

The Jester.

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

Mr. FRED. J. HAMILTON is authorized to collect all moneys due
"The Jester."

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Advertisers and Subscribers who are in arrears will be furnished with their
accounts, and a prompt settlement is requested.

F. J. HAMILTON & CO.

HOW TO COOK ONE'S GOOSE.

Miss COURSON is to give a series of lessons at the old High School, commencing on the 11th inst., on the subject of Cookery. To these the rich and poor will alike be admitted. If Miss COURSON succeeds in teaching young ladies how to do something more sensible than wasting their energies over useless embroidery and other trivial nic-naes, she will have placed their papas under an immense obligation. We may hope in future that it will not be considered *infra dig* to even receive visitors in the kitchen, when Angelina's pretty, round arms may be seen in pounding out the mysteries of an apple dumpling, or in stuffing a goose or turkey. That will be a sage occupation of which nobody except the cook (for cooks usually have "high" notions) need be ashamed. This is one of the best means, yet discovered, of teaching servants their true place, and at the same time reducing the domestic expenses these hard times—especially when Papa has all he can do to make both ends meet "down town." Another thing, too, it will be an excellent way of getting a manly and sensible husband who will appreciate his dinner the more when he knows Angelina has had a share in its preparation.

The poor will alike profit by these lessons—provided that a pound of butter, under Miss COURSON'S system, is not required to cook two pounds of potatoes, as is generally the case in cheap cookery books. We hope the poor will profit by the opportunity and that they may receive instruction at as low a figure as possible. Miss COURSON has our best wishes for her very laudable scheme and more particularly if she can teach us how to live within our incomes, at least so far as the kitchen department is concerned.

VARIÆ LECTIONES.

The following Latin mottoes which have been sent us by a contributor are respectfully submitted for the consideration of the University Literary Society, and more particularly of those gentlemen "who did the State much service" during the recent elections:—

LORD DUFFERIN.—Facile Princeps.—Os magna sonaturum.

ALEX. MCKENZIE.—Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor:

Ovid.

HON. LUCIUS SETH.—Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

Ovid.

HON. RUDOLPH.—Per plures, per fas et nefas, usque ad aras.

E flamma petere cibum.

Terence.

ST. JUST.—Flectere si nequeo Superos—Acheronta movebo.

Virgil.

CAUCHON.—Floeci, nauci, nihili, pili.

THE EX-GRIT MINISTRY.—Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides, et, qui redire nescit, cum perit, pudor.

Seneca.

THE DARLING.—Aquam plorat, cum lavat, fundere.

Plautus.

BARNEY.—Egregii mortalis altique silenti.

Horace.

"THE POST."—Ejusdem Farinae.

"HERALD" STEWART.—Palinodium canere.

Virg.

GOFF.—Fatetur facimus, qui judicium fecit.

CARTWRIGHT.—Huic maxime putamus malo fuisse nimiam opinionem ingenii atque virtutis.

JONES (ex-militia).—Horre momento aut cita mors venit, aut Victoria laeta.

LAURIER.—O faciles dare summa deos, eademque tueri

Difficiles!

Lucan.

AN UNHAPPY ART CRITIC.

Mr. G. Couture's experience as an Art critic is not a happy one. The musical field in Montreal is too limited to appreciate the wealth of musical information that is contained within him. We are a dull people, very ignorant, very sensitive and very peculiar. If the Montreal public chooses to express (in its ignorance) its universal approbation of the recent performance of the Philharmonic Society it is stubborn enough to adhere to that opinion, notwithstanding Mr. Couture's encyclopedic knowledge to the contrary. The opinion expressed by Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Whitney of that performance goes for nothing and, of course, had either artist have known that Mr. Couture was going to give utterance to an opposite sentiment, they would never have been so foolish as to differ with one who manifestly knows so much, compared to their inferior judgment. But we guess Dr. MacLagan and the Philharmonic Society can stand it. But we hate to crowd out the opinions of such a marvel of genius. The *Star* says they "are entitled to much weight." Yes. They are undoubtedly very heavy and the *Star's* editor has completely overlooked the important fact that Mr. Couture's sentiments are a complete satire upon its own report of that very concert. But we are giving too much space to Mr. Couture, who if, he takes our advice, will seek some more suitable clime in the classic regions of New York or Boston.

