

The Jester,

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

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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.

NOT TILL THEN.

When Montreal has a Board of Health, the members of which can transact their business decently and in order; when it can show that it is exclusively composed of intelligent gentlemen; when its proceedings cease to savour of the circus clown style of humour; when it has first cleansed itself from the pollution of offensive personalities, which at present infect it, then, and not till then, may we expect to find that the problem of small-pox has been mastered, and the sanitary condition of our city show some signs of improvement.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A MODERN FABLE.

Once upon a time a Crocodile made his home upon the bank of a noble river. He was a respectable Crocodile; went to meeting regularly and became a pattern to all the young Crocodiles in the neighbourhood. This Crocodile had accumulated a large "nest egg" by his energy and perseverance. Wherever he went mothers of large families would point at him and say to their little ones: "See, yonder there goes an upright member of our society, follow his example and you may do well." And all the little Crocodiles would envy him as he passed. At certain seasons of the year he would go among them and speak words of kindness and encouragement, and his face was as familiar at their meetings as the sun at noon-day. As his means increased he became a representative in their councils; for his words were weighty, and he was supposed to possess a clear and independent judgment. So time went on, and this Crocodile was universally respected by all who didn't know him. Business thrived so well that he found it necessary to take a partner that had saved the hard earnings of the best part of his life. But the hard times came and there was a scarcity of employment for thousands of honest, willing animals that could not find anything to do. But misfortunes will come when we least expect them, and great was the consternation which startled the neighbourhood when it was discovered that this great and good Crocodile was missing. For it was thought that he had drowned himself, and much grief was felt for his absence.

So the Lion and the Tiger, the Leopard, the Fox, the Wolf, the Beaver and others, which had esteemed him for his integrity (for this Crocodile had lived on excellent terms with all the animals of the place) came to his partner, a young and intelligent Newfoundland, and said: "We are much concerned about thy partner. Where is he?" And the Newfoundland could not tell them—for he was as much surprised as any of them. And he desired of them to take possession and make him a bankrupt. But they were loth to do this, for they felt that the Newfoundland was in a sore strait. And soon it was discovered that the old Crocodile had gone away with large means; some said he was taken sick; others, who were jealous of his position, insinuated that he had gone for good. But at length a message came that he had gone West, but would return, and three days passed and still he did not come.

Then the creditors were forced in justice to themselves to take possession. At length the Crocodile's actual whereabouts was discovered, and friends went to him, and persuaded him to return. So they brought him back amid much tears and rejoicings, and they made a great fuss over him, and said among themselves, "Is not this an honest Crocodile to return so willingly, whereas he might have built himself a snug home on the bank of some river in the United States." And all were touched by his noble self-sacrifice and great generosity in coming back. For other Crocodiles, not nearly so well off, have been smothered in a mud-cell for less cause. And the Crocodile shed tears of sorrow so profusely that the city near by the river's bank was almost flooded. And there was a general rejoicing among the creditors, and everybody felt happy, except the Newfoundland that had been so cruelly left alone

to face the storm of adversity. And the Crocodile lived and was respected for doing, under moral compulsion, what other Crocodiles have been forced to do under the Warrant of Authority.

Moral.—We may learn in this affecting Fable how it is possible to disguise Imposture in the garb of Virtue. And to any Crocodiles who may feel similarly inclined, we would say "go West, if you want to—but please settle up first."

"A WORK OF ART."

Shadows, in some instances, cast themselves in front—dependant always upon the position of the light—but according to the *modern* idea—which is generally antagonistic to that of the ancient—shadows are cast at right angles to the line of light. A portrait of Sir Patrick McDougall, recently on exhibition in Dawson's window, is recommended to the notice of the Art Association. It may possibly account for the phenomenon. Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt and other noted amateurs, knew better. But alas! their race is defunct. Possibly the artist, who is not wanting in talent, may throw some light on this subject from a more satisfactory angle. May his shadow never grow less.

NOTHING LIKE BRAINS.

The old lady who is supposed to edit the Literary Department of the *Star*, a few days ago made the astounding assertion that "Mountain views were well calculated to develop the intellect." We had serious thoughts of visiting the Mountain in order to get an intellectual feed *gratis*, but alas! we came down tired and weary. On looking at the *Star* again (to make sure of our authority) we found the eccentric female had been joking, for she informs us (see *Star* Jan. 27th) "that's the sort of hair-pin I am." Well, if this isn't the eccentricity of an over-fed intellect, we cannot account for the old lady's facility of expression in any other way. Now we would like to know how long a residence it would need upon the Mountain summit to get one's wits sharpened? before a person would be capable of producing such airy, literary humour as we have quoted. We have heard of "public educators," and had a notion that "hair-pins" were very convenient auxiliaries for the higher adornment of women, but really we should like to see the literary "hair-pin" of the *Star*, in order to ascertain how far that very convenient instrument had pierced her brain.

WANTED—A CHIEF OF POLICE.

By PAUL FORD.

Times are hard and employment scarce. The post of Chief of Police isn't to be had every day. "Go for it, Paul" said my inner self, "and you will succeed." My "inner self's" head was level and I went for it—well knowing it would not come to me.

I borrowed a half dollar from a friend, and gave it to another fellow who produced the following testimonial, signed by the usual number of irresponsible property-holders, those holding first mortgages preferred.

TESTIMONIAL.

We, the undersigned Citizens of Montreal, have much pleasure in certifying to the abilities of Paul Ford, Esquire, aged 28, no occupation, for the position of Chief of Police. From what we know of him, we feel thoroughly convinced that his peculiar fitness for working out a clue, in imagination, or for elaborating a theory, after a mysterious robbery, are unsurpassed, while his intimate knowledge of the whereabouts of the average policeman after dark, and his original method of striking and "laying out a beat" are not to be despised. He has no politics, and no religion, but is a consistent worshipper of Bail.

We also further testify that he is perfectly color blind on the Twelfth, doesn't know any party tunes, but is an accomplished performer on the pig's whistle; that being the symbolical musical instrument of our native Police Force.

Signed (etc.)

The first "citizen" I met looked at the document. We went into the City Club, and he signed it without a murmur. "Hold on a moment" said he, wiping his lips, "I think I can get you half a dozen more distinguished citizens." Presently, he brought in five others, who also signed on the usual terms, (for I never run up a score at a tavern.) In two hours I procured seventy-six signatures at the trifling cost of eight dollars and sixty-three cents—(wholesale rates.) It's always better to do these things by the gallon, when you're on a mission of this kind.

Without delay I called upon the Chairman of the Police Committee, who received me very politely, and begged me to take a seat. "This Testimonial reads very well" said he, "but have you had any experience?"

"That's just where you're talking. I have been outside a station, inside a station, occupied many a station, and in fact I've been in the stationary business for the last twelve months—and not a single policeman has ever told me to 'move on.'"

"But have you ever been in a position of trust and responsibility?"

"Of course I have. I've been in the drug business, where I came to grief through too much trustfulness. I have been in the telegraph business, where I've telegraphed many a voter on election day; I've been an officer, and have held a commission. Isn't that experience enough?"

"That's so. Then you can drill?"

"Drill! Rather. Why I could drill a hole in a policeman's intellect, with any man in the Country."

"That augurs well for success," said the Chairman.

"I guess it does, I replied. But I hope I don't bore you."

"Not at all, for we must be particular in these matters. Now supposing a Detective arrested a man, for whose apprehension there was, say, four thousand dollars reward. What would you do, supposing he arrested his prisoner, and took him to a hotel instead of bringing him to you as he had been instructed?"

"Do? Why I should expect at least half of the reward, which if I