

# 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.

## 33 PER CENT.

We are in receipt of several communications anent the drug per centage business. While we believe in Free Trade in drugs, we also believe in protection to the patient. Monopolies, like comparisons, are odious. Both are often nasty to handle. For our part, while we would prefer throwing our physic to the dogs—which if every one did the same, there might be fewer dogs—we are also desirous of seeing that the patient is not made to pay twice for his medicine. Now if these percentage advocates would only transact their business on the "no cure, no pay" principle, perhaps there would not be so much to object to.

## THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL MEETING.

By PAUL FORD.

Introductory.

My reasons for running for the Presidency of this distinguished Society—distinguished for the powerful impetus it has given to Scottish literature, for its discoveries in the Gaelic tongue, for its oatmeal cakes—were finally decided by the following letter, which I publish in justice to myself:—

Paul Ford, Esq.,

Montreal, Jan. 6th, 1879.

Sir,—The Annual Meeting of this Society takes place on Thursday evening at eight o'clock, sharp. Several names have been suggested for the office of President, but they are comparatively unknown to the great, outer world. Will you stand? We want a man of good, strong, social position. You are that man. You have distinguished yourself in social circles, and you possess almost enough wit for a Scotchman. If you are not a Scotchman it is your mother's fault, not yours. I believe you are also a contributor to a widely influential journal. This fact alone will give you extensive advertising privileges, and, should you be elected, is worth, at least, a thousand dollars a year, estimated at the ordinary advertising rates. Ponder over this request. Weigh it well.

You will not have to do any work. The Committee will do the work, and you will get the credit of doing it. The hardest part of your duties will be to run around to get some one to speak at our Annual Entertainment, at which you will be expected to deliver the introductory address, and to tell the people how much the Society is in debt (if anything) at the end of the year. You will also have to introduce the speaker to the audience at that concert, and to let the gentleman who is your *dernier resort* know (after he has acquiesced in your request) that your friend the Member for the Gulf Ports was, inadvertently, compelled to decline acting in that capacity. This will make him cheerful and at-home like, and he will admire your candor. It isn't necessary for you to know anything of Scottish literature—or any other literature, for the matter of that, beyond the current market rates in the commercial columns of the *Gazette*. Permit me to nominate you.

Yours fraternally,

ROUND ROBIN.

I wrote a hasty note to my friend and consented to run; first paying my subscription to save any possible unpleasantness at the meeting.

## The Meeting.

There was a full attendance, and not a little suppressed excitement. The President looked a trifle nervous and uneasy. The Secretary was there also. Several persons appeared anxious to speak to him. Having spoken to him in a whisper, he always nodded his head in a very mysterious manner, and said "all right." The air was thunderous. Knots of members held caucus meetings in odd corners. Twenty per cent. of those present were candidates.

After the usual routine business the ex-President made his dying speech and confession; thanked his numerous patrons for their support in the past, and hoped they would give him—no, he meant the Society, their support in the future. The Society had made him what he was.

At this stage some one asked if this meeting was constitutional.

"Yes, why?" said the President.

"Oh, nothing," returned the individual, "only I believe it is customary at these meetings for somebody to object to something or another on constitutional grounds."

Then another person gave a notice of motion, so as to save time until those of his friends who had promised to vote for him had arrived. Another pressed a motion, that before proceeding to the election of officers, their qualifications should be duly and thoroughly understood by the meeting. Carried after a good deal of discussion. The special Committee on Qualifications met

in a corner, and considered their report, which being adopted, is here presented in condensed form.

1. The President must have been educated at Petite Cote Academy.
2. He must be a known man. Intellect not so much an object as position.
3. If born in England, he must have one relation at least who is Scotch.
4. Any person bearing a Scotch name is eligible for office. But
5. He must know the Gaelic for "dollar," anyway.
6. No President to receive a Presentation "as a mark of respect," &c., until he has paid for three suppers for all the members of the Society during his term of office, it being recognized as one of the fundamental rules of this Society that one good turn deserves another.
7. He must know at least one verse of Tam O'Shanter in proof of his knowledge of Scottish Literature.
8. Though not strictly necessary, he should be, if not a member of Parliament, at least one of the Dominion Board of Trade.
9. If a lawyer, he will be expected to give his advice gratis to any member of the Society requiring a legal opinion.

