

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

J-8

indeed extremely difficult to hit the precise point where ends and buffoonery begins." is well known that BRADY keeps the largest and best stock of Gents' Haberdashery in the West End. Buy your shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Ties, Gloves, &c., at

BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

CHAS. L. BOSSÉ
FIRE, LIFE AND MARINE INSURANCE

164 St. James Street, Barron's Block Montreal.



VOL. I., No. 5

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

15th MARCH 1878

C. E. DESBARATS, Publisher
MONTREAL.

Trade mark registered.

GRAY'S CASTOR FLUID.

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 B. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. 25 cts. per bottle.

65

**WAUGH'S GENTS FURNISHING STORE
17 PLACE D'ARMES SQUARE**

Is the cheapest and best place in the city for White Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Gloves, &c., the balance of four first class Bankrupt Stocks must be cleared out this month, don't fail to call.

64

HUTCHINSON & WALKER,
Advocates, Barristers &c.,
112 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.
Montreal.

CHS. L. de SALABERRY
ADVOCATE
60 JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.
59

D. BARRY, B. C. L.
BARRISTER, ADVOCATE, &c.,
6 ST. JAMES STREET. 61

DR. DAVIES
Receives pupils for the Organ, Piano-
forte and singing at his residence, 1710
ST. CATHERINE STREET. 62

D. E. BOWIE, B. C. L., Advocate, &c.
34, ST. JAMES STREET. 63

Martindale Law & Collection Association.

Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and
Occidental Railway.
HOHELAGA TO HULL.

STATIONS.	Mixed. E press.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Hochelega.....Lv.	7.09	4.00
Mill End.....	7.20	4.19
St. Laurent.....	7.28	4.15
Rivière des Prairies.....	7.38	4.22
St. Martin.....	7.51	4.31
St. Rose.....	8.01	4.39
St. Therese.....	8.11	4.47
St. Augustin.....	8.38	5.03
St. Scholastique.....	8.58	5.15
St. Hermas.....	9.22	5.27
Lachute.....	9.49	5.44
Muddy Branch.....	10.11	5.54
Grenville.....	10.47	6.15
Calumet - (Arr.)	10.55	6.20
Montebello.....Lv.	11.05	6.30
Papineauville.....	12.15 PM	7.13
North Nation Mills.....	12.31	7.28
Thurso.....	1.04	7.48
Prickingham.....	1.42	8.11
L'Ange Gardien.....	2.01	8.26
East Templeton.....	2.26	8.44
Gatineau Point.....	2.44	8.58
Hull.....Arr.	3.00	9.19

Trains leave Hull at 6.45 A. M. and
3.30 P. M. 67

McGIBBON & BAIRD

221 St. James Street

BRANCH

1385 and 1387, ST. CATHERINE STREET

Importers of Wines, Liquors and Family Groceries. 53

Mr. HERBERT OLDHAM
Organist of St. Martin's

Teacher of Organ, Piano & Singing. 58

WEBER PIANO WAREROOMS

Will remove from their present quar-
ters No. 263 Notre Dame Street, on the
1st of May to 304 Notre Dame Street.
WEBER & Co., 263 Notre Dame St. 50

J. D. SCOTT
Official Seal Engraver
572 1/2 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL. 56

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

IF you prefer to suffer from Colds,
Coughs, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma,
Bronchitis, &c., that is your business.
But if you wish to rid yourself of those
troubles use CHESTER'S CURE. For
sale by all druggists at 50 cts. and \$1.00
per box. W. E. CHESTER & Co., 389
Lagauchetiere Street, Montreal. 51

LE VIDO, Eau de Beauté.

Infallible Remedy against tan, pim-
ples, freckles, and all skin diseases.
Directions on the bottle. This is the
greatest discovery for clearing the com-
plexion, 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

E. M. SASSEVILLE, Wood Engra-
ver, 35 St. James Street, corner
St. Lambert Hill, Montreal. Illustra-
tions for Books, Periodicals, News-
papers, Catalogues, &c., &c. Moderate
rates and prompt execution of all work
guaranteed. 51

JAMES L. WISEMAN
Wood Engraving & Designing
626—CRAIG STREET—626
MONTREAL. 44

ICE! ICE! ICE!
The new Ice-houses built by the un-
dersigned 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 consi-
derable reduction in prices, as the fol-
lowing scale indicates:
Price for ice delivered every day
(double quantity on Saturday for Sun-
day's use) from 1st May to 1st Oct. 1878.

