

THE OPENING OF OUR NEW CITY HALL.

Monday at 3 p. m. His Worship Mayor BEADRY called the intelligent Aldermen of our city together to listen to some words of wisdom he wished to drive into their *crania*. He told them they were, and had been for many years, spendthrifts; but that that it was time this sort of thing should be put a stop to. The extravagance displayed in Parks, City Hall, and Schools made him weep and had prematurely turned his hair grey. The social evil was another evil he wished to abolish, and it had given him much pain to observe that Pextox with all his policemen were unable to stop it. Periodical fining was only another form of taxation, and it was time that punishment and not fines should be enforced.

He complained that the schools which cost the city so much money had no separate class for the education of illiterate aldermen. A knowledge of the three "R's" was imperative in these days of progress. He was glad to see the finances were in a more healthy state, thanks to Ald. NELSON, and suggested that a dozen copies of the JESTER would put the members into good humor.

Ald. GUENIER agreed with His Honor, and Ald. NELSON thought it an excellent idea.

Ald. McSHANE said that its reports were at least not one sided like some papers he could mention.

Ald. STEPHENS had no objection to the motion. He could swallow almost anything, even the platform of the Canadian National Society. (By-the-way where are the records of the last meeting?) He thought the paper was O. K.

Ald. CLENDENNING called him to order and said that it was a personal reflection upon his tribe of which he was Chief. He wanted the Alderman to understand there was no ochee about *him*. But that Alderman THIBAUULT would find an Indian was quite as good as a Digby herring any day. (Applause and hisses).

Ald. CLENDENNING. I tell you I am here and you can't put me either out of temper or out of office.

Ald. MERCER.—Never mind THIBAUULT he's only a drug on the market. Let us proceed to business.

Ald. HOLLAND then gave an account of his stewardship and stated that he had managed to come out ahead but he wouldn't be responsible if others were put in his place.

An adjournment being moved and seconded the Council adjourned; a few members remaining to see if there was to be any eating and drinking going on. Finding there was not, they retired in disgust and paid for their own refreshments under protest.

"THE DEVIL."

The Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church told his flock all about him on Sunday evening. It would be interesting to know whether the Rev. A. J. BRAY spoke as an authority, or from hear-say testimony? Also, whether he can tell us if Satan is as black as he is painted. With all due regard for Mr. BRAY's convictions we should be really sorry to learn that he is so intimately acquainted with his subject as to place his statements beyond dispute. In that case we should be bound to accept them as authentic. And yet, we confess we are puzzled, for usually, the Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church speaks, on occasions, with a certain force of expression which leads his hearers to believe that he knows whereof he speaks, and it would therefore be doing him a manifest injustice to make an exception in this instance. For our part, we always thought it a clergyman's duty to teach his flock how to live manfully and honestly, and—to shun the Devil. There is nothing his Satanic Majesty likes so much as being talked about, and some ill-natured people do say that this is also one of Mr. BRAY's pet weaknesses. To our thinking, people already know as much about the Devil in Montreal as they care about knowing, and any further information the Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church can give them on the subject, whether speculative or real, is only wasting time that might be better employed in leading their thoughts in an opposite direction.

Do the wealthy people of Newfoundland belong to the "cod-fish" aristocracy?

The LONDON papers state that Cruikshanks the famous Cartoonist just before his death danced a hornpipe, he then being 86 years of age. Surely his shanks must have been anything but crooked when he performed such a feat.

QUERY.—The *Mail* states that the act of the Lieut-Governor of Quebec will "come back on an outraged people from every mountain-top and valley in Ontario." No doubt His Honor will meet with his reward, but wouldn't it be better for the *Mail* to give us a list of the "mountains" and "valleys" in Ontario to begin with? As the geography of that Province stands at present the *Mail's* remarks fall on rather a flat surface.

OUR LETTER BAG.

