

THE JESTER,

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OUR POLICE AND OUR FIREMEN.

The blue coated Guardians of the Peace have from time immemorial been considered legitimate food for newspapers generally and for comic journals in particular. They are proverbial for not being present when wanted and their evidence is often regarded with suspicion. In short they have been usually associated with all sorts of short comings; of sins of omission and commission. Who ever heard of a policeman having brains? Our Fire Brigade, however, have had a better chance of winning the public approval, and, by their deeds, of proving themselves to be men of heroism and endurance. In the face of all these facts our City Council, with that sublime inconsistency that has marked the administration of Mayor Beaudry, has evinced a tendency to cut down the salary of our Police Force and our Fire Brigade. Why not at once let our aldermen cut their connection with the Corporation and give place to others who instead of *talking* will do some good and efficient work "in a quiet sort of way?" But we fear there is no immediate prospect of such a happy state of affairs. Since that hydra headed monster Economy has made his appearance in our midst our aldermen appear to be infected with a feverish desire to let our city of Montreal go to the dogs. But to return to our Police Force. Granted, Gentlemen of the Council, that the average policeman has no brains. Granted that he is never present when wanted. Granted that his knowledge of the nature of an oath is of a very vague nature. Admitting that he is only useful to make a joke upon in a comic paper; allowing that he is seen in all his pomp and magnificence at a public funeral. We say admitting all these suppositions, we would venture to ask in the most respectful manner we can command: How do you propose to increase the quality of the Force by reducing the pay? Just imagine for a moment, if you please, the state of things our distracted city would have to endure under your economic proposition? A riot unchecked. Mob-rule triumphant. Burglary rampant. Assaults unpunished. Stealing *ad libitum*. Outrages unrevenged. And all these calamities and crimes for the sake of saving a dollar a week by the services of men who are underpaid already! When you in your wisdom give a policeman a beat extending a mile or so in length, and allow other "beats" to operate in the meantime, don't you think you have already done enough to merit public censure? When you instruct policemen *not* to arrest drunken vagabonds because the city cannot afford to pay their board, that you have paved the way sufficiently to let these miscreants go to still further excesses. But no, your honest simple souls are bent on saving a dollar even if the City has to pay a hundred dollars in the effort. But we don't admit that our Police Force *are* all numbsculls. We don't think they are solely composed of incompetents, and seeing that they are as good as can be got for the money, we can't well understand how you are going to improve their *status* by cutting down wages. You have made a fool of PEXTON long enough and it only needs the finishing stroke of misplaced retrenchment to prove how still more foolish are PEXTON's masters. Then what about our Fire Brigade? Surely *their* services at the St. Urbain street disaster ought to bring a blush upon the face of any alderman who would be found hardy enough to advocate the cutting down of *their* salaries. Only last week we had an illustration of what *might* have happened, had our Brigade not been on the scene of a fire in some outhouses in rear of St. Catherine street, East. Ten minutes later—and the St. Urbain holocaust might have been repeated and it was only the prompt and efficient action of our competent firemen that prevented it. Some day

the time may when the City will have to mark the spot of a calamitous fire with the following inscription:

THIS SITE

MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE BUSINESS PORTION OF MONTREAL ONCE STOOD.
THIS INSCRIPTION IS A TRIBUTE TO THE FALSE ECONOMY
OF ITS ALDERMEN.

If Aldermen NELSON and GRENIER can spare the time from their election canvassing we hope they will enter their strong protest against cutting down the salaries of our policemen and firemen. For never were the services of these gentlemen more needed than now. We trust our citizens will not permit any reduction to take place. It is in the interest of our mercantile and social community to increase rather than reduce the wages of their public servants. We hope they will look at Toronto and compare notes.

PERSONAL.

We beg to add our testimony to the general expression of regret that all classes feel at the approaching departure of one of our best citizens from among us. At such a moment it would be out of place to perpetrate a *mot* upon one who is, himself, a Prince among humorists, and the kindest of men. Our people can ill afford to spare the Rev. JAMES CARMICHAEL from among them, for not only has he endeared himself to those of his own faith by his brave and wise counsels, but he has won the involuntary regard of those of another creed, who also admire him for his sterling worth. In times like these; times of political intrigue, party faction, slander and recrimination, men like him act as a corrective upon violent language and rash deeds. Would that we had more like him; men who by their influence and excellent tact would harmonize factions and live out Christianity instead of contenting themselves merely with preaching it. Mr. CARMICHAEL has succeeded in doing this without receding one step from the path of honest Conviction. We are sorry, deeply sorry to lose him, but since Duty has urged him to go, it is not for us to stay his footsteps. We know there will be abundant practical proofs of the general feeling of sorrow, but the addresses and testimonials he will receive, will only indicate a very small percentage of the feelings of those who will not be able to afford to contribute their mite. Under these circumstances we venture to think there will be a more powerful testimony in the memory of Mr. CARMICHAEL when he knows that behind these tangible proofs of affection there is a unanimous public sentiment which will say "There goes an honest Christian gentleman and a true citizen." And knowing this, to say "good bye" will indeed be a painful thing to all. For ourselves, we would prefer to substitute *au revoir*.

A GENTLE HINT ON THE USE OF THE V AND W.

The Vide World you may search, and my fellow not find
I dwells in a Waccum, deficient in Vind:
In the Wisage I'm seen, in the Voice I am heard,
And yet I'm invisible, gives Went to no Vord.
I'm not much of a Vag, for I am Vanting in Vit,
But distinguish'd in Werse for the Wollums I've writ.
I'm the head of all Willums, yet far from the Vurst—
I'm the foremost in Wice, though in Wirtue the first.
I'm not used to Veapons and ne'er goes to Var,
Though in Walour invincible, in Wictory sure;
The first of all Wiands and Wictuals is mine.
Rich in Wenison and Weal but deficient in Vine.
To Wanity given, I in Welwots abound,
But in Voman, in Vife, and in Vidow ain't found;
Yet foremost in Wirgins, and I'll tell you (between us),
To persons of taste I'm a bit of a Venus.
Yet now take me for Veal or for Voe, in its stead,
For I ranks not among the sweet Vood, Vun and Ved.

POETIC.—What prosercription is the best for a poet? A composing draft. This is invariably taken by poets who have the spring fever.

POLITICIANS TAKE NOTICE.—Why are Parliamentary Reports called "Blue Books"? Because they are never rejaqd.