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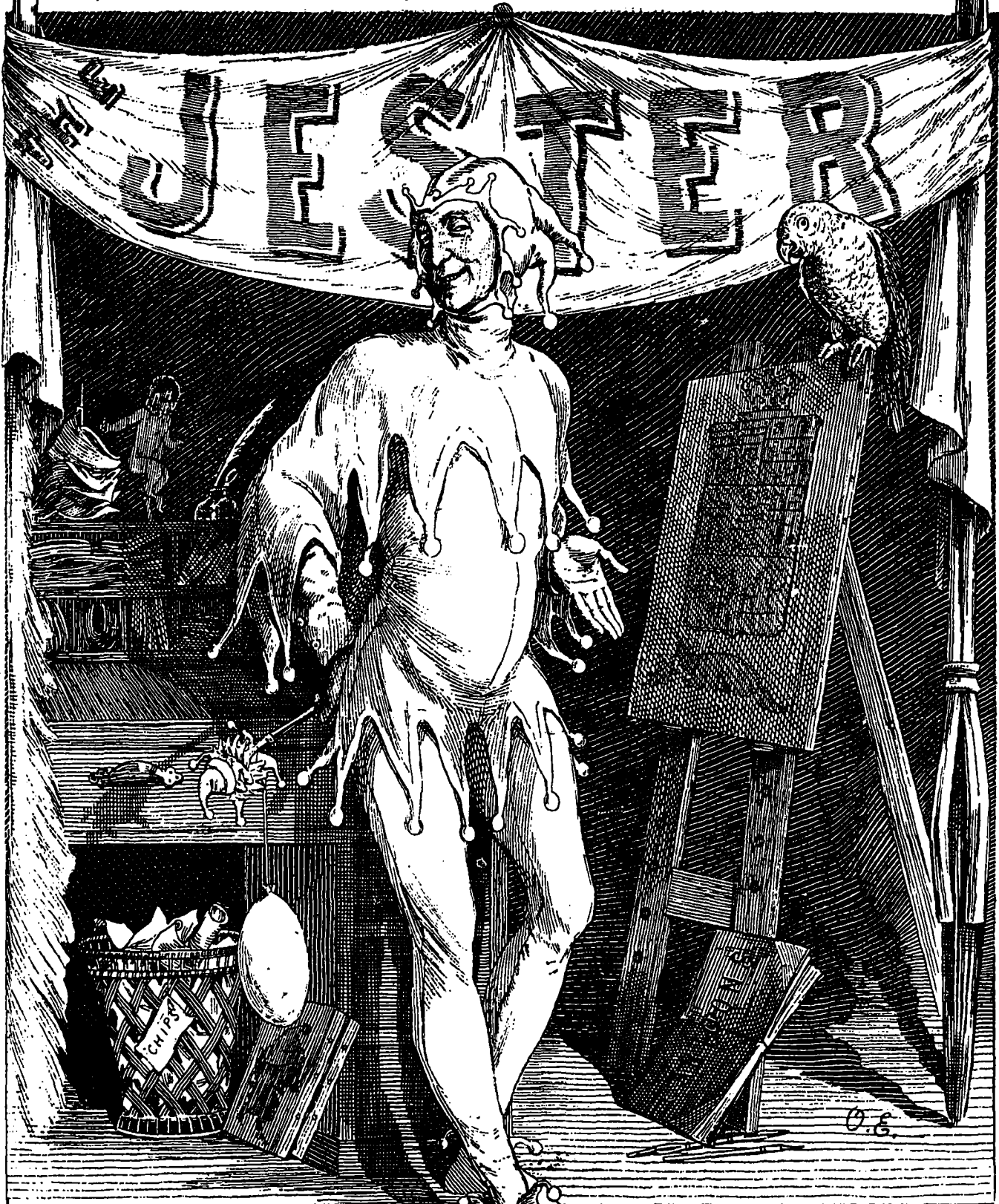
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And he that had no cross deserves no crown."  
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VOL. I., No. 9

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# THE JESTER,

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 12TH APRIL, 1878.