10 lbs. each day for the season.	\$1.00
20 " " " " " "	6.00
30 " " " " " "	8.00
40 " " " " " "	10.00
50 " " " " " "	12.00
20 " for one month.....	1.25
10 " " " " " ".....	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

NO JOKE.

The prices that we are compelled to
sell Goods at this season is a serious
affair. For instance:
Five cents only for a Ladies Collar.
Ten cents only for a dozen frills.
Fifteen cents only for a nice Tie.

GENTLEMEN TAKE NOTICE.

Twenty cents will buy a nice pair of
Three-ply Linen Cuffs.
Twenty cents will buy a first class
all Linen Handkerchief.
Twenty-five cents will buy lots of
things in every department of the

RECOLLET HOUSE.

BROWN & CLAGGETT,
Corner Notre Dame and
St. Helen Streets. 60

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

FOR FIT, STYLE & DURABILITY

GO TO

J. G. KENNEDY & Co.

31 and 33
ST. LAWRENCE ST. 27

LIGHT

The Silber Light Lamps

Are exquisitely elegant
and useful

MAGNIFICENT LIGHT.

FRED. R. COLE, Oil and Lamp Depot,
98 St. Francois Xavier Street. 35

SOMETHING NEW!

THE "HIAWATHA" GAS STOVE

FOR

Heating and Cooking.

ECONOMY, CONVENIENCE, DURABILITY.

By using it, housekeepers will save their money, keep their cooks, and enjoy peace in their homes.

THE JESTER,

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1878.

"A SOCIAL PROBLEM"—SOLVED.

"Mercator" wrote an excellent article in the last number of the *Canadian Spectator*, entitled "A social problem." The problem is: "What shall we do with our sons?" Mercator tells us nothing new when he says that the average clerk is sorely taxed in trying to live upon one-third the wages of a skilled mechanic, and he ascribes the cause to defective Education. But, "Mercator" has done the community good service by drawing attention to the subject. The "shabby genteel" element in society has always held the rule that "appearance" is the first consideration, and hard work the last, in running the race in life. To that end, therefore, the youth of to-day is dosed with classics; he graduates: has a diploma; becomes a B. A., or a B. C. L.; goes into one of the over-crowded professions; launches into life with the bloom of verdancy upon him, and endeavours to live from hand to mouth. If he be a clerk, he commences on two hundred or three hundred dollars a year, and tries to ape his employer in every thing except capital and common sense. If his principles are as shabby as his means, he stands a fair chance of becoming a thief, or to soften the term to suit the times, "a defaulter." In his race of life the hatter, the tailor and the bootmaker are duped in order to keep up his gentility. But this is merely the extension of the great principle of Credit without the preliminary enquiries at the Mercantile Agencies. The young man not having the higher and more valuable education of self-confidence acquired in the College of Stern Necessity, cannot hope to become a contractor—except, perhaps a contractor of debts, nor even an alderman. He does not possess the ready assurance of the quack, though he may be able to read Greek backwards; he has not the moral courage of the storeman, who gets better pay and has not half his expenses to bear, and so the shabby-genteel young man becomes a chronic fraud and preys upon Society with his brainless capital of false appearances. So he plods on, eventually dies off and others take his place. And now to solve the problem. Fathers look about you and mothers bring your common sense to bear upon your best and tenderest affections. Ask yourselves what has been your greatest obstacle in the race of life, and set about avoiding this difficulty in your son's path. Tear yourselves from him: let him go into the world alone and let the teachings inspired by a healthy, moral home training be his best capital. If you will have him at home and under your guiding, care tell his schoolmaster that you intend your son to be a carpenter, a builder or some other honest trade for which there is a steady demand, and to teach him that which will be the most useful to him in acquiring it. If your son kick in the traces, thrash him. Make him to understand that he is to work for himself as soon as possible. Let him seek recreation in manly sports. Teach him that the most independant citizen in this country is the agriculturist. And if your boy Tom is a sensible lad; if he cares one jot for his parents, and for his own good name, you can rest easy, that wherever he goes, Tom will fall on his feet. But for the sake of all that is honest, healthy and manly, teach him to avoid shams, and avoid shams yourself. You may depend upon it, if Tom has any stamina in him he will soon learn to feel that the hardy, strong, brown right hand is to be preferred to the gloved palm which is only fit to flourish a walking cane down St. James Street. You have at least the right to see and exact the quality of education most adapted to the position Tom is to fill, and if he does not get it the responsibility is yours. Dont keep him home a day longer than is necessary for his good, and the sooner he relies upon himself the better. If your boy Tom is worth

a mother's love you will find he will live to bless you in your old age and repay you for having chosen the path in life best suited to his abilities and in which he can do himself and his country the most good.

