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Vol. I., No. 49.

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

The JESTER is published every Friday. Fred J. Hamilton & Co. Proprietors.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

Those subscribers who do not get their paper regularly, will oblige by addressing a postal card to P. O. Box 905, or at the office 162 St. James Street.

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

didn't get, I should arrest the Detective and—reduce him to the rank of Sanitary Constable on the Board of Health—as a moral example to the rest of the Force."

A furtive smile passed over the Chairman's face.

"Now, one more question, please. Supposing a policeman brought in a prominent citizen, drunk, at midnight, what would you do with the prisoner?"

"I'd put his money and watch in the safe, and send him home in a sleigh, because I should consider it my first duty to uphold the respectability of those of our leading citizens who get drunk at midnight—by accident."

"Good," said the Chairman—"very good."

"Now let me suppose another instance of a policeman bringing in a prisoner who is charged with insulting the police. What would you do in that case?"

"First, I should find out where a policeman's feelings are located—and then, having discovered them, exercise my own discretion as to whether it is possible to hurt them."

"What is your opinion as to Special Constables, as a means of increasing the efficiency of the Force?"

"Special Constables, in my opinion, are luxuries which the Corporation cannot afford—and the interest of the City would be just as well served if the gaol prisoners were let out for a holiday. You see it would save the expense to the citizens, and answer the purpose just as well."

"What would you do now on 'the Twelfth,' in case of any expected trouble?"

"I should be sick—decidedly sick—and if I wasn't sick I'd be as sick as circumstances would permit. But if I couldn't get up a real sickness I should charge the Active Police with the custody of those Special Constables."

"And when a policeman isn't to be found on his beat—at night, what would you do?"

"If he was unmarried I should endeavour to communicate with his girl, and if he was married I should want to see his marriage certificate."

"Yes, continued the Chairman, I think you'll do. Consider yourself as good as appointed, but mind me, you musn't go round blowing that you are going to run this Committee—or there'll be trouble."

Round Town.

The practical meaning of J. P.—Justice provoked.

What makes a boy like to slide down hill? Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.

The *Gazette* reporter has gone into the cat and dog business as a specialty. What a mongrel species of journalism!

We have received a copy of a song called "Parting." Most partings give pain, but this one gave us real pleasure.

A woman generally carries her concealed weapon in her mouth, so that she may really be said to be "armed to the teeth."

The height of cruelty is to give your mother-in-law the outside of the sidewalk when the man above is shovelling snow off the roof.

A butcher may truly be said to be a help-meat to the human family. This remark does not include those who traffic in "stalls." But such people hate to talk "shop."

The volunteers have won the day in Court, and will be paid as they ought to have been long ago. They only ask a fair field and no favor—even on the Twelfth of July.

We regret that Mr. C. J. Brydges will shortly cease to act as fender for the Intercolonial Railway. We hope, however, that some day he'll be able to make tracks for himself.

Since the Mayor is so attached to his salary would it not be a graceful thing for him to resign, in order to give the Council the opportunity of appointing him Chief of Police?—for which office he is specially fitted.

Mrs. McNulty has been awarded £3 by the Princess Louise for her admirable production in "triplets." Now then, Mr. Couture, here is an original composition you could never produce for the same money.

Judge Johnson is of the opinion "there was no law which stated that magistrates must be wise." That's so; because, if there had been a law to that effect, Sir John would have been puzzled in his selection of J. P's.

In its commercial columns the *Post* a few days ago said: "The day's transactions consisted simply of a few bagans, and lots of broken bakers." That's another argument in favor of Protection. We know lots of broken people besides bakers.

The *Star* of the 29th credits the Recorder with having expressed the opinion that "Catherine Spears' face is as well known in Court as the town clock." This is rather complimentary to Catherine, seeing that the town clock is *not* to be seen.

It is an astonishing fact, which we never could account for, how those "fearful examples" recollect so well at temperance meetings what happened to them when they were drunk. Now in ordinary experience such moments are always blanks. But let that pass.

We have seen a very neat and portable water-filter patented by Mr. W. R. Campbell, which, at least, enables us to arrive at a very clear understanding of what water looks like after the slugs and lizards we have read of so much lately, are stopped in their progress *en route* to our dining table.

