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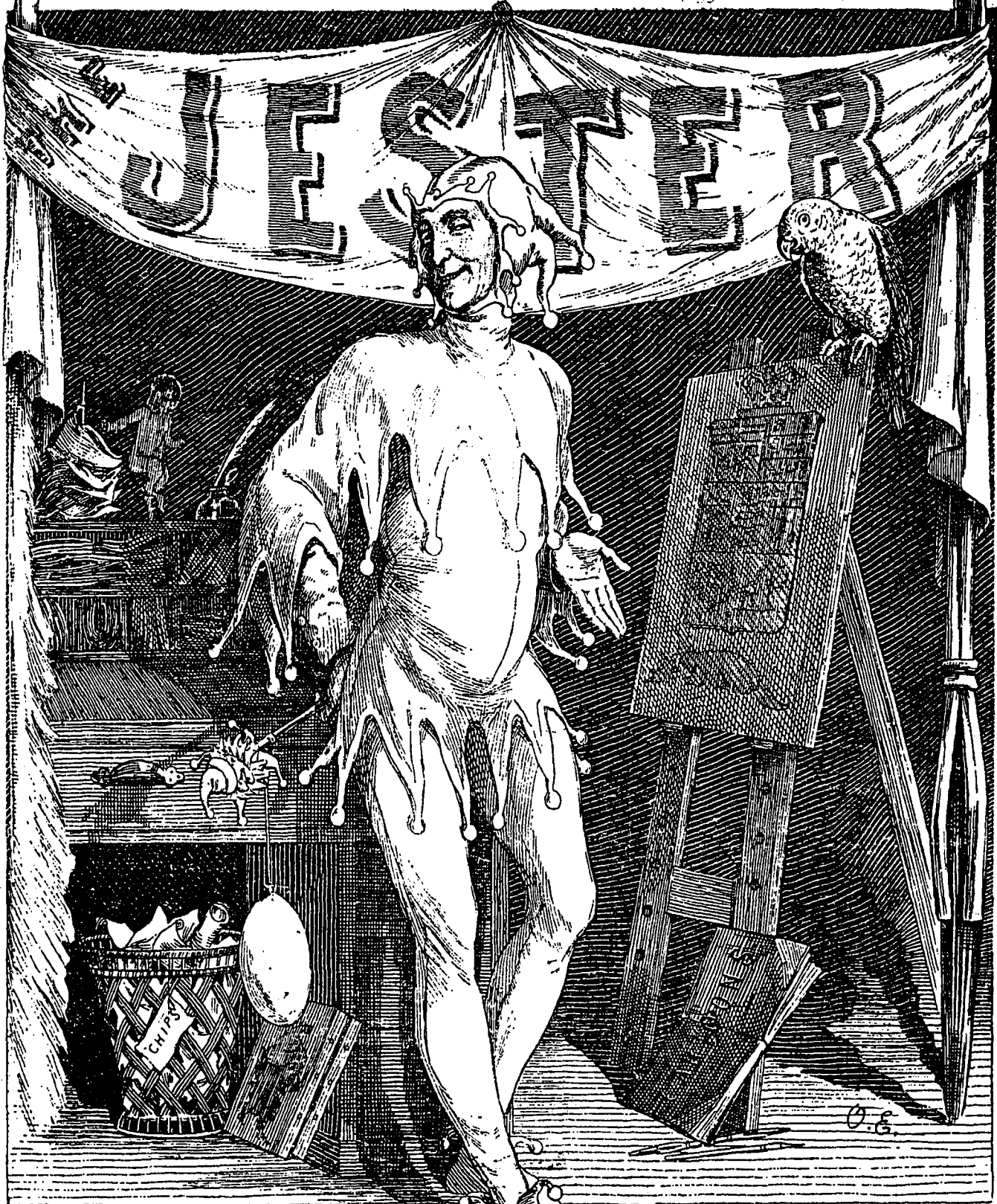
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Has been removed to **No. 59 ST. JAMES STREET**, where Mr. DESBARATS will be happy to see his friends and customers. He takes this opportunity of thanking the Public for the share of patronage he has received since his connection was severed with the Burland-Desbarats Company, in January 1877, and hopes, by prompt attendance to business, fine work, and reasonable charges, to deserve an increase of custom. He has artists and workmen of experience at his command, and can execute the finest Engraving and Chromo work, as well as neat and inexpensive type printing. The Office of "THE JESTER" has also been removed to

59 - ST. JAMES STREET - 59

THE JESTER,

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 17th MAY, 1878.

