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And he that had no cross deserves no crown."

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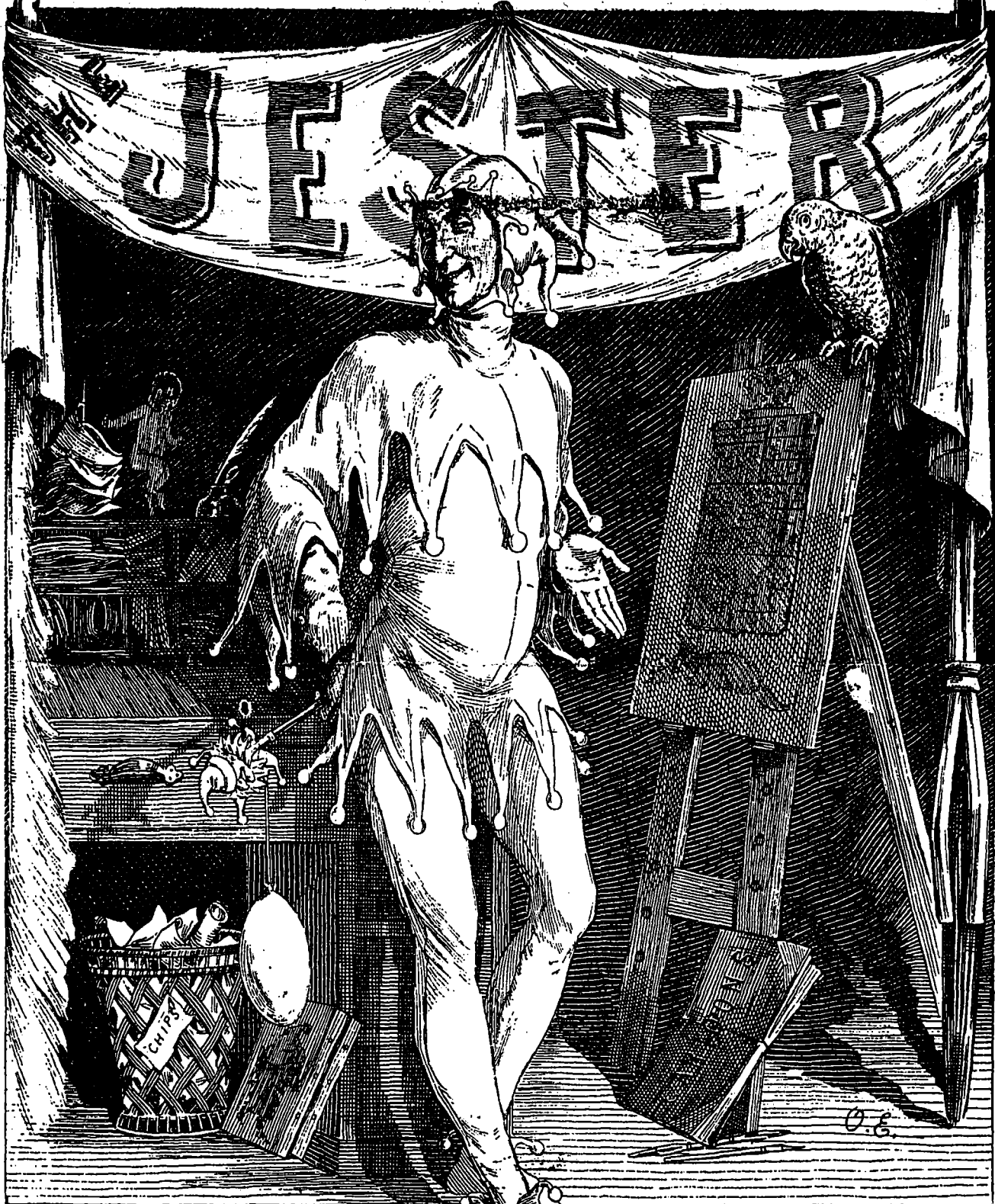
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VOL. I., No. 11

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26th APRIL 1878

G. E. DESBARATS, Publisher

MONTREAL. 88

Trade mark registered.

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(TRADE MARK REGISTERED.)

A hair dressing which entirely supersedes the thick oils so much used. Cooling, Stimulating, Cleansing, Beautifying. Prevents the hair from falling, eradicates Dandruff, promotes the growth. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. 25 cts. per bottle. 104

ELOCUTION.

Mr. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give lessons in elocution at No. 68 Victoria Street. Instruction given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms. Mr. Warner can be engaged to give Readings and Lectures at public entertainments. 89

**TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
WESTERN DIVISION.**

GENTLEMEN,
Having received the unanimous nomination of the Reform Party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the approaching election.

In accepting the nomination I do so with the firm purpose of protecting the interests of the city against any efforts that may be made to cripple and embarrass her trade or commercial prosperity. If elected, I will support the Joly Administration, in its endeavour to carry out a system of economy and retrenchment.

I shall strenuously oppose those measures in connection with the Railway Bill that have not for their object the strict fulfilment of the original contract between the City of Montreal and the Directors of the Northern Colonization Railway Company, and the building of the terminus and workshops within the city.

I shall also oppose strongly all attempts at unnecessary taxation.

All measures calculated to further the education of the poorer classes will receive my hearty support.

Differential Legislation I will oppose as I cannot see the justice of charging more for licenses in the City of Montreal than in any other place in the Province.

