

The Jester.

A HUMOROUS and SATIRICAL RECORD of the TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.

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"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

To those gentlemen who have so kindly enabled the JESTER to re-enter the arena of public life, he doffs his cap and bells and makes his best bow, beaming with gratitude and thankfulness. During his quietus he has been honored with the unanimous expression of regret, and it is in no spirit of egotism that he would observe, having reason to know, that his weekly utterances have been missed of late in many a household. The same policy of independent and fearless journalism will be preserved, as in the past, every care being taken to raise the standard of respectability—not to lower it. Journals whose mission seems to be to pollute the mind, and to spy upon and report the doings of private citizens, are not, unfortunately, unknown in this city, and it must be confessed they appear to thrive, so far as any outside indications show. Why such ribbald sewers of filth should be tolerated at all, when other journals, whose claims to *respectability* are at least well founded, but fail, is an enigma we will not attempt to solve. Doubtless, if the JESTER followed in their footsteps he might do well financially, but at what cost? Once more the JESTER appeals to every reader for his or her *continued* patronage. With a view therefore to adding to his revenue he has raised the price to five cents per copy. No subscriptions will at present be received, but those who have already subscribed will continue to get their copies as before. The reason of this is obvious, as the JESTER desires to set his paper on a sufficiently firm footing before he can undertake the obligation of supplying it for a year. Once again he appeals confidently to you for your patronage; and with his renewed expression of gratitude to those who have helped him in the hour of need, he renews his career of usefulness. Ring up the curtain, Mr. Editor, the performance is about to commence.

PADDING SUPPLIED.

We copy the following from the London *Athenæum*:—
"PADDING SUPPLIED.—Address, (in full confidence) An Experienced Journalist, George's Place, West End, Hammersmith, London, W."

We know that in certain journals there is a good deal of "padding" used, but we, in Canada, do not call it by that name now. We prefer to place it under the head of "culchaw." It is by the length of the reports in which it is used that their standard of merit is usually judged. If one contemporary gets ahead of another by a half or three-quarters of a column, it will be found, upon close inspection, that the "padding" is the principle part of its make up. Quantity, not quality, is the rule we go by in Canada. But we doubt if there are many English journalists who can compare, in the way of "padding," with the writer of the following gush, which appeared in a report of the Natural History Society's picnic, at Calumet, published in the *Montreal Herald*:—

"The morning though bright yet had the blue sky thickly covered with large masses of cumulus clouds, more particularly towards the Western horizon, where, by their extreme variability in shape and their incessant metamorphoses, they formed a beautiful background to the landscape traversed between Montreal and Calumet, the place selected by the naturalists to search after the hidden treasures of Nature, and to read the great green book which was there open to them."

There's "culchaw" for you, with a vengeance!

NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG.

I know a Bank where the wild "time" grows,
The richness of whose Stocks nobody knows.
Have a care, pray beware, or perhaps when too late
Their perfume will hasten you on to your fate.

THE LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

When will newspaper men learn to write English correctly? The *Star* talks of a "pigeon shoot," and the *Post* refers to a horse having "excursed" at a furious pace, while the *Witness* writes of some person being "unexpectedly surprised." By and bye we shall not have any language left, and then the liberty of the Press will have reached its zenith.

THE DEFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There is trouble in the camp. It would appear by the newspaper reports, that the "Reformation has not yet been completed. More, evidently, is needed, for the amateur Lutherans of this particular body seem to be still busily engaged in setting up and deposing each other's popes. The trouble occurred in Chicago. Most of the trouble on this continent is supposed to occur in Chicago. No wonder, therefore, any attempt at reformation in that quarter is hopeless. The result of this is, there has been a secession, and this denomination, which has been termed "neither fish, flesh nor fowl" has lost even its semblance to a good red herring, for its head and tail have been sacrificed in its struggle to maintain life. We are very much afraid that the poverty of the *fallow* soil has been one of the causes why the seed has not taken deeper root, but we trust that the husbandman of the Quebec fold will usher in a healthier condition of affairs, on the principle that one of the first duties of a congregation is to pay for its church building, and until this is done no denomination can be absolutely called free or independent.

SOCIETY SONGS.

OUR LADY OF TEA.