DEATH OF THE THIRD PARLIAMENT.

Dying unhonored let its dead Past lie
Too long it lived, 't was surely time to die.
There in cold silence let it sleep and rot;
Its history blank—the better, if forgot.

MACKENZIE'S Ode to his Majority—Will ye no come back again?

FENIAN notes just now are liable to a heavy discount on their face value.

A little boy shot a little girl last week with a revolver. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he gets to be a man he will shoot a head.

OUR Irish Catholic fellow citizens have a perfect right to walk. So have the Orangemen. But it would be a great saving of time, money and inconvenience if they decided to walk in opposite directions.

THE English Sparrow is voted a nuisance all over the country. *Home and Farm*. Probably, because it didn't happen to be born an American Eagle, which is only another form of the sparrow-hawk on a larger scale.

RUSSIAN officers are displaying much anxiety with regard to a secret Society of Russian females called "Nihilists." The object of this Society is revenge for political punishment. So it appears that women *can* keep secrets. In this instance the Society may be taken as a case of *nihil fit*.

MODERN improvements are daily occurring in the most ancient of places. They are now to have a railway in Palestine, which will do a good business, and, probably, yield a fair profit. "Isn't it grand to think of?" said a friend of ours the other day, "when one is able to hear the conductor shout out 'Jerusalem, ten minutes for refreshments. Passengers going North change cars for Jericho.'"

THE principle "how not to do it" has been so thoroughly engrafted into the official routine of our Montreal Coroner that we are afraid the suggested re-opening of the Inquest touching the death of the young law-student Mr. CHIMMEN, will, in view of past experience of former inquests, scarcely become realized. The proverb that "there is no fool like an old fool" still holds goods, and that is about as charitable a conclusion as we can come to under the circumstances.

THE subject of atmospheric disturbances possesses much interest to Canadians. On the afternoon of Friday, the 10th instant, while a representative Manitoban was exchanging violent passages at arms with his political opponents at Ottawa, a similar scene was being enacted at the *Graphic* meeting. The same day the United States Congress was also indulging in a concussion of verbal explosives. It is now a question among the *savants* of Canada how far the doctrine of simultaneous combustion of particles of air may be carried, and whether they increase or diminish in proportion to the distance travelled. Until the point is fully determined it will impossible to know whether the disturbances referred to, first originated in Washington, Ottawa, or Montreal. The solution of the question is anxiously looked forward to as it must materially affect the operation of the Contagious Diseases Act here and across the line.

THE United States Congress which the American newspapers have taught "young America" to shun as a place of evil-speaking, lying and slandering, must give up the palm to the Dominion House of Commons which was in a fair way to become the hot-bed of wrath and "cussedness." Fortunately, the Third Parliament is now no more. But in its dying moments it belched forth its final shriek of

billingsgate and gave up the ghost. "Coward, coward, liar, the biggest liar" were the last words," the *Montreal Witness* tells us, "heard in the House of Commons before its prorogation." Engrave it on the tomb stone of our past legislation and let it go down to posterity as a warning to the youth of our country to cease to become ambitious of parliamentary "honor." But we could have taken a gleam of comfort, for future improvement were it not too late—for in the same journal we read that among the last official acts of His Excellency was the notification of his assent to "An Act to incorporate the Missionary Society of the Bible Christian Church in Canada." We cannot regret too keenly that that Act was so long delayed. Let us hope however, the Society will have a resident Missionary at Ottawa during the next session. So died the Parliament unhonored, unregretted. The end of that session was even *worse* than the beginning.

