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W. M. YOUNG,  
HOUSE, SIGN and FRESCO PAINTER,  
47 UNIVERSITY STREET.

# THE JESTER.

Vol. III., No. 2.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1879.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



## PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until NOON on **FRIDAY, 1st AUGUST NEXT.**

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.

(Established 1853.)

**W. S. WALKER,**  
IMPORTER OF

Diamonds, Fine Watches and Jewellery,  
ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS, SILVER AND  
SILVER PLATED WARE, JET GOODS, &c.

**321 NOTRE DAME STREET,**  
(Opposite the Seminary Clock,  
MONTREAL.

Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes and Jewellery  
Cleaned and Repaired.

**WILLIAM MILLAR,**

**Commercial Stationer,**

No. 94 St. Francois Xavier Street,

MONTREAL.

**TAYLOR & SIMPSON,**

OFFICIAL ASSIGNEES, ACCOUNTANTS  
AND AUDITORS,

Commissioners for taking Affidavits for Quebec  
and Ontario.

**353 Notre Dame St., Montreal.**  
P. O. Box 1724.

**ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.**

This Hotel has been recently re-taken by Mr. HENRY HUGAN, the former proprietor, who has handsomely and appropriately decorated and renovated the interior, and completely refitted the whole of the apartments with new furniture. The Hotel is admirably situated, being in the very heart of the city, and contiguous to the General Post Office, the principal Banks, Public Buildings, Law Courts, Commercial Exchanges, Railway and Telegraph Offices. The Hotel is under the management of Mr. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY, and under the immediate personal supervision of Mr. HUGAN.



**COURNOL. GIROUARD,  
WEBERLE & SEXTON,  
ADVOCATES,**

59 St. Francois Xavier Street,  
MONTREAL.

**W. CLENDINNENG,**

MANUFACTURER OF

**STOVES, FURNACES AND RANGES,**

VICTORIA SQUARE.

**HOLLAND, FULTON &  
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Accountants and Assignees,

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MONTREAL.

**MACMASTER, HALL &  
GREENSHIELDS,**

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c.

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**MRS. GUNN**

Invites an inspection of her first class Stock of

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING,  
HOSIERY, BABY LINEN,  
LACES AND LACE FRILLINGS,

AT MODERATE PRICES,  
220 ST. JAMES STREET.

**JOHN MARTIN & CO.**

Importers of and Dealers in

MILITARY GOODS,  
HORSE FURNITURE, PLUMES,  
EMBROIDERY, BADGES, &c. &c.

N.B.—Goods imported to order, a specialty.

459 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

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**FREDERICK KINGSTON,**

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING.**

**PERISTALTIC  
LOZENGES**

Approved by the most eminent of the Medical  
Faculty, and recommended by the  
Medical journals throughout  
the Country.

This remedy cures permanently. Others  
apparently relieve for the time being but only  
aggravate the disease, and inflict greater injury  
in the end.

**PILES, COSTIVENESS & DYSPEPSIA**

Are surely and speedily cured by

**PERISTALTIC LOZENGES,**

A LAXATIVE AND TONIC COMBINED.

They assist digestion, give colour to the  
blood, and restore Nature. They differ from  
all Pills, and are the only cure for

**HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

**Price 25 and 50 cents per Box.**

For sale by all First Class Druggists.

**MORLAND, WATSON & CO.**

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**IRON AND HARDWARE,**

Agents for

**MONTREAL SAW AND AXE WORKS**

Manufacturers of all descriptions of

**SAWS, AXES, PICKS & EDGE TOOLS.**

OFFICE, 385 & 387 ST. PAUL ST.

MONTREAL.

**HENRY BIRKS & CO.**

Having fitted up the store

**No. 222 ST. JAMES STREET,**

Invite their friends and the public to  
inspect their

**New and well Assorted Stock of Goods,**

CONSISTING OF

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery in new  
and elegant designs. Solid Silver Ware, Fine  
Electro Plate, Bronzes of varied designs,  
Clocks, &c. &c.

Owing to the present great depression in all  
branches of manufacture, they are able to offer  
goods of the most modern patterns at about  
half the former prices.

Watches and Clocks repaired by thoroughly  
competent hands.

**SPRUCE BEER,**

A MOST DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE,

ON DRAUGHT AT

**JOHN LEWIS & CO., DRUGGISTS,**

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING,

VICTORIA SQUARE.



## TENDERS FOR STEEL RAILS

TENDERS addressed to the Honorable  
the Minister of Railways and Canals will be  
received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31  
Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London, England,  
until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and  
Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL,  
as follows:

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.

5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.

Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender,  
and all other information will be furnished on  
application to this office, or at the Canadian  
Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street,  
E.C., London, England.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1879.

**MCD. SIMPSON,**

Importer and Manufacturer of

FURS, HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS,

UMBRELLAS, INDIA RUBBER

COATS AND INDIAN CURIOSITIES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

297 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL.

SHOW ROOMS OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND.

**JAMES GUEST,**

21 ST. JOHN STREET, - MONTREAL,

AGENT FOR

Jules Duret & Co., Cognac, Vine Grower's Co.

Ju es Fellerie, Cognac.

Canada Vine Grower's Association of Ontario,

Brandies, Wines, &c.

Wheeler & Co., Belfast, Ginger Ales, &c.

E. Johnson & Co., Liverpool, Export Bottlers,

Guinness Stout, and Bass' Ales, &c.

Manue. Cardenosa & Co., Barcelona and Tarra-

gonna Spanish Ports.

Roig Conset & Co., Barcelona and Tarragona

Spanish Ports.

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Scotch Whiskies.

