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# THE JESTER

Vol. I, No. 36.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

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## The Jester.

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES; ILLUSTRATED; WEEKLY  
PUBLISHED BY FRED J. HAMILTON & CO.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

### NOTICE.

Mr. FRED. J. HAMILTON is authorized to collect all moneys due  
"The Jester."

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Advertisers and Subscribers who are in arrears will be furnished with their  
accounts, and a prompt settlement is requested.

F. J. HAMILTON & CO.

### HOW TO COOK ONE'S GOOSE.

Miss COURSON is to give a series of lessons at the old High School, commencing on the 11th inst., on the subject of Cookery. To these the rich and poor will alike be admitted. If Miss COURSON succeeds in teaching young ladies how to do something more sensible than wasting their energies over useless embroidery and other trivial nic-naes, she will have placed their papas under an immense obligation. We may hope in future that it will not be considered *infra dig* to even receive visitors in the kitchen, when Angelina's pretty, round arms may be seen in pounding out the mysteries of an apple dumpling, or in stuffing a goose or turkey. That will be a sage occupation of which nobody except the cook (for cooks usually have "high" notions) need be ashamed. This is one of the best means, yet discovered, of teaching servants their true place, and at the same time reducing the domestic expenses these hard times—especially when Papa has all he can do to make both ends meet "down town." Another thing, too, it will be an excellent way of getting a manly and sensible husband who will appreciate his dinner the more when he knows Angelina has had a share in its preparation.

The poor will alike profit by these lessons—provided that a pound of butter, under Miss COURSON'S system, is not required to cook two pounds of potatoes, as is generally the case in cheap cookery books. We hope the poor will profit by the opportunity and that they may receive instruction at as low a figure as possible. Miss COURSON has our best wishes for her very laudable scheme and more particularly if she can teach us how to live within our incomes, at least so far as the kitchen department is concerned.

### VARIÆ LECTIONES.

The following Latin mottoes which have been sent us by a contributor are respectfully submitted for the consideration of the University Literary Society, and more particularly of those gentlemen "who did the State much service" during the recent elections:—

LORD DUFFERIN.—Facile Princeps.—Os magna sonaturum.

ALEX. MCKENZIE.—Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor:

*Ovid.*

HON. LUCIUS SETH.—Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

*Ovid.*

HON. RUDOLPH.—Per plures, per fas et nefas, usque ad aras.

E flamma petere cibum.

*Terence.*

ST. JUST.—Flectere si nequeo Superos—Acheronta movebo.

*Virgil.*

CAUCHON.—Floeci, nauci, nihili, pili.

THE EX-GRIT MINISTRY.—Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides, et, qui redire nescit, cum perit, pudor.

*Seneca.*

THE DARLING.—Aquam plorat, cum lavat, fundere.

*Plautus.*

BARNEY.—Egregii mortalis atque silenti.

*Horace.*

"THE POST."—Ejusdem Farinae.

"HERALD" STEWART.—Palinodium canere.

*Virg.*

GOFF.—Fatetur facimus, qui judicium fecit.

CARTWRIGHT.—Huic maxime putamus malo fuisse nimiam opinionem ingenii atque virtutis.

JONES (ex-militia).—Horre momento aut cita mors venit, aut Victoria laeta.

LAURIER.—O faciles dare summa deos, eademque tueri

Difficiles!

*Lucan.*

### AN UNHAPPY ART CRITIC.

Mr. G. Couture's experience as an Art critic is not a happy one. The musical field in Montreal is too limited to appreciate the wealth of musical information that is contained within him. We are a dull people, very ignorant, very sensitive and very peculiar. If the Montreal public chooses to express (in its ignorance) its universal approbation of the recent performance of the Philharmonic Society it is stubborn enough to adhere to that opinion, notwithstanding Mr. Couture's encyclopedic knowledge to the contrary. The opinion expressed by Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Whitney of that performance goes for nothing and, of course, had either artist have known that Mr. Couture was going to give utterance to an opposite sentiment, they would never have been so foolish as to differ with one who manifestly knows so much, compared to their inferior judgment. But we guess Dr. MacLagan and the Philharmonic Society can stand it. But we hate to crowd out the opinions of such a marvel of genius. The *Star* says they "are entitled to much weight." Yes. They are undoubtedly very heavy and the *Star's* editor has completely overlooked the important fact that Mr. Couture's sentiments are a complete satire upon its own report of that very concert. But we are giving too much space to Mr. Couture, who if, he takes our advice, will seek some more suitable clime in the classic regions of New York or Boston.