I shall also move for a bill having for its object the better protection of the working classes with contractors, making every contractor employed by the Government deposit a sufficient sum as a guarantee against fraud on their part in their engagements with their employees.

As your representative in Parliament I shall act independently and I shall be found always ready and willing to support measures having for their object the good and welfare of our Province.

Your obedient servant,
J. McSHANE, Jr.
Montreal, 3rd April, 1878. 105

GLIDDINNG & EARD

*Founders and Manufacturers of
Stoves, Ranges, House Furnishing
Hardware, Iron Bedsteads,
Railings, Tin and Japanned
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SAMPLE AND SALE ROOMS:
Corner Victoria Square and Craig St.
WORKS:
145 to 179 WILLIAM STREET
MONTREAL. 85

1878.

MONTREAL WEST

Legislative Assembly of Quebec

GENTLEMEN,
Having been honored with the unanimous nomination of the Conservative party to again represent this important Division in the Legislative Assembly of the Province, I accept the candidature, and respectfully solicit your vote and influence at the approaching election. If elected, I will use my best efforts to do my duty in that as in the other positions of honor in which I have, in the past, been placed by my fellow-citizens.

Your obedient servant,
J. W. MCGAUVRAN.
Montreal, March 29th. 94

MUIR & BOOKER

House, Land and Estate Agents
OFFICES:
235 ST. JAMES STREET
Opposite the Ottawa Hotel. 98

FINE WINES!

All the leading Brands in CHAMPAGNE, CLARET, HOCK, MOSELLE, PORTS, SHERRY, &c. JOHNSTON'S MEDOC bottled by ourselves, price \$4 per doz. is the best value in the city.

McGIBBON & BAIRD,

Importers of Fine Wines.

110

GRAND ASSEMBLY

Will take place on **EASTER MONDAY EVENING** 22nd April 1878 at **McDONALD'S ACADEMY**, 171 St. James St. Kennud's Quadrille Band will be in attendance.

Prof. R. J. McDONALD, Manager.
TICKETS - - 50 Cents.

J. D. SCOTT

Official Seal Engraver
57 1/2 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL. 56

WEBER PIANO WAREHOUSES

Will remove from their present quarters No. 298 Notre Dame Street, on the 1st of May to 304 Notre Dame Street. **WEBER & Co.**, 293 Notre Dame St. 50

SULLIVAN DAVID

Insurance and Commission Agent
P. O. BOX 506, MONTREAL. 55

LE VIDO, Eau de Beauté.

Infalible Remedy against tan, pimples, freckles, and all skin diseases. Directions on the bottle. This is the greatest discovery for clearing the complexion, and preserving the freshness of the skin. For sale at all Druggists, Central Salesroom at 301 St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal. **Dr. GAUTHIER.**
PRICE - - - \$1.00. 41

ICE! ICE! ICE!

The new Ice-houses built by the undersigned are the largest in the city. Although in past years, they have not only amply supplied consumers, but other dealers as well, the increase of business has induced them to enlarge their premises. This allows a considerable reduction in prices, as the following scale indicates:

Price for ice delivered every day (double quantity on Saturday for Sunday's use) from 1st May to 1st Oct. 1878.

10 lbs. each day for the season.	\$4.00
20 " " " " " "	8.00
30 " " " " " "	8.00
40 " " " " " "	10.00
50 " " " " " "	12.00
10 " for one month.	1.25
20 " " " " " "	1.75

Cash strictly in advance. **JOSEPH CHRISTIN & CO.**, 149 Sanguinet St., Montreal. Agencies: **LAVIOLETTE & NELSON**, 215 Notre Dame Street. **JOHN LEWIS & Co.**, Victoria Square. 68

H. VARNER

PATTERN and MODEL MAKER
15 HERMINE ST., Montreal.
Work done with despatch, neatness and cheapness. 78

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Piano Forte Manufacturer.
PIANOS and ORGANS



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Furniture retailed at Wholesale.

Messrs. Craig & Co. will sell Bedroom Sets at following rates:
Black Walnut Bedroom Sets - \$25.00
" " " Marble Top 35.00
Ash " " " 18.00
Soft wood " " " 15.00
CRAIG & CO.
80 463 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

SUPERIOR DAIRY and GRAIN Farms for sale—We are instructed to offer for Sale, by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, April 30th, at the TOWN HALL, Cornwall, Ont., Lot D, in the Third Concession of the Township of Cornwall, in the Co. of Stormont, P. O.

Containing two hundred acres of very choice land on the South Branch River, well adapted to dairy and grain purposes, in one of the most populous and best farming Districts in Ontario, four miles from the Grand Trunk Railway Station at Cornwall, and one mile from platform on G. T. R., where two trains a day stop for milk for Montreal market, 2 1/2 hours.

The Lot presents three fronts, having roads on three sides; the soil is mostly virgin; a rich clay, with wells and livings springs, two farm-houses, barns, sheds, &c.; blacksmith's shop across the road, school and Post-office half a mile distant. For parties wishing to engage in cheese-making, or the very profitable business of shipping milk to the Montreal market, this is one of the best localities in the Province. The farm will support over sixty cows.

Also, Lot D, Second Concession, joining the above to the south, 200 acres, about 140 of which are clear—balance wood; same description of soil, equally adapted for grain or dairy purposes, with three fronts, the south front being on the G. T. R., on which is the milk platform above referred to (a stone's throw distant), with School, Post-office, etc., convenient.

