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VOL. II., No. 8.—WHOLE No. 60.

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Number of purchasers served during week ending March 8th, 1879.....4,773
Same week last year.....4,356
Increase..... 417

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Called "THE HANLAN,"

Embodies some

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

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THE DESIGN IS REGISTERED

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Being a medicine uniformly grateful and beneficial, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from the use of

PER-I-STAL-TIC LOZENGES.

Price 25 and 50 cents Per Box.

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OF WILD CHERRY,

A SAFE AND PLEASANT REMEDY

For the Cure of

COLDS, COUGHS and all Affections of the THROAT and LUNGS.

Price 25 cents per Box.

Both the above are for sale by all First Class Druggists.

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OF FINE CABINET WORK

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Mr. James Thomson, of St. James Street, will hold a very extensive

UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE

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The collection, which will be the largest and most varied yet offered for public competition, will include specimens of his finest and most artistic workmanship. The attention of residents of OTTAWA, QUEBEC, and other cities and towns now doubly connected with Montreal by rail, is also called to this announcement. It is hardly necessary to add that every article will be up to the regular standard of "Thomson's" best custom-made work.

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Auctioneer.

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Should come around now, and he might be successful if he had one of

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LAMPS selling in quantities and at lowest prices at

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JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD COOL AND FEET WARM;

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Which are the best, without doubt.

Musical Merchandise of Every Description,
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An elegant preparation for the Hair. Just the thing for people who take daily baths. Keeps the head free from Dandruff; promotes the growth of Hair; does not alter its natural colour. For daily use in the family. For either adults or children it cannot be excelled. Sole Manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal. (Established 1859)

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The Jester,

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

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 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.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions to appear the same week must be handed in not later than Tuesday morning.

A SCIENTIFIC SNUB, AND NO MISTAKE.

"I propose to make arrangements this year by which the Inspectors of Artillery will be left free to make their inspections of batteries at times most convenient, and that the District Staff shall assist them by remaining absent upon the occasion of special scientific inspections, of which they are incompetent to judge. I regret it should be necessary for me to notice that inconvenience has arisen from this not having always been observed."—*Report of Lieut.-General Sir Selby Smyth for 1878, p. 20.*

(The italics are ours.) There is such a thing as having a just cause for complaint, and making it in a manner best calculated to promote discipline and the good of the service. This might be done in various ways: by private circular addressed to the officers against whom complaint should be made; by friendly admonition; by pointing out the errors complained of; in short, by the use of gentlemanly tact (which may also be in perfect harmony with the requirements of the service), and in a dozen other ways which should present themselves to an accomplished Commander. But there is also such a thing as a cruel, deliberate insult from a superior to an inferior officer, which may be made a perfectly safe thing to do by the fact that the stern rules of military discipline prevent full satisfaction being obtained. To comment upon the extract above quoted is almost needless, further than to remark that had Sir Selby Smyth contemplated the thorough demoralisation of those officers under his command to whom he refers, he could not have adopted a surer way of effecting his object. It is not always a practicable thing to resign an appointment—even though it should appear that the officers complained of, who have the right to expect to be treated as gentlemen, are incompetent. But even supposing they are willing to resign, they are prevented from doing so by the anonymous character of the language employed. No names are used, and the complaint is made still more offensive from that fact. Thus a stigma rests upon the officers of the District Staff throughout the Dominion, and there is no way open to them by which they can obtain redress. To take such a course as the Commander-in-chief has chosen to follow will not tend to popularise himself with the Canadian officers at large. In England there is such a thing as sending an unpopular officer "to Coventry," but although not wishing to create, even by mere suggestion, any expedient of this kind, there remains the uncomfortable fact behind that this cruel stab at a particular class of Canadian officers will rather reflect upon the officer who has made it, and which must of necessity result in a dignified contempt for the accuser.

LOGICAL TO THE LAST.

For some days past a cast in *terra cotta* has attracted much attention in a shop window in St. James street. The figure represents a boy being washed. It is a copyrighted trademark of an advertisement of a celebrated London soap-maker. In drawing attention to this excellent piece of work the *Herald* says:—"There is nothing new under the sun, and it is equally true there is nothing under the sun that is not new." What connection this sapient remark bears to the figure is not made clear. But it is a pity the writer did not enlarge upon the thought. For instance, he might have said: There not being anything new under the sun, there is a great deal that is not new that could be made new to many people. And if it were made new to many people, it would be very, very difficult to persuade them that what was not new to them, was not new under the sun. Or, for the sake of variety: There is nothing new that is not under the sun; for that which is not new under the sun can never be new, anyway. Again: Under the sun, as everybody knows, nothing is new, and if you should be told when you ask "if there is anything new?" don't let on that you don't know, until your informant has got through, then you can safely say, "old," "old;" for it is equally true that although there is nothing new under the sun, the newness of what may appear to your informant to be exceedingly fresh and startling, is merely nothing more than the pre-existence of so many facts, of which he was formerly in ignorance, and which does not in the slightest degree affect their apparent newness, for the simple reason that they are under the sun, and being under the sun, are not new. To further enlarge: A man may be "under the weather," the consequence of which on a hot day may end in his being under the sun. A great many men would require a sunstroke to appreciate this remark in all its entirety. And, then, in conclusion, you can't get

around old Sol by pretending to know more than he does, or by laying claim to any original discovery, for there is nothing under his benign influence which is new, so it's no use trying to blind him with soap-suds, even if it does bring in 20 cents a line. 'Pears to us that's business. You can't get more light in that way.

