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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 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.

### SIR JOHN A.'S VALENTINE.

By PAUL FORD.

Sir John lay outstretched on his eider down bed,  
And all sorts of thoughts popped into his head;  
He tried to sleep, but sleep was vain;  
For the N. P. ghost came again and again.  
He thought of the Tariff; he thought of the Nation;  
He thought and he thought till a cold perspiration  
Broke out in a sweat on his thoughtful brow  
As he said to himself: "What shall I do now?  
Sure never man was more bothered than I";  
And he sought relief in a wearisome sigh.

He tried to doze,  
But there arose  
A hundred faces  
All asking places,  
And he popped his head again  
Under the clothes.

But the Babel of voices gave him no rest—  
Each wanted the office he'd like to have best.

But at last, with the aid of a dose of morphine,  
Sir John was enabled to change the scene.  
He managed at last to sleep—and to dream,  
And was slumbering still as Sol's bright beam  
Cast his cheery volume of golden gleam.

And he dreamt as he lay,  
That a year from that day,  
His N. P. Problem would come out O.K.

And he sighed again, as if feeling relieved,  
At the Problem he'd solv'd, and the fame he'd achieved.  
Then as if to soften his cares and his trials,  
A Vision appeared all wreathed in smiles.  
Man never beheld a maiden so fair;  
With hair so golden and charms so rare!  
With such shapely arms; such form divine,  
This was Sir John A.'s Valentine.  
Then she smiled such a smile, one don't often see,  
And Sir John marvel'd, wondering, who she could be.  
Her forehead was deck'd with shimmering pearls,  
While down her back hung original curls;  
Her cheeks dimpled with smiles; her motions all grace;  
No wonder Sir John had ne'er seen such a face.  
Her voice clear as a bell: full of rich modulation;  
Sweet, ringing and full in its intonation.

And this fair vision said,  
As it came to his bed,  
"I come here to soothe  
Thy poor, aching head,  
So never mind, pray,  
What enemies say,  
That thy great N. P. Programme  
Is not going to pay."

True, the times they are hard and the poor out of work,  
True, Want strikes home deeper than dagger or dirk;  
Still you're doing your best, and Fair Canada backs you  
It's only the Grits who with shallowness tax you,  
But stick to the ship, while there's shot in the locker,  
And if you don't do things "according to Cocker,"

It doesn't much matter,  
For Brown's gibes and chatter  
Are, between you and me,  
Falling yet flat and flatter,  
So pray you don't notice,  
(Though Grittish his vote is)  
Better time's they will come,  
That's the true antidote is.

This Country and People want merely a living,  
And look to you for it without any misgiving,  
For what ever shape your Policy take,  
There will always be these who are still 'on the make':  
Always hunting up scandal  
Like moths round a candle  
Not being partie'lar  
Whose record they handle.

Our railways; our iron; our ships and our coal;  
Our factories, mines, all form parts of the whole.

The sum total of which is  
If we all can't get riches,  
We at least may expect each  
To find where his niche is,  
And having found it, to try how best he can fill it,  
Then as to the land let good immigrants till it.

Never mind then Sir John what others may say,  
Adhere to your Programme, in the end it will pay,  
But should Policy call for a change in the bill,  
Use your own solid judgment and show you've a will.  
For its a remarkable fact,  
Those not wanting in tact,  
In trying to please all,  
Have lost by the act.

Public Opinion is with you, her best wishes are mine—  
For Fair Canada claims you as her Valentine."

Silently, softly the Vision departed,  
And then Sir John woke, feeling far more light-hearted.  
The moral is one you may hear every day,  
Don't anticipate failures, or meet troubles half-way.

### 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.

### TRAVELS ON THE ROAD.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

BROCKVILLE, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1879.

