

The Jester.

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

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

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THE FRASER INSTITUTE.

Eight years ago the late HUGH FRASER bequeathed to the citizens of Montreal the residue of his estate, amounting to about five hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of founding a Free Public Library, Museum and Gallery. The trustees and executors of that will are the Hon. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Hon. Judge TORRANCE and JOHN COWAN. These gentlemen were empowered to appoint governors, and they appointed Hon. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Hon. Judge TORRANCE, THOMAS WORKMAN, M. P., PETER REDPATH and ALEXANDER MOLSON, for the purpose of carrying the bequest into effect. Whether the governors could not get an architect with sufficient brains to elaborate a design on the magnificent scale contemplated by the testator, we cannot say; but surely eight years is more than a reasonable time in which to discover a competent designer who could put the buildings into shape. Rome, we know, was not built in a day; and in this respect, there is a strong classical connection between that ancient city and the contemplated institute, the only difference being the location of the ruins. But, so far, our expectant citizens have not seen the Free Public Library, the Museum or the Gallery. Even one of the three would have been *something* to look at. But, no; this colossal scheme has not yet come into existence. Surely, one would think that the names of these eminent citizens would have been a sufficient guarantee for promptness and despatch. But delays are dangerous. If either of the gentlemen above referred to would condescend to give the public some information, people would then be able to form an idea for themselves, and, doubtless, the Council of Arts and Manufactures would favor them with a plan of sufficient magnificence that would meet the views of all concerned. But there is another side to the question that calls for enquiry. The memory of the gentleman who bequeathed the gift has a right to be respected. True, dead men tell no tales; but we do hope the executors and governors may be able to find time enough to give the citizens some information concerning what has been done with the money. If they do not feel disposed to do so, we are almost enthusiastic enough about the matter to take it up upon our own responsibility, and to push it to the utmost. And it wouldn't take eight years to do it, either. Will they kindly explain and set an anxious public mind at rest?

POLITICAL FACTORS.

The *Herald* has discovered another "factor," in the Fusiliers' trip to St. Albans, and recommends such to be "considered as factors in the peace of nations." Next. It has also announced that beer, bread and cheese, were, last week, admitted as political "factors" on the floor of the House in the Quebec Legislature.

THE GREAT SMITH FAMILY.

The Canadian press generally seems to agree in believing that "Professor Goldwin Smith will never more return to the Old World, and that he intends taking up his residence permanently in Toronto." It is to be sincerely hoped that the Old Country will be able to get along without him. Of course, his thus self-exiling himself must be a terrible blow to civilized Europe. It is, however, assuring to Canadians to know by a Cablegram just received at Ottawa, that Professor Smith's "never more returning to the Old World," will not affect the stability of the English National Debt, and also, that British consols are still quoted as steady and unchanged in foreign markets. In the above connection, we noticed when the announcement was first made of Prof. Smith's intention of settling in the Queen City, that the stock of the Bank of Toronto was quoted at 138, and now, to-day, it is considerably less! There may be nothing in these coincidences, but straws will persist in showing which way the wind blows, while the Mayor of Toronto feels anxious about the future, as their new Water Works' bonds are now selling below par.

While writing on the subject of the ancient Smith family, it may not be out of place to allude to the extreme solicitude and attention manifested of late, by a certain section of the daily press, in the movements of the present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Sir A. J. Smith. It would seem

that his every movement is as closely watched as if he were the Czar of all the Russias. Let him but visit anywhere on his private concerns, and his arrival is next morning telegraphed all over the Dominion, while the party press print the announcement in its largest type; should he leave on the afternoon of the same day, then another grand flourish of electricity and printers' ink is the result. Even the honorable Minister of Marine's estimable wife comes in for almost a similar share of this unenviable newspaper notoriety, and it would not be astonishing to read some day in the press telegraphic news, accounts of her glove or confectionery purchases. Of course, all are willing to make a fair and due allowance to the Mackenzie government, for having been able to create and secure a live knight on the eve of its political funeral; but the government apparently considers the achievement as a sort of *quasi* badge of respectability to its ranks, never possessed before, and, consequently, to be made the most of. Still, as there exists in Canada many other titled politicians of acknowledged ability and renown, there is no pressing necessity for the Mackenzie cabinet, thus continually trotting out its Smith child of the regiment, even if it is their sole representative of nobility, as the Dominion is now quite familiar with the ancient stock from whence it took its origin.

A LADY ADMITS HER AGE.

We noticed notlong ago among the "Wanted" in the *Witness*, an offer of a "as lady help"—the advertiser describing herself as "a lady over thirty." Now, if ever any one deserves to get a congenial situation, it is that lady, who, scorning the petty subterfuges of the age and false modesty of her sex, which has misled thousands, she comes out boldly and candidly confesses that she is actually over thirty years of age! This is an acknowledgement, the like of which in candor and disingenuousness, has not been known in this city or Canada for ages past. A great many ladies whom we have met at intervals during many years are, according to *their* register, still on the sunny side of twenty-one, notwithstanding the fact that their younger brothers are married, and raising families of their own. It is often amusing to witness the complacency with which a charming creature and a veteran in flirtation, will tell you she is not yet out of her teens. It is enough to make one doubtful of the authenticity of simple addition in arithmetic, or Vennor's almanac on spring weather reversed.

SIR JOHN A'S CAB HIRE.

The *Herald* devoted half a column of editorial on Tuesday, to prove that Sir John A. MacDonald never paid for his cab hire, whereas, Hon. A. MacKenzie invariably does. There are wheels within wheels, and it is refreshing to read that Sir John "raised his own salary." We wish we knew how the process was accomplished, for if we did, we would raise our own salary at once. Of course, it was doubly mean of the late Premier, under these circumstances, to refuse payment of so trifling a matter as a hack fare. But then we always were under the impression, that political hacks were at the service of any government *gratis*, and the only natural conclusion we can draw is, that Sir John labored under the same impression. The presumption is that Hon. Mr. MacKenzie doesn't think the hacks good enough, and prefers to take a jaunting car over the Intercolonial.

CHRISTOPHER TYNER,

FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE HAMILTON "TIMES."

Born, July, 1836. Died, July, 1878.

A clever journalist, whose fertile pen
Wrote ever kindly of his fellowmen.
Vigorous in intellect, and in converse kind,
His frame betokened a well-balanced mind.
Chris. Tyner—dead, and gathered to his rest—
His name will live in many a confere's breast;
Then o'er his grave, respectful homage pay
The man, superior to the human clay.

McNALLY, of 171 St. James street, has done a good thing for himself and the volunteers, by catering to the 5th Fusiliers mess, and to that of the Montreal Field Battery. As an authority, McNally is the prince of caterers. He never gets cats stews, he avoids hashing up old bones of contention, and as for his messes, they are always characterized by *fare* dealing. He knows exactly where his head is battered, and how to lay it on, and as for toasts, what McNally doesn't know about toast isn't worth knowing.