THE GIN, AND WATER CAMPAIGN.

King Alcohol is arraying his forces to do battle against the Cold Water Army. The Cold Water Army wants a hundred thousand dollars for war purposes. The Liquor Interest—the most powerful of "British Interests"—can command three times that amount. Therefore it would seem to be a war of means pitted against what is usually called Moral Influence, Respectability and Religion. But notwithstanding these high sounding names the strongest support the Cold Water Army can, after all, expect to receive is through the Agency of Individual Effort. But what does Individual Effort mean. It means nothing more nor less than self-sacrifice—the self sacrifice of putting one's hand into one's pocket and giving the most you can give. It does not mean talk. It does not mean the securing of one or two "fearful examples" to work upon the feelings of an audience for one night only. It does not mean merely joining a Good Templar Lodge. It does not mean signing the pledge, simply. It does not mean sending half a dozen partially reformed drunkards to cue worthy Samaritan and expecting him to pay out of his own pocket the expense of feeding them (as was done recently by other professed teetotallers who were quite as well able to feed them, as he.) But it means fighting the enemy to the death by real, hard work; by honestly giving something more than your good wishes or a dollar subscription. If the Cold Water Army succeeds in this fight the Liquor Interest must starve, and with starvation staring it in the face it will fight desperately. Therefore the Cold Water Army in order to succeed must borrow some of this very spirit of desperation. Teetotallers, you have fearful odds to fight against. Here are a few of them: Clergymen who take their wine occasionally; brewers who contribute liberally to the building of churches; saloon-keepers who affect a religious earnestness; church wardens, interested in the wholesale liquor trade; deacons who take their whiskey "straight"; well dressed drunkards who belong to what is called "good society"; tipplers who sing in church choirs; and hosts of others who cling to the skirts of what is termed the respectable social element. Such as these will be found to be your worst enemies—for your saloon-keeper with all his faults, is in this respect at least, an honest foe. You will know at least in which army he is to be found. Fearful odds are these, truly! It will take every penny you can scrape together to win, and don't forget when you make up your war estimates to carefully sift for yourselves how much of this Moral Support, Respectability and Religious material is worth the having.

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.—Young men, the hidden resources of Ottawa county contain enough phosphates to render you all independent. Why complain of the "hard times" when there is so much nourishment before you to be had by a vigorous use of the pick and shovel? An analysed sample of a piece of mineral phosphate from Templeton revealed the astonishing fact that it contained 38.71 of phosphoric acid 46.00 of lime and of moisture only 0.41 per cent, or in other words 83 per cent of pure fertilizing material, which only needs being ground up into money. And yet we hear the daily cry of "nothing to do" and no means; while the agricultural districts of the Mother Country are waiting for you to enrich them by enriching yourselves. Cease using lime juice and turn your attention to lime, dont stay at home bemoaning your hard fates, but direct your energies to phosphates, and then you will have no excuse for saying any longer that the fates are against you. Take Nature while it is "in the vein," and you will not find your labor in vain, for by a lucky strike you may strike the "vein" that will "lead" to fortune. Many a man has had his pockets full of similar "rocks" within a stone's throw of the shaft which has led to a mine of wealth, by which he has realized his pile

A QUESTION FOR BANKERS.—There are \$11,129,207.23 of Dominion notes in circulation. Compare this with the amount of accommodation paper afloat and tell us how much remains.

THE OPENING OF OUR NEW CITY HALL.

Monday at 3 p. m. His Worship Mayor BEADRY called the intelligent Aldermen of our city together to listen to some words of wisdom he wished to drive into their *crania*. He told them they were, and had been for many years, spendthrifts; but that that it was time this sort of thing should be put a stop to. The extravagance displayed in Parks, City Hall, and Schools made him weep and had prematurely turned his hair grey. The social evil was another evil he wished to abolish, and it had given him much pain to observe that Pextox with all his policemen were unable to stop it. Periodical fining was only another form of taxation, and it was time that punishment and not fines should be enforced.

He complained that the schools which cost the city so much money had no separate class for the education of illiterate aldermen. A knowledge of the three "R's" was imperative in these days of progress. He was glad to see the finances were in a more healthy state, thanks to Ald. NELSON, and suggested that a dozen copies of the JESTER would put the members into good humor.

