

The Jester,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.
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SIR JOHN A.'S VALENTINE.

By PAUL FORD.

Sir John lay outstretched on his eider down bed,
And all sorts of thoughts popped into his head;
He tried to sleep, but sleep was vain;
For the N. P. ghost came again and again.
He thought of the Tariff; he thought of the Nation;
He thought and he thought till a cold perspiration
Broke out in a sweat on his thoughtful brow
As he said to himself: "What shall I do now?
Sure never man was more bothered than I";
And he sought relief in a wearisome sigh.

He tried to doze,
But there arose
A hundred faces
All asking places,
And he popped his head again
Under the clothes.

But the Babel of voices gave him no rest—
Each wanted the office he'd like to have best.

But at last, with the aid of a dose of morphine,
Sir John was enabled to change the scene.
He managed at last to sleep—and to dream,
And was slumbering still as Sol's bright beam
Cast his cheery volume of golden gleam.

And he dreamt as he lay,
That a year from that day,
His N. P. Problem would come out O.K.
And he sighed again, as if feeling relieved,
At the Problem he'd solved, and the fame he'd achieved.
Then as if to soften his cares and his trials,
A Vision appeared all wreathed in smiles.
Man never beheld a maiden so fair;
With hair so golden and charms so rare!
With such shapely arms; such form divine,
This was Sir John A.'s Valentine.
Then she smiled such a smile, one don't often see,
And Sir John marvel'd, wondering, who she could be.
Her forehead was deck'd with shimmering pearls,
While down her back hung original curls;
Her cheeks dimpled with smiles; her motions all grace;
No wonder Sir John had ne'er seen such a face.
Her voice clear as a bell: full of rich modulation;
Sweet, ringing and full in its intonation.

And this fair vision said,
As it came to his bed,
"I come here to soothe
Thy poor, aching head,
So never mind, pray,
What enemies say,
That thy great N. P. Programme
Is not going to pay.

True, the times they are hard and the poor out of work,
True, Want strikes home deeper than dagger or dirk;
Still you're doing your best, and Fair Canada backs you
It's only the Grits who with shallowness tax you,
But stick to the ship, while there's shot in the locker,
And if you don't do things "according to Cocker,"

It doesn't much matter,
For Brown's gibes and chatter
Are, between you and me,
Falling yet flat and flatter,
So pray you don't notice,
(Though Grittish his vote is)
Better time's they will come,
That's the true antidote is.

This Country and People want merely a living,
And look to you for it without any misgiving,
For what ever shape your Policy take,
There will always be these who are still 'on the make':
Always hunting up scandal
Like moths round a candle
Not being partie'lar
Whose record they handle.

Our railways; our iron; our ships and our coal;
Our factories, mines, all form parts of the whole.
The sum total of which is
If we all can't get riches,
We at least may expect each
To find where his niche is,
And having found it, to try how best he can fill it,
Then as to the land let good immigrants till it.

Never mind then Sir John what others may say,
Adhere to your Programme, in the end it will pay,
But should Policy call for a change in the bill,
Use your own solid judgment and show you've a will.
For its a remarkable fact,
Those not wanting in tact,
In trying to please all,
Have lost by the act.

Public Opinion is with you, her best wishes are mine—
For Fair Canada claims you as her Valentine."

Silently, softly the Vision departed,
And then Sir John woke, feeling far more light-hearted.
The moral is one you may hear every day,
Don't anticipate failures, or meet troubles half-way.

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.

PERSONAL.

Our Mr. George Maynard is about to pay a visit through Ontario. Such attention as he may receive will be esteemed a favour.

TRAVELS ON THE ROAD.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

BROCKVILLE, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1879.