PROGRAMME OF THE EXAMINATION OF THE ALTITUDINAL SCHOLASTICON, MONTREAL, PREVIOUS TO THE EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1879.

1. Opening Chorus, by the Junior Classes,
"We'll study hard, we'll study hard, we'll study all the day."
2. Essay by Miss Winchleman—On the obliquity of the Ecliptic and its possible connection with the obliquity of vision known as *strabismus*.
3. Reading by Master William—a few thoughts on the value and force of the Greek roots combined with the Latin supine and gerund, and their practical application to custom-house entries and book-keeping.
4. Music by scholars of the higher classes, assisted by Signora Musicaire—Recitative in B major (*Twangi*).
5. Remarks by a classical Teacher, on Ancient Coins, illustrated with specimens of silver and copper oboli presented by Charon—received for passage money.
6. Report on the Teachers, by a freshboy, with supplement by Miss Emily.
7. Recess for the audience, during which the juveniles are drilled for the afternoon's performance.
8. Sympathetic piece spoken by Miss Elmira Paleface—On an imprudent companion who injured her spine by playing at recess while her school-mates were studying their lessons.
9. Essay by a Teacher—On the comparative merits of the Pestalozzian and the Associationist systems of mnemonics, especially in their application to the dates of the reigns of the shepherd kings of Egypt.
10. Debate as to the advisability of introducing the differential calculus into the junior classes so as to lighten the labours of those teachers who are exhausted by the toil of hearing the lessons which the parents have taught the children at home.
11. An Address on Drawing and Perspective, by Miss Wackford Squeers, teacher of the blackboard art, illustrated with sketches of ancient structures. A highly finished picture of the *pons asinorum*, with actual surrounding scenery of the locality where so many fatal accidents occur, will be handed round.
12. Notes by Mr. Ernest Strauss—On the deficiency of carbonic acid gas in the external atmosphere, with hints as to the best mode of increasing it so as to bring it up to the normal state of our scholastic establishments.

N.B.—Parents supplying lunch on examination day will please have it sent in jolly good time, nice and hot, at twelve o'clock. Recess of half an hour.

By order,

CAHORUS.

CAUTION.

Should any young law student be ambitious of seeing his photograph supplemented by a "condensed history" of his academic career, published in an illustrated paper, or should any journalist also wish for similar distinction in the future, don't send it on the First of April. Of all the days in the year "original contributions" are received on *that* day with peculiar suspicion, and it is just possible that disappointment and vexation of spirit will be the only satisfaction obtained. Don't you wish you hadn't done it?

EXPLANATION.

In connection with the article "Shopy—Very" in last number, we regret that its authorship has been placed—for a purpose, no doubt—upon a Dentist. We have to say that no Dentist wrote the article, and that neither by conversation, by letter, or hint, or suggestion of any kind from any Dentist was the article written. We exonerate any and every Dentist in Montreal or elsewhere in the matter. We hope to cure the "cheap John" style of advertising so common among professional men over the lines. This poking of one's business into our very teeth is unprofessional.

"SIBYL" ON OLD MAIDS.

"Sibyl" wants to know why so many people are opposed to old maids? She thinks they are "just splendid." And she thinks so, because when they come to see her they don't bring two or three horrid spoilt children who want "a piece" the moment they are in the house, and while they eat wander around, and are easily tracked by the crumbs that mark their way. Then with soiled hands they handle your choicest and best books, leaving marks of every finger, and persist in rubbing the same soiled hands over the faces of your dearest friends in your album. And their mother's "come, dear, you must not do so" often amounts to about as much as it would to try to change the current of the St. Lawrence with a straw. "I sometimes feel so nervous and exasperated," she says, "over these little wretches, that I am filled with an almost uncontrollable desire to shake them (for their mothers) till their shoes fly off. Perhaps after that performance they might keep still for a short space of time. So you see one of my reasons for such unbounded admiration of old maids. Their children never act in this manner, and in this respect, at least, even the idiosyncratic of a pet dog or cat are preferable to the obnoxious behaviour of 'smart' children."

ODE TO SPRING.

A poem on Spring I could indite,
Through a whole canto I could run it;
But then I feel 'tis useless quite,
For every poet has already done it.