DEAR JESTER,—Your fame, I found on arrival here, had already preceded me. My reception was most marked, as you will see by the ambrotype which I herewith enclose. The very impressiveness of those embraces effected quite a change in the complexion of affairs. Scores of the leading citizens of the place wanted me to come to close quarters; but with my usual candor I said I preferred the quarters should come to me. There is a tradition on 'change that a quarter in Brockville goes faster than any horse in the country, and it came to me on time in every instance. Time is money you know, and as I hadn't much of either to spare I retired early to bed, while the laundress restored the only shirt I had to its original purity and spotlessness of character.

You can imagine my delight, when I made my re-appearance among those good people, to hear that life would be a blank without your cheery voice being heard from week to week; that your utterances were even more to them than wine or whiskey. Some people are always out of spirits.

But you, of course, wish to know what has been done. The first thing I did was to strike a Gale but Blyth-ly raised the wind and went to see Vaux' Hall. On my way I crossed some Rivers and a Brook-e, thinking as I did so how I was going to paddle my own canoe on the tide of life. So journeying East-ward I visited on my road a Smart Shepherd, to hear him recount that wonderful and touching legend how Mary had a little Lamb. He may have thought that I was wool-gathering, for flocks gathered around me on my journey. Before I left them they were so much struck with my noble bearing that everybody took me for a Knight of the Golden Fleece. With Lip-sett I proceeded to examine a Griffin at the west end of the town, who was not in the least bearish. It was not till then that I discovered how truly democratic these good people are, for I found a King living with the Tailors who seemed to be cut out upon models of fitness and propriety. All of them treated me with regal condescension, as anything like a Whalen would have been most painful for me to bear. Having captured a Booth, near by, some kind friend took me by the Gills, which made me see Stars, so as to totally upset such Humorous character as I possess. But to make up for this little surprise, which I subsequently understood was well meant, I struck a well paying vein in a Comstock mine, and used Bowies to assert my right to the discovery. However, I did not find it necessary to cut anybody—nor they me. So you see I made out pretty well. I might have sent you other information, but I shall have to Leave-itt until another time owing to press of matter.

P. S.—In order to avoid a prosecution for Bigg-amy I have determined not to have the Banns published here. But any money you may send me will be duly acknowledged in the local papers.

### UNTER DER LINDE-N.

MY DEAR JESTER,—I have just been "assisting" at a phenomenal performance of "Macbeth." "Mac" is a very old friend of mine; I have seen him in barns and cocklofts, but never have felt so sorry for my poor countryman as I have to-night.

"Mac" and the wife, children and all appeared at the Academy in the person of a Mr. Linde. This gentleman has been puffed again and again as the "greatest living tragedian." Paragraphs have cropped up under telegraphic headings and elsewhere, lauding him as the most extraordinary Genius of the Age. I, accordingly, brimful of expectation, invested my mite and joined a select audience numbering about twenty, to witness his performance in the Academy of Music. The reciter at first suggested that we should adjourn to the green room, and as the audience were anxious to see "behind the scenes" they willingly trooped into that classic retreat. It was found, however, that they who were nowhere in the theatre, were everywhere in the green room, and we 'bout face and returned to the stalls.

Mr. Linde is a handsome man with a fine "rowlin'" eye. He has a trained tragedy voice and a slight foreign accent. He treated us first to "To be or not to be," which somebody behind, evidently up in his Shakespere, said was from "Hamlet." The famous soliloquy was spoken in the usual style; very much up and still more down, and altogether very unlike the manner in which a sane mortal would utter his thoughts on any subject whatever. The audience felt depressed; but brightened up when the entertainer intimated that he would now say his "Macbeth." You would not allow me space to tell you fully how dreadfully weary we were, and how glad we were when it was all over. The finest part of it was the admirable manner in which he slashed out scene after scene. There were several in the audience who were unacquainted with "Mac," and what impressions they carried away of him and his author, goodness only knows.

Seriously Mr. Linde has talent and a fine voice—particularly for shouting; but why he should rob us of our quarters and bore us with phenomenal recitals of "Macbeth" puzzles me not a little.