### MEDITATIONS UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

Dear me how it does rain. Did ever anyone see anything like fall weather? Nobody—except Vennor and he isn't particular. His promises never mature before thirty days. One really never knows whether to carry an umbrella over the shoulder or over the head. It is damp under foot, over head, around, behind, before—everywhere.

"Ah, beg your pardon, sir, quite accidental I assure you. Yes, it is a bad rip," and the old gent's umbrella is split up from base to summit.

You see we always carry an old umbrella on principle. One with a rib detached from the slide. We don't do this with a prematurely malicious purpose, but simply because it was left at our office—by mistake for a better one—and we keep it in case the owner should call for his family relic. But when a person comes careering along with his umbrella jammed down over his head, then our's gently swings around and the silkless rib bids its brother parachute "beware" and thus it was the above accident occurred. As we moved along we thought there was no use in being angry. One wears out more vital tissues in a single fit of temper than in a dozen days of equanimity. But we are aroused from our reflections by somebody shouting.

"Hi there, look out, can't yer? Want ter git run over, stoopid?"

We look mildly up and a great dray-horse stares at us in the most ghastly manner. We jump back, wildly, and somebody else's umbrella catches us in the back of the neck. We feel our choler rising and suppress our momentary impulse of anger. What's the use of getting excited? Then a gust of wind catches the open fracture of our rain shield and it is borne away while we madly pursue it—to the delight of all the small boys—and catch up to it opposite the corner of the Post-Office. Then somebody picks it up and is in the act of courteously returning it, when that detached rib ploughs his left cheek and he departs, cursing us for his pains. We feel sure he will not forget us.

We buy our *Gazette* from a newsboy and then feel for our money. This process involves unbuttoning one's coat, then one's undercoat and finally succeed in finding we have only a ten-cent piece. We wait while the boy goes for change, and in the meantime we try to button our coat again with wet fingers and puncture our hand with a pin which the good wife has cleverly concealed in trying to fasten our scarf so that it will lay flat upon our shirt front. Having got our change, the boy is out of sight and then we find he has given us a *Herald*, either by mistake or design. Thompson, who is an ardent Grit happens along, and we pass the *Herald* over to him. He looks surprised—but takes it, and says "I thought you'd come over to our side after all." He never dreams of the mild deception that has been practised on him, and tells his friends that "the Conservative party is rapidly becoming disgusted with Sir John A.; that he knows lots of people who are going over, etc., etc." and so the "impression gains ground," as the reporters would say. In the meantime we pursue our way and by the time we have arrived at our office, we discover that another rib has become detached, and so the umbrella "goes round" once more. But we prefer to keep it, until a better one takes its place—by mistake of course.

### "JUVENILE PENETRATION."

Nurse (to five-year-old).—"Bobby if you're not a good boy I'll send for a policeman and he will put you in jail."

Bobby.—"No he won't nudder. He goes to bed at eight o'clock."

### Amusements.

THE CONCERT AT SYDNEY HALL.—Mr. Fred. E. Lucy-Barnes and his associates gave their audience a delightful treat on Tuesday evening. "Everybody" was there, but everybody could not find room, which was crammed with select people. There were no reserved seats. That was a good thing. The dignified, the enthusiastic, and the "art critic" were there, and those who could not find seats stood upon their dignity—near the door. Of the performers we must place Mr. Barnes first. His playing was simply perfection, or as near perfection as our untutored mind can grasp that idea. Mr. Maffre had more strings to his bow than he occasionally knew what