SHOULD Great Britain go to War with Russia, it is very possible a general European War will ensue. Our Sovereign's interest then would be of the most complex character. Her son-in-law Frederick Charles of Prussia, would have to be "cool" with his wife's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh; whose papa, the Emperor of Russia, would insist that there should be a marked coldness between his daughter's sister-in-law, the Princess Alice, and her cousin, King George of Greece. Then George probably would offend his father-in-law the King of Denmark, who, seeing, that his daughter, the Princess of Wales was not friendly with her sister-in-law the Duchess of Edinburg, would use his influence to create an estrangement between the Princess Celia and her husband the Grand Duke Michael. Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia would then make things lively for her husband King George; who to make set matters right would probably call in the aid of his other cousin Prince Louis of Hesse, whose wife, Princess Alice, naturally desirous of maintaining the honor of her family, would do all she could to advise her cousin Prince Christian not to speak to that nasty thing the Empress Maria of Russia, her husband's aunt. Then the Princess Alexandra of Saxe Altenberg—but, "confound the thing" we're getting mixed. Anyway, it would make a pretty family quarrel all round, and as nice a case of mixed pickles as anyone can well imagine. But the Royal Mother-in-law, Victoria, would come out ahead after all.

SOME ACTS HELD OVER UNTIL NEXT SESSION.

An Act to control Brewers.
An Act for the clearer elucidation of Argument.
An Act for the avoidance of personalities.
An Act to Prohibit talking against time.
An Act to Prohibit the use of musical instruments during a debate.
An Act to prohibit slang.
An Act to prevent swearing.
An Act to prevent intoxication during business hours.
An Act to provide for the summary ejection of pugilists.
An Act to define the line between Parliamentary and unparliamentary language.
An Act to secure the Service of a competent and fearless Sergeant-at-Arms.
An Act to control the reason.
An Act to amend acts of Intolerance.
An Act to compel every member of the House to behave himself as a gentleman.

"COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS."

The *Witness* to whom we are under so many obligations had the following in its edition of the 10th instant.

\$5.00 REWARD.—LOST. A Scotch Terrier Dog, answers to the name of "Jack" Slightly attacked with the mange. Return to—St. Catherine Street and receive the above reward.

If "Jack" with the "mange" is worth a reward of five dollars, tell us what should a good, healthy pup cost?

JUVENILE AMBITION.

FATHER (to young hopeful) "Well, Gerald, and what are you going to be?"

GERALD (six years old) "I'se a goin' to be a Member of Parliament."

FATHER (much shocked) "My son, my son I thought better things of you. Far better be a Contractor like I am."

THE FENIAN INVASION.

(Tune "Bonnie Dundee.")

At the Fenian Convention, thus MULLIGAN spoke
 "It's time we did something, we've long been a joke
 To the Press and the Public—now boys yez must work
 We have generals in plenty, O'ROSSA and BURKE.
CHORUS—So bring out yer caps, and look up yer cans,
 'Tis money we're wantin'; 'tis secret our plans—
 Some more sarvant gal's dimes I should much
 (like to see
 Faith we'll spend 'em in whiskey and shout
 ('we'll be free!")

What we want most is money—the sinews of war—
 We don't care a fig, boys, for "glory," that's sure—
 As for Congress, its laws, all such stuff we do fy
 It's the hard cash, in dollars, we want most say I.

We care not for Turkey, or Russia's bold scheme
 We've our oie on the nigles—the money, I mane,
 Should it come to a fight, yez must go it alone,
 While the Chiefs and Head Centres stay safely at home.

We have poikes and revolvers and powder in store
 We've the Herald (*) to back us, we've whiskey, galore
 MULCAHY's a lect'rin' wid his gift of the gab;
 Hundred dollars a night—beside what he he can grab.

Poor "Old Ireland is wrongs," is a thrump card for us,
 But as for the "old sod" we don't care a cuss;
 We go in for destruction and pure dynamite;
 That's our chief stock in thrade, sure we'll give 'em a fright.

From St. Louis, New York, Syracuse, Buffalo,
 There yez'll find our head quarters if yez wantin' to know—
 The Canucks' getting scary since mischlefs' a brewla'
 Büt divil a one knows what we intead doin'.

St. John, in New Brunswick, and Halifax, too
 The blue noses there are already pale blue,
 But we "dauntless invaders" won't do nuthin' rash—
 All we wish to take in boys is sarvant gals' cash.