If desirable, the Property will be sold in one or two hundred acre lots, or in block of 400 acres. If required, a cheese plant, capable of manufacturing the milk of 600 cows, can be had at a reasonable rate, as well as the lease of a very complete cheese factory, on the adjoining property, consisting of dairy house, dry house, and large ice house, well filled.

The vendor reserves to herself the right of one bidding, in respect of each parcel.

Terms of parcels are very liberal; a deposit of ten per cent, of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale, when easy terms for the balance can be arranged.

Further particulars and conditions of sale will be made known at time of sale; title perfect. For further information apply to

DUNCAN G. MACDONALD, Cornwall. Or, **DE B. MACDONALD**, Montreal.
SALE AT TWO O'CLOCK. 90

GEORGE POWERS

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER
885 St. Catherine Street.
Watchmaking for the trade a specialty. Repairs neatly executed. 75

We are in earnest when we state that you can get good value in HATS from **WM. ROBERTSON**, Practical Hatter. The address is 232, McGill Street, Montreal. Give us a call and see for yourself. 75



LIGHT

**LAMPS,
CHANDELIERS,
PENDANTS.**
FRED. R. COLE, 98 St. Francois Xavier Street. 35

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE
CENTRE DIVISION
OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN:—
In reply to the very flattering requisition presented to me by the Conservative party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the approaching Local Election.

I may say, in accepting, that I am a Conservative, and will support the true principles of that party. I am, therefore, opposed to the present Ministry as being unconstitutionally in existence.

I disapprove of and would have opposed the bills imposing taxation on mercantile contracts introduced by the late Government, and I am also opposed to the measures provided by the Railway Bill for the enforcement of its provisions.

If elected, I shall advocate economy in every way, and shall maintain the interests and rights of the City of Montreal.

I shall endeavor to improve the administration of justice in this Province, and shall try to do my duty as your representative in every respect.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
WILLIAM H. KERR. 84

Q. M. O. & O, RAILWAY.

Shortest and most direct route to Ottawa.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MONDAY, 8th Instant, Trains will leave Hochelag. Depot as follows:—
A.M. P.M.
Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 and 4.30
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Train for St. Jerome at 8.00 P.M.
Train from St. Jerome at 7.00 A.M.
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.
For Tickets and other information, apply at Office, 18 PLACE D'ARMES Square. **DUNCAN MACDONALD**, April 3. 67 Manager.

Mr. HERBERT OLDHAM

Organist of St. Martin's
Teacher of Organ, Piano & Singing. 58

THE JESTER,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES; ILLUSTRATED; EIGHT PAGES;
WEEKLY. PUBLISHED BY GEORGE E. DESHARATS.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 26TH APRIL, 1878.

OUR POLICE AND OUR FIREMEN.

The blue coated Guardians of the Peace have from time immemorial been considered legitimate food for newspapers generally and for comic journals in particular. They are proverbial for not being present when wanted and their evidence is often regarded with suspicion. In short they have been usually associated with all sorts of short comings; of sins of omission and commission. Who ever heard of a policeman having brains? Our Fire Brigade, however, have had a better chance of winning the public approval, and, by their deeds, of proving themselves to be men of heroism and endurance. In the face of all these facts our City Council, with that sublime inconsistency that has marked the administration of Mayor Beaudry, has evinced a tendency to cut down the salary of our Police Force and our Fire Brigade. Why not at once let our aldermen cut their connection with the Corporation and give place to others who instead of *talking* will do some good and efficient work "in a quiet sort of way?" But we fear there is no immediate prospect of such a happy state of affairs. Since that hydra headed monster Economy has made his appearance in our midst our aldermen appear to be infected with a feverish desire to let our city of Montreal go to the dogs. But to return to our Police Force. Granted, Gentlemen of the Council, that the average policeman has no brains. Granted that he is never present when wanted. Granted that his knowledge of the nature of an oath is of a very vague nature. Admitting that he is only useful to make a joke upon in a comic paper; allowing that he is seen in all his pomp and magnificence at a public funeral. We say admitting all these suppositions, we would venture to ask in the most respectful manner we can command: How do you propose to increase the quality of the Force by reducing the pay? Just imagine for a moment, if you please, the state of things our distracted city would have to endure under your economic proposition? A riot unchecked. Mob-rule triumphant. Burglary rampant. Assaults unpunished. Stealing *ad libitum*. Outrages unrevenged. And all these calamities and crimes for the sake of saving a dollar a week by the services of men who are underpaid already! When you in your wisdom give a policeman a beat extending a mile or so in length, and allow other "beats" to operate in the meantime, don't you think you have already done enough to merit public censure? When you instruct policemen *not* to arrest drunken vagabonds because the city cannot afford to pay their board, that you have paved the way sufficiently to let these miscreants go to still further excesses. But no, your honest simple souls are bent on saving a dollar even if the City has to pay a hundred dollars in the effort. But we don't admit that our Police Force *are* all numbsculls. We don't think they are solely composed of incompetents, and seeing that they are as good as can be got for the money, we can't well understand how you are going to improve their *status* by cutting down wages. You have made a fool of PEXTON long enough and it only needs the finishing stroke of misplaced retrenchment to prove how still more foolish are PEXTON's masters. Then what about our Fire Brigade? Surely *their* services at the St. Urbain street disaster ought to bring a blush upon the face of any alderman who would be found hardy enough to advocate the cutting down of *their* salaries. Only last week we had an illustration of what *might* have happened, had our Brigade not been on the scene of a fire in some outhouses in rear of St. Catherine street, East. Ten minutes later—and the St. Urbain holocaust might have been repeated and it was only the prompt and efficient action of our competent firemen that prevented it. Some day

the time may when the City will have to mark the spot of a calamitous fire with the following inscription:

THIS SITE

MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE BUSINESS PORTION OF MONTREAL ONCE STOOD.
THIS INSCRIPTION IS A TRIBUTE TO THE FALSE ECONOMY
OF ITS ALDERMEN.