to do with. However, he played well for all that. Mr. Reichling was also exceedingly successful. Of the ladies we must place Mrs. Tooke first. That lady took hold of the sympathies of her audience at once. Her voice is beautifully even and telling by the simple and easy, unaffected manner she has in controlling it. Mrs. Barnes evidently had a cold. We have heard her sing better, and if the lady would be as particular in letting the audience know what she says after the first few bars of her music, they would enjoy still more the beauties of her singing. Miss Holmes is a ready and skillful accompanist, and unlike some does not attempt to overshadow the singer. The concert was semi-private, and tickets issued by invitation. It is to be, we are informed, the initial of a series of really high class concerts, which are to be given—provided the financial support warrants the venture. The first being free, accounts for the large audience. Montreal always patronizes, liberally, free performances, but if Mr. Barnes (who has already placed the musical world under an obligation) is wise, he will in future regulate his concerts strictly on business principles, and he will not sound a single note until he has every cent guaranteed. He will then know beyond any question whether high class music is going to pay its running expenses. In the meantime we wish him every success in his really meritorious venture.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Mr. George Wallace, late of the *Star*, is to manage the Academy. We hope the success of the *Star* will follow him in the stars of the future. If any man has a level head (and who is not necessarily a flat head) it is Mr. Wallace. We conceive him to be the right man in the right place, and the right place to go to will be the Academy. The performances during the week are indicative of what the public may expect in the way of a legitimate and morally healthful means of recreation.

### THE ARRIVAL OF THE MARQUIS.

WHAT IS, AND WHAT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING.

(By our Special Envoys.)

SHODDYVILLE, Nov. 7, 1878.

The Royal party are to pass through our town, and Shoddyville is agitated as it never was before. Our City Council has wasted a ream of paper to frame an address that will never be framed. Our Mayor refuses to purchase suitable regalia, as he fears the Marquis and his wife might take him for an Orangeman. Everybody is taking lessons in etiquette—and common sense has taken a holiday. A large number of Caughnawaga Indians have been engaged by our "first families" to teach them French—the language is supposed to be purest there on account of the air. Dozens of families are quarrelling as to whether three or four-button kids are the more fashionable. Take it altogether, everybody is Lorne-crazy, knowing not what to do, or how to do it. I am already overwhelmed with enquiries. For the information of those who don't know I may add that the Marquis and his wife will positively land at—Halifax. He could not land at a colder place, but he will get a right warm reception. He will be taken there by Sir Hugh, who has sent out one of his line (not his family) to bring him in. The Marquis has given instructions to his Secretary what to say about Halifax as soon as he gets there, so as to prove his interest in the welfare of our sea port. There will be more port at sea about Halifax than would float a ship. But I am digressing. On arrival the Marquis will steady his sea-legs and mount deck, which will be deck-orated for the occasion. If any remnants of his voyage remain on his stomach he will wash them down with mountain dew for which the Maritime Provinces are famous. Having braced himself up he will be ready to sacrifice himself for the next month.

His wife will be robed a *la Princesse*. That is the style now, and you may note it down as "the correct thing." Her maiden name is Louise Caroline Albertha. This will be found, on examination, to possess more than ordinary significance. Her first name shows that she is accustomed to ease, as a Princess should be; her second name indicates the line to which she is related, and her third will decide once and forever that all berthas are fashionable. There will be plenty of *ton* about the whole affair. First, there is the tonnage of the good ship "Sarmatian," compared with which the Military Secretary is a mere Little-ton, but if that is not enough the Comptroller of the Household will add More-ton until the requisite amount is obtained. But it is of Shoddyville that I must speak and not of Halifax, which is not such a very dreadful place as those who tell us to go there would make us believe. As it is impossible for me to return individual answers to all the questions I have received (the postage stamps, of course, being my rightful perquisites), I beg to append the following:—

#### CORRECT RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

1. Gentlemen will appear in full dress. Nothing else that is full will be permitted. They will carry the hat in the left hand. This is a very convenient and wise arrangement as it will save it from being "taken in mistake" by another fellow. The right hand will be ungloved in case the Marquis or the Princess may wish to shake hands with you. Thus, an odd glove will come in handy, provided it be the left one in the right place.

2. Ladies will appear in full dress, also, but they will not be permitted to unbosom themselves before Royalty.

3. If the Princess wishes you to approach, she will telegraph her *aide-de-camp*, and he will signal to the Comptroller, who will be posted as to how much money you have made, and when you last failed in business, and, then you will approach and keep your mouth shut until the Princess has said what she has had to say, to which you will respond "that's so," and move on, without a policeman having to tell you a second time.