## MESSRS. KERR AND NELSON.

The Public has been told by the daily Press that the issue to be decided by the "free and independent and enlightened electors" of the Centre Division is, on the one hand "Constitutional Government," and, on the other Economy, Retrenchment and everything that is pure, virtuous and lovely, but—of course, according to the other side—unconstitutional. Now, if we could only have all of these what a happy people we should be to be sure! But we cannot. For the Conservatives say the Country will be endangered by the return of the Joly Ministry, and the Liberals contend that if they are not returned the Province will have to make a general assignment. This is very dreadful to read about and one scarcely knows which of the two evils is the least. Then, to the rescue come Messrs. Kerr and Nelson. Mr. Kerr quotes you authorities from sixteen different authors until he bewilders you with facts and you scarcely know whether you are, legally speaking, on your head or your heels. Mr. Nelson having a pretty good constitution of his own, evades the question and goes into figures to prove that, after all, a man's interest is more affected by the state of his purse than by his knowledge of constitutional remedies. The question therefore narrows itself down to the enquiry: Who is the better man of the two? Mr. Kerr, Q. C., is an able lawyer; perfect at fence; polite in argument; cutting in sarcasm, and without an excellent gentleman. Mr. Nelson is an Alderman, and were he not the able Chairman of our Finance Committee the fact of being an Alderman would be no great honor of itself. For is not Mr. CHAS. THURMANT also an Alderman? But Mr. Nelson is something more than a city officer. He is a Merchant and has made much money by toying with young Canada and supplying rocking horses for the rising generation to ride upon. Pegasus is not a mere figure-head so far as Mr. Nelson is concerned. Mr. Nelson is slow in speech, deliberate in his calculations, and usually knows what he is talking about. But Mr. Nelson is an American by birth and if a Canadian dollar happens to be worth more than ninety cents that is not his fault. Mr. Nelson was also one of the founders—not the founder, mark you—but one of the founders of the now defunct Canadian National Society. Whether he has severed his connection with the McLaughlin interest by request, or through the pressure of circumstances, does not yet appear: but it does seem a trifle singular that the Alderman should have a sudden love for the Liberal Party now, when he deprecated Grit and Tory alike not three months ago in the "Long Room" of the Mechanic's Hall on a certain occasion when the Canadian National Society was in its most sanguine mood. But it seems to be a case of "off with the old love, on with the new," as it is with many other politicians. Notwithstanding these apparent inconsistencies, Mr. Nelson is an honest gentleman, and for all we know, he may be able to explain them away. To strengthen his position, his requisition, it is said, was signed by nearly a thousand persons. But it is also alleged some of the signers were not voters, while many signed it under the impression, that it was a request for him to remain in the Council—a most excellent suggestion by the way. Be this as it may, the requisition was no mean compliment to his general popularity—as an Alderman. Mr. Nelson does not speak French. We conceive that Mr. Nelson, if elected, may hope to become a Minister, and it has been laid down by an eminent Authority that a Minister should speak in a language that the people understand. In this respect Mr. Kerr has a decided advantage. But yet Mr. Nelson has time to learn it. It may be taught in twelve lessons, for a consideration. For our part, our esteem for Alderman Nelson is large and liberal, but we do hope for the sake of

our City Treasury that he will remain where he is. He is an honest man and we want honest men to keep off those cormorants who would make our Treasury poorer in a very short time. We have pointed out the advantages and disadvantages under which the candidates labour, and, in the contest that has just begun and which has, so far, been marked by the absence of personal abuse to any great extent, may the best man win.

## A LEGEND OF QUEBEC.

There was a man surnamed St. Just,  
In whom this Province placed its trust,  
To supervise what was discussed  
In our Local Legislature.

ALICK MACKENZIE on him smiled:  
By "Blues" he could not be beguiled,  
Which made that Party "awful riled,"  
In our Local Legislature.

Together, then they put their heads,  
To find a plan to tear in shreds,  
The little game of "Blues"—not "Reds,"  
In our Local Legislature.

Then up arose DE BORTCHERVILLE:  
Said he, "By all the saints we will  
Manoeuvre through this Railway Bill  
In our Local Legislature."

"Our good LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, he  
Is but a mere nonentity—  
For guidance pray look up to me!  
In our Local Legislature."

