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THE JESTER.

Vol. I., No. 46.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

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The Jester,

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

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 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.

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.

NEVER SATISFIED.

Those political crows which have been trying to eke out their miserable existence since last September by living off the bones of contention will probably have a change of diet after the fourteenth of February. But even the few unconsidered trifles that may fall to their share, we fear, will not content them. There is a certain kind of vulture that is only content with strong garbage. It will fly miles and miles in search of it, though it should pass over choicer morsels on its passage. So it is with a certain class of politicians. Presuming the National Policy to be everything that any reasonable man could expect, these same crows would caw themselves hoarse in their effort to find somebody's reputation to tear to tatters, and even then they would quarrel over the shreds. And this is what they call "building up the Country".

STAND—AND DELIVER.

Suffering womanhood will stand almost anything. In most of the dry goods stores in Montreal she has to stand from half-past eight in the morning until seven or eight o'clock in the evening. She finds no rest for the sole of her foot. A peculiarly painful case came under our observation, where a saleswoman, tired out and ready to drop from the fatigue of a busy day, took a seat for a few moments from utter exhaustion. She was told her "services were no longer required." Yet her employer gives largely to the Church, and is one of our prominent philanthropists. Surely this is an age of strange contradictions! The poor girl left with tears in her eyes, and staggered home thinly shod and poorly clad, heart-sick and foot-sore. The fact did not get into the papers, because the employer is a large advertiser, and the papers were fearful of giving offence. The fact remains, nevertheless, and the poor girl is the sufferer. It is for lady customers to say whether these young girls are to stand this species of tyranny any longer. Won't their employers please give them a rest—sometimes?

THE JESTER'S CHALLENGE TO VENNOR.

It is scarcely fair that Vennor should have all the fun to himself in the matter of prophecy. His Almanac for 1879 is out, and judging by the edition of last year it is a very reasonable and seasonable expectation to suppose that several persons will get bitten this January. Doubtless the edition will sell rapidly. But we notice Mr. Vennor has been very careful this year in not promising too much, for on page 79 we read:

"P.S.—My impression respecting a very singular and op. n turn in the winter—possibly with rains—is very prominent, but I cannot attempt to locate this with precision. It is likely, however, it will embrace a portion of January and February."

Now at the present writing (Saturday, Jan. 11th) we have not had a single day's rain this month; and, so far as February is concerned, we should not be surprised if we *did* have a shower or so—for, what says the old school song?

"February brings the rain,
And thaws the frozen lake again."

We cannot see any special evidence of genius in so open an assertion. So we suppose if it rains in February Mr. Vennor will claim the credit; and if it don't he will claim the credit all the same for not having committed himself. Artful Mr. Vennor!

But we are getting tired of this generality business, and we now venture to give the Public something definite to look forward to. With this object we publish

OUR PREDICTION FOR THE WEEK

commencing with the day of publication of this paper.
Friday, Jan. 10th—Moderate. You mustn't expect too much at the commencement.
Saturday, Jan. 11th—Moderate. For the same reason.

Sunday, Jan. 12th—Rain and snow. We introduce this prediction just for the sake of a change.

Monday, Jan. 13th—Rain or snow. Please notice we don't guarantee both on this day; only one or the other.

Tuesday, Jan. 14th—Rain and snow. Probably both, because it never rains but it pours, and if it isn't one or the other it will be cold anyway.

Wednesday, Jan. 15th—Cold from the north-west; cloudy, with fine sleet. You may be sure to get one of the three, and most likely all.

Thursday, Jan. 16th—This will be one of the coldest days of the year. If it isn't, we will prove it *is* by statistics compiled twenty-five years ago.

Now our readers will very much oblige us by keeping this copy and comparing notes to see how our predictions pan out, and if they are not in every respect correct, we will tell you the reason next week.

We hereby challenge Vennor to produce anything more definite than this, and if he gets ahead of us on this prophecy business—which we don't think he will—we will then take him up on St. Patrick's Day. Anyway, we are determined to push this thing through, even if it takes all the summer.

WARRANTED, SOUND.

It is a happy augury that the St. George's Society has elected the excellent Secretary of the Canada Guarantee Company, Mr. Edward Rawlings, as its President for the current year. It is a hopeful sign from the fact that the gentleman is eminently qualified, not only to guarantee a successful term of office, but also to insure the Society against those accidents to which even benevolent bodies are occasionally liable. We refer to dislocation and paralysis. The members can rest assured that its vitality is perfectly safe in his hands.

THE MONTREAL ATLAS.

Mr. Chas. E. Goad has devised several excellent plans by which those interested may get lots of information as to the whereabouts of the estates of the landed proprietors of Montreal. As a civil engineer he may be said to be, professionally, monarch of all he surveys. Yankee competition has entered the field against him, but the attempt is on a very small scale indeed. However, this will only goad him on to further exertions.

STANDING ON HIS RIGHTS.