Yez must do all the fightin'—we'll do all the talk
 Here's luck to the bottle as well as to Cork
 How we laugh in our sleeve, boys, now isn't it fun?
 At the first sight o' danger, make ready—and run.

(*) The New York one of course.

AROUND TOWN.

VENSON has sent us just enough snow to swear by. And he is correct.
 The Surnation should arrive home safely since there are two bishops aboard.

THERE is no reduction in the price of Statute Labor. It is still quoted at \$1 or 8 days.

THE Colorado Beetle is beginning to think about hatching his annual summer mischief.

THE BOARD OF LICENSE COMMISSIONERS are the only people who know how to deal officially with familiar spirits.

THE GAZETTE says the Police are looking sharply after street corner loafers and "have arrested several of these fungi." Why not call them spongers at once?

THE Stratford Weekly Herald says: "Of course any Pressman of fair ability can report in the dark." They often do it in Montreal—then follows the "correction."

WE are sorry to learn that the Montreal Dispensary, hitherto supposed to be a free institution for the exclusive benefit of poor persons, has been converted into a live cent drug store.

A STUDENT OF MCGILL.—Yes, DARWIN is correct, and monkeys deserve some consideration at your hands, for they at least had the merit of being thoroughly trained in the higher branches, and man only apes what the monkey is already proficient in.

THE "Musical Column" of the GAZETTE of last Monday contained a very long article on the Music of Wagner. The most popular form of Wagner's music can be heard any night in one of his sleeping cars where it is of the most pronounced and realistic kind, accompanied as it is by the *crescendo* passages of the sublime whistle of the locomotive. In the words of the talented Editor of the "Musical Column" which, by experience, we can thoroughly endorse, he very truly says: "Under these circumstances, then, we cannot close our eyes to the influential position in the musical world that this composer occupies at the present moment." Try it once, and you will say he is perfectly correct in his conclusions.

OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

A MOVABLE TARGET—The Wellington Bridge.

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS will hold a Royal Fusillade on the 24th.

THE "PRESS GANG" will be out on the 24th May in strong force.

THE Cadets at Kingston are not allowed beer. JONES don't like it.

IMPORTANT NEWS.—There is now war in Africa, but peace at the Cape of Good Hope.

CAVALRY OFFICERS would make poor politicians. Why? Because they are always "on the fence."

THE FENIAN leaders are all generals. We haven't heard of a single Captain who has gone into the business.

GENERAL ORDERS.—The Minister of Militia will immediately place the Wellington Bridge under martial Law.

THE "Mulligan Guards" have been recalled to the United States where they are actively engaged in drumming up recruits.

STOCK BROKERS are no longer admissible for active service, "stocks" being no longer permitted by Her Majesty's Regulations.

THE LATEST.—The Accident Insurance Companies are issuing policies to Volunteers—to come into effect after the Queen's Birthday.

A "Bandsman" wants to know whether the tones of a silver cornet can be called "brassy?" That depends upon the quantity of plating.

A "CALL" TO ARMS.—Writers of musical columns are not exempt from military service as they are quite competent "to blow their own trumpet."

An English paper says: "The permanent Volunteer Force is to be officered by army men." Of course they are—this is the Regular way of doing things.

A PARADOX.—How can you call a smart Rifleman a "dead shot." That is merely the crack way of putting it. We should say his aim in life was a "bull's eye."

THE RIVER POLICE will hereafter be known as the Harbour Marines. They will be under the command of the Port Warden who will see they do not get too much under lee way.

HYPERCRITICAL.—According to the Witness "in case of any Fenian trouble we may count on the loyal services of Captain KIMWAX and his volunteers." Thank goodness the country is safe.

VOLUNTEER officers in Montreal although privileged to carry arms under the new Act, are forbidden to act as escorts to civilians, yet to a young lady friend one may place his arm at her service, without being liable to a Court of Enquiry.

THE Bands of the City banded together last week and gave a splendid "blow out" at the Victoria Skating Rink in aid of their musical comrades of the Sixth Fusiliers whose instruments turned out to be, in the end, instruments of destruction.

SOMETHING WRONG.—The "Military Column" of the Gazette in referring to the Charter of the Honorable Artillery Company says the "Charter of incorporation from Henry VIII dates 25th August 1537." Well, we shouldn't have thought it. Sully is evidently out in his reckoning or else Henry VIII is. Which is it?

