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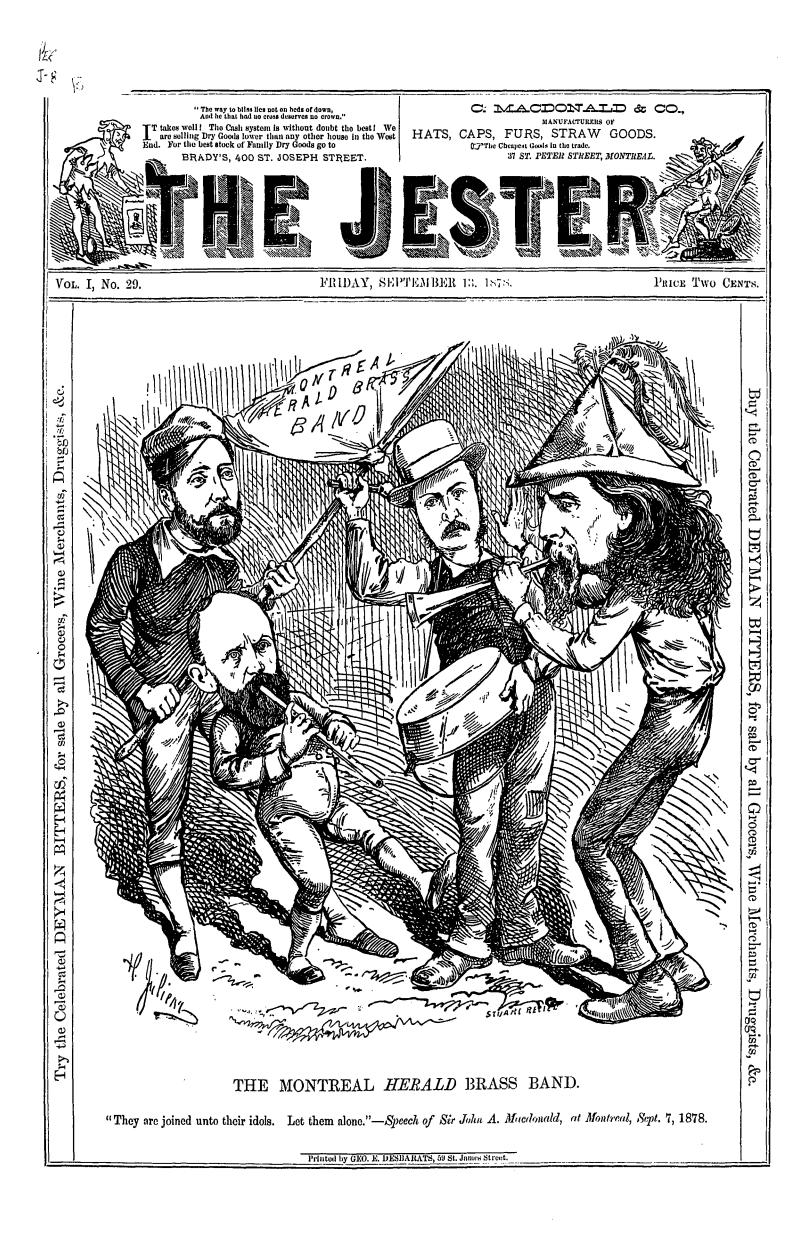
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The Dester.

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES ; ILLUSTRATED ; WEEKLY

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY FRED J. HAMILTON.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.

HOW THE RETALIATORY POLICY WORKS.