He was out at elbows, but looked fat and hearty. You could see he was a tramp; said he hadn't had any work for three months. We showed him a cord of uncut wood.

"How much?"

"Dollar and a narf."

"Give you a dollar."

"Look yer, Mister, I b'longs to a Trades Union, and never works under a dollar and a narf a day. Its agin our principle. I'll sooner beg first, blowed if I wont."

"Ten minutes later he was sucking a whiskey bottle on the street corner. Fifteen minutes later he had crossed the street. When we last saw him he was stretched out on a snow bank perfectly insensible to a cold, selfish world.

How much some men will endure for principle!

THAT DOG.

A correspondent of the St. John Daily *Star* gives the cost of conveying Mr. Brydges' dog from Londonderry to Moncton, at \$12. After giving the items the correspondent adds: "Now, sir, the dog is carried 100 miles over the road at a cost to the country of at least \$12. He is then shipped to Moncton for Montreal *via* Palace Car, when, of course, all expenses cease." We protest emphatically against this mongrel kind of journalism. Times are hard, we know, and news is scarce, but that is no reason why newspaper men should go to the dogs for their living. Perhaps the correspondent is a relative of the celebrated "Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend." But he forgot to tell us one thing: Did the dog live?

RHYME AND REASON.

Mother Shipton says in her concluding prophecy:

"The end of the world shall come
In eighty-n hundred and eighty-one."

When you consider that the old lady had to make a rhyme with "come," the prediction loses much of its significance. A cynical Crit says Sir John A.'s National Policy will fall due about that time

SEEING, BELIEVING.

TOMMY (whose papa has just bought him a dog): "Mamma, is baby thoroughly well bred?"

FOND MAMMA: "Of course she is, dear. Why?"

TOMMY: "Then please hold her up by the ears and see if she'll howl."
(*Fond Mamma naturally wonders what children are coming to!*)

BLESSINGS ON THE PRESS.

Among the subjects announced for special prayer by the American Evangelical Alliance last week, was "The Press—For a blessing on publishers, editors and authors." We would like to know why the "reporters" were omitted. Had this special favor been vouchsafed to Montreal pressmen, the reporters would doubtless have come under the head of "authors."

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

"Miss Ripley, a school teacher in Buffalo, N. Y., recently read a paper before a Teacher's Association, in which she dwelt forcibly on the importance of leading the pupil's mind out of school into the current affairs of the world.—*Exchange*.

Quite unnecessary dear Miss Ripley, we can assure you. The ordinary experience of school teachers, invariably proves that the difficulty is rather in the opposite direction. A too intimate acquaintance with the "current affairs of the world" is just where the trouble lies. In many instances, the pupil unfortunately, is better posted than the teacher.

THE LEGAL IDEA.

"Protection," said a political lawyer, is only another form of indirect taxation.

"Yes," replied a man in the crowd, "and you lawyers are always opposed to taxation—aint you?"

The speaker subsided.

THE TEMPORALITIES SUIT.

This may be defined as the struggle of Temper against Principle, in the effort to maintain the triumph of the Word over the Spirit.

Sure Signs in the Churches.

It is a sure sign when a pastor indulges in comparisons, he will leave himself out of the question.

It is a sure sign when there is to be "no collection" at a social, the collection will be large.

It is a sure sign when a minister preaches over twenty-five minutes, one person in five will forget the text.

It is a sure sign when a minister is talking about "want of unity among the churches" that he knows how it is himself.

It is a sure sign when a minister receives a "call," the first question which the ladies will ask is: "Is he a married man?"

It is a sure sign when a minister gets a present of a pair of slippers, some lady in the congregation wants him to put his foot in it.

It is a sure sign when the musical programme of a church service is regularly advertised that the influence of the pastor is on the wane.

It is a sure sign when a parson talks about "what his people have done for the cause of temperance," that they are not all teetotalers.

It is a sure sign when a country clergyman gets a presentation of a purse, that it is only an instalment of arrears of salary in another form.

It is a sure sign when a Methodist begins to tell anecdotes about John Wesley, that his acquaintance with modern illustration is limited.

It is a sure sign when a minister professes to teach business men how they should conduct their affairs, that he is only a mere speculator.

It is a sure sign when you see it advertised "there will be a collection to defray the expenses," that the expenses will be larger than the receipts.

It is a sure sign when a Congregationalist minister joins the Presbyterian Church that his confession of faith has considerably weakened on a matter of stipend.

It is a sure sign when a congregation boasts that it is paying its minister the largest salary in the city, there will be another mortgage on the church before the year is out.

It is a sure sign when a minister at a public meeting tells you he "scarcely knows what to say," there will be somebody in the audience who will be sure to believe him.

HAND AND GLOVE.

(Scene at an evening party.)

GREAT SWELL—"You have dropped your glove, Miss!"

SENTIMENTAL SPINSTER—Thanks! *Sudden thought (sotto voce)* "Glove! That rhymes with 'love'—Can he mean anything?"

