

# 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.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The memory of Ireland's patron Saint was duly honored Monday, to the satisfaction of Irishmen the world over, and those of Montreal in particular. An out-and-out Protectionist would not be persuaded that the procession was not in honor of the inauguration of the National Policy. It was a curious coincidence, however, that the two events should come to close together. There is a cheerful thought blended in the idea: the turning of everybody's attention to the peaceful pursuits of industry, which will have no time for thinking about those unhappy differences which were intensified in the past by the want of more profitable occupation. However, our Irish fellow-citizens ought to derive considerable comfort from the obligation the poet has placed them under, for he has immortalized the fact that "St. Patrick was a gentleman"—an honor that has been awarded to no other Saint in the calendar. There are some Scotchmen who would make us believe that he was born at Petit Cote; but we are not quite so green as that. Next to St. Patrick, the "rude old Irish gentleman" is entitled to honorable mention.

## THE BUDGET.

*Air—Robinson Crusoe.*

Bravo Mr. Tilley, you're not quite so silly,  
As a great many Grits may suppose you;  
Though hard the road seemed, your pledge is redeemed.  
Albeit Brown tried to bull-doze you.

*Chorus*—The hard times will fast disappear, Sir,  
(Though some people on that point aint clear, Sir,  
But all you cant please, *vide* coal, glue and cheese,  
But the people are with you, ne'er fear, Sir.

Uncle Sam's (artful child) little game has been "spiled,"  
We Canucks have proved ourselves smarter  
Than he took us to be—for he's now "up a tree,"  
And finds that he's now caught a Tartar.

The Elephantine N. P. the *Globe* said we should see,  
Would crush out all native industry,  
Has proved a trump card, and struck Brown rather hard.  
For his best inspirations grow musty.

There is one thought which cheers our most sanguine ideas,  
It is this: the times can't be harder;  
Let us hope they will mend, by which means in the end,  
The poor man may replenish his larder.

Be that as it may, both you and John A.,  
Have done what you said you would do, Sir;  
If trade's not better yet, you need feel no regret,  
For the blame will not then rest with you, Sir.

## AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER TO HIS SON AT COLLEGE.

My dear son,

I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine.

Your mother sends ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are quite well, excepting your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before and he is the only one left.

I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate

PARENTS.

## QUEBY.

The sidewalks this morning are like glare ice on a skating rink. Dr. C. F. Davies gave a very instructive lecture on the above subject yesterday evening in the Church of the Messiah.—*Star*, 15th.

We should be glad to know what really was the subject of our musical friend's lecture on the occasion above referred to—the sidewalk, glare ice, or a skating rink. Of one thing, however, we are confident—be the subject whatever it was—no one could more skillfully Handel it than the worthy doctor. Perhaps it was delivered on a sliding scale.

## SOBRY, BUT MUST.

JUVENILE PEDLAR OF LEAD PENCILS, TO MERCHANT—"Want anything in my line to-day, mister?"

MERCHANT—"No, not to-day, sonny."

JUVENILE PEDLAR—"You'll be too late, to-morrow, I'm only holdin' over increased price to-day to oblige my customers. Better close while goods' cheap."

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

We pledge ourselves to do our very best,  
And leave to fickle fortune all the rest;  
Aided by you we boldly hope to thrive—  
(Our Annual Subscription's \$1.25).  
'Tis here that human nature may be learned.  
*Vivat Regina!* Money not returned!

## Here and There.

That "January thaw" has come at last.

It is a wise joke that knows its own father.

A dumb wife may be said to be an unspeakable blessing.

A pannier is only another name for a lady's waist basket.

The milk of human kindness is apt to be largely watered.

An incurable patient very often turns out to be a dead failure.

Sir Isaac Newton would pick up a windfall with gravity on his face.

Those funny dogs which make you laugh so, are of the wag-gish order.

The brink of adversity is but another name for the margin of speculation.

When anything went wrong with Jenner's business he said it didn't matter.

Spring poetry is on the move. So it ought to be, it has so many kinds of feet.

Paganini sometimes played sacred music, but there was never a greater in-fiddle.

The punctilious journalist always minds his stops. He is period-ically correct, so to speak.

A "spelling bee" is only another name for a form of literary Billings-gate. By Josh that's rough.

Those exchanges which regulate their columns on the credit and debit system are getting fewer every day.

If the adage "that brevity is the soul of wit" was always observed by our public speakers, how many of them would succumb to the golden influence of silence.

## Around Town.

"Pistules for two," as one small-pox patient said to another.

Motto for the Board of Health—Small profits and *no* returns.

There are some "coppers" on the Montreal Police Force who are not worth a cent.

There are more "pools" to be seen in Montreal in a day than Chicago can boast of in a year.

That married man who gets drunk on champagne at the annual Masonic dinner, is apt to keep "Mum" in the premises.

The celebrated racer "Bombadier" has gone the way of all horse-flesh. The most fitting epitaph would be: "Worried to death."

Some amateur Sanitariums are predicting an epidemic this summer. We hope that, should it occur, it will set in before the Twelfth of July.

The editor of the *Canadian Spectator* evidently thinks that the members of the Fourth Estate were never meant to scratch out each other's I's.

"An Irishman" wants to know whether "*menier potu*" is the French for a cup of chocolate? and if it is prohibited under the constitution of the Dominion Alliance?

Goldwin Smith's experience as a "bystander" convince us that he is one of those men who would pass in a crowd—always supposing that his numerous convictions didn't hinder him.

Dr. McEachran's lecture last week was a thoroughly clever exposition of the striking qualities of our Canadian cattle. We hope the worthy Professor may long be spared the necessity of performing before the Public the tune the (Canadian) cow died of.

"Bleu" is anxious to learn whether Mr. Tilley's Budget Speech was written on "foolscap" or "Elephant post"? We should say neither; but rather on blotting paper, judging by its absorbing tendencies, and the efficient manner in which it has dried up the anti-protectionists.

*Grip* has offended somebody who is anxious to vent his spleen through our columns. Want of space, as well as want of inclination, prevent us going into the matter. We intend to rival *Grip* all we know how, but we prefer to do it in a square way. Canada has not so many clever journals that their Editors can afford to be continually snarling at each other. In our race the Public, after all, is the most competent judge of their respective merits. Long life to you Beagough, "we looks towards you."