ST. JOHN N. B. is to have a \$10,000 drill shed. So much for having a local member and a Minister. Between BRUCE and AXELIS the New Brunswickers know how to run things. The Drill Shed in Montreal, however, is to go to the dogs simply because its Workman is indifferent and Devlin hasn't interest enough to make the thing a success.

AN INNOVATION.

Lo! Bella, what do you suppose?
 Those horrid girls, the Fussells
 Have gone, dear, and cut off their trails
 They look like pea fowls, minus tails
 Since they've discarded bustles.

OPEN FOR ALL.

The new Ottawa Hotel was re-opened on Tuesday evening under the most favorable auspices. Wealth, beauty, eloquence; an excellent table, good wines and thorough hospitality greeted its numerous guests. In fact it was a "house-warming" on the most approved principle. Every thing was good, leaving nothing to be desired but long continued success to its lessee Mr. C. S. BROWN. In fact there is every reason to believe that in the "Ottawa" the weary traveller may find rest and pounce without being charged exorbitantly for the luxury. The great managerial conundrum—"how to run a hotel"—has been solved: If you want to know, C. BROWN.

THE Prince of Wales, has accepted a sirloin of beef cut from the prize Canadian ox and feels better.



WHENCE THE MONEY COMES.



WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

THE LATEST FENIAN FRAUD.



AN ELECTIONEER'S EXPERIENCE.

Party feeling ran high. Everybody was sure the other side would sustain a crushing defeat. Everybody felt satisfied there would be an overwhelming majority—for somebody. Both parties were bound to win, for the elections were drawing nigh. It was at this juncture Jobbins rushed into my arms on St. James street laboring under great mental excitement.

"You're just the man I want. Want you to go off to-night by the 9.45 train."

"Go off? Where?"

"To speak against Buncombe. Just got a telegram from Buster. Read this."

TALKERVILLE, April, 1878.

"We want a good, strong English speaker to speak against Buncombe, at Switchem Mills to-morrow. Our chance of success depends upon it. Will pay expenses. Friends of the Party will be at the Station. Reply."

"There," said Jobbins "say you'll go."

"But what will my wife say?"

"Well now, old fellow, you don't mean to say your wife runs the Party?"

"Anyway, she has the controlling vote in my connection with it."

"Say, Ford," continued Jobbins earnestly, "we've got to carry this election, and to carry it we must work. Now I leave it to your conscience. You're a good speaker and if our man gets in, everyone will give you the credit of carrying the county."

"Well, since you put it that way I'll go. But I've got no arguments."

"Arguments!" "Who ever heard of 'arguments' in an election. Its convictions we want. Wish you succes."

The train left Bonaventure Depot about half an hour late. A clean collar, comb and brush were the only articles I could draw upon for inspiration. I wanted "points" and tried to sound the opinions of my fellow passengers.

"Don't you think, sir," I remarked to an intelligent looking person on my right, "that the act of the Lieut.-Governor was a flagrant breach of constitutional rights, and the act of a despot, fit companion only of the autocrat of all the Russias?"

"Russia arn't so easily whipped by thunder. No siree."

That man was going to New York by way of Island Pond.

I tried again and to another I said: "The Liberal Party will have such a defeat as will paralyse all their future efforts."

"Look here, mister," producing a roll of bills, "I'm a Grit and I'll bet you twenty dollars to one that the Grits'll carry the election."

I subsided for want of funds. Presently I heard somebody mention the name of Buncombe. I listened attentively.

"I hear" observed the speaker, "Buncombe's going to speak at Switchmen Mills to-morrow. He's a strong man is Buncombe. Biggest pop-gun on the stump, I'm told. Brings tears into everybody's eyes. Got a sore mouth last week by kissing a conservative baby. He'll do anything for the Party. Guess the Grits'll go in."

This news didn't strengthen my hopes and in despair I appealed to an elderly party, with a farmer-like appearance, who smoked Canadian tobacco. Cautiously approaching him I threw out a "feeler."

"Do you think, sir, the Grits are going to win this election?"