We notice that one of the fair sex has issued a challenge to walk a hundred miles against any "lady" for the championship. Now had this sure-footed damsel sent forth a challenge to "talk" against any other of her sex for the same honor, we make no doubt there would have been dozens of competitors for the much-coveted prize.

THE LOST THAW.

O January,
Have you gone?
And had you nary
To bring on?
The snow has no
More thought of thaw—to
Put it mildly (as I ought to)—
Than I of flying
Or of denying
That ten below—
Or so—
(With lots of snow,
You know,
I much prefer—
Yes, sir!—

To horrid slush
(Or mush),
Hail, chilly rains,
Chilblains,
Rheumatic pains,
Swell'd veins,
Or kindred ills
Of chills,
And doctors' pills
And bills,
Sore throat and wheezing,
Red nose and sneezing.
Good thaw—farewell!
For once we'll do without you,
Almighty sell!
'Nuff said—tha's all about you.

A THOUGHTFUL SENTIMENT.

Lulled in the countless chamber of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a countless chain
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise
Each stamps its image as the other dies.

ADD-FRANCE.

Hon. Alex Mackenzie delivered an address at the Burns' Anniversary Celebration to-night.—*Herald's Toronto despatch, 29th ult.*
Add France.

We don't see the connection between France and the Burns' Anniversary at Toronto. But you can "add France" if you want to and see what it amounts to.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL.—"Pray, sir, were your remarks in jest?"
COOL AGGRESSOR.—"No sir, they were not. I was in earnest."
EXCITED INDIVIDUAL (*who has calmed down.*)—"Very glad to hear it sir. I never could put up with a joke."

OUR FEBRUARY PREDICTIONS.

On second thought we suspend our predictions on the weather for this month. We shall be better able to tell more correctly next year, and, moreover, our readers will then be able to discover for themselves if we were at fault.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE COMBINED.

MUSIC SELLER: "Is there any other music we can put up for you?"
LADY PURCHASER: "No, thanks," (*and retires towards the door, but suddenly returns*) "Yes, I forgot; 'One kind kiss before we part.'"
MUSIC SELLER: "Certainly, ma'am. Always ready to oblige our customers."

Here and There.

The Toronto Corporation is out of its Gearing.

Can any one tell us what an eye-sickle looks like?

A cross man may be said to be of a temper-rising tendency.

A-sassy-nation is what most despots dread.—*Boston Traveller.*

Fried eggs are among the few things that pan out well these hard times.

The Kingston *Whig* describes an encounter between Lyons and bears. Lyons' is still ahead.

The London *Truth* asks: "When will somebody discover the real antidote to fire?" Has he tried fire-water?

The reason why Hamilton is called the "Ambitious City" is because there are so many unmarried girls there who want to, and can't.

The Boston *Traveller* refused 700 poems last year. No wonder the paper mills in Massachusetts are doing a rushing business.

M. Grevy is the new President of the French Republic. This will be gravy for those volatile Parisians, whose fondness for made dishes is so well known.

Stephens the Fenian is in New York. He had to leave Paris in disguise.—*Cable despatch.* 'Twas ever thus with the Stephens family. They ask for bread—and get a stone. This is no flouxy flight of fancy.

An American paper startles the world from its propriety with the verbal novelties of "program" and "catalog." Will the Editor kindly write himself down "ass" as the most fitting abbreviation of the word "fool."

On the door-plate of a St. Louis residence may be read, "Mrs. Gibbs, Elocutionist, Poetess, Washer and Ironer."—*Ex.* This is what you may term a practical woman. She invokes the Muses over the wash-tub, and then flattens out her ideas afterwards. "Mr. Gibbs" doubtless would certify to her powers as an elocutionist.

A RELIABLE REMEDY.—The Peristaltic Lozenges are all they are recommended to be, and should be kept in every family. See advertisement on first page.



EXTREMES MEET.

VENNOR: Hallo, Mr. Joly, what the dickens are *you* doing here?

HON. MR. JOLY: Well, I'm trying to locate the railroad, but find it a difficult job. And *you*?

VENNOR: Oh, I'm looking for my *JANUARY THAW!*

MICHELI
 NATIONAL
 1879