Ald. GUENIER agreed with His Honor, and Ald. NELSON thought it an excellent idea.

Ald. McSHANE said that its reports were at least not one sided like some papers he could mention.

Ald. STEPHENS had no objection to the motion. He could swallow almost anything, even the platform of the Canadian National Society. (By-the-way where are the records of the last meeting?) He thought the paper was O. K.

Ald. CLENDENNING called him to order and said that it was a personal reflection upon his tribe of which he was Chief. He wanted the Alderman to understand there was no ochee about *him*. But that Alderman THIBAUULT would find an Indian was quite as good as a Digby herring any day. (Applause and hisses).

Ald. CLENDENNING. I tell you I am here and you can't put me either out of temper or out of office.

Ald. MERCER.—Never mind THIBAUULT he's only a drug on the market. Let us proceed to business.

Ald. HOLLAND then gave an account of his stewardship and stated that he had managed to come out ahead but he wouldn't be responsible if others were put in his place.

An adjournment being moved and seconded the Council adjourned; a few members remaining to see if there was to be any eating and drinking going on. Finding there was not, they retired in disgust and paid for their own refreshments under protest.

"THE DEVIL."

The Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church told his flock all about him on Sunday evening. It would be interesting to know whether the Rev. A. J. BRAY spoke as an authority, or from hear-say testimony? Also, whether he can tell us if Satan is as black as he is painted. With all due regard for Mr. BRAY's convictions we should be really sorry to learn that he is so intimately acquainted with his subject as to place his statements beyond dispute. In that case we should be bound to accept them as authentic. And yet, we confess we are puzzled, for usually, the Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church speaks, on occasions, with a certain force of expression which leads his hearers to believe that he knows whereof he speaks, and it would therefore be doing him a manifest injustice to make an exception in this instance. For our part, we always thought it a clergyman's duty to teach his flock how to live manfully and honestly, and—to shun the Devil. There is nothing his Satanic Majesty likes so much as being talked about, and some ill-natured people do say that this is also one of Mr. BRAY's pet weaknesses. To our thinking, people already know as much about the Devil in Montreal as they care about knowing, and any further information the Pastor-Coadjutor of Zion Church can give them on the subject, whether speculative or real, is only wasting time that might be better employed in leading their thoughts in an opposite direction.

Do the wealthy people of Newfoundland belong to the "cod-fish" aristocracy?

The LONDON papers state that Cruikshanks the famous Cartoonist just before his death danced a hornpipe, he then being 86 years of age. Surely his shanks must have been anything but crooked when he performed such a feat.

QUERY.—The *Mail* states that the act of the Lieut-Governor of Quebec will "come back on an outraged people from every mountain-top and valley in Ontario." No doubt His Honor will meet with his reward, but wouldn't it be better for the *Mail* to give us a list of the "mountains" and "valleys" in Ontario to begin with? As the geography of that Province stands at present the *Mail's* remarks fall on rather a flat surface.

OUR LETTER BAG.

I

Dear JESTER,

If you can admit anything that is *not* a jest I would like you to tell the public my troubles. I am that unhappy man, a Boarder; that is, in other words, a respectable vagabond. I have "a name," but no "local habitation"—here to-day and gone—next month. Where next? is the question now haunting me. My last home, but one, was with very nice people, quite respectable, but quite poor. The parlor was a dreary empty waste of old carpet, with a rickety table and six spindle-back chairs. The "dining-room" took its name from the fact that one couldn't get a dinner in it. The hash was simply "hash-tomishing"; the steak firm as a stake, and if the tea was weak, why the butter was strong. I pined away in silence; for I couldn't reproach the poor people. But I silently stole away at the end of the month, just in time to save my life. My next experience was in a land of plenty. Everything was in abundance—dirt included. And we had a lively house; though some of our party were a little shady. I began to be uneasy and thought of changing, when the matter was settled by the bailiff entering with an execution, followed shortly by the red flag of the auctioneer. Again was I homeless. But not for long. I was taken in (ominous phrase) by a widow lady, who has a clean and decent house, who keeps a fair table, who is attentive without being intrusive. But, *But*, *But*—she has a daughter; and that young woman is the terror of my life.