Sandy McSanders was the first person nominated for President.

"Where are your testimonials?" demanded an opponent.

"Here, sir," and he read the following document:—

OTTAWA, Dec. 2nd, 1879.

The Bearer is a faithful, energetic, sober, and industrious man. During my stay in Montreal he made an excellent body servant. In fact he seldom, if ever, left me—alone. I have great pleasure in recommending him to any social position for which his numerous talents may fit him.

McCALLUM MORE.

Sandy McSanders was nominated.

Andrew McCheviot was next on the list.

"How about his qualifications?" remarked another.

"Sir," rejoined Mr. McCheviot, "I never qualify anything, but I can buy up the whole lot of ye."

"What do you know of Scottish literature?" questioned a legal candidate for the office. "Can you quote Burns?"

"If ye'll just gi' me a copy o' yon book I'll quote him wi' ye by the hour. But its men o' poseetion we want, and if I understand correctly, poseetion in this case is everything."

Andrew McCheviot was nominated.

Now for my chance, thought I—now or never. "Mr. President," I said, I beg respectfully to nominate myself." This took the meeting so much by surprise that there was a dead silence. "Gentlemen," I continued, "this unprecedented step is not without reason. The member who was to have nominated me has not yet arrived, but the letter which I hold in my hand is my excuse. I then read the letter.

"What do you want to run for? Who ever heard of you?" queried Mr. McCheviot. "Mr. Chairman," I continued, "these are hard times, and, as you have just heard, this office of President affords an excellent advertising medium to its possessor. I also believe the Society is for mutual help and improvement, and I stand in need of both."

At this juncture Mr. Round Robin having arrived, I placed my claims, with the permission of the meeting, in his hands.

Mr. Round Robin was staunch and true. He said that although the President was not expected to know much, to say much, or to do much, yet he considered Literature had some claims on the Society which could not find a better representative than in himself or his friend, Mr. Paul Ford. He (the speaker) had had some experience in framing Addresses and doing a good deal of work which, owing to the very retired social position he occupied, had not been recognized. This, certainly, was not his fault, although he regretted it was his misfortune. He therefore waived any humble pretensions he might entertain for the honourable office of President in favour of his friend, Mr. Paul Ford. So far as he (the speaker) was concerned, he, for one, never expected a President to work. But, like the wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store, an ornamental President would make an admirable sign-post, as indicating the whereabouts of a Society whose destiny was to unfold the future glories of Scottish literature. But, doubtless, there were other gentlemen who would make just as admirable wooden Indians as his friend Mr. Ford, for whom he intended to vote, but was at the same time willing to accept the choice of the Society as the votes might indicate. He only regretted one thing, and that was: the curriculum at the Academy of Petite Cote was so limited in its character.

At this stage of the proceedings I left, little expecting that I was to be elected by a majority of three. But, to speak frankly, I fear to go back lest I should be expected to give the first of the three suppers which the Society might demand of me. For on a matter of giving a supper, even a wooden Indian and myself stand on term of perfect, social equality.

## COMPLIMENTARY—VERY.

Leading Merchant, desirous of inviting Prominent Citizen to dinner, does so verbally, through Prominent Citizen's brother, who is not a prominent citizen:

"My dear fellow, I would have included you also, but, really, I must draw the line somewhere."

Prominent Citizen's brother: "Better draw it at whiskey, Sir."

## CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

YOUNG SWELL TO STREET CAR CONDUCTOR—"Awfully cold. I declare our conservatory windows were quite frozen this morning."

CONDUCTOR—"Yer dont say, Mister, and so was my water butt. Blowed if that aint strange now, when yer come to think on it!"