"Tis we that run this old shebang;  
'Tis we that boss the blessed gang."  
Then "Pull together boys" they sang,  
In our Local Legislature.

Then through the House they mighty quick  
Did sling their measures fast and thick;  
The Railway Bill they "fixed up slick"  
In our Local Legislature.

Unto St. Just the Railway Bill  
Submitted was, (of course you will  
Perceive he was considered *AW!*)  
In our Local Legislature.

But soon the startling VERO came,  
A bombshell that burst into flame,  
And all the "Blues" cried "What a shame!"  
In our Local Legislature.

DE BORTCHERVILLE turned up his eyes  
In holy horror. Then he cries  
"This act will revolutionize  
Our Local Legislature."

"Whoever heard of such a thing?  
'Tis sure the work of some Grit ring!  
And nothing else but mischief bring  
In our Local Legislature."

Our country isn't safe you know  
If governors and such can go  
And place upon our Bills—VERO  
In the Local Legislature.

Then up arose bold ASGERS, too,  
All at his back a mighty crew  
Who cried "We'll fight till all is 'Blue'"  
In our Local Legislature.

Their loins they girded for the fray,  
Determin'd straight to win the day,  
And show the "Rouges" that they'd stay  
In the Local Legislature.

The clans are gathering for the strife;  
With politics the streets are rife,  
And now it is "War to the knife,"  
In our Local Legislature.

The battle now will soon begin,  
Then won't there be a "Joly" din?  
If "Blue" goes out, then "Rouge" goes in  
Our Local Legislature.

## UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

General Paper.

Examiner—Dr. Splints.

The questions though not so numerous are more difficult to answer accurately than those that were propounded last week, to the Law students. The reason may be that they are more mixed.

1. Mention the instruments used in body-snatching, with the usual dimensions of the shovel and the bag.
2. Distinguish between the term "dead-drunk" and "complete inebriety"?
3. What is the influence of the telephone on modern Medicine?
4. How would you prove "age, staleness and lumpiness in Nestle's Food? And do you consider the wrapper as merely an outside cover to conceal the true condition of affairs?
5. At what establishment would you advise your patients to have their prescriptions made up?
6. What are your chances of getting six patients within six months after you begin practice?
7. How would you like to settle in a horribly healthy locality. Name one in Montreal—if you can.
8. Demonstrate the exact amount of morality contained in the average medical student, compared with the student-at-law.
9. Do you intend to become a candidate for a position on the medical staff of the General Hospital, and, if so, which do you consider the best method of canvassing for votes?
10. What are the rules for professional advertising? Define the difference between respectability and quackery, with illustrations.
11. What is the proportion between the number of doctors and the number of deaths in any given city?
12. What do you know of Medical Science and how much do you know? (This answer to occupy at least a column.)

## ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE?

Her Majesty's subjects in Canada have recently added another interesting type of their belief that "Union is strength" in the persons or person it is a singular fact but we can hardly say whether the person or persons be plural or singular, of the Double-Headed Twins. People went half crazy over the Siamese Twins, who were nearly two perfect men joined together by a band of flesh. They fought, squabbled and tore each others' hair like Christians. Eng used to swear that if Chang did not give in he would cut his connection and run.

But our Canadian Double-Headed Twins are aristocratic compared with those democratic Siamese, and so far as the former is (or are) concerned the sex to which she belongs calls for more than a passing remark. Many interesting suggestions force themselves upon the mind of the student.

Should a fellow fall in love with the young lady on the right could he propose and be accepted without the consent of the one on the left? Supposing the left objected would that prove she was right?

Supposing he was accepted would it be a case of "two souls with but a single thought"—or two thoughts with but a single soul?

Then again, if he got married would he be liable to an action for bigamy?

But these questions may be premature and we dismiss them to consider the legal aspect of "the situation." When travelling in the cars or steamer would they be charged double fare?

Two of a trade seldom agree we are told, hence these young ladies must agree to differ on some recognized principle of mutual accommodation.

Will one be jealous of the other?

Will one sing soprano and the other alto?

When the time comes for woman to vote will they have the right to one or two votes?

We called on them yesterday and found one was named Rosa and the other Mary.

"How do you do dear JESTER, said Mary?"