"No sir. They haven't got a show."

"My friend," I replied, "permit me to shake you by the hand. You are the first man whom I have met since I left all that is near and dear to me in Montreal who has given me a ray of hope." And we shook hands. "Yes," I continued, "this is a glorious struggle for constitutional liberty. A liberty for which thousands have fought, bled and died; a liberty which is to be weighed in the balance next week; a struggle which is to recoil upon the heads of those political despoilers of our country's honour; a fight in which any man, whose soul burns with that sparkling and scintillating flame of patriotism, would be proud to die; a struggle (for I was getting excited) on which the safety of our hearths and homes and all that is dearest and best depends."

"Why, if you arn't a stunner! That's the talk that the boys down our way like to hear. If you go on like that you'll carry the county, sure."

"I felt pleased, and gratified. Such a compliment from an entire stranger was pleasant indeed. I talked him to sleep in ten minutes and left him—snoring."

At half past two a. m. I arrived at Switchem Mills where I was to meet "the friends of the Party," as per telegram. But I didn't meet them.

Then, a new difficulty beset me the meeting was to be held seven miles from the station, which was only a way-station.

The horse and wagon being ready we started. On the way I thought I would throw out another "feeler." My driver was a native.

"Y'at'y d'la chance pour les bleus? C'que t'en penses?" (Any chance for the blues. What's your opinion?)

"Pas la miette." (None at all.)

We never spoke another word during that trip. I was the only man in that bleak and rutty region who had any regard for the "blues."

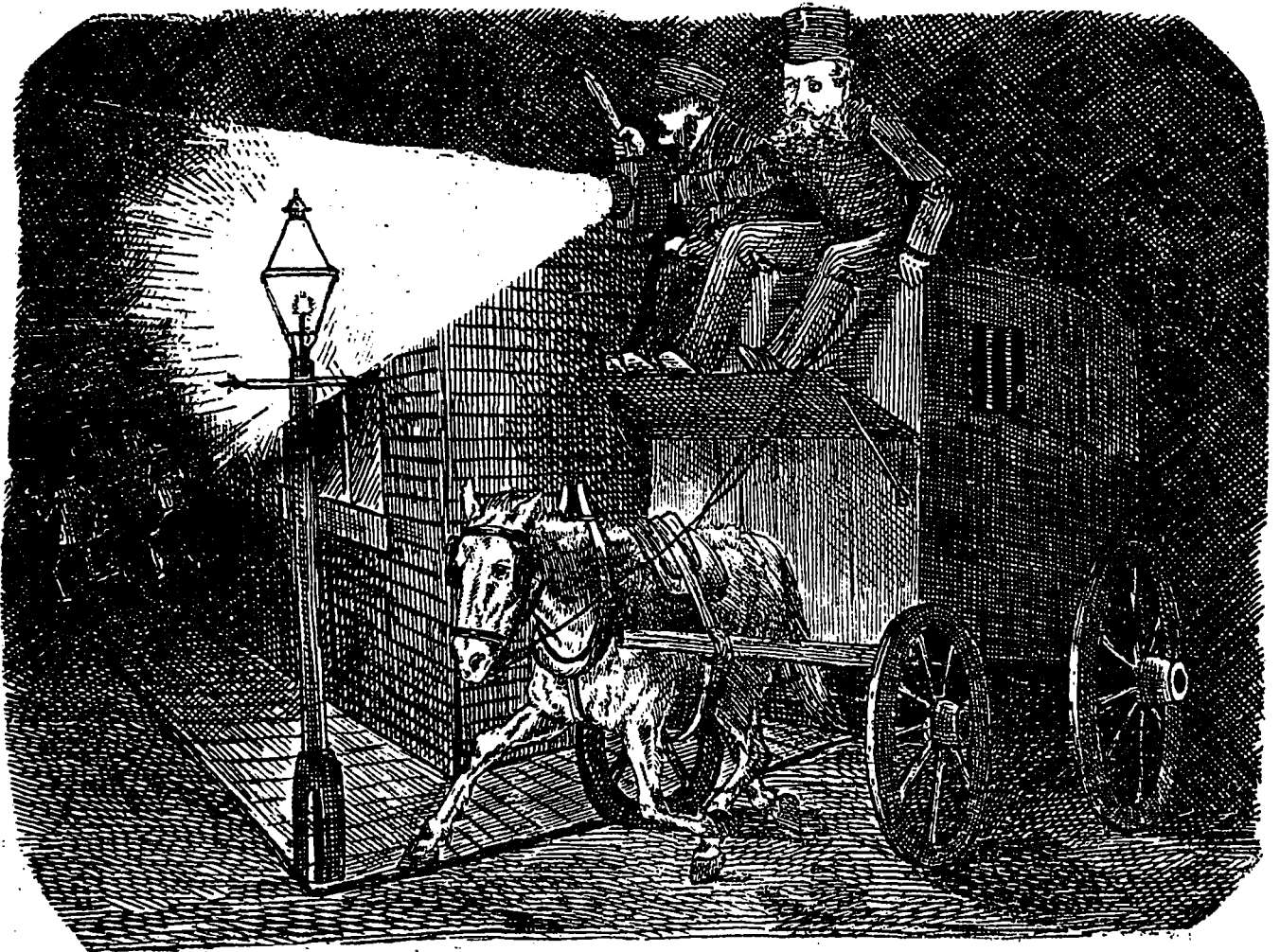
At four o'clock a. m. we reached Mr. Blank's house. Upon awakening at 9 o'clock the friends of the Party wanted to see me. Having breakfasted I received the deputation at the only hotel in the neighborhood. The reception cost me \$1.10 for the first interview. The "friends" then began to grow colloquial upon the situation and even went so far to suggest some experimental evidence of my oratorical abilities in the way of a rehearsal.