If Aldermen NELSON and GRENIER can spare the time from their election canvassing we hope they will enter their strong protest against cutting down the salaries of our policemen and firemen. For never were the services of these gentlemen more needed than now. We trust our citizens will not permit any reduction to take place. It is in the interest of our mercantile and social community to increase rather than reduce the wages of their public servants. We hope they will look at Toronto and compare notes.

PERSONAL.

We beg to add our testimony to the general expression of regret that all classes feel at the approaching departure of one of our best citizens from among us. At such a moment it would be out of place to perpetrate a *mot* upon one who is, himself, a Prince among humorists, and the kindest of men. Our people can ill afford to spare the Rev. JAMES CARMICHAEL from among them, for not only has he endeared himself to those of his own faith by his brave and wise counsels, but he has won the involuntary regard of those of another creed, who also admire him for his sterling worth. In times like these; times of political intrigue, party faction, slander and recrimination, men like him act as a corrective upon violent language and rash deeds. Would that we had more like him; men who by their influence and excellent tact would harmonize factions and live out Christianity instead of contenting themselves merely with preaching it. Mr. CARMICHAEL has succeeded in doing this without receding one step from the path of honest Conviction. We are sorry, deeply sorry to lose him, but since Duty has urged him to go, it is not for us to stay his footsteps. We know there will be abundant practical proofs of the general feeling of sorrow, but the addresses and testimonials he will receive, will only indicate a very small percentage of the feelings of those who will not be able to afford to contribute their mite. Under these circumstances we venture to think there will be a more powerful testimony in the memory of Mr. CARMICHAEL when he knows that behind these tangible proofs of affection there is a unanimous public sentiment which will say "There goes an honest Christian gentleman and a true citizen." And knowing this, to say "good bye" will indeed be a painful thing to all. For ourselves, we would prefer to substitute *au revoir*.

A GENTLE HINT ON THE USE OF THE V AND W.

The Vide World you may search, and my fellow not find
I dwells in a Waccum, deficient in Vind:
In the Wisage I'm seen, in the Voice I am heard,
And yet I'm invisible, gives Went to no Vord.
I'm not much of a Vag, for I am Vanting in Vit,
But distinguish'd in Werse for the Wollums I've writ.
I'm the head of all Willums, yet far from the Vurst—
I'm the foremost in Wice, though in Wirtue the first.
I'm not used to Veapons and ne'er goes to Var,
Though in Walour invincible, in Wictory sure;
The first of all Wiands and Wictuals is mine.
Rich in Wenison and Weal but deficient in Vine.
To Wanity given, I in Welwots abound,
But in Voman, in Vife, and in Vidow ain't found;
Yet foremost in Wirgins, and I'll tell you (between us),
To persons of taste I'm a bit of a Venus.
Yet now take me for Veal or for Voe, in its stead,
For I ranks not among the sweet Vood, Vun and Ved.

POETIC.—What prosercription is the best for a poet? A composing draft. This is invariably taken by poets who have the spring fever.

POLITICIANS TAKE NOTICE.—Why are Parliamentary Reports called "Blue Books"? Because they are never rejaqd.

SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS.

BY A MARRIED MAN.

Six nights in the week I may consider myself as a martyr to social obligations. I am an Odd Fellow, a Free and Accepted Mason, a member of the Sons of Harmony, a Knight of Pythias, Grand Mogul of the Order for the Mental Improvement of the Chinese, a member of the St. Andrew's Society, as also of the St. George's Society, on account of my wife's father being an Englishman, one of St. Patrick's Society, because I incline to cosmopolitan opinions on this subject, and if there was a Welsh Society I should probably belong to that for the same reason. Besides being a member of all these societies there are numerous smaller ones, on the rolls of which my name is placed as a matter of duty. I am also a married man, which position may also be considered in the light of a social obligation.

Being a married man, I find that relationship extremely irksome in the proper discharge of my duties. The Lodge of Odd Fellows meets on Monday evenings. On Tuesday night the Free and Accepted Masons demand my attention. On Wednesday the inferior mental condition of the Chinese requires investigation. Thursday evening has to be devoted to the Knights of Pythias, the interests of which Order I have sworn to maintain. Friday night is taken up with St. Patrick's and St. George's Societies which meet at eight and nine o'clock respectively, and Saturday evening has special claims upon me at the rooms of the Adelphi Literary Association. Sunday forenoon is taken up at church, and the evening is spent in an excited controversy with my wife, who says, "I may, as well be single for what she sees of me."

