

## The Jester,

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

The JESTER is published every Friday. Fred J. Hamilton & Co., Proprietors.

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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.

### NEVER SATISFIED.

Those political crows which have been trying to eke out their miserable existence since last September by living off the bones of contention will probably have a change of diet after the fourteenth of February. But even the few unconsidered trifles that may fall to their share, we fear, will not content them. There is a certain kind of vulture that is only content with strong garbage. It will fly miles and miles in search of it, though it should pass over choicer morsels on its passage. So it is with a certain class of politicians. Presuming the National Policy to be everything that any reasonable man could expect, these same crows would caw themselves hoarse in their effort to find somebody's reputation to tear to tatters, and even then they would quarrel over the shreds. And this is what they call "building up the Country".

### STAND—AND DELIVER.

Suffering womanhood will stand almost anything. In most of the dry goods stores in Montreal she has to stand from half-past eight in the morning until seven or eight o'clock in the evening. She finds no rest for the sole of her foot. A peculiarly painful case came under our observation, where a saleswoman, tired out and ready to drop from the fatigue of a busy day, took a seat for a few moments from utter exhaustion. She was told her "services were no longer required." Yet her employer gives largely to the Church, and is one of our prominent philanthropists. Surely this is an age of strange contradictions! The poor girl left with tears in her eyes, and staggered home thinly shod and poorly clad, heart-sick and foot-sore. The fact did not get into the papers, because the employer is a large advertiser, and the papers were fearful of giving offence. The fact remains, nevertheless, and the poor girl is the sufferer. It is for lady customers to say whether these young girls are to stand this species of tyranny any longer. Won't their employers please give them a rest—sometimes?

### THE JESTER'S CHALLENGE TO VENNOR.

It is scarcely fair that Vennor should have all the fun to himself in the matter of prophecy. His Almanac for 1879 is out, and judging by the edition of last year it is a very reasonable and seasonable expectation to suppose that several persons will get bitten this January. Doubtless the edition will sell rapidly. But we notice Mr. Vennor has been very careful this year in not promising too much, for on page 79 we read:

"P.S.—My impression respecting a very singular and op. n turn in the winter—possibly with rains—is very prominent, but I cannot attempt to locate this with precision. It is likely, however, it will embrace a portion of January and February."

Now at the present writing (Saturday, Jan. 11th) we have not had a single day's rain this month; and, so far as February is concerned, we should not be surprised if we *did* have a shower or so—for, what says the old school song?

"February brings the rain,  
And thaws the frozen lake again."

We cannot see any special evidence of genius in so open an assertion. So we suppose if it rains in February Mr. Vennor will claim the credit; and if it don't he will claim the credit all the same for not having committed himself. Artful Mr. Vennor!

But we are getting tired of this generality business, and we now venture to give the Public something definite to look forward to. With this object we publish

### OUR PREDICTION FOR THE WEEK

commencing with the day of publication of this paper.  
*Friday, Jan. 10th*—Moderate. You mustn't expect too much at the commencement.  
*Saturday, Jan. 11th*—Moderate. For the same reason.

*Sunday, Jan. 12th*—Rain and snow. We introduce this prediction just for the sake of a change.

*Monday, Jan. 13th*—Rain or snow. Please notice we don't guarantee both on this day; only one or the other.

*Tuesday, Jan. 14th*—Rain and snow. Probably both, because it never rains but it pours, and if it isn't one or the other it will be cold anyway.

*Wednesday, Jan. 15th*—Cold from the north-west; cloudy, with fine sleet. You may be sure to get one of the three, and most likely all.

*Thursday, Jan. 16th*—This will be one of the coldest days of the year. If it isn't, we will prove it *is* by statistics compiled twenty-five years ago.

Now our readers will very much oblige us by keeping this copy and comparing notes to see how our predictions pan out, and if they are not in every respect correct, we will tell you the reason next week.

We hereby challenge Vennor to produce anything more definite than this, and if he gets ahead of us on this prophecy business—which we don't think he will—we will then take him up on St. Patrick's Day. Anyway, we are determined to push this thing through, even if it takes all the summer.

### WARRANTED, SOUND.

It is a happy augury that the St. George's Society has elected the excellent Secretary of the Canada Guarantee Company, Mr. Edward Rawlings, as its President for the current year. It is a hopeful sign from the fact that the gentleman is eminently qualified, not only to guarantee a successful term of office, but also to insure the Society against those accidents to which even benevolent bodies are occasionally liable. We refer to dislocation and paralysis. The members can rest assured that its vitality is perfectly safe in his hands.

### THE MONTREAL ATLAS.

Mr. Chas. E. Goad has devised several excellent plans by which those interested may get lots of information as to the whereabouts of the estates of the landed proprietors of Montreal. As a civil engineer he may be said to be, professionally, monarch of all he surveys. Yankee competition has entered the field against him, but the attempt is on a very small scale indeed. However, this will only goad him on to further exertions.

### STANDING ON HIS RIGHTS.

He was out at elbows, but looked fat and hearty. You could see he was a tramp; said he hadn't had any work for three months. We showed him a cord of uncut wood.

"How much?"

"Dollar and a narf."

"Give you a dollar."

"Look yer, Mister, I b'longs to a Trades Union, and never works under a dollar and a narf a day. Its agin our principle. I'll sooner beg first, blowed if I wont."

"Ten minutes later he was sucking a whiskey bottle on the street corner. Fifteen minutes later he had crossed the street. When we last saw him he was stretched out on a snow bank perfectly insensible to a cold, selfish world.

How much some men will endure for principle!

### THAT DOG.

A correspondent of the St. John Daily *Star* gives the cost of conveying Mr. Brydges' dog from Londonderry to Moncton, at \$12. After giving the items the correspondent adds: "Now, sir, the dog is carried 100 miles over the road at a cost to the country of at least \$12. He is then shipped to Moncton for Montreal *via* Palace Car, when, of course, all expenses cease." We protest emphatically against this mongrel kind of journalism. Times are hard, we know, and news is scarce, but that is no reason why newspaper men should go to the dogs for their living. Perhaps the correspondent is a relative of the celebrated "Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend." But he forgot to tell us one thing: Did the dog live?

### RHYME AND REASON.

Mother Shipton says in her concluding prophecy:

"The end of the world shall come  
In eighty-n hundred and eighty-one."

When you consider that the old lady had to make a rhyme with "come," the prediction loses much of its significance. A cynical Crit says Sir John A.'s National Policy will fall due about that time

### SEEING, BELIEVING.

TOMMY (whose papa has just bought him a dog): "Mamma, is baby thoroughly well bred?"

FOND MAMMA: "Of course she is, dear. Why?"

TOMMY: "Then please hold her up by the ears and see if she'll howl."  
(*Fond Mamma naturally wonders what children are coming to!*)

### BLESSINGS ON THE PRESS.

Among the subjects announced for special prayer by the American Evangelical Alliance last week, was "The Press—For a blessing on publishers, editors and authors." We would like to know why the "reporters" were omitted. Had this special favor been vouchsafed to Montreal pressmen, the reporters would doubtless have come under the head of "authors."