"What do you think of this alliance, said Rosa?"

"Really, my dear girls, "it is amazing," we answered.

"Yes," said Mary, "this sister of mine sticketh to me closer than a brother."

"Now, Mary, "quoth Rosa, pray, behave yourself in the presence of a gentleman."

"Sister, mine, "returned Mary, your are married to my career and if you worry me I'll stick a pin in you."

"Go to sleep, mixx, replied the right hand one, I want to talk to this gentleman—alone." Here she sighed and murmured sadly. "Atas it cannot be."

We had a delightful conversation, and, reader wouldn't you like to know what it was all about? But you never will. Never.

## OUR CITY COUNCIL.

Dear Public would you know the men who rule our city?

If so, pray go with me

And witness such a farce, where "cheek" and "brass"

Excite alternately, contempt and pity.

Pray do not think, although a JESTER,

There are not not bigger fools than me

For wounds *will* fester and cuts *will* smart,

Despite the very wisest surgeon's art.

But come. A hundred yards from hence

You'll find our Council Hall: where you'd suppose

That men of sense in serious mood

Would talk on questions which they understood.

But such is not a case, quite the reverse

And you will see that nonsense, if not worse,

Creates distractions caused by party factions.

Are they *all* fools then? I didn't say so:

But 'twould be difficult, as things now go

To say correctly which man "runs the show."

If you'd dissect their heads you'd find few grains

Of common sense. Though some *have* brains.

Well, how do you like the Chamber? Think, it's gloomy

Looks too stuffy, and by no means roomy:

This costly pile has been a trial

To many a pocket. You'd scarcely think

Th' amount of food and drink it represents.

The docket termed the "Orders of the Day"

Will be the signal, when they'll fume and bray.

And then you'll say that there are greater fools than I.

—A dog will have its day.

Well, I admit the Chamber is too small:

And yonder Throne more like a funeral pall.

But, then, you'll own they never yet left "well" alone.

What's that you say, with waggish grin?

They can't well leave what they did not begin?

Most true. That gent, who's speaking yonder:

Who talks so loud and says he hates to squander

The people's money, if Report be true

He's no great shakes, that man, 'tween me and you.

But wait a moment, and you'll see a row,

Ah, here it comes. You'll now learn how

It is that *talking* and not doing

Is the leading feature in the storm that's brewing.

Yes, that's the man who's going to explain

The reason why he's got more "gas" than brain.

Dear me how they *do* talk! Of course they do

They ne'er did else, and only one or two

Have sense enough to let them have their way.

And sit in silence till they've had their say.

What words are those I heard? "A lie, Sir." "You're another."

Is it not absurd? Why don't B— stop 'em?

If I were he, I'd feel inclined to to whop 'em.

In using words like that he's put as any.

And only counts but one among the many.

"Order" and "Chair": "—Do you mean that for me?"

"I say you're"—"Silence." "I'd like to see,"

"Be quiet"—"question." "Sir, I have the floor."

"Order"—"shut up." "—He's spoken twice before."

So day by day this charming scene's repeated

Discretion balked and honest Wisdom cheated.

But come dear JESTER, for I can't stand this

A woman's tongue compared to theirs' is bliss.

N. B.—If it will soothe their feelings I might add  
The scenes in Parliament are just as bad.

## CURRENCY.

Just \$5,500,000. Payable—when?

They make a big show out in British Columbia by giving every baker's dozen a representative in Parliament.