4. If you wish to say anything, you will have to do it by mail.

There must be some system you know, and a postal card will come in handy:

5. At State receptions the Marquis will be the Governor-General. At private receptions, however, the Princess will be the better man of the two, and he will be expected to do what he is told. Thus, the honors will be about equally divided. But at a State reception you will be allowed to shake hands with the Marquis, that is if he will let you. But you must not spit in your gloved palm and say "here's luck," as you used to do, you know, when you kept a corner grocery in the good old times. At private receptions, however, if the Princess wishes to "shake" she will take the usual means of letting you know it. But you must take your gloves off (which you can do by bursting the buttons) but there must not be any hand-squeezing, mind that, or they'll squeeze you out in no time. N.B.—The "Court time" for unbuttoning a glove is two seconds and a quarter. Ladies please remember this and get your gloves two sizes too large. It will save time.

6. The Court courtesy, or "cortsey" will only be used for extraordinary occasions. Hazazar will teach it to you by the hoar. It consists in bringing the lower part of the spine of your back to an angle of 45 deg., and with a simultaneous jerk of your right foot bringing both down to the proper position, just like a song-and-dance "artist" does at a benefit. You must mind and not burst your suspenders or you'll have to brace up afterwards.

7. To make sure that it is the Marquis whom you are bowing to, you will notice that if it is a State reception, he will stand on the right of the Princess. This position implies that he is boss, sometimes. At private receptions he will be on the left. This indicates his correct position in the social circle. In order not to confound the Marquis with his Secretary, you will say "Be you the Marquis?" He will reply "I reckon," and then being sure you are right, go ahead.

8. When you retire within yourself, or in other words when you have gazed at the Vice-Regal party you will not turn your back on them, but will "back out" gradually. Those who have driven coal carts will know what I mean.

9. If you have a grievance or want a contract, or something of that kind, you will please state what you want on your business card so that the Marquis will understand it and have time to think over it at his leisure.

10. If you are an Orangeman leave your regalia at home.

11. Before going into the Royal presence deposit your tobacco juice outside the door. You will find a page with a spittoon at the entrance to each room.

12. Ladies will be particular in telling their right age when they leave their cards. It is not the correct thing to be younger than the Princess.

13. Ladies will take their own trains with them.

14. Bank clerks will not be allowed to discount any bills for the Staff officers as an inducement for an introduction.

15. If you are at a loss for conversation when the Marquis addresses you, quote Burns. He will then be persuaded that you are loyal.

16. Be easy and graceful in your motions and if you can't be graceful, be as easy as a pair of tight boots will let you.

17. Don't "tip" the Royal servants. It will only initiate a bad practice and there are plenty of ways of getting rid of one's money.

18. Get your Court suit on credit—if you can, and by way of squaring your tailor promise him an introduction to the Marquis.

19. Have your invitation card handsomely framed and draw your visitors' attention to it. It will make them envious.

20. If the Marquis should ask you to "take something," tell him you only drink "Lorne" whisky. He will appreciate the compliment.

### Around Town.

Now that the very excellent Pet Stock Exhibition is over we hope to hear of some philanthropic individual organizing an Exhibition of Umbrellas. It would not only pay, but then many people might have some chance of getting their own again. What a meeting of old acquaintances there would be, to be sure.

A Domestic Association is contemplated. Its principle object, we presume, is to induce wandering husbands to stay at home, nights.

Mrs. Malaprop says the Marquis will be brought over to Canada by the good Samaritan.

We have received a copy of the *Royal Gazette* published at Georgetown, British Guiana, of July 6, price sixteen cents a number. We should not like to publish all the flattering things, it has to say of its former Governor, Sir Francis Hincks. It might prove a costly re-print, but we cannot say its eunomics are by any means flattering.