Yours,

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

## Here and There.

A rope is always an interesting noose item.

Even sugar has its drawbacks in the United States.

Can anybody tell us what degree was Joan of Arc?

A chemist's affairs are generally in a state of liquid-ation.

The man who has one foot in the grave—must wear a cork leg.

"He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy." This is dry wisdom.

Some matches never strike fire. What a fortunate thing that must be for the husband.

Cold weather in June sets corn in tune.—*Old Proverb.* Then it gets on its Ear as it were.

Don't be too sensitive, the best of friends will occasionally turn the cold shoulder in the winter.

"Humility often gains more than pride." Yes. And if you trade upon it, it brings a Heap of profit.

Mr. Random is staying at the Windsor.—*Ex.* That's the man the National Policy people have been aiming at.

If the male inhabitants of Michigan are called "Michiganders," by the same rule the females must be Michi-geese.

When a doctor happens to come across patients who won't pay, then he has every need for exercising his spirit of fee-loss-of-fee.

The only unmortgaged piece of ground in Chicago is on exhibition at twenty-five cents a foot.—*Ex.* What about the grave lots?

People who make "flying trips to Europe" would find it to their advantage to make them on the wings of time. Don't trust to Bradshaw.

Professor (assigning a lesson in Meteorology): "Well," (with considerable impatience), "you may begin at Chapter VI. and go to Thunder."—*Ex.*

Ladies wear long clothes this winter.—*Ex.* Do they. That's sensible. The times are so hard that one is obliged to wear anything as long as possible.

The man who began life on his own account with ten cents, doesn't talk about it so much as he used to, in case somebody should want to borrow something. The hard times has its lessons.

"Poor Jones will hardly recover, his constitution is all gone," said Brown. "Then I can't see how he's going to live, anyway," responded Green. "Oh, he'll live on the by-laws," returned Brown.—*Ex.*

## "FREEZE TO IT, THOMAS."

This is the season when icicles drop upon you suddenly and slides trip you up. The City Policemen assumes greater importance and terrifies weak minded females by demanding that "that roof should be cleared right off." So between the fear of fine or imprisonment and the possibility of somebody's head getting cracked before its time, the poor wife suffers and waits for Thomas' return to his domestic hearth. But before he has time to remove his overcoat the partner of his joys thinks it better "he should see to that roof, right away." Then Thomas thinks he'll see to it to-morrow.

"But you'll have to get a man" says Eliza. "You aint going to scramble around that roof like a cat. Are you?"

Thomas wants to know "if he looks like a cat, anyway," and at once subsides into slippers. He is going for that roof bright and early in the morning. Morning comes and he sleeps. He is awakened, and it is then he begins to enquire how much that fine is. But Eliza, careful woman, brings in her tact and says it represents about half a ton of coals. So Thomas dresses hastily; gets a wood axe; and removes the double window. Endeavours to mount on to the roof. Having succeeded in attaining so much prominence, he finds he has forgotten the snow-shovel. Down he gets for the snow-shovel, and discovers that a neighbor has borrowed it and has forgotten to return it. Then the neighbor who comes home late at night gets mad at being aroused from his first sleep; puts on his drawers; thrusts his foot into the first boot he can find which is an odd one and made for the other leg, and limps to the wood cellar and brings back the snow-shovel—broken at the handle. By this time Thomas is not in that genial mood he used to be; but he mounts the roof and in his endeavour to get through the double window nearly scares Eliza to death. "Does he want to leave her a widow?" Finding the ice harder than he expected he comes to the conclusion that if he removed the lower window he could knock off the icicles better. So he descends, and after unfastening the "other window" he cuts his knuckles severely while trying to knock away the particles of ice around the edges. Then Thomas gets mad and concludes to hunt up a man to do the job. Eliza wants to know why he didn't do that at first?

## FACTS VS. FICTION.

HIS HONOR (to young practitioner).—"I want facts, not words, the Court hasn't time for forensic eloquence.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.—"Never mind Your Honor I can wait. I simply wish to learn the argument he is going to take at the next debate of the University Literary Society."