The intelligent masses who assembled on Dominion Square on Saturday evening had the pleasure, or otherwise, of judging for themselves the magnificently successful working of the Retaliatory Policy initiated at Chaboillez Square two weeks ago. For three hours the "people" were in the threes of a great labor and during that time the minority made its influence not only heard, but felt by those who were struck with the force of the arguments used. It has always been claimed by the Conservative Party that the only popular measures effected by the MACKENZIE Administration were originally suggested by the late JOHN A. Government. Truly, one might say :- Great is the God of Party whom both sides worship when it suits them best! To use a common phrase the Retaliatory Policy on that occasion "worked like a charm," and the American guests who were staying at the "Windsor," and who witnessed the scene from its windows, must have been convinced with a terrible conviction that a Canadian Retaliatory Policy, under the superintendence of men who are professors in the business, is too fearful a thing to contemplate calmly, even from the American standpoint. But Sir John A. MACDONALD who was neither responsible for the Chaboillez Square pandemonium nor for the Dominion Square exhibition of rowdyism, held out pluckily, and fought his arguments through with the pertinacity of a sexagenarian warrior-as he is. The good sense of the great majority, however, tolerated the rowdy obstructionists (who were comparatively harmless) with a generous toleration-and morally, at least, the victory was a great Conservative triumph. It is remarkable how far a half dollar will go among those, who having no other stake in the Country, seek temporary employment in vainly endeavoring to destroy free speech. But let us change the subject.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES.

BY PAUL FORD.

Now in the fifth year of the reign of Alexander, the Grit, there were gathered together at Montreal on the seventh evening of the ninth month, people of divers languages and tongues. And they congregated together at the square called the Square of the Dominion. For the time of counting the people was at hand. And there were met the chiefs of the Tribe of John A. who were oppressed under the yoke of Alexander the Grit. For they cried for Protection with an exceeding bitter cry. But certain soothsayers had resolved themselves into a Band,

hereby to crush the tribe of John A. with a heavy hand. And among them were certain rulers of the people, and seeing that Alexander the Grit had dissatisfied those of the tribe of John A. they prevailed upon Stewart the Scribe, and Perry the Gatherer of stamps, to set at naught the supplications of John A. and his followers.

And behold the time for supplicating the people drew nigh. For they were assembled in tens, and in hundreds, and in thousands. Seeing therefore, that the tribe of John A. was increasing in strength, there came unto Stewart the Scribe, one McShane, who being himself a babler, said unto him: Behold we must defeat this man John A., and his people. Now, therefore, I pray thee, gather together the men of our own tribe, and divide them into parties, and place them among the tribe of John A. for we will not suffer John A. to overcome us. And Stewart the Scribe weighed the counsel of James the Less, a name whereby he was known among men, and found it good. So they gathered their men together and set over them Stephen the Quinnite, and DeSalaberry the Gaul, and Mercier the gatherer of tithes. They made them captains of their bands, and placed them in authority over them.

Then Perry, an Elder among the people, took counsel with Stewart the Scribe, and said: Let us give our men instruments of wind, and they gave them horns of brass, of tin, and-of whiskey. And the spirit moved

them to mischief. When, therefore, they had gathered in battle array, Stephen the Quinnite, a man of vigor, and comely withal, approached Stewart the Scribe and said: Give my people the wherewithal to sustain them. So Stewart the Scribe counted out a number of pieces of silver. And to others were given rotten eggs. And when they saw them they waxed strong. But they said never a word to the men of the tribe of John A., for their designs were secret. And they separated and placed themselves among the men of the tribs of John A. and no outward difference could be found among them.

CHAPTER II.

The appointed hour having come, the Chief John A. with his officers and captains of his host ascended the tribune in the Square of the

Dominion. Thereat had assembled several scribes to take down the words which fell from his lips, for they were counted as words of wisdom. And when John A. appeared among them there went up a mighty shout, and the people said: Long live John A. And John A. smiled and looked pleased.

Then proceeded he to unfold the iniquities of Alexander the Grit, and to tell them of the great wickednesses which he had committed. MAnd the spies of Alexander the Grit grew wroth and made a great noise with horns of brass and of tin wherewith to drown the voice of John A.

But certain among the people went to seize them and to put them But the Chief would not suffer violence to any man. He said: out. Touch them not, for they do but sport with wind.

And he cried : See, it is only the Montreal Herald Brass Band. They are joined unto their idols, let them alone. And they let them alone. Then proceeded he to speak of the great injuries Alexander the Grit had wrought among the people; how that he had taxed the people with a sore tax, how that he had increased their burdens, and closed his ears against Protection.