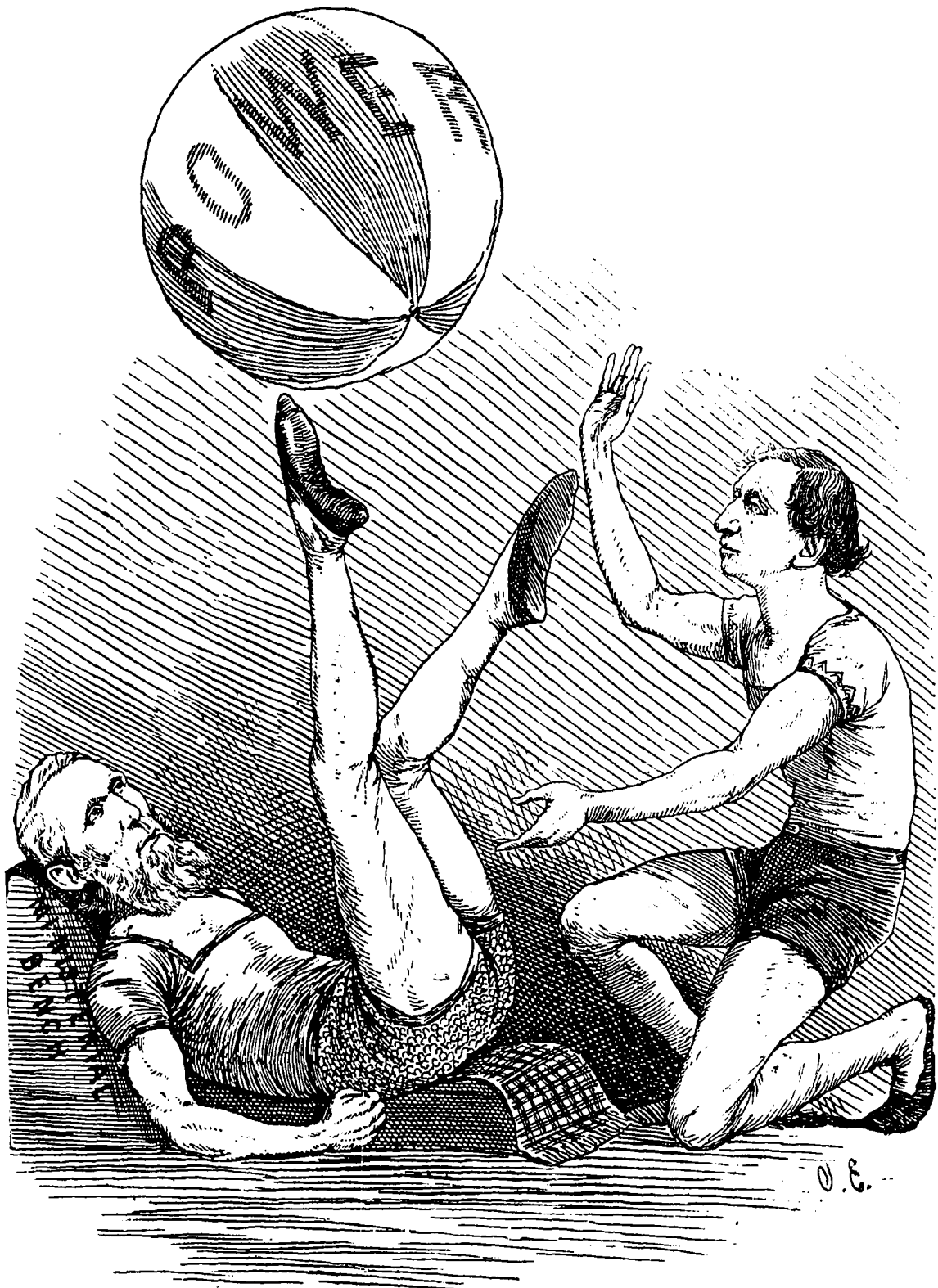
*A propos* the Buxster-Cheval escapade—We always thought there was more muscle than brains in a large percentage of our parliamentarians.

Which is the best guide for the Constitution—Todd or Toddy?

JACQUES CARTIER belonged to Canada First.

The way for Mr. Mackenzie to roll up a majority—Disenfranchise the Indians. Appoint sitting Bull a contractor on the Canadian Pacific Railway and let the Squaws run the Nebbing Hotel on the limited liability principal. There would be a good many take stock in it about meal time.

We have figured up the statistics for the past eight hundred years and think it's about time for another Fenian Invasion.



### WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY.

SIR JOHN A.—“ Here Sandy, kick it over this way ; the Public want to see *me* at it.”  
THE PREMIER—“ Nae, nae, mon, I'm na weary yet ;—bide a while.”



*Lever à cinq, diner à neuf  
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf  
Fait vivre d'ans monante et neuf.*

OLD PROVERB.