She pervades me. She haunts me. She possesses me. She watches my coming. Though I oil my latch-key she is sure to be in the hall. She makes excuses to rap at my door. She meets me on the stairs; and giggles and blushes as we have to pass. She throws eyes at me, and sighs at me; and so disturbs my equanimity that I am getting really ill, and must fly before I fall a prey. Who will take me in? Who will pity me? Who has a quiet home, a good table, good society, low prices,—and no daughter? Mr. JESTER I pause for a reply; but I can't pause long.

Yours truly

AN UNHAPPY MAN.

II

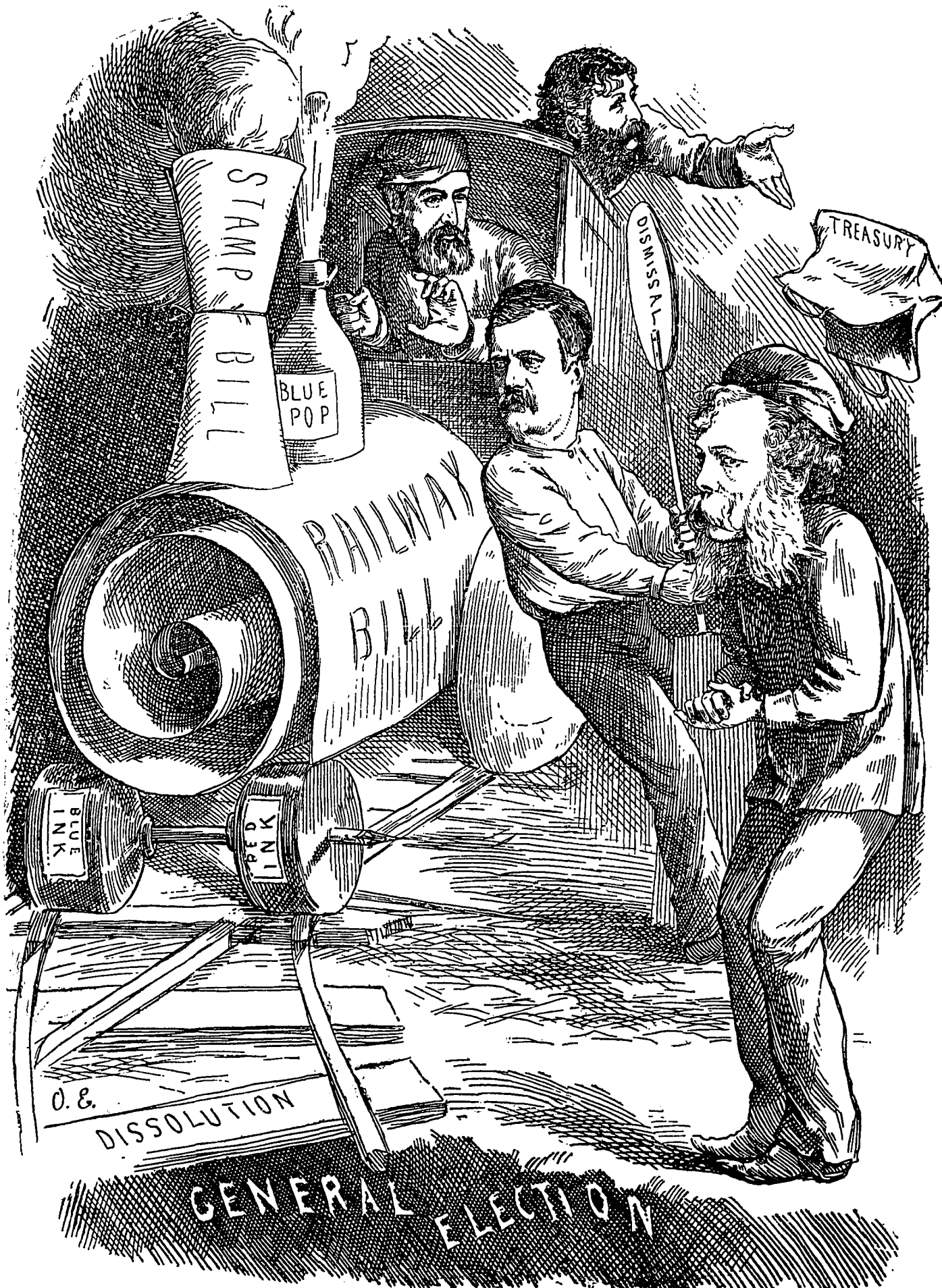
Mr. JESTER, Sir,—I rite to you for my hart is most broke; and you sed in your first No. as that you had a misshun to hevvy harts. Well now, if you can make my hart to smile (which such is the ways of boarders it never will again) you will make me your debtor till it cees to beet. When my pore husband went the way of all flesh (which is up Bleury Street and turn to the left through the gait) I began to take in boarders in a small way. But they wasn't content. Nuthin was good enough for them and one by one left me. Then I thought I would be libbral and keep a good table; and even if I lost a little on each boarder it would pay me by the menny I should get. And I *did* get plenty; such as they was; but somehow my figgers didn't work out well, and I was soon sold up. Then I sed to Maria (which is my only child, and her now growing to be quite a big girl) as that we would put our few things as was left in a smaller place, and just have one or two nice quiet young men. And Maria she said "yes" quite readily. But we've only got one young man yet, and won't you pity me Sir when I tell you that *he* makes me the most miserable creature alive. But praps you can't understand a mother's feelings, not being one yourself as I suppose. It's all along of Maria. For all he seems so meek and innocent, I am sure he as his designs. Pore girl, she wants to be attentive so as he might recommend our onse, but I'm getting afraid to have him with us. He creeps into the house that silent that I don't know when he's in; and he watches round to catch Maria on the stairs or in the hall so as he can say a word to her or give her one of his ogling opus looks. What shall I do? He may mean well, but I don't want my child sperrited away to leave me a lone woman. What shall I do? Can't you find me some boarders who will pay well and give no trouble, and who don't want other people's daughter's? Please speke for me.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN.