And again a mightier shout went up from among them, and his tribe revolted from their burdens, and cried: We will not suffer this.

And great confusion reigned in the land, when one of the servants of Alexander the Grit threw an egg, which had been over-laid and of no great value, among the chiefs of John A. And it smote him below the left eve. But he borrowed a piece of linen from one of his own tribe and purified himself.

But the tumult moved not John A., for he gathered strength and his words were words of bitterness.

Then arose a struggle between the band of Alexander the Grit and the tribe of John A., and they fought violently with sticks and stones, but the mass of the people moved not, though the tumult continued. So Stephen the Quinnite took counsel with Stewart the Scribe. And Stewart the Scribe said: Command thy servants to blow and to shout for we must overcome this man to-night. Verily his hosts attacked us but eight days since; why, therefore, should we not prevail against them? And his words were held as words of wisdom for he was in authority.

And they fell upon them and smote them hip and thigh.

The men of Alexander the Grit then shouted with an increased shout, but John A. spoke on.

And the eggs of fowls broke upon the cars of the captains of John A. and spread a smell around with a strong odour, but John A. restrained them from vengeance, although they suffered sorely. So the servants of Alexander the Grit waxed still more wroth, albeit they had been hired for the service. And they earned their wages honestly. But at the tenth hour John A, had revealed to the people all the

great wickedness of Alexander the Grit, the like of which could not be written in a book, and he made obeisance to his hosts, for he was anxious to depart from that place. And there departed with him his captains and counsellors to see him safely to the threshold of his inn which is named the "Windsor.'

And Chapleau the Tory remained and spoke in his stead, and filled the hearts of the people with the eloquence of his words, altho' it was in a tongue that many understood not.

But at the eleventh hour the people grew wearied with staying. For the trumpets of tin of the Band of Alexander the Grit had become For the trumpets of the band of Alexander the Grit had become flattened, and the eggs had come to an end. When, therefore, they found there was no more whiskey to be had in the place, they said: What pro-fiteth it us to tarry longer? Let us go home. And they departed for their tents, and those of the tribe called Independents who had viewed the battle afar off said among themselves: Now of a surety are we helpless, for hath not Kirwan the scribe written block. So the Sourge of the Dominen was arguin departed and the

falsely. So the Square of the Dominion was again deserted, and they gave it the nume of the Place of Exposure to this day. And as for the words of John A. are they not written in the

chronicles of the Gazette?

So John A. prevailed against his enemies, albeit Alexander the Grit hath not yet ceased to reign.

"WHAT IS IN A NAME?"

-Shakespere.

The issue before the people is a square issue as between Protection and Free Trade-There can be no middle course.- Ec.

Mr. B. DEVLIN is an Independent and Reformer and a Protectionist, and would, if elected, support the Government.

Mr. WM. DARLING is a Reformer and would support the Government.