My wife has a peculiar contempt for all societies, and secret ones in particular. The Odd Fellows she regards with suspicion, and she hates the Masons with the hatred of a jealous rival. In vain I assert that my duties as "Noble Grand" are a necessity to brotherly love, but she maintains that anything which debars a wife from a proper knowledge of her husband's whereabouts is wrong. I try to reason with her remarks; I try to console her with the thought that in case she should die I should get something like twenty dollars to bury her with and so much a piece for the children. At this juncture she usually bursts into tears and mutters something about "and you'll be only too glad to get rid of me." Indeed, this has come to be so strong a conviction with her that I do not attempt a denial. I dare not approach the subject of Masonry as I value my peace of mind. She is continually reminding me of what Mrs. Jones' experience is in that direction. Mrs. Jones and she exchange sweet sympathy together. Mrs. Jones says "the number of goats the Masons kill is something enormous." "They" (I suppose she means the Masons) "bring Jones home about twelve o'clock at night as far as the door, and leave him there. They have to do it because they swear to support each other, and if it wasn't from them supporting Jones he'd never find his way home at all." I tell her this arises from nervous prostration caused by the heavy responsibilities of office. It is in vain I plead with my wife upon the high position of a "Grand Arch" (which office I hold) and then she hurts my feelings by insinuating that the Fountain in Victoria Square is a worthy sample of Masonry. Then she, in a spirit of sarcasm, asks me if I cannot organize a society for the better protection of rowdies? I quail before this shaft and refer her to the matchless sagacity of our police.

But my troubles are not confined simply to domestic complications. Cases are continually arising in which I have to struggle with my regard for truth. For instance, if I have to return thanks at one of our periodical dinners, it is sure to elicit the expression of my surprise at "being called upon to make a speech upon the occasion." If, on the other hand, I devote a couple of hours to its preparation, it usually occurs that my name is never mentioned. To provide against this embarrassment,—I have made it a rule to hand over my manuscript to those who are unable to write speeches of their own, and it sometimes occurs that Smith or Brown who may have to respond to a certain toast, comes to me and enquires, "Say, old boy, I'm set down to respond to the toast of 'Our Sister Societies': have you got that speech of yours handy? I don't think we shall want you to say anything to-night." So I hand it over and am content to derive what comfort I can from the knowledge that Smith or Brown's brilliant peroration was principally one of my own efforts. I recollect that I lost my best friend from one of the purest of motives, that of a desire to serve him. In a Society to which I formerly belonged there was an attached friend named Peters. Peters was an old and faithful brother, well stricken in years. He was universally esteemed. In consideration of his age he was permitted to read his speeches, which were usually dull and prosy. At an anniversary dinner he came to me, much troubled, and said, "my friend, if you can lend me your speech to-night I shall esteem it a favour. I have left mine at home."

"Certainly, my dear fellow. Glad to oblige you."

The time came for the toast, "Our Past Noble Grand, coupled with the name of brother Peters."

Brother Peters rose amidst the plaudits of the company:—

"Noble Grand" Brethren and Ladies.—(Here he pulled out the manuscript.) I rise upon this occasion to express my surprise that you should have honored me in associating my name with this toast. (Cheers.) I may truly say that I shall look back upon the occasion as one of the proudest of my life. (Loud cheers.) Occupying a position for so many years in connection with this body, I may say, without egotism, that I have a deep interest in its welfare." (Hear, hear.) When we reflect for a moment upon the benefits this organization has conferred upon humanity we may well be proud of the part we have taken in its noble objects." (Loud applause.) The people whose wants we endeavour to alleviate are a people who have special claims upon our attention. The Chinese, gentlemen, are a nation remarkable for their originality and antiquity." (Laughter.)

Here Mr. Peters looked somewhat surprised.

"From the days of Confucius—why what the deuce is this?" A roar of laughter followed the remark.

Mr. Peters became more confused and sat down. It is needless to say I had given him the wrong speech—one which I had delivered the night before at the dinner of the Society for the Mental Improvement of the Chinese. Brother Peters never forgave me for my unintentional error.

Before concluding I may mention that upon the dissolution of a Society to which I once belonged, it was ascertained that there was a balance of something like two hundred and fifty dollars in the treasurer's hands. A supper was got up and the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer were each presented with a testimonial as a mark of respect and esteem, in consideration of their services in that organization. The Mutual Admiration principle was a gigantic success, as a handsome clock which stands in my parlor bears witness.

The only thing I regret is, that there are not two Sundays in the week, instead of one, if only for my wife's sake and my domestic welfare.

IMMORTAL SHAKESPERE.

The following lines were read by Mr. NIEL WARNER on Tuesday evening (Shakespeare's) birthday, at the Synod Hall. They were compiled in honor of the greatest poet the world has ever known, and read as only a true disciple of Shakespeare could read them. Each line contains a quotation from the great author's writings and the whole form an unconscious tribute to his inspired genius. It is a subject for much regret that the Canadian nation knows so little of Shakesperian literature, and as an illustration we have yet to see in any other Canadian journal the first allusion to the poet's natal day. Ed.

Naturâ ipsâ valere et mentis viribus excitari et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.—Cicero.