Rise early— Six o'clock— After bath— An hour's walk.	Drink neither Wine nor beer, If you would keep Your head clear.
Take for breakfast What you please— So it with your Health agrees.	After dinner Take your ease— Read, talk, As you please.
Work hard Till lunch-time When you hear The bells chime	Tea or coffee Bye and bye— Which you like best You can try.
Light lunch— Keep head cool— Brains are dull When stomach's full.	Book, song, Chess, friend— To your taste The evening end.
Earn your dinner Like a man— Get as hungry As you can.	Go to bed About eleven— Take for rest Hours seven.
Dinner ready— Eat enough And no more— Don't stuff.	To God and man If you've been true, Pleasant sleep's Awaiting you.

DIFFICULT TO FIND.

- To find a carter who has any change.
- To find a clean crossing on a muddy day.
- To find a debtor at home when you call upon him.
- To find out how you stand.
- To find the Board of Health talking common sense.
- To find the City Council in harmony.
- To find a soloist who loves newspaper criticism.
- To find a teacher of shorthand who will teach you the art thoroughly in twelve lessons.
- To find a newspaper without a "correction".
- To find a purse with any money in it.
- To find a house that is thoroughly rat-proof.
- To find a landlord who forgets to send you his bill when it is due.
- To find a public speaker who is not surprised at being called upon to say something.
- To find a teetotaler who has never broken his pledge.
- To find a policeman just when you want him.
- To find two watches alike.
- To find an old maid who hates tea.

OUR "MILITARY" COLUMN.

CANADA'S RESERVE FORCES—The High School Cadet-Corps.  
In estimating the value of Lieutenant-Colonels due regard will be had to the size of their chest.  
CAPTAIN—A Court of Enquiry never reveals its proceedings, so you are safe from dismissal—at present.  
A MOVE—Colonel PAYETTE's contingent of light Infantry will shortly be inspected on Court House Park by General Lord Monk before leaving for the East *via* St. Vincent de Paul.  
YOUNG ENSIGN—You are correct. Yes. The new mode of attack, was as you state, only adopted by the war office authorities after the grass-hopper invasion of FLEISCHER'S Field.  
ENSIGN—No. The officers of the Rifle Volunteer Force do not use the same code of signals employed by the *Witness* delivery drivers when carrying their last edition.  
HISTORICS—It was *immediately* after General JONES wanted to see the old flag hauled down that the Home Rulers made their first raid into Canada in 1866.  
THE BOUNDARY LINE—The services of a Hochelaga Engineer have been retained by the St. Jean Baptiste minister of war to define the extreme boundary limits of the Fifth and Sixth Military Districts.  
The employees of the Road Committee are always *picking* at the Drill Shed, and the military are always blowing it up. The next operation will be to put a Mansard roof on the whole thing.

OBITUARY POETRY.

The season of obituary poetry is upon us. Why will people attribute to deceased humanity virtues it never possessed, principally for the sake of the rhyme? It is not only wicked but it is a fraud on poetic art. If bereaved relatives will rush into verse in order to soothe their sufferings they should at least be consistent in their versification. Otherwise, their efforts only merit the contempt of sober thinking persons. Death comes to all of us and we all should think about it in a proper way. We do not desire to make light of affliction or to be thought wanting in due respect for the feelings of others. But to repeat what we read in a city newspaper the other day on the death of a child would be simply impious. In order to avoid any careless trifling with grave subjects we would suggest something of this kind for general purposes. It will at least be found to be truthful and quite up to, if not above the general standard of obituary verse:

Let us give him a rest  
In the spot he loved best,  
For on earth did his troubles begin;  
Never more in this world  
Will he pull down his vest;  
Never more will he wipe off his chin.

AROUND TOWN.

A CREMATORY PROCESS—Being burnt out.  
The slough of Despond.—Fortification Lane.  
The "correct card" for rowdies—The Jack of clubs.  
The talented leader of the Mendelssohn Choir is worth his weight in Go (u) ld.  
NOT GENERALLY KNOWN—That in the Police Court record Y. M. C. A. stands for Young Man Convicted Again.  
Doctors, like others, complain of the "hard times." They are looking forward for a renewal of typhoid fever.  
The "Milk of human kindness" is the only milk that can be depended upon. You can't buy it with money.  
WE HOPE the commercial Metropolis will not forget to testify its appreciation of its Metropolitan in a becoming manner.  
Young men if you would preserve your Constitution buy a dollar's worth of Club at Perry's Hall, up the stairs and turn to the left.  
"BREVITY is the soul of wit." But our Police Court lawyers are not wits; that is why they take up half a day to find out whether they possess any.  
CAUSE AND EFFECT. — Since the Press dinner the reporters have given more space than usual to Mayor BEADRY's opinions, ancient his opinion of Alderman HOOD.