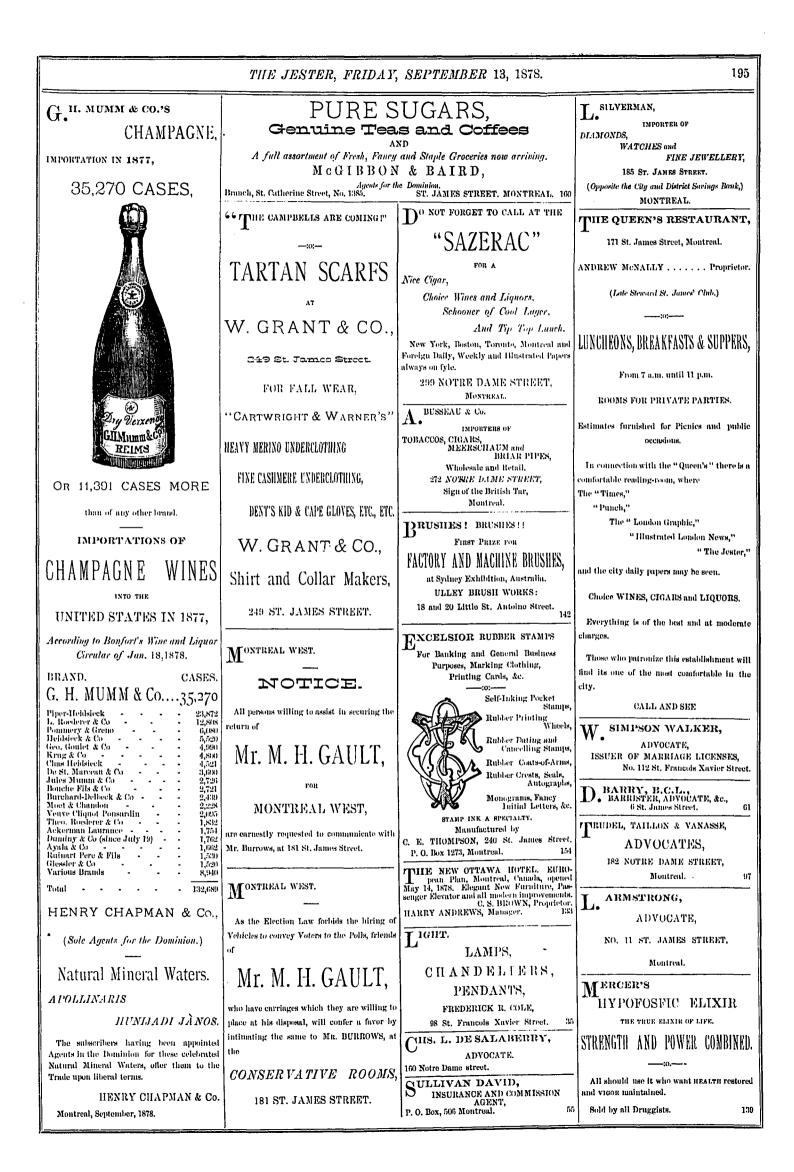
Mr. ARCHAMBAULT, Q. C., is a thorough Reformer and a Protectionist, and would support the Government.

Mr. M. H. GAULT is a Conservative and a Protectionist.

Mr. M. P. RYAN is an Independent Conservative and favors Protection.

Ex-Judge CoursoL is a Conservative and a Protectionist, and would not support the Government.

And yet this is a square issue in which there can be no "middle course !"



THE JESTER, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.



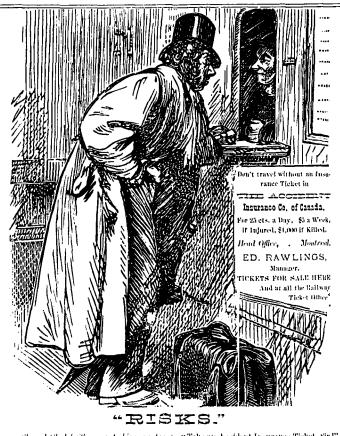
WAITER.—" Please, sir, they want the keys of the wine cellar. MANAGER (*slightly inspired*).—" It's all right (*hic.*) Ain't 1 look'a' for 'em ?

AN ESSAY-UNDER THE SKIN.