MYSTERY IN TWO LANGUAGES.

The *Gazette* speaks of a new serial published in Paris, of which it says that "each biography will contain the biography of some eminent explorer." And the title of this wonderful book is 'Les *Celeorites* Géographiques.' We have over-hauled both ends of our French-English Dictionary for the marvelous word, but are still in the dark! We give it up; but suggest that a copy of the new educational journal printed at the office of the *Gazette* be given to its talented Reviewer.

We are indebted to the celebrated photographic establishments of Messrs Notman & Sandham, Montreal, and Mr. W. J. Topley, Ottawa, for the excellent portraits of the Public Men who figure in our Cartoon this week.



GENERAL ELECTION

SWITCHED OFF.

THE JESTER, 15TH MARCH, 1878.

ENGINEER (DE B.)—" Hi! there; your'e shunting us on to the wrong track."
 SWITCHMAN (DE ST. J.)—" Cant help it; that Engine 's condemned, and cant pass."

A DREAM OF PURE POLITICIANS.

Being the vision of a newly arrived Britisher who had been studying Canadian Politics—adapted by special permission of the Poet Laureate.

(Continued.)

"That is a calumny" I quick replied
And wheeling prompt as when one fronts a foe
I saw a figure standing at my side
Thickset, of stature low;

With bold black brows, who stood with hand upraised
As doth an Orator in act to speak
His slow, full tones fell, as I stood amazed
Like rain-drops on the deep.

"Namesake of him whose sweet proverbial prose
In serious families still bears honoured place
And oft assists the hoary grandsire's doze
In me you still may trace"

"That eloquence which did appal my foes
Whene'er my party to debate I led,
Have you not heard that ever when I rose
They either slept or fled?"

"There was no theme on which I could not preach
In heaven above or in the earth below,
'Tis very long since I have made a speech
That makes my only woe."

As one who dozzeth on a sultry day
Within a church, and feels a sense profound
Of drowsiness stealing his brain away
Lulled by monotonous sound,

And scarcely knoweth if he wake or sleep
But torpid stands; so stood I when that slow
And solemn verbiage ceased my sense to steep
In its prosaic flow.

Slowly my sense awakened, then I heard
A heavy footstep down the chamber pass
And saw a sturdy form with grizzled beard,
Brow-bound with triple brass.

"They brought me in, none so abused as I,
The Party's ultra purity to leaven,
I am the man of whom they once did cry
'His deeds small rank to Heaven.'"

"I farmed the lunatics and made it pay,
I packed them close as herrings in a cask;
Give me a contract rich as that to-day
And this is all I ask."

His flippancy with shame and with surprise
Proze my swift speech; he, turning on my face
The brazen gaze of his defiant eyes
Passed slowly from his place.

As one who hath been taunted or defied
I angry stood with brow that wore a frown.
"These are the men" the Premier loudly cried
"That drag all Parties down."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's earliest beams
Stol'n to my brain dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep; the Captain of my dreams
Ruled in the Eastern sky.