Peace to this meeting,

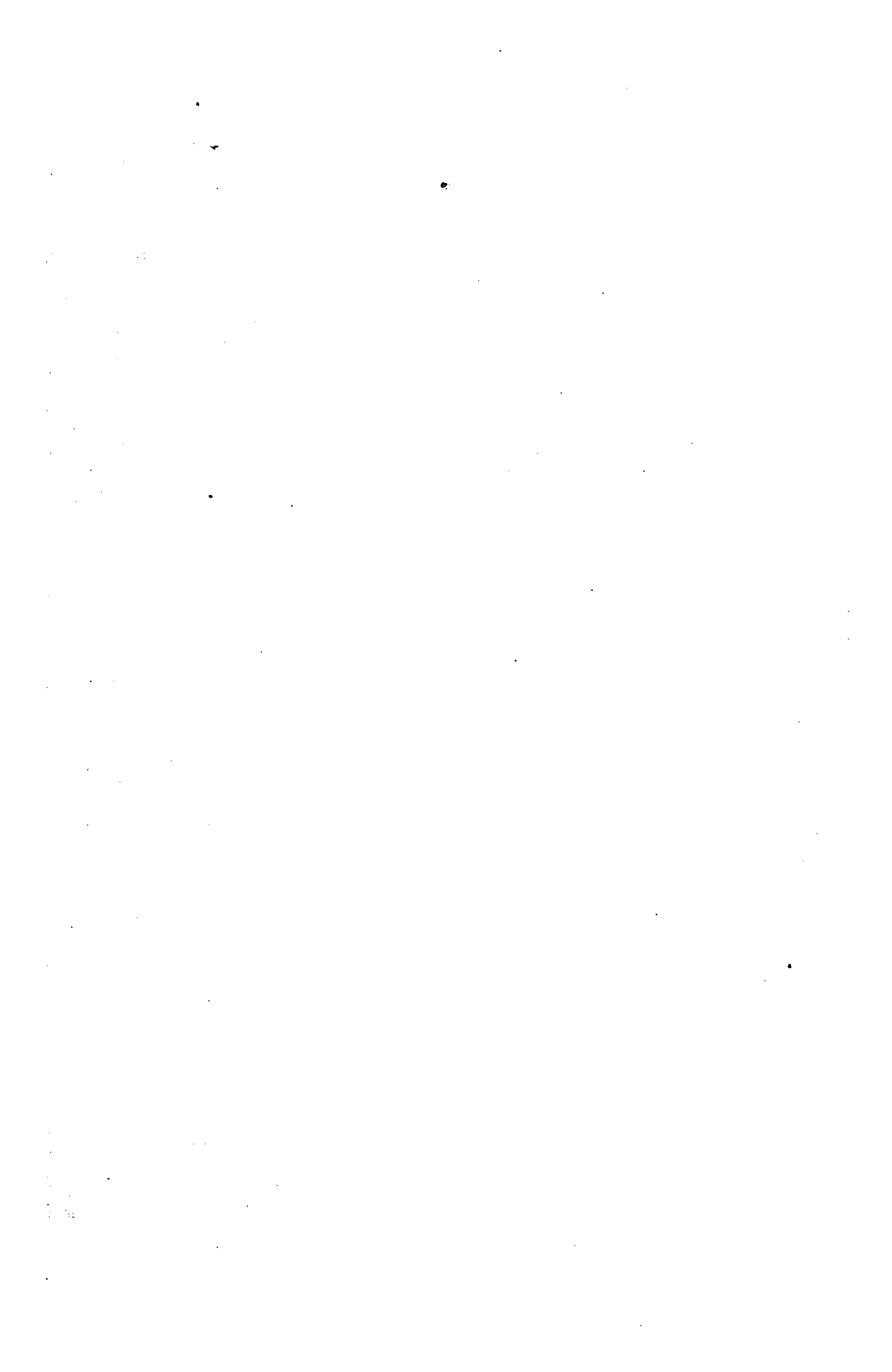
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes,
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakspeare to this favored isle;
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she framed.
O thou divinest nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy Son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure: when he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So voluble is his discourse. Gentle
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head. Yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an indivisible instinct should fame him
To loyalty; unlearn'd; honor untaught;
Civility not seen in other; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! Infinite in reason!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal.
Heav'n has him now. Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his relics; and this day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the calendar
To the last syllable of recorded time;
For if we take him but for all in all
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.



THE GOFF-BAKER CONTROVERSY.

E. H. GOFF : " I reckon *that* 'll spoil his bakin'."

EX. SOL. GEN. BAKER : " Heigh there, constable, arrest that man throwing dirty water into my oven ; I charge him with slander, conspiracy, and forgery."



OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

ARTILLERY by halves is the latest novelty in Guelph military tactics. According to General Monk "target practice" costs fifty dollars a shot in Montreal.

NEWS FOR THE MARINES.—The Minister of that branch of the Service has been knighted.

We beg to enter our protest at Mr. Worthington's staff being allowed to wear the "Windsor" uniform.

The Montreal "Black Horse Gang" is to be brigaded with Capt. PENTON's new Cavalry Troop for Home service.

A LIVING PARADOX.—Colonel DYDE still lives for his country. Long way he spared to inspect the ashes of other people.

LIEUT.-COL. FRANK BOND is to be the new Emigration General to Russia. For tickets and knapsacks apply at the Brigade Office.

It is current in military circles that the newly enrolled Blue and Rouge batteries are under orders for immediate service against the Polls.

TRUE, the Cadets beat the "Vics" at football the other day, but we hope the latter will yet prove as Victorious with their arms as their late opponents were with their legs.