Tibbs is an enquiring man and a reflective student, but Tibbs is baldheaded. He has a head so smooth that no mosquito has any chance of making a settlement. It was amusing to notice the malicious satisfaction Tibbs felt on feeling a mosquito trying to make his way to the top in the hope of drawing blood, but that mosquito in his sanguinary haste would hurry up too precipitately and losing his balance would suddenly keel over and break his neck. Tibbs, however, was not one of your vain nen. Not he. On the contrary he knew and felt that a man's strength ought to lay in his hair and like Sampson of old he did not comb his-because he had none to comb. He felt morally persuaded, however, that there must be the root somewhere so he resolved to find out whether he had any roots of his own wherewith he could launch out among the hairbreadth escapes of phisiological enquiry. He resorted to all kinds of dodges. He tried pomades, cosmetics and numberless preparations—in vain. He bought expensive books and read them without feeling any better for the reading. Whenever he cut a page he sighed hugely and exclaimed "oh, what would *I not* give to cut a bair?". Business demand-ing his attention clsewhere. Tibbs went to Toronto, and while staying at a friend's house he was persuaded to try an experiment. He tried it out of But this was not a nostrum. "Try it, Tibls," said his friend, "and if it dont fetch them roots of yours under the skin I'll cat the bottle. Pincers are nowhere alongside it." Tibls tried it, and the next morning his bald pate resembled a young gooseberry. He tried it again, and soon began to be able to count the hairs. He ordered a gross and bathed his newly fledged pate in the capilliary pool. Tibbs was a changed man and he shot ahead like a young hare. He arrived home late at night; let himself in quietly and went to bed by the side of his spouse without disturbing her repose. In the morning she awoke and looked at Tibbs; gave forth a shrick and invoked the aid of the police. But the truth forced itself gradually upon her. It was her own Tibbs. "Why Tibbs, dear, how much you have changed. What a lovely auburn." Then he told her how it had all come about, and asked her "why on earth Mary will you insist on wearing a wig? Try Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer and he persunded. She tried it and, reader, if you doubt the truthfulness of Tibbs' experience, try it, too. The most remark-able part of the sequel is that the youngsters were all born bald-headed, with Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer in Roman characters on their left arms. What a strength of conviction a bottle will sometimes convey.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Our depressed sugar refiners, if not too "crushed" down, will be glad to hear, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, that "a Minnesota in-ventor has succeeded in producing sugar from cornstalks." But even cornstalks have this drawback they would form rather rough enting for the consumer. Cannot the Government devise some means of ntilizing them for the benfit of boarding-house keepers?



Sheard their (with energie to his percentage.) + " Take an Accident Insurance Ticket, Sir ?" Unsweiper (accounty), + " What for?" (thek.--" Well, Sir, nothing has gone wrong on this line for the last fourteen months; and, by the have rages, the next smash on the hup line is hoverdue exactly six weeks and three days !!" Old Gent forks out with alacrity. Adapted from Pooch.

___Around Town.15__,

JAPANNED Ware-Forty-cent tea.

THE Stock of the Montreal, Ottawa and Ocetdental Railway is now considered legal tender.

WE hope the proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall will find a way out out of his troubles. If any one can, Gerriken.

A Curren joke was played by Mr. Dunbar Brown in trying a quantity of adulterated methylated spirits intended for whiskey, whereby several undertakers have been done out of many profitable transactions.

CARSLEY's hose are not only far superior to the hose used by the Fire Department, but easier mended. This speaks well for the popularity which has attended his stocking trade.

"ARE you an Orangeman?" said Brown to Smith. ""Are you?" replied Smith. "Come now, I ain't agoing to criminate myself." And they met at their Lodge room the same evening, and again swore to support King William just the same as it nothing had happened.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH .- "I liked the appearance of the other girl better and told her I was sorry I could not afford her price. "Well, Ma'am" Said she, "yer can't expect to have yer baby tuk proper care of fer less than nine dollars, and if the girl at six, breaks his neck, it won't be no saving." From "Thos." by George Graham.

WE are becoming an aristocratic as well as a tasteful people. England may heast of her Earls, and France of her Knights, but they cannot be compared to the substance contained in McNally's Barons of Beef. They can be seen daily at the "Queens" dressed in becoming suits. N. B.— This is no barren joke.

"Abbrevialed Poles."

A BUTCHER may be able to corn beef, but it takes a house-builder to cornice. -N.Y. Sun. And a distiller to corn juice.

SAYS the Elmira *Gozette*: "Kind words can never die. Cats resemble kind words in that respect." That is a feline remark.

A SUREWD man never blows his own born when he can borrow his neighbor's bellows. - N.Y. Sun. He only blows his own horn when it gets frothy.

"THE good is oft interred with their bones."-[Shakespeare.] Yes, generally, unless the doctors get hold of the corpse, and then they utilize the osseous substance in the cause of science. Boston Traveller.

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