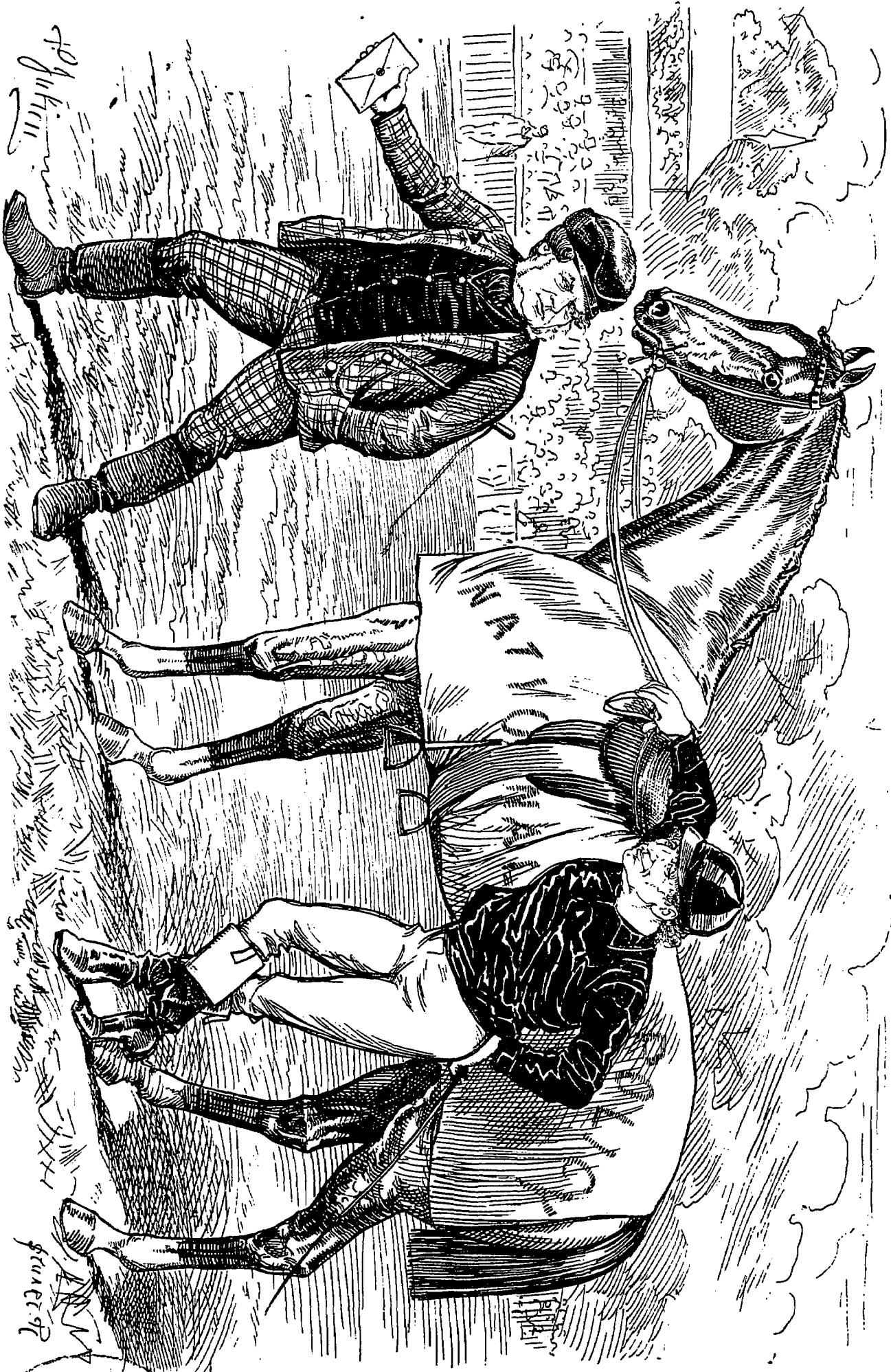
#### "ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN."

Jones.—"Come now, Brown, you'll own up that Vennor's right? We've had snow and Vennor said we would."

Brown.—"But did'nt we have rain when we ought to have snow on the 1st?"

"Jones.—"But there *was* snow in Ontario."

Brown (*sarcastically*).—"O, any part of the country 'll suit Vennor, you know."



# A WAITING RACE.

JOHN A.—"Sam, I want you to go to England; see the gen that holds the Colonial Stakes, and find out whether this horse can enter for the next Spring Meeting. He's trained fine, and I'm anxious to start him."

SAM THURBY.—"All right, guv'ner, and I'll take all the odds I can get."