GAZETTED OUT.—It was an affecting sight, writes a drummer boy, to see the Chaplain General Sir Selby Smythe reading the funeral service over the graves of the late Ottawa Garrison Artillery Brigade.

Quarter master Bissonnette will shortly have an auction of Court House revolvers and pistols suitable for street practice. Thus, they manage to keep the ball a going and those who have been dispossessed of their arms will have an opportunity of getting them back again.

AROUND TOWN.

We hope Fudge is no connexion of either BUDGE or MUDGE.

A VISION.—Brown's 90 cent dollar dream in the *Spectator*.

It will soon be time to lay down the club and take up the cross.

The motto for the Conservatives in the West—"Come along, John."

The Inspector of Buildings has been called in to repair the bursts of eloquence at the Junior Reform Club.

PROMPTIC.—Who is he that by taking away the first letter of his name disappears? GOFF—for then he is off.

ALD. HOLLAND, who recently could not believe that an Alderman could lie, never served on a Contract Committee.

PERSONAL.—Mr. GOFF has been a frequent worshipper of Bail lately, through his ill timed devotion to the golden calf.

The Liberals are "awfully Jolly" just now but the Conservative candidate in Montreal East is the best we have heard tell of. (Taillon.)

A "PLANT."—The JESTER is an indigeneous plant and grows on the Premises. The *Spectator* is invited to view but not to remove this plant.

NOT SO.—The "Graphic" Coon says he will not "come down." In that case he will have to remain "up a tree" exactly where we placed him last week.

The *Witness* does not take much stock in Mr. GOFF's "ring" investments, the reason we believe being because it sets its face against displays of bogus jewellery.

PERSONAL.—We hear the Very Rev. Dean BOND is to become the probable successor of the METROPOLITAN. If it be true, it will only strengthen the Bond of attachment between him and his flock.

JOURNALISTIC.—There are now two Evening Conservative papers; the *Star* and the *Daily News*. We are glad to see our Craig Street contemporary independent enough to assert its true sympathies.

The *Gazette* of the 18th inst. states that "a three masted steamship passed Fox River inwards yesterday morning." That steamship must have had a pretty good swallow, compared to which Jonah's experience of the whale was not worth mentioning.

EMBLEMATIC.—The City Hall architect in planning the new Council Chamber in accordance with the character of past civic deliberators, shut out the day light; but the new councillors who are yet green in Aldermanic business demand that the chairs be reversed in order that Diogenes' lamp may have a show.

PICTURESQUE ECONOMY.—His Worship the Mayor threatens, if the City Hall clerks do not stop gaping after every prisoner who goes in and out of the Recorder's Court basement that he will put up a five hundred dollar window fence rather than have the valuable time of the city wasted by Penton's free exhibition.

FOR SALE.—We have a cord and a half of spring poetry for sale cheap. It will make admirable kindling during summer. Applications should be made early as we have a contract pending to supply no less than six barber shops with shaving paper, beside making other arrangements for keeping a couple of paper mills going.

THE ANTI-PUNSTER.

The anti-punster is the incarnation of the spirit of intolerance. His aversion knows no cold medium. He has no mercy on the man who differs from him—on the point of a pun. He is a man of one idea, and that, though an old one, is certainly no joke. His singleness of apprehension cannot stand the shock of a double meaning. One is as much as he can manage to comprehend; and he can no more stand up against the force and confusion of two, than he could brave the discharge of a double barreled gun at his head. Besides, he regards a pun as a most reckless and extravagant waste of meaning. He would rather that that you used a word that meant nothing. "The no meaning" does not puzzle him more than wit, and a passage that leads to nothing, affords him more profit and recreation than an insane attempt to walk in two paths at a time.

"Like to a man on double business bound
Who both neglects,"

he would infinitely prefer a stroll in the dark to joining in conversation with a punster. He resents an unprovoked quibble as a personal insult. He never challenged any one on this score because in his opinion, a man once convicted of a premeditated pun has forfeited all claims to be treated as a gentleman; but he never fails to kick the offender down stairs:—"with his mind's foot." He sneers at Shakespere as an inspired idiot; and condemns as vicious, not only in taste but in morals the final exit of Mercutio, who is sent into purgatory with a pun in his mouth. You increase his disgust if you tell him that the same thing has happened on the real stage of life—that Elliston's ending was even as that of Mercutio, whom he had so often represented—that when an hour or two before the parting of soul and body, the patient's head was raised on his pillow, and to induce him to take a hopeless spoonful of medicine he was told, "he should wash it down with a half glass of his brown sherry"—that, even then, the actor's glazed eye brightened under the influence of the ruling passion, as he articulated with almost moveless lips, "Bri-be-ry and Cor-ruption."

Nothing incenses the anti-punster so much as detecting in a distaste to puns an incapacity for making them. Charge him with that, and he will immediately prove himself incapable by offering proof of capacity. He can neither make a genuine good pun, which is a good thing, nor a shocking bad one which is a better. Whatever he hazards is bad to be sure—but not bad enough; it is a wretched dull piece of impotence, wholly innocent of drollery. He has no soul for a villainous quibble—he cannot for his life make it vile enough to succeed. His jocular effort ends in a *choke-ular* failure. He has not grasp of mind required to gather up two remote meanings and compress them into a single word, which the eye, rather than the tongue, italicizes to the apprehension. In short he is unconscious that the excellent and the execrable meet together upon a point which genius alone can reach; and that in the act of punning, to be good enough and bad enough are the same thing—the difficulty being as great and the glory as unequivocal. In his attempt, therefore, he tries hard at working out a good one, and consequently fails to arrive at the proper pitch of badness. The anti-punster is an incapable; all he can do is take his hat because he can't take a joke. He breaks up a party because somebody breaks a jest. He thinks he shows his sense by not relishing nonsense; and seeks credit for profound thought, by frowning at a play upon words. He carries a sneer on his lip for want of a smile, and when he opens his mouth he says—nothing.