They've worked the subject through and through,
Looked at it under all its phases;
Yes, they have drained dry the very dew,
And threadbare they have worn the daisies.

A MODERN SERMON.

(The following exhibit the method upon which the average parson constructs his delectable discourses:)

"Brethren, the words of my text are:—

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone"

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless old, solitary, widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the cupboard.*' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the stair, but just *the cupboard.* The one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?"

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare? Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry—The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognisant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door—depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And, oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things—let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text—

"And so the poor dog had none."

—Portsmouth (Eng.) Monitor.

Here and There.

The sleighin's slain.—*Ex.*

"Come, gentle spring, diphtherial mildness come!"

"Take yer old belt," says O'Leary, "and be off wid yez. Be gob, I'm going to buy a better one."

They hold such peculiar views in Kentucky that it appears to be safer to be a murderer than a judge.

A nose that can be unscrewed and carried in the pocket is what is wanted for the American climate.—*Ex.*

It is now about time some smart man invented seedless oranges.—*Ex.* And he might leave off the peel while he was about it.

Sitting Bull's remark, that "there is no American who wears trowsers who is not a rascal," is not understood to include Dr. Mary Walker.

In Southern Sunday-Schools, as we learn from the Philadelphia Herald, the superintendent is the only one who is allowed to carry a revolver.

The Oil City Derrick observes that when it is written D. D. it stands for doctor of divinity, but when it is written d—d it signifies something altogether different.

It isn't Ollendorff, but the Philadelphia Herald which remarks that "the diamond pin of the fashionable hotel clerk will be worn this summer by the wife of the pawnbroker."

One of the greatest feats of woman's endurance, according to the Philadelphia Herald, is when the female with a diamond ring wipes her mouth 3,000 times in 3,000 quarter hours without complaining of the least fatigue.—*Ex.*

There is nothing new under the Sun. There were, doubtless, Budget Speeches in the days of Shakespeare. He wrote:—

"This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge."

In Springfield, Mass., on the first of April, a gamin made a pretty good thing out of the "April fool" business. His plan was to ask a person for a cent, which he professed to wish to fasten down to the walk in order to fool people. Of course every person he asked gave him the desired penny, which he put in his pocket, renewing the application with the next new-comer. In this way he collected quite a pocketful of coppers.

The woman who doubts entered a Detroit fish store the other day with hesitating step, says the Detroit Free Press, and after looking around upon various piles of the finny tribe, she turned to the proprietor and asked, "Do you keep fish here?" "No, madam," was the prompt reply, "we keep hardware and groceries here, but you will find a fish store four doors below. Come to the door and I will show you." She looked from him to the fish and back, hesitated, and he continued, "Can I sell you anything in the line of stoves to-day?" She shook her head and walked out. She didn't call at four doors below, which was a tobacco store, but she looked into the windows at the display of pipes, then back to the fish store, and somehow or other something puzzled her.

Around Town.

Beecher's Brigade will be here next month.

Did any one remark that winter had left us?

The Lecture season is almost over. Is anybody the wiser?

Mr. Tilley's Budget contains no reference to the duty on old maids.

The Witness is desirous of seeing the Local Hop-shun Law introduced here.

The Ile Ronde project is the best way of bridging over our Municipal difficulty.

Col. Handyside has resigned. Seventeen years service deserved a better conclusion to a useful military career.

Grip has doubled its proportions. We hope it will double its income at the same time.

One day we see carts on the streets, another sleighs. Really, if the weather continues this way, it will be difficult to get a spoke in edgeways.

"Kyind christian friends" beware of the man who lives at a town some distance off, and who has but just been discharged from the hospital in such a feeble condition that he faints on your door step.

You can't drill our Police Force for a hundred dollars a year, and then come to the conclusion that some of the men will not make the mistake of shooting some innocent person "who wasn't doing anything."

Speaking of School teaching, does it not show a sign of "something rotten in the state" of the scholars' fundamental knowledge to be able to elicit parrot-talk like unto this from a young hopeful? "Who built Sir Christopher Wren? Answer: St. Paul." It is really appalling.

Just one economical suggestion to our School Commissioners;—that in future our money be not wasted in maps, atlases, &c., as the rising generation will always find a superabundance of geography, now and in times to come, by perusing our "gushing dailies" describing our "little wars"; and the youngest aspirants may rest assured that their "finishing school" will be amply supplied with such sanguinary geography by the Diurnal Dribbler.



THE MARQUIS APPEALS TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

LETTELLIER.—Please, Sir, make him leave off a punchin' me. He's at it agin'!

THE MARQUIS.—Madam, what shall I do with these unruly boys. They won't be quiet. So I thought I'd ask you.

THE Q—N.—That's right, my son; whenever you're in doubt, always seek counsel from your mother. She's your best friend.

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