

The Jester,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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

OUR LAST NUMBER.

Our readers will pardon us for calling attention to a matter in which we venture to hope they will have some interest. We refer to the policy of this paper. We are within the bounds of truthfulness when we state that at twelve o'clock last Friday every copy had been sold. It did not pay us to re-order under a certain number, and not wishing to run the risk of having so many undisposed copies on our hands, we did not order more. The object in making the statement is because the impression had gone abroad that we had been served with a legal process to discontinue the sale. This is not true. It could not have been true, for the reason that, in the first place, it would have taken at least twenty-four hours to do this, and in the second place, there was nothing in this journal to warrant this course of procedure. Our policy has been, and will continue to be, a fearless exposure of public abuses. We venture to assert that we have referred to subjects which no political journal of either shade would have cared, for obvious reasons, to handle. But not having any political considerations at stake, and bearing the important fact in mind that it is the Public at large to whom we look for support, and *not* to the Government, we shall continue to treat public topics and public men in the same spirit we have hitherto evinced—not caring particularly whom we offend, so long as the facts will justify our actions. It has been, and is still a hard matter to make both ends meet; but, if we fail, we shall fall at least on the side of outspokenness and candour, and if we succeed, we shall owe our success to the same cause. It is a healthy sign to note the occasional irritation which the timely exposure of an evil will create. We accept the full responsibility for everything we print, and should any be displeased, they have their remedy which they are welcome to use at their discretion. In the meantime we shall pursue the same independent course mapped out from the first, and those whose corns may happen to be over-sensitive will have to provide their own plaster, as it may suit their convenience.

A WAKE, AND AN AWAKENING.

There has been no other actor—except, perhaps, Mr. George Riddell—who has been so petted by Montreal society, as Mr. E. A. McDowell. At various times Mr. McDowell has made desperate efforts to make the Academy of Music attractive and profitable—and to his credit he has generally succeeded—minus the profit. For all this he is to be commended. But it is just possible to push good nature too far. The "gods" are not to be offended with impunity, and they have an occasional way, peculiar to their lofty sense of impropriety, of manifesting their indignation. Last Friday Mr. McDowell got a taste of their humour. In fact it was a complete set-off to the original talents displayed by McDowell, junior. Even people who pay their quarter have a right to have their feelings respected, just as much as those who occupy the orchestra chairs. We don't suppose that Mr. McDowell was ever so forcibly struck by the "green-eyed monster" before. Cabbages and rotten eggs are always regarded as the inevitable accessories of entertainments of the "Professor" Hewitt order; but we scarcely looked for them at so respectable place as the Academy of Music. At any rate, Mr. McDowell has by this time, we hope, been convinced that he cannot do just as he pleases. The "Wake Scene" ought never to have been introduced to a mixed audience—especially in a city where religious feeling has caused more difficulties than even Mr. Tuley's Budget. It was indiscreet and untimely, and although Mr. McDowell makes a capital Irishman on the stage—he is scarcely up to that high standard of dramatic talent to take upon his shoulders the very difficult role of a discomfited corpse.

TWELVE REASONS WHY LIQUOR LICENSES SHOULD BE GRANTED.

1. Because keeping a saloon is the easiest way of living at other people's expense.
2. Because a saloon is so handy during political contests (This, perhaps, is the reason why the *Herald* and *Gazette* are so reticent about hurting the feelings of the proprietors.)
3. They are so well adapted for holding ward meetings (Candidates are always sure of getting "full houses.")
4. Having their "exits and their entrances" you can go in by the front door and out by the back, if you *don't* wish to be seen by any of your friends.
5. Because they contribute so largely to the funds of the Recorder's Courts.
6. Because they form the staple source of the local columns of the daily papers.
7. Because they afford employment to most of the men on the Police Force.
8. Because the License Commissioners, in their official capacity, could not very well get along without them.
9. Because they indirectly contribute to the pockets of some of the poorer medical practitioners.
10. Because it is the place where a man is likely to meet with familiar spirits.
11. Because a saloon is the only place where you can get a "soft drink"—with a "stick" in it.
12. Because it furnishes so many Temperance Associations with the largest assortment of "frightful examples."

MY HUSBAND.

"He caught her by the throat, but she managed to escape, and coming back, found him asleep with the razor in his hand. She took it from him and hid it. Her life will not be in danger for two months, however, as the Recorder sent him to Payette's mansion."—*Star*, 25th March.

Who, courting me, had used to say,
When married, he at home would stay,
And never, never, go astray?
My husband

Who, soon,—(Alas! Unhappy fate!),—
Began to make me sit up late
At night, for his return to wait?
My husband.

Who, home, at early dawn would reel,—
His mud-bespattered clothes reveal,—
And, cursing, make my blood congeal?
My husband.*

Who, fired with mixed up "ale" and "rye,"
Would knock me down, and "black" my eye,
And leave me like a dog to die?
My husband.

Who, lately, after heavy spree,—
When verging closely on the D. T.'s,—
A razor in his hand did seize?
My husband.

And who, thus armed,—as if for strife
With deadly foe,—then sought the life
Of her he proudly made his wife?
My husband.

Who safely lodged,—as Payette's guest,—
For sixty days, will give me rest?
(Oh! Would 'twere years! Then I were blest!)—
My husband.

THE "PERPETUAL MEMBER" FOR MONTREAL WEST.

Last week a meeting was held at the National Hall, in anticipation of the speedy prospect of the Provincial general elections, whereat a few free and independent electors were present to discuss the suitability of certain candidates to represent Montreal West. The Perpetual Member was present as a matter of course. He always is present at such meetings. Even had either Messrs. McShane or Kirwan been nominated, they would, of course, have had to retire in favor of the Perpetual Member who has done so much for Conservatism—and contracts. There is not a member in the Conservative ranks of Montreal who has not been under obligations to the Perpetual Member at some time or another, and it is, therefore, only fit and proper to nominate him for this distinguished position. It is a graceful thing to do, because it gives his constituents a chance of letting him down easy just before nomination day, and it also affords him the opportunity of saying "they wished me to run, but faith I didn't want to." So take it all around, the Perpetual Member is just as well pleased in the long run, and everybody else is satisfied. There is nothing like amicability in these arrangements.

"TOUCHSTONE" AND "IAGO."

"Iago" has been "going for" "Touchstone" in the *Canadian Spectator* with a vengeance. "Iago" is evidently a satirist and a humorist. "Touchstone" is also something of a wag; but he has, so far, come out at the tail end of the discussion. It is very kind in him to endeavour to improve the style, and the salaries of the newspaper men of this city at the same time. This from a person who is not a newspaper man is exceedingly kind, and under more fortuitous circumstances would entitle him to a testimonial. But who is "Touchstone" anyway? Does he frequent the Court? Is he a representative of any of our local journals? Has he rendered any service to the newspaper men of the city to entitle his opinion to be received with weight or authority?