The time came for the meeting, and I hit upon a happy expedient to convince the people how utterly Buncombe had misrepresented the issue. There were about sixty persons present of whom not more than a dozen had votes. This magnificent and intelligent meeting was called to order and Buncombe commenced his oration. He opened out by appealing to their intelligence and concluded by working upon their ignorance. He showed the hideousness of the De Boucherville Government in the most appalling light; he pictured the probability of that audience having to face the \$150,000 of taxation which would be caused by the exodus of the Montreal brokers, should the Stamp Act become law. He was opposed to School Inspection, because it would not advance education; he scouted the idea of Stipendiary Magistrates living on the fat of the land, at the expense of the people and he played the deuce generally. Fact after fact was disposed of; blue books were read; speeches were quoted and he only stopped from mere exhaustion. The most astonishing portion of his speech was that it contained nine parts of fiction to one part of truth. In short it was a magnificent mixture of ginger beer with a seidleitz powder thrown in.

My turn now came and to use a homely phrase "I went" for Buncombe. My speech was not long but it was to the point. This is what I said.

"In addressing the free and independent electors of this enlightened constituency I only regret that I have not the gift of presenting to you a few simple truths with that degree of eloquence which has marked the highly wrought fictions of my opponent. (I don't suppose there was a man in the room beside the speakers who knew what a "fiction" was, bless their simple souls). One would imagine that he was addressing a Montreal jury rather than an impartial and intelligent audience. He has not only evaded the issue but he has wrought upon your feelings by telling you that you will have to pay the burden of taxation should the stamp Bill become Law. Gentlemen, you are intelligent men, some of you men of property and I appeal to your common sense when I venture the belief that if anyone of you could get a contract for 10,000 cords of wood to-morrow you'd gladly and willingly pay the stamp for the sake of the profit you would make out of the transaction. But gentlemen the CONSTITUTIONAL issue is the true issue whatever that may mean. It is upon this issue you are to decide the election. Your forefathers fought, bled and died for liberty, but you prefer enjoying that liberty without any of these inconveniences. Large estates were confiscated, property was depreciated—and a general commercial depression prevailed throughout the country when that constitutional question was fought on many an English battle field. It was fought in the House of Commons; it was fought out at Runnymede; and it is hard to say where it was *not* fought, and the result you now enjoy to-day in the peaceful possession of your homes and liberties in this thriving back woods portion of the Province. (This produced a decided cheer) Gentlemen, will you give up these liberties? Will you renounce all that your ancestors fought to gain? Will you permit your homes to become desecrated; your liberty endangered and your happiness wrecked by an truculent Ministry? (Very emphatic cheering) Gentlemen, I opine most of you are not insured. If not—insure now—for I can tell you, should the Joly Government obtain power you will not know when you will be turned adrift on the cruel, cold, wide, world, without a roof to cover you or yours". Therefore, I say become insured, whether it be on the "ten year plan," whether it be upon that principle in which policy holders are delusively supposed to share in the profits, it is not necessary here to enlarge upon. But if you have any regard for your live's *insure, ere it be too late*. Gentlemen, my oponent has read from several books to prove the truth of his assertions; he has read from newspapers; from pamphlets and from reports. Truly, this is adding insult to injury, it is an insult to your intelligence; an outrage on your common sense for I have yet to learn, gentlemen, (here I raised my voice)—I have yet to learn that there is half a dozen people among you *who can read*. Such tactics are worthy only of the blind partisans of a hireling Ministry, but I venture to assert that you will at the poll resent the insults that have been heaped upon you this day.