I

Dear JESTER,

If you can admit anything that is *not* a jest I would like you to tell the public my troubles. I am that unhappy man, a Boarder; that is, in other words, a respectable vagabond. I have "a name," but no "local habitation"—here to-day and gone—next month. Where next? is the question now haunting me. My last home, but one, was with very nice people, quite respectable, but quite poor. The parlor was a dreary empty waste of old carpet, with a rickety table and six spindle-back chairs. The "dining-room" took its name from the fact that one couldn't get a dinner in it. The hash was simply "hash-tomishing"; the steak firm as a stake, and if the tea was weak, why the butter was strong. I pined away in silence; for I couldn't reproach the poor people. But I silently stole away at the end of the month, just in time to save my life. My next experience was in a land of plenty. Everything was in abundance—dirt included. And we had a lively house; though some of our party were a little shady. I began to be uneasy and thought of changing, when the matter was settled by the bailiff entering with an execution, followed shortly by the red flag of the auctioneer. Again was I homeless. But not for long. I was taken in (ominous phrase) by a widow lady, who has a clean and decent house, who keeps a fair table, who is attentive without being intrusive. But, *But*, *But*—she has a daughter; and that young woman is the terror of my life.

She pervades me. She haunts me. She possesses me. She watches my coming. Though I oil my latch-key she is sure to be in the hall. She makes excuses to rap at my door. She meets me on the stairs; and giggles and blushes as we have to pass. She throws eyes at me, and sighs at me; and so disturbs my equanimity that I am getting really ill, and must fly before I fall a prey. Who will take me in? Who will pity me? Who has a quiet home, a good table, good society, low prices,—and no daughter? Mr. JESTER I pause for a reply; but I can't pause long.

Yours truly

AN UNHAPPY MAN.

II

Mr. JESTER, Sir,—I rite to you for my hart is most broke; and you sed in your first No. as that you had a misshun to hevvy harts. Well now, if you can make my hart to smile (which such is the ways of boarders it never will again) you will make me your debtor till it cees to beet. When my pore husband went the way of all flesh (which is up Bleury Street and turn to the left through the gait) I began to take in boarders in a small way. But they wasn't content. Nuthin was good enough for them and one by one left me. Then I thought I would be libbral and keep a good table; and even if I lost a little on each boarder it would pay me by the menny I should get. And I *did* get plenty; such as they was; but somehow my figgers didn't work out well, and I was soon sold up. Then I sed to Maria (which is my only child, and her now growing to be quite a big girl) as that we would put our few things as was left in a smaller place, and just have one or two nice quiet young men. And Maria she said "yes" quite readily. But we've only got one young man yet, and won't you pity me Sir when I tell you that *he* makes me the most miserable creature alive. But praps you can't understand a mother's feelings, not being one yourself as I suppose. It's all along of Maria. For all he seems so meek and innocent, I am sure he as his designs. Pore girl, she wants to be attentive so as he might recommend our onse, but I'm getting afraid to have him with us. He creeps into the house that silent that I don't know when he's in; and he watches round to catch Maria on the stairs or in the hall so as he can say a word to her or give her one of his ogling opus looks. What shall I do? He may mean well, but I don't want my child sperrited away to leave me a lone woman. What shall I do? Can't you find me some boarders who will pay well and give no trouble, and who don't want other people's daughter's? Please speke for me.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN.

MYSTERY IN TWO LANGUAGES.

The *Gazette* speaks of a new serial published in Paris, of which it says that "each biography will contain the biography of some eminent explorer." And the title of this wonderful book is 'Les *Celeorites* Géographiques.' We have over-hauled both ends of our French-English Dictionary for the marvelous word, but are still in the dark! We give it up; but suggest that a copy of the new educational journal printed at the office of the *Gazette* be given to its talented Reviewer.

We are indebted to the celebrated photographic establishments of Messrs Notman & Sandham, Montreal, and Mr. W. J. Topley, Ottawa, for the excellent portraits of the Public Men who figure in our Cartoon this week.