A WIFE'S HUSBANDRY.

1. She sews *lars*.
2. She sews what others "rip."
3. She often sews in tears what the boys "rip" in joy.

IN ERROR.

Some hawk-eyed newspaper man has discovered that Sir John A.'s well-known phrase, "by the people, with the people, and for the people," was filched from Abe Lincoln. Will some argus eyed individual rise and explain where another well-known expression was filched from? We refer to the beautiful words "Send me another ten thousand."—*Simcoe Reformer*.

The "Send me another ten thousand" is original.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

You are in error, St. Thomas. The expression was filched by one Norris; and George Brown's "We must make a big push" and "Come down handsomely" are gross plagiarisms for which no credit is deserved or expected.

Around Town.

SOOTHING INSPIRATION.

Give me the fragrance of the weed—
More soothing far than priest confessor—
For those cigars I like the *most*,
Are those that's made by my friend, *Lesser*.
From Canada to Timbuctoo;
From Fiji Isles unto Odessa,
Out of the ashes of the past,
Ex fumo dare luce—M. Lesser!

Free thought—Unlicensed opinion.

The tramp's favorite food is boned turkey.

Figurative illustrations—Lessons in arithmetic.

Revival in trade means death to the undertakers.

Motto for the Montreal Chess Club—Always play on the square.

"Baby, mine" was originally composed by the late Brigham Young.

DeZouche supplies music by the sheet. Churches supply it by the choir.

A good many brokers are wondering whether that cheque was a square deal.

The *Star* and *Witness*, we hear, will shortly appear in new suits. Libel suits.

Spades would be trumps, just now, to many an honest laborer out of employment.

Happy is the man who can fix his water pipe and his plumber at the same time.

Women of "a certain age" seldom, if ever, tell you the exact date of their births.

The society to which most licensed victuallers belong—The Temperance Defiance Association.

When a man receives a remittance by telegraph, he may be said to have had a streak of luck.

The five cent contributors to the offertory in a certain church, are known as the "half dime series."

They say no news is good news. If this be true, some of our daily papers are remarkable successes.

The *Star* wants to know "whither are we drifting?" Give it up. Consult Vennor. He used to be an authority on drifts.

Housekeepers, as a rule, prefer light bread; but it is the unknown quantity that causes the trouble when the police are around.

The customers of the Insurance Company of which Mr. A. W. Ogilvie is President, ought to be sound believers in the National Policy.

We sincerely hope that the Mission Fund of the Episcopal Diocese of Montreal, will not end in a Dis-mission Fund for the country clergy.

The beggar who insists upon appealing to your generosity, with his breath smelling of whiskey, shows that he had some spirit in him after all.

"If you don't get my prescription made up where I tell you, I won't be responsible for the consequences." The patient wouldn't go, and recovered.

If the spiritual condition of the churches is no better than their average financial states, there is but little hope for even an assignee to arrange a satisfactory dividend.

A woman with a pair of new ear-rings will brave the weather at zero, sooner than put on a cloud. And yet we talk about poor weak woman, and muffle ourselves up in ulsters.

A man who gave \$100 to a benevolent institution, got so mad because his name was spelt incorrectly in the newspaper, that no collector has yet had the courage to approach him.

Alderman McShane, M.P.P., says he wont run for Mayor. Sensible man. He couldn't very well ride two horses at the same time, and come out ahead—not unless he were thrown. O. V. B. so ambitious James?

When Solomon said "there is a time to laugh" he surely must have had some idea of subscribing to a comic paper, because had he ever had the notion of starting one, he certainly would never have made the observation.

* * * Dr. Reddy, on being summoned, was quickly on the spot. He at once dressed the wound, and it is hoped the little fellow will soon recover.—*Daily Paper*. Motto respectfully submitted for the worthy Doctor, *Semper paratus*.

Bad news for rascals—The newspapers state that "Payette's hotel" is insolvent. Do they mean the extensive establishment by the river? We heard that two of the boarders had run away without settling their bill. This might account for the insolvency!

A young fellow of our acquaintance, not having sufficient courage to pop the question, sent his lady-love about a quarter of a cord of manuscript, in which the last words read thus: "Wilt, oh wilt thou be mine?" The manuscript was returned the next day, endorsed "Declined with thanks." He says he wont write for love any more.

WINTER
SHEPHERD



THE HALTING MARE.

CLENDINENG—Hope she doesn't interfere too much. Has she any vice?

BEAUDRY—Just balks a little on the 'welsh July. If you hadn't been at Lachine last year, you might have seen her.

RIVARD—Looks as if she'd carry my weight. What's her pedigree?

CLENDINENG—Sired by "Economy," and dam'd by "Public Opinion."
BEAUDRY—(Sotto voce)—If you *would* mount her, gentlemen, guess I'll have to ride her myself.

H. J. Williams