

## The Jester.

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

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### AMONG THE LUNATICS.

When two such journals as the *Gazette* and *Herald* accuse each other of lying for the sake of political effect, but at the expense of that most unfortunate class of humanity—the insane—things have come to a pretty pass in journalistic warfare. We have read the charges made by the *Gazette*, and cannot but conclude that Dr. Howard's reply is not specific enough to dispose of them. On the other hand, it is a question as to who is the responsible officer—the Lady Superior or he. The insinuation which he makes, that "the contractors" are pecuniarily interested in retaining them, is an unworthy one—for be it remembered these ladies do not receive pay for their services—which he does. If his authority was ignored, he should have resigned. Touching the veracity of the report, we have no hesitation in awarding the palm to the *Herald* as the "champion hatchet thrower" in this discussion.

### THE LETELLIER DISMISSAL.

Poor Mr. Letellier is very sick—almost as sick as the Turkish Sultan. Indeed, the suffering he has gone through has been a severe test upon more Constitutions than one. So the case is to be referred back to Canada. Well, Canada's duty is plain, the majority must rule, and Mr. Letellier will have to abide by the result, since it has been virtually declared by the non-interference of the Home Authorities, that the Lieutenant-Governor is not Her Majesty's Representative. The main hinge upon which the question hung has, therefore, been practically disposed of—however much the people of this Province may regret the issue.

### RATHER HARD.

In future, the *Herald's* cable despatches will have appended to them an official certificate of authenticity from the Montreal Telegraph Company. Truth must be very poverty-stricken when the Managing Director is obliged to resort to this means of satisfying the public.

### PAUL FORD'S BALLOON ASCENSION.

It wasn't the New York *Herald* man who went up. It was I. It happened thus:—Seeing only one person could accompany the Professor, the *Witness* man, the *Herald* man, and myself, held a Council of War. It wasn't so much Moulton's size the Professor was afraid of as the ton of advertising matter he wanted to take with him.

"Can't do it," said the Professor, "that reading matter is altogether too heavy. I want something light."

"I'm your man," and I handed him a copy of the JESTER.

"That will do," said he, "I guess a little of this will go a long way by the time we descend. But the wind carried the sheet away, and as I saw it fluttering in the breeze, I remarked, "The jokes will fall flat enough now, wont they?"

Off we started, and on the way up I ventured a conundrum: "Why is Cowan and Page's invention like the National Policy?"

"Hang it, man," said he, "don't add insult to injury or I shall have to put you down."

"Well, if you do I'll buy a rubber balloon and start an opposition show." That scared him. "But tell me," I continued, "Why is Cowan and Page's Aerial Machine like the National Policy?"

"Can't say."

"Because it is a cranky subject to handle."

"Now, don't you think that's a little rough on the inventors?"

"Not at all, because they're only included in the rising generation at present, and they'll get wiser by and bye. Just now they're out on the fly, so to speak."

So we sailed to a greater height and got quite elevated. But the smell of the gas was something awful. It was so thick that we could almost cut it with a knife.

"This is too much of a good thing," said Mr. Grimley, for his countenance was a very good index to his name.

"That's on account of its extra quality," I remarked. "You must have saved an awful pile on the discount."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, don't you know those mortals on earth save vast fortunes if they pay before the 14th?"

"But this stuff is dear at any price."

"Which is another proof of its quality. Are you not aware the heavier the gas the greater its illuminating power?"

"Then they must have given us the superior article, and the consumers the common quality. The common would suit me first rate just now."

A way we sped and drove quite a brisk trade wind. By way of enlivening the conversation, I told Mr. Grimley that I had once heard of a man who

had gone up in a balloon who had never been seen since, and the only trace which indicated his fate was a ring on the third finger of his left hand, which had been found in a cow's stomach six months after.

"I say," said the Professor, "don't come it on a fellow like that."

The coldness of the atmosphere was getting a little uncomfortable, and very soon my teeth were holding an animated conversation with my mouth, and I begged the Professor to hold my jaw as I feared I should talk myself to death. And he did it quite effectively.

It was getting dark, and the stars grew more luminous and distinct. But all below was enveloped in Egyptian gloom. Suddenly, by an abrupt oscillation of the balloon, the door of the car opened and I fell; grasping the edge of the car, I clung with desperate energy and yelled, "save me! save me, for mercy's sake! and I'll pay you seventy-five cents on the dollar."