CELESTIAL CONFUSION.

Of Juno the shrew, Jove was husband and brother—
Minerva's papa, too, without any mother,
Thus playing the part of himself and another.

How strange!

Venus was Vulcan's half wife and half sister,
And proved to his peace a perpetual blister
Had he sold, he ne'er, by the bye would have missed her.

How strange!

Such things are recorded in heathenish song;
Such things, we on earth, say to scandal belong,
But the saints—oh! they're always above doing wrong.

How strange!

ALARMING CONTINGENCY.

It is with fear and trembling that we view the alarming contingency that is presented to the public mind by the Party Press; for both sides are unanimous in the opinion that the candidates now before the people are to be defeated by an "overwhelming majority." Should this news unhappily prove true the next question that arises is "Who will be left to govern us?"



AN INCIDENT OF THE HOUSE LETTING SEASON.

GENT, IN SEARCH OF A TENEMENT: "THIS HOUSE IS TO LET, EH! AH! JUST SO; VERY NICE; I'M SHUAH. AND MY DEAH, ARE YOU TO BE LET WITH IT?"

SMART HOUSEMAID, indignantly: "No Sir! I'M TO BE LET—ALONE."

THREE BELLES.

(After Kingsley.)

Three Belles came prancing in from the west,
In from the west on their way to town;
Each thought but of little save how she was drest,
And whether her train looked best—carried or down.

For men must work that women may sweep
With Silks and Merinoes and Velvets, the street.
"Though there's little to earn and many to keep
And the head o'er the Desk be groaning.

Three wives reclined in a Cosy Boudoir
And from "five o'clock" tables sipped small cups of tea;
And they looked at their watches and wondered what rare
Business could keep men who now home should be.

But men must work, and women may weep,
For losses are sudden, and troubles are deep;
Money is hard hard to get, and still harder to keep,
And the heads o'er the Desks are moaning.

Three names stand out from the printed sheet
On the breakfast table.—The "House" is "down"!
And wives and daughters are wringing their hands
To think that their names are the talk of the town.

The men have worked that the women might sweep
With Silks and Merinoes and Velvets the street.
But now it's all over and they may get off cheap,
And good bye to their debts and the moaning.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE?

Protection or free trade, that is the question;—
Whether 'tis wiser, in our minds, to suffer
Under a depression that makes times hard,
Or to take up arms against our sea of troubles,
And legislate to lift it? To protect,—
To remedy;—for by a stroke we cure
The malady—the thousand grievous shocks
That trade is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. We act,—we change;—
We change! perchance *de trop*; aye, there's the rub
For, once we change, what changes may not come,
When of our policy we've rid ourselves,—
Must give us pause:—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For where's the country that can stand to see
Her manufactures killed,—her very blood
Feed a stouter foreign life which, growing
Upon her substance, wears out her very skill,
Till air is din'd with plaints of law's delay;—
When herself could her own safety find
In a mere statute?—Why these burdens bear,
Sweating ourselves in agricultural toil;
But for the dread of something worse to come,
If on that ground debateable we move
Where 'conomists political get mired,
That makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus doubts and fears do make us all afraid;
And thus the native hue of industry
Is sicklied over with a foreign cast,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this default, their currents turn aside
And lose the name of venture.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

We are glad to notice that the St. George's Society of Montreal did not forget the poor of their nationality on the anniversary of their Patron Saint on Tuesday last. After attending service at St. George's Church at the conclusion of which a liberal collection was taken up, a number of the members adjourned to the Windsor Hotel to partake of a pleasant supper. This is doing things on the proper orthodox principle; for after helping others, who required it more than they, they next helped themselves. If this was made the rule rather than the exception, the funds of all our National Societies would be in a far better condition than they are at present. Let us hope the hint may not be forgotten. "To do good and to distribute, forget not."

A RE-BUS.

"What is a rebus?" I asked of dear Mary,
As close by my side the fair maiden was seated.
I saw her eyes sink and her countenance vary,
As she said, in reply, "'Tis a kiss, Sir, repeated."

A HINT.—If our local Inspector of Weights and Measures would only take a turn around St. Lawrence Market he would be surprised to find the number of instances in which the truth is made evident that "false weights are an abomination". "Just measures" need not necessarily be confined to Ottawa, although we are free to confess they appear to be the exception in the above locality.

PARLIAMENTARY eloquence is on the decline.—*Ex.* What a good thing for the reporters. And now that the Session is drawing to a close the next question in order is "What has been done?"

LADIES have now dropped the acquaintance of noodles and have turned dog-fanciers; they have taken to poodles.

QUERY.—Who is the greater? The man who walks against time or he who talks against time?

E. H. GOFF.—His case will be discussed in the Courts, we will therefore withhold our judgment. The man looks young to have done so much in finance, railroading and insurance; but those who know him say he is older than he looks. We are told his youthful appearance comes from the use of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer.

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