The closing remark "brought down the house" and the county was saved.



THE VAN GUARD.—A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.

MAYOR BEAUDRY.—EXCELLENT IDEA OF MINE ; NOT A HOWDY TO BE SEEN.

BILL (in the distance)—THAT LAMP O'HIS 'N GIVES A BULLY LIGHT, DON'T IT, JIM ?

JIM.—YES, AND THEM WHEELS MAKES AS MUCH HOW AS A SALVAGE WAGGON. BEAUDRY'S SMART, AINT HE ?

OUR COMPLAINT COLUMN.

Out of respect to that large number of persons who are continually seeking a remedy for their troubles and finding none we have opened a "Complaint Column" which is open to everybody.

CHARLES F.—Is it fashionable to applaud at a concert? Ans.—Yes, that is if you personally know the singers. If not, you may remain silent.

FANNY.—My switch is continually coming down at parties. How shall I secure it? Ans.—Raise your own crop and then there will be no falling off.

F. B.—What is a "modern Symposium." My girl is always bothering me and I can't tell her. Ans.—Ask the Editor of the *Spectator*. Our Dictionary says it is a drinking party.

P. B.—A lamp is badly needed in our street. It is often enveloped in darkness, and a big hole opposite my house renders it exceedingly dangerous at night. Please find a remedy. Ans.—Run for alderman next year and if elected you can get your lamp.

w. s.—I ham a kocheman in a private famly. I wos to ave Forty pound a year and a livry. But all the livry they giv me is a hovercoat three times too big full of oles. Two other kochemen worn it hout and one giv warnin. What shall I do? Ans.—Take the wages and tear another hole in the coat.

MERCHANT.—A man stole some goods out of my store. I prosecuted him; had the goods returned. The thief got two years and I had to pay \$200 for costs. How can I collect my costs? Ans.—We don't know. The more a man steals the more expensive it is to convict him. Better thrash him and let him go. He will be grateful to you in the end, and you will have saved \$200.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Twelve petit jurymen sitting in a row,
Half of 'em divided, so the case will go—
All the lawyer's eloquence there possibly could be
Wont lead to a conviction, they'll be sure to disagree.

Two burly ruffians standing in the dock
The evidence against them any modest mind would shock;
Notice how they wagger, 'tis plain that you can see
The Jury wont convict them, they'd be sure to disagree.

That impartial Judge there, sitting on the Bench,
Is the only man among 'em with any common sense,
Notwith-standing evlence, he knows very well
Our boasted trial by Jury is oftentimes a sell.

One melancholy victim—saddest case of all,
Nearly killed by rowdies in a midnight brawl,
'Tis the same old story, satisfaction cannot find,
Justice cannot help him, sine Justice she is blind.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The *Quebec Constitution* is dead. This puts an end to the matter.

THEY HAVE a Temperance Association at Chatham known as the Dutchers' Temperance Reformers. Their members are known as the people committed to the "D. T's."

THAT enterprising paper the *Hamilton Times* has enlarged itself. This power of increase is an evidence of self-expansion very commendable. There are few papers that come up to the "Times" either in size or intellect—especially on Saturday, when it gets "two sheets in the wind," and still remains sober and reliable.