Who would have thought that the celebrated Chickering Piano would have produced such a discord between musical men? We were of the opinion that Pianos were intended to create harmony.

GRAVE PROSPECTS.—Since the inauguration of street revolver practice the Cemetery Commissioners expect a brisk spring trade. Parties making out their wills should consider the accomodation held out for prompt despatch.

"Give us a rest" said a distinguished lawyer to another, last week in the Court of Queen's Bench. "I wish with all my heart I could" returned the other. "I would give you a long vacation with a very great deal of pleasure."

THE CANON of St. James Church was brought to bear on Constanti-nople on Tuesday evening with great effect. The reports reached hundreds of miles and St. Sophia was one of the objective points of this great gun.

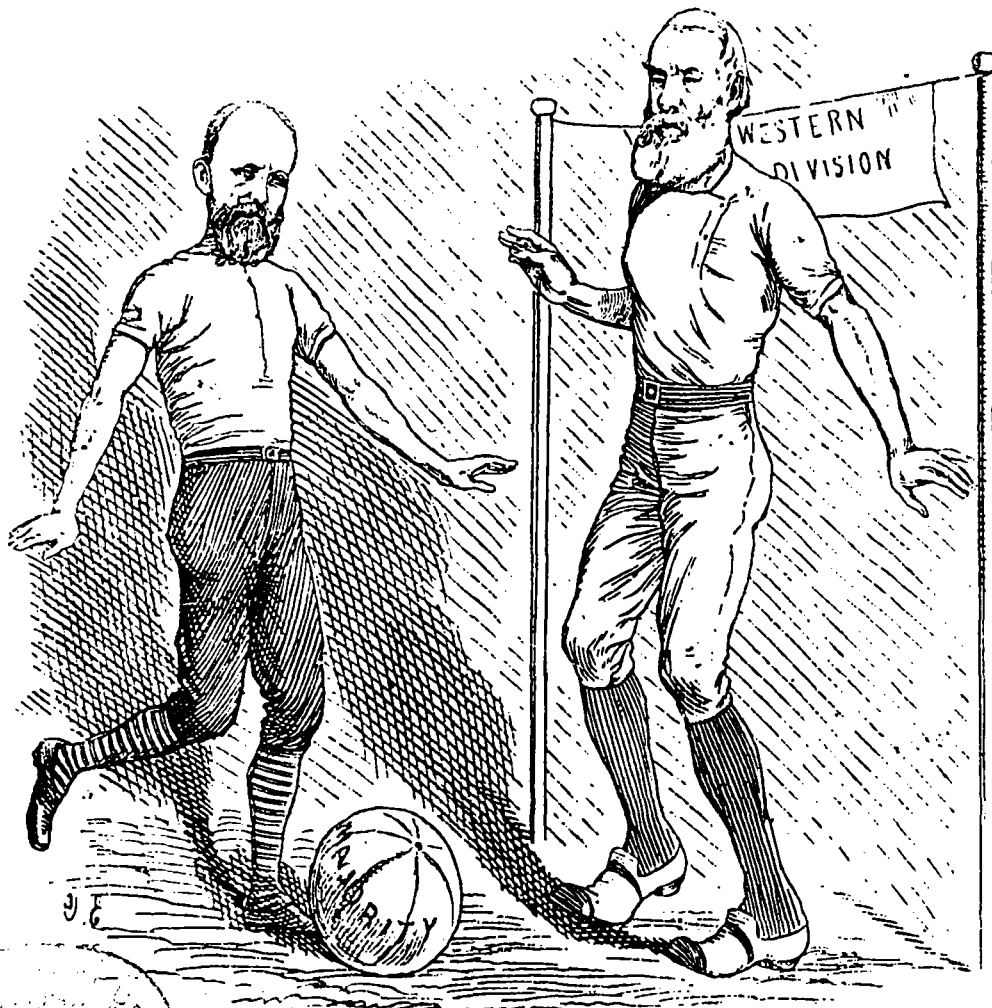
A MOSAIC PAVEMENT.—See the South side of Notre Dame street, between Place d'Armes and the Court House. The originality in this remarkable work of art is worthy of Ruskin's worst inspirations. Montrealers who are proud of their city should never fail to point it out to travellers.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.