## AMONG THE FAILURES.

The greatest is the last Irish one—MacMahon. The Home Rulers are, however, rejoicing upon the elevation of another Irishman McGravy, as a set off to the failure of the redoubtable Marshal.

Still another failure—Herman Linde as Macbeth.

## SUMMER RESORTS.

To take a little run

For a week or two is fun,

Especially if you go to "Orchard Beach".

For, besides the change of air,

There's such jolly bathing there,

And, again, it isn't difficult to reach.

But never could I see

What pleasure there could be

In closing up one's residence in town

To rent a little cell

In some dirty little—well,

You know the kind of place I'm running down.

Some folks mature their plans

For a summer at "St Ann's,"

While others are contented with "Lachine";

"Cacouna" tempts a few,

While at "Kamouraska," too,

A few unhappy mortals may be seen.

"Longueuil"-ers, while they tittle,

Listen to the river's ripple,

(And really it amounts to nothing more),

For the Sabbath-breaker he's

About the only "breaker" we

Have seen in our experience on that shore.

## EYES RIGHT.

Scene.—Telegraph Office, at Gananoque, principal Operator about leaving for dinner.

PRINCIPAL OPERATOR—"Keep your eye on No. 4, William, for a message from Cape Vincent. If it don't come quickly, punch him up."  
(*Query—Who is William "to punch"?*)

## ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

NEWSBOY—"This week's JESTER Sir, only two cents."

VINEGAR VISAGED INDIVIDUAL—"I never read the JESTER."

NEWSBOY (to his "partner" across the street).—"I say Bill, here's a cove wot never reads the JESTER. Lend him a quarter to have his potograft tuk, and send it to the Heditur."

## Ground Town.

Thrice happy is the man who heads

The City by-laws voice

Who with his snow-shovel obeys

From policy—not choice.

Motto for the wearied househunter—"Move on."

"Let us have peace" as the newsboy said to Potter.

It is not generally known that axe-handles are used as chop-sticks.

Now is ye tyme for ye ancient spinster to putte uppe her sygne "To let."

Hot weather is a fair fighter, it never strikes the thermometer when it is down.

Rents and tears seem to be about equally divided between landlords and tenants just now.

A wintry smile is the sort of thing that warm the bartender's heart at this season of the year.

The "Boy with the Sled" wants to know who is going to look after the coasting interests of the country.

The Fish and Game Protection Club have sent a deputation to Ottawa. You see they all do it. Birds of prey so to speak.

"Why will you chew tobacco?" said a respectable old gentleman to a newsboy. "'Cos I wants' to be sick and have done with it."

A good example.—One of the most eminent Queen's Counsel in Montreal began life as a Carter. And yet we find no mention of it in any of those Sunday School Books.

One of our local Real Estate Agents states in the newspapers "that he is prepared to receive houses, stores and offices." Where is he going to get his warehouse receipts for all these stores? But then there are many people who don't object to receiving offices now-a-days.

Every two or three days one or other of the local papers inform us that "Lorne and Louise" was written by the Rev. J. B. Green. We know it, we knew it the first night we heard it sung, and it is a very meritorious composition. But why this continual wearing of the Green? It is getting wear-isome.

Mr. Sullivan David is a candidate for the Chief of Police.—*Ex.* Now David we are quite sure that if your illustrious ancestor had been aware that one of his descendants ever came down so low in the world as to seek a position on the Montreal Police Force, he would have—well he wouldn't have been pleased.

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.



### A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

JOHN A. (*Stage Manager*)—Now then, hurry up that Transformation Scene. The House is getting impatient.

TILLEY (*Scene Shifter*)—Please, Sir, it'll want an awful lot of sweet oil to make it run easy.

JOHN A.—Then get it, anyway. It *must* go; and I'll tell the orchestra to play another tune to keep the people in good humor.