The sun's bright radiance through the casement gushed
In bars of light, and with its ruddy beam
Gilded the dark Laurentian range, and flushed
The Ottawa's swift stream.

Ere closing up that visionary train
Leading his peerless lady by the hand
I last saw him, who in our hearts doth reign,
The Viceroy of our land.

Whose golden thoughts framed in his silver speech
Found a responsive echo in each breast,
Whose widespread generous sympathy could reach
To our remotest West.

W. "wixt contending faces
The scales of Justice held
Unmov'd by censure, nor by claim
Impar' did he stand.

But not aloof, shut up in selfish state,
Looked coldly on us from his pride of place,
But mixing with us in our daily lives,
Lent to our sports the grace

Of Sympathy that gave a double zest;
Of emulation that did all impel
In each pursuit to show to him their best
Who did them all excel.

My vision passed, as he from this fair land
That loves him well, too soon alas! will part,
But DEFFAUX'S name enshrined will ever stand
On each Canadian heart.

ODE TO DARWIN.

Oh! Man of Science, thou whose mighty brain
Did out of chaos forge a wondrous chain
Which if imperfect, still to prove pretends
That man from monkeys, and baboons descends,
And monkeys, and baboons in turn evolve,
(By process rare, which to attempt to solve,
None dare,) from other and inferior orders still,
Sure never mortal conjured up at will
A scheme so reconcite, full of such learned terms
As "nebulular hypothesis", and "protoplasmic germs".
How great a pity that a plan so fair
Should be received with scollings light as air
For want of ample proof. Rejoice oh! Man
Of Science, the joyful news attend, thy plan
Is now complete, that which was lacking
Has been found, and thou canst straight send packing
Those sneering cavillers, who e'er were found
Foremost in trampling to the ground
Thy cherished views. With tables turned;
The mystery solved; the spurners shall be spurned.
A ray of light divine, through one small chink
Doth shine, and brings to view the "missing link".
What is that missing link? Methinks I hear thee ask.
To answer thee will prove no common task.
'Tis neither man nor ape, but half and half—
Perchance such definition may provoke a laugh—
A being full of selfconceit and cheek,
Who strives to use big words derived from Greek
Write about "obligations", is anxious to dispense,
And gabbles about "law", "philosophy", and "common sense"
With most uncommon want of sense and wit.
Such is the missing link, shouldst thou then deem it fit
Further to learn the habits of this creature rare,
Just lose no time, but to our shores repair
Where you will learn of all his tricks and capers
By carefully examining the Daily Papers.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES—Our New City Hall cost our citizens \$656,000 with the "extras" yet to hear from, which promise, from present appearances, to amount to nearly half as much more. Then besides all this, there is a thousand dollars a month to be expended in heating the place, as if the discussions in the City Council are not hot enough to warm it thoroughly from basement to attic. Only opened on Tuesday, and the roof of the Council chamber already leaking, and the floors literally rising from their level and gaping in astonishment at the cost! The pillars are cracked in some places, and not a few of our Aldermen in many places. So much for our noble pile and the "pile" that is gone to build it. So much for economy and so little for stout, honest workmanship! And yet our people will bring the American tourist next summer to admire our Civic Architecture, and won't forget to tell him how much it cost. Then will the American step daintily across our streets up to his knees in mud, look at our broken sidewalks, gaze at our dilapidated drill shed, view our City Temple from Craig street, and come to the conclusion that our City Council "are a lot of confounded idiots."

"Shedd's fragrant Cologne" sheds the loveliest smell, Mrs. Stephens, Old Post Office, has it to sell.—*Advt.*



THE CIVIC ORANGE TREE.

GARDENER. (ALD. NELSON): "IF-I-CAN-ONLY-KEEP-OFF-THOSE-VERMIN-I-LL-GROW-A-STILL-BIGGER-ORANGE-NEXT-YEAR."

SHAKSPEREAN CHARADE.

No. II.

To form the first part of my hero's name
 Three great men shall give theirs: and first I'll call
 On him who sitteth next the Empress Queen.
 Next, on the poet rare, who daintily
 And kindly sang of me, the Avon bard,
 Then on that Western soldier will I call,
 Whose fame is bound up with the glittering spoons.
 The next instalment of the chosen name
 Is everywhere: in heaven earth sea;
 In water or in fire. 'Tis musical:
 It breathes soft mediant, low down the scale.
 To syllable the end, I conjure up
 A baleful crooked shadow on the wall,
 At which its owner glances with delight,
 Or else I hie to Gad's hill's empty room
 And fill the vacant chair: and near it place
 The empty-headed but full-hearted swain,
 Who melancholy music did discourse
 On the nocturnal flute: and vainly bade
 Sorrow and grief depart. So, lo! you see
 The mystic syllables I'd have you read.