The shadows of ev'ning are falling,
Wee watches are pointing to five,
And lazy folks love to be calling,
And gossips begin to arrive;
The muffin-bell raucously ringing
Reminds you 'tis time you should see—
While Kettles are saucily singing—
Our Lady of Tea

O syren of sugar and scandal,
O princess of peerless Pekoe,
O goddess of Goth and of Vandal,
Belov'd of Stroud Brothers & Co. !
O fair hamadryad of Hyson,
O beauty of boundless Bohea !
Who looks upon port as a p'ison—
Our Lady of Tea !

The lacteal lumps in the tea-cup,
She presses with purest delight !
And finds in the well of each wee cup,
The syrup of sibilant spite !
O spirit of Gamp and of Harris,
May Rumor watch well over thee,
More sweet than the coffee of Paris—
Our Lady of Tea !

The bibulous bumpers of brandy,
The winsome allurements of wine,
The taking of "anything handy,"
Or rum of the apple of pine;
Or water well wetted with whisky,
Or niplets of neat *cau de vie*,
She thinks them uncommonly risky—
Our Lady of Tea !

THE JUNIOR CONSERVATIVE CLUB—A QUESTION ANSWERED.

MR. JESTER.—Can you give me any information as to the whereabouts of the Junior Conservative Club? What is it doing? What were its objects?

A MEMBER.

We cheerfully give "A Member" all the information in our power. 1.—"As to its whereabouts": We must refer you to Mr. Perry—not Mr. Alfred Perry, because he doesn't know any more about it than we do—but to the proprietor of Perry's Hall. This Hall has been famous in its day for political and pedestrian pursuits. It was here that the young spirits of long ago met to "run the Country." It was here that so many of our young and active men graduated as stump orators and political runners for Conservative members of the Provincial and Federal Parliaments. It was from here that several torch-light processions started, when costly suits of clothing were impregnated with naphtha and other odors, from torches carried by unsteady but jubilant, independent electors, for 50 to 75 cents a night. But now, alas, the upper chamber is solitary, silent and bare! The lower forum has degenerated into a place where persons occasionally walk as far as possible within a given time. Formerly the hall above was used for nobler purposes. In the good old days it was the chosen place for *talking* as much as possible within an *ungiven* time. A wooden gallery, erected at much cost, is the only landmark whence the sentiments of a patriotic people were announced in trumpet tones of triumph to an excited but equally as patriotic a crowd beneath. 'Tis useless "to call in the members," for they will not answer. In the words of the poet:

The past remains buried;
You may say what you will,
But the smell of tobacco
Yet clings to it still.

If you want to know more, touching its whereabouts, ask Perry.

2.—"What is it doing?" We really can't say; and if anybody can tell you, please forward us their reply. It would make very interesting reading. Now, had you wished to know what it has *done*?—then we might have afforded you a satisfactory answer, though even in answering this interrogatory we could not speak as feelingly as might Messrs. Gault and Ryan, or, possibly, Mr. Coursol. N.B.—These gentlemen are all M. P.'s.

3.—"What were its objects?" Now you touch a sore spot. Its objects, on paper, were for the dissemination of Conservative principles, generally, among those of its members, between the ages of 17 and 35—(in fact, up to any period between youth and old age)—who were desirous of learning something worth knowing about the political history of Canada. It was hoped that by this means the Junior Conservative Club would learn almost as much about their country as the young man who writes the questions for the *Canadian Spectator*. It was further urged by the projectors of the Club that debates, essays, and other means of ventilating the public topics of the day would keep the members together, and make the Club learned and respectable. But all this, as we have said, was *on paper*; that is to say, it was the general frame-work upon which the Constitution was constructed. But, unhappily, the Club's Constitution is become as much impaired as Mr. Ouimet's original motion of censure upon Mr. Letellier de St. Just. Now, if you want to know what were the *practical* objects of the Junior Conservative Club, (which on its very face is a misnomer, and should have been called the "September Club,") we can tell you. Its object *practically* was the honor of running around canvassing for Mr. M. H. Gault and Mr. M. P. Ryan during the last elections, and paying a dollar a-piece for the privilege. Mind you, don't misunderstand us: we do not mean paying a dollar a-piece to Mr. Gault or Mr. Ryan, either, although a good many people paid much more than that, which came under the head of "Election Expenses," but paying a dollar a-piece by the members of the Club for the sake of running around wet nights to secure votes for these gentlemen, and in other ways assisting the various "Committees." It has been thought by some that this was the only way of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Canadian history—or at least that part of it relating to Montreal's share of it last September.