DEAR JESTER,—Your fame, I found on arrival here, had already preceded me. My reception was most marked, as you will see by the ambrotype which I herewith enclose. The very impressiveness of those embraces effected quite a change in the complexion of affairs. Scores of the leading citizens of the place wanted me to come to close quarters; but with my usual candor I said I preferred the quarters should come to me. There is a tradition on 'change that a quarter in Brockville goes faster than any horse in the country, and it came to me on time in every instance. Time is money you know, and as I hadn't much of either to spare I retired early to bed, while the laundress restored the only shirt I had to its original purity and spotlessness of character.

You can imagine my delight, when I made my re-appearance among those good people, to hear that life would be a blank without your cheery voice being heard from week to week; that your utterances were even more to them than wine or whiskey. Some people are always out of spirits.

But you, of course, wish to know what has been done. The first thing I did was to strike a Gale but Blyth-ly raised the wind and went to see Vaux' Hall. On my way I crossed some Rivers and a Brook-e, thinking as I did so how I was going to paddle my own canoe on the tide of life. So journeying East-ward I visited on my road a Smart Shepherd, to hear him recount that wonderful and touching legend how Mary had a little Lamb. He may have thought that I was wool-gathering, for flocks gathered around me on my journey. Before I left them they were so much struck with my noble bearing that everybody took me for a Knight of the Golden Fleece. With Lip-sett I proceeded to examine a Griffin at the west end of the town, who was not in the least bearish. It was not till then that I discovered how truly democratic these good people are, for I found a King living with the Tailors who seemed to be cut out upon models of fitness and propriety. All of them treated me with regal condescension, as anything like a Whalen would have been most painful for me to bear. Having captured a Booth, near by, some kind friend took me by the Gills, which made me see Starrs, so as to totally upset such Humorous character as I possess. But to make up for this little surprise, which I subsequently understood was well meant, I struck a well paying vein in a Comstock mine, and used Bowies to assert my right to the discovery. However, I did not find it necessary to cut anybody—nor they me. So you see I made out pretty well. I might have sent you other information, but I shall have to Leav-itt until another time owing to press of matter.

P. S.—In order to avoid a prosecution for Bigg-amy I have determined not to have the Banns published here. But any money you may send me will be duly acknowledged in the local papers.

UNTER DER LINDE-N.

MY DEAR JESTER,—I have just been "assisting" at a phenomenal performance of "Macbeth." "Mac" is a very old friend of mine; I have seen him in barns and cocklofts, but never have felt so sorry for my poor countryman as I have to-night.

"Mac" and the wife, children and all appeared at the Academy in the person of a Mr. Linde. This gentleman has been puffed again and again as the "greatest living tragedian." Paragraphs have cropped up under telegraphic headings and elsewhere, lauding him as the most extraordinary Genius of the Age. I, accordingly, brimful of expectation, invested my mite and joined a select audience numbering about twenty, to witness his performance in the Academy of Music. The reciter at first suggested that we should adjourn to the green room, and as the audience were anxious to see "behind the scenes" they willingly trooped into that classic retreat. It was found, however, that they who were nowhere in the theatre, were everywhere in the green room, and we 'bout face and returned to the stalls.

Mr. Linde is a handsome man with a fine "rowlin'" eye. He has a trained tragedy voice and a slight foreign accent. He treated us first to "To be or not to be," which somebody behind, evidently up in his Shakespere, said was from "Hamlet." The famous soliloquy was spoken in the usual style; very much up and still more down, and altogether very unlike the manner in which a sane mortal would utter his thoughts on any subject whatever. The audience felt depressed; but brightened up when the entertainer intimated that he would now say his "Macbeth." You would not allow me space to tell you fully how dreadfully weary we were, and how glad we were when it was all over. The finest part of it was the admirable manner in which he slashed out scene after scene. There were several in the audience who were unacquainted with "Mac," and what impressions they carried away of him and his author, goodness only knows.

Seriously Mr. Linde has talent and a fine voice—particularly for shouting; but why he should rob us of our quarters and bore us with phenomenal recitals of "Macbeth" puzzles me not a little.

Yours,

AN OLD PLAYGOER.