(Scene.—A Church Choir.)

NEW COMER.—"What do you sing Mr. Shanks?"  
MR. SHANKS.—"My voice is tenor, but I generally sing bass. Think I'll sing alto this morning."  
(The "New Comer" is extinguished at once.)





## MONTREAL WEST.

A TIGHT GAME, NOT YET DECIDED.—NOW, BOYS! PLAY FAIR.

## CHURCH CHOIR EVANGELIZATION.

A Montreal Synod in legislation "Church Discipline" last week, and the preservation of order in the galleries during service, agreed to suspend its decision, believing that the time is not far distant when the members of church choirs, as a whole, will learn how to behave themselves nearly as well as most grown-up children.

## A SATISFACTORY OPERATION.

The friends of Drs. Fenwick and Wourmsgrox will rejoice to hear the Grand Jury have thrown out the indictments preferred against them for want of evidence. We congratulate the gentlemen and the medical profession generally upon this happy issue. A clear conscience and a good name are the best medicines we know of. The Grand Jury have had enough of ignoramus and we hope the College of Physicians and Surgeons will prescribe a mild purgative in the case of the ignoramus who instituted the proceedings. The knife of calumny is a dull instrument compared with the lancet of public opinion. The former is liable to cut the user, while the latter never fails to prick the conscience of the subject. But, after all, silent contempt is the best treatment in a diagnosis of this kind.

## CHEEK AND MUSCLE.

Says BEARDY to HOOD, "you're an angel, my dear. Though your face still sadly needs polish."  
Quoth HOOD, in return, "I very much fear Your face I shall have to demolish."  
Surely, HOOD, you should know, and are doubtless aware, It's wrong to retort with a threat, Sir,  
But if it came to a fight you could hoodwink a Mayor.  
And still have lots of pluck left, Sir.  
You are honest, old boy, as everyone knows,  
And not a mere block of wood, Sir,  
Your own you can hold and we do not suppose  
You have yet lost your sense of *Man Hood*, Sir.

## A "GAZETTE" JOKE.

WELL PCT.—While Alderman Wilson was inveighing in strong terms against paying the police \$9 per week, Alderman Donovan tritely asked him how he would like to let his out to be broken at that price.—*Monday's Gazette*.

WELL PCT.—In the Committee of Chairmen on Thursday afternoon, while Alderman Wilson was inveighing in strong terms against paying the policemen so high a salary as \$9 per week, Alderman Donovan tritely asked how he would like to let his own head out to be broken at that price.—*Tuesday's Gazette*.

Now tell us where the joke and the grammar come in.

The best way to find the lost Hair.—Use "Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer." Curlers invariably like it.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

COUNTRY DEALER (who wishes to assign) "Say, mister, I want to make an assignment."

ASSIGNEE.—Shall have much pleasure to accomodate you. What can you pay?"

COUNTRY DEALER.—Well, how much are 'the boys' offering this morning?"

## "IF" AND "BUT."

The following is respectfully submitted for the consideration of Mr. HENRY VENNOR, from a Shakesperian point of view. (See HAMLET, Scene 2, Act 5.)

If it be snow, it will not be rain ;  
If it be not rain, it will be snow ;  
If it be not snow or rain, it will be fine ;  
If it be not fine, it will be cloudy—  
The readiness is all.

A HEALTHY SIGN.—We have read through forty six exchanges and we have not yet come across the first symptom of Spring poetry.

All sketches and manuscripts to be addressed to EDITOR, Box 455, P. O. Montreal. Accepted contributions will be paid for. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps. Business communications to be sent to G. E. Desbarats, Publisher, Montreal.