"Make it a hundred," said he, "and I'll do it." My perilous situation compelled me to accept, and he was mean enough to take advantage of the offer. He just succeeded in getting me into the car.

"Another minute," I gasped, "and there would have been a law suit over the estate."

By the way, I had prepared a graphic account of how things looked below, but I have just recalled the fact that it was quite dark and we couldn't see anything. Indeed, I hardly know, now, whether the stars were turned on or not: but as that reference is in type, I'll risk it.

Finally we reached a huge forest and forgot all about conundrums. We were dragged on at a furious pace, more dead than alive, and descended in an open clearing near a French Canadian village. It grew warmer, altho' the atmosphere was not so cold but that it made it pretty hot for us. The Professor was the first to collapse. The balloon followed suit. But you know by this time how badly we frightened the primitive villagers, who took us for light headed inmates of Longue Pointe, of whom they had read about in the *Gazette*. However, they watched us closely all night to see that we didn't take any of the spoons, and they gave us a breakfast in the morning.

When I got home I found my wife, who had been anticipating how she would drag the amount of the Insurance Policy, holding a wake, minus the corpse. "What, is it you?" she said, as a frown passed over her features. "I never lay myself out for a real good time, but what I am sure to be disappointed."

The common topics now are ballooney and lunacy. This subject is strictly within the limits of both.

### THE HOCHELAGA SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

There has always been something about Hochelaga that puzzled us. For a long time we were at a loss to discover whether it was the air, the water—or the taxes. But since the Municipality has desired amalgamation with the City of Montreal, we have arrived at the conclusion that Hochelaga rate-payers do not receive that liberal quality of education a manufacturing people should possess. Whether this is due, in part, to the bad state of the water supplied them by the city we cannot say. But at any rate the educational standard most certainly requires purifying, judging from the following foot-note appended to a printed circular, requesting payment of school taxes, handed to us by the gentleman who received it:—

"N. B.—Please bring this Notice, and your account (in your hands) when you come (or send), to pay the same now, either by post or otherwise, and a receipt will be sent to you free forthwith by the same way."

It is quite clear that this poor, neglected Municipality has been suffering long enough. The schoolmaster seems to be very much "abroad," at least in Hochelaga, and we trust that the recipient of the above notice will pay his school tax promptly, if he has any regard for the welfare of the rising branches of the English speaking generation of that section.

### A THIRD CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES.

#### The Councillors Vote on the "Salary Grab."

It was on the twelfth day of the fourth month of the first year of the reign of the Chief Magistrate of the City of the Mountain, a ruler justly esteemed by the people, that certain of the Councillors banded themselves together and sought whereby they might enrich themselves out of the public Treasury. For the office of Councillor had long ceased to be accounted a post of honour among them. And the times were hard and the burdens placed upon the backs of the people were heavy and grievous to bear, inasmuch that many of them departed into the land of Manitoba to escape the taxes which had been put upon them. These Councillors, therefore, which had an eye upon divers monies, convened and fell down and worshipped the golden calf their avarice had set up. And they were known as "Grab-bites" unto this day. And in the third hour of the afternoon of the time aforesaid a certain Grabbite of the Tribe of Holland, a man full of years, and of sanctity, slow of speech, but with a yearning for the dollar, (a coin of the currency of the time) lifted up his voice and spake:—

Hearken, ye Councillors, and give ear ye Chief Ruler, for I have something to say to you this day. For he it known among you that I will no longer sit in your councils unrewarded. The honor wherein ye pride yourselves satisfieth me not, for it will not purchase even so much as a measure of wheat, without which we die. Therefore, we crave payment, for our words of wisdom are as precious as the gold we loveth.

Then others which were divided in opinion waxed wroth, and considered what should be done in this matter. So George surnamed Childs, a merchant in oil, and of goodly countenance, arose and delivered himself in this wise:—

Men and brethren, now am I amazed at ye this day, in that one of us should covet the filthy lucre that we are here to distribute justly, as the People hath elected us to do. And thou, oh! Holland, doth honor profit nothing? for our trust is weighty, far above the gold ye seek to divide among yourselves.

And Holland, the Chief Grabbite, answered and said:—Nay, verily,