robbery, but there must be something wrong when a fellow can't eat. But Summers, in my Company, has got the same complaint. He has taken to writing verses and he gave me a specimen of his work as a poet. Here it is:

Ye maids of St. Albans, America's bonst,
Of all of Eve's daughters I love you the most,
Your eyes shine as stars in the heavenly sky;
Your cheeks are like peaches and as sweet as your pie.

But Summers is engaged and I took the poem away because there would have been trouble had his girl seen it. She would have made a bald-headed warrior of him in no time. It is really singular how he and I are similarly afflicted. He says he dont sleep nights—more do I. He cant eat. Neither can I. He sings the most love stricken songs you ever heard and is continually talking in his sleep. That's just my complaint, but with a good constitution we might recover, though the boys say we're pretty far gone. Nearly the whole Company has got similar symptoms. I wonder if they make any reduction on postage stamps wholesale, because I'm inclined to think that soldier's letters ought to go free. I still have your tin type and when I look at it, it does me more good than a dose of medicine. Mother says I'm