MEDITATIONS UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

Dear me how it does rain. Did ever anyone see anything like fall weather? Nobody—except Vennor and he isn't particular. His promises never mature before thirty days. One really never knows whether to carry an umbrella over the shoulder or over the head. It is damp under foot, over head, around, behind, before—everywhere.

"Ah, beg your pardon, sir, quite accidental I assure you. Yes, it is a bad rip," and the old gent's umbrella is split up from base to summit.

You see we always carry an old umbrella on principle. One with a rib detached from the slide. We don't do this with a prematurely malicious purpose, but simply because it was left at our office—by mistake for a better one—and we keep it in case the owner should call for his family relic. But when a person comes careering along with his umbrella jammed down over his head, then our's gently swings around and the silkless rib bids its brother parachute "beware" and thus it was the above accident occurred. As we moved along we thought there was no use in being angry. One wears out more vital tissues in a single fit of temper than in a dozen days of equanimity. But we are aroused from our reflections by somebody shouting.

"Hi there, look out, can't yer? Want ter git run over, stoopid?"

We look mildly up and a great dray-horse stares at us in the most ghastly manner. We jump back, wildly, and somebody else's umbrella catches us in the back of the neck. We feel our choler rising and suppress our momentary impulse of anger. What's the use of getting excited? Then a gust of wind catches the open fracture of our rain shield and it is borne away while we madly pursue it—to the delight of all the small boys—and catch up to it opposite the corner of the Post-Office. Then somebody picks it up and is in the act of courteously returning it, when that detached rib ploughs his left cheek and he departs, cursing us for his pains. We feel sure he will not forget us.

We buy our *Gazette* from a newsboy and then feel for our money. This process involves unbuttoning one's coat, then one's undercoat and finally succeed in finding we have only a ten-cent piece. We wait while the boy goes for change, and in the meantime we try to button our coat again with wet fingers and puncture our hand with a pin which the good wife has cleverly concealed in trying to fasten our scarf so that it will lay flat upon our shirt front. Having got our change, the boy is out of sight and then we find he has given us a *Herald*, either by mistake or design. Thompson, who is an ardent Grit happens along, and we pass the *Herald* over to him. He looks surprised—but takes it, and says "I thought you'd come over to our side after all." He never dreams of the mild deception that has been practised on him, and tells his friends that "the Conservative party is rapidly becoming disgusted with Sir John A.; that he knows lots of people who are going over, etc., etc." and so the "impression gains ground," as the reporters would say. In the meantime we pursue our way and by the time we have arrived at our office, we discover that another rib has become detached, and so the umbrella "goes round" once more. But we prefer to keep it, until a better one takes its place—by mistake of course.

"JUVENILE PENETRATION."

Nurse (to five-year-old).—"Bobby if you're not a good boy I'll send for a policeman and he will put you in jail."

Bobby.—"No he won't nudder. He goes to bed at eight o'clock."

Amusements.

THE CONCERT AT SYDNEY HALL.—Mr. Fred. E. Lucy-Barnes and his associates gave their audience a delightful treat on Tuesday evening. "Everybody" was there, but everybody could not find room, which was crammed with select people. There were no reserved seats. That was a good thing. The dignified, the enthusiastic, and the "art critic" were there, and those who could not find seats stood upon their dignity—near the door. Of the performers we must place Mr. Barnes first. His playing was simply perfection, or as near perfection as our untutored mind can grasp that idea. Mr. Maffre had more strings to his bow than he occasionally knew what