Correct answers "Hotspur" and "Falstaff" were received to our first charade which appeared in No. 2, from W., E. G., F. L., Snowflake, and J. A. Correspondents will please communicate answer to the above. The solution will be given in No. 7.

A NEW DEFINITION.—At Mr. NANNARY's benefit on Monday the musical voice of *Count Rudolphe* asserted very gravely and impressively that "Virtue was only an exaggeration of *Romance*." No doubt in the enthusiasm of the moment the sense of each sentence was not very strictly analysed, or the younger portion of the audience might have been in danger of being Led Astray.

A SENTIMENT FOR PRINTERS.—May you always be able to justify yourselves by giving clean proofs of your actions.

OUR "MILITARY" COLUMN.

The Military Column of the *Gazette* has never yet been sullied by un-military tactics.

The Hon. the MINISTER OF MILITIA has in compliance with the JESTER's request nailed the flag to the mast, and has reformed his principles by presenting the Volunteer Wimbledon grant to the House. We hope our volunteers will be thus enabled to bring the Kolapore Cup, brimming over with victory from Hold Hingland.

THE PRINCE OF WALES RIFLES are practising skirmishing in anticipation of O'DONOVAN ROSSA's arrival. The corps wish it to be distinctly understood that they are not Bond's men but freemen. Their "skirmishing fund" is already plentifully supplied with the sinews of war.

A LADY friend of the Vics writes to know "when is a Victoria rifle-man like a revolver?" We have deeply studied the question and can only reply: when he is a *sick* shorter.

QUEBEC will not be left defenceless, altho' its resources have been severely taxed. Through the generosity of Sir WM PALLISER, the city will be protected by two of his big guns which, he has donated to the country. This will make the little guns at home look rather small—especially those who have donated nothing.

THE 88TH CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—This gallant regiment has again made the Irish hearts in Connaught glow with pride over their deeds in Gaika Land, South Africa. Forty men under an Irish Major Moore confronted 1000 Kaffirs, near Komagh, and, with the help of their Sniders, Irish pluck and Connaught yell, quickly sent the colored troops in all directions. Great praise is due the "Rangers" as they were all young men and had never before this, been under fire—Can-ought beat this?

AROUND TOWN.

WE SHALL BE glad to supply the daily papers with a choice assortment of "narrow escapes," "runaways" and "rumours" at moderate rates, also a few "accidents" and "dead dogs" cheap. A liberal commission to purchasers by the dozen—space being the principal consideration.

AN ANTI-TOBACCO Society is being formed. Some say that their proceedings will end in smoke. At any rate let us hope they wont get entangled among the weeds.

PERSONAL.—The commercial editor of the *Witness* has got married. May he never be at a loss to strike the light of affection upon the Flint of reciprocity.

AROUND TOWN.—Dr. McEACHRAN delivered a lecture upon Meat Inspection last week in which he proposed that the animals be inspected before being slaughtered. Would'nt it be well that the Meat Inspectors be examined also. We hope they wont feel "cut up" about the suggestion. In these days we must deal with living issues and not merely with dead facts.

AN ITEM FOR THE PAPERS.—A rat while crossing the passage in the New City Hall broke its neck by getting his feet entangled in the spaces between the flooring. Now let us have an investigation into the kind of work done by the contractor.

THE WELLAND CANAL strikers have gone back to work for \$1.25 per day. Lucky people. There are hundreds of men in Montreal who would be glad to go back to work for half that amount.

It is said that Ald LAMERGE owes his election to a Meek little man on Craig street, instead of to a Ward politician who now wishes to claim the honor.

A FACT.—The handsome face of Mr. Joly the new Premier of the Province is said by the ladies to be sadly marred by the grey appearance of his moustache and whiskers, "if they were only dark now" say pert young misses "what a jolly fellow he would be to travel through life with." The Hon. Gentleman having heard of the flattering remarks of his friends, and wishing in view of the coming election to please everyone and add all the strength he can, to his side of the House, has taken to using "Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer", which he has been informed will give his hair, whiskers and moustache the color so desired by his fair friends to make him a jolly fellow.

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.