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Alphonse Chaumette & Co., Chateau Pernaud,

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lers, Whiskies, &c.

Banagher Whiskey Distillery, Limited, Old

Irish Whiskies.

**LAJOIE, PERRAULT & SEATH,**

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**Nos. 64, 66 & 68 St. James Street,**

MONTREAL.

L. J. LAJOIE, Official Assignee.

C. O. PERRAULT, Official Assignee.

DAVID SEATH, Accountant and Commissioner  
for receiving Affidavits.

## The Jester.

A HUMOROUS and SATIRICAL RECORD of the TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.

THE JESTER, edited by F. J. Hamilton, is published every Friday, at  
No. 5 St. Sacramento Street, Room No. 6.  
Literary Communications to be addressed to P. O. Box 905.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1879.

### AMONG THE LUNATICS.

When two such journals as the *Gazette* and *Herald* accuse each other of lying for the sake of political effect, but at the expense of that most unfortunate class of humanity—the insane—things have come to a pretty pass in journalistic warfare. We have read the charges made by the *Gazette*, and cannot but conclude that Dr. Howard's reply is not specific enough to dispose of them. On the other hand, it is a question as to who is the responsible officer—the Lady Superior or he. The insinuation which he makes, that "the contractors" are pecuniarily interested in retaining them, is an unworthy one—for be it remembered these ladies do not receive pay for their services—which he does. If his authority was ignored, he should have resigned. Touching the veracity of the report, we have no hesitation in awarding the palm to the *Herald* as the "champion hatchet thrower" in this discussion.

### THE LETELLIER DISMISSAL.

Poor Mr. Letellier is very sick—almost as sick as the Turkish Sultan. Indeed, the suffering he has gone through has been a severe test upon more Constitutions than one. So the case is to be referred back to Canada. Well, Canada's duty is plain, the majority must rule, and Mr. Letellier will have to abide by the result, since it has been virtually declared by the non-interference of the Home Authorities, that the Lieutenant-Governor is not Her Majesty's Representative. The main hinge upon which the question hung has, therefore, been practically disposed of—however much the people of this Province may regret the issue.

### RATHER HARD.

In future, the *Herald's* cable despatches will have appended to them an official certificate of authenticity from the Montreal Telegraph Company. Truth must be very poverty-stricken when the Managing Director is obliged to resort to this means of satisfying the public.

### PAUL FORD'S BALLOON ASCENSION.

It wasn't the New York *Herald* man who went up. It was I. It happened thus:—Seeing only one person could accompany the Professor, the *Witness* man, the *Herald* man, and myself, held a Council of War. It wasn't so much Moulton's size the Professor was afraid of as the ton of advertising matter he wanted to take with him.

"Can't do it," said the Professor, "that reading matter is altogether too heavy. I want something light."

"I'm your man," and I handed him a copy of the JESTER.

"That will do," said he, "I guess a little of this will go a long way by the time we descend. But the wind carried the sheet away, and as I saw it fluttering in the breeze, I remarked, "The jokes will fall flat enough now, wont they?"

Off we started, and on the way up I ventured a conundrum: "Why is Cowan and Page's invention like the National Policy?"

"Hang it, man," said he, "don't add insult to injury or I shall have to put you down."

"Well, if you do I'll buy a rubber balloon and start an opposition show." That scared him. "But tell me," I continued, "Why is Cowan and Page's Aerial Machine like the National Policy?"

"Can't say."

"Because it is a cranky subject to handle."

"Now, don't you think that's a little rough on the inventors?"

"Not at all, because they're only included in the rising generation at present, and they'll get wiser by and bye. Just now they're out on the fly, so to speak."

So we sailed to a greater height and got quite elevated. But the smell of the gas was something awful. It was so thick that we could almost cut it with a knife.

"This is too much of a good thing," said Mr. Grimley, for his countenance was a very good index to his name.

"That's on account of its extra quality," I remarked. "You must have saved an awful pile on the discount."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, don't you know those mortals on earth save vast fortunes if they pay before the 14th?"

"But this stuff is dear at any price."

"Which is another proof of its quality. Are you not aware the heavier the gas the greater its illuminating power?"

"Then they must have given us the superior article, and the consumers the common quality. The common would suit me first rate just now."

A way we sped and drove quite a brisk trade wind. By way of enlivening the conversation, I told Mr. Grimley that I had once heard of a man who

had gone up in a balloon who had never been seen since, and the only trace which indicated his fate was a ring on the third finger of his left hand, which had been found in a cow's stomach six months after.

"I say," said the Professor, "don't come it on a fellow like that."

The coldness of the atmosphere was getting a little uncomfortable, and very soon my teeth were holding an animated conversation with my mouth, and I begged the Professor to hold my jaw as I feared I should talk myself to death. And he did it quite effectively.

It was getting dark, and the stars grew more luminous and distinct. But all below was enveloped in Egyptian gloom. Suddenly, by an abrupt oscillation of the balloon, the door of the car opened and I fell; grasping the edge of the car, I clung with desperate energy and yelled, "save me! save me, for mercy's sake! and I'll pay you seventy-five cents on the dollar."

"Make it a hundred," said he, "and I'll do it." My perilous situation compelled me to accept, and he was mean enough to take advantage of the offer. He just succeeded in getting me into the car.

"Another minute," I gasped, "and there would have been a law suit over the estate."

By the way, I had prepared a graphic account of how things looked below, but I have just recalled the fact that it was quite dark and we couldn't see anything. Indeed, I hardly know, now, whether the stars were turned on or not: but as that reference is in type, I'll risk it.

Finally we reached a huge forest and forgot all about conundrums. We were dragged on at a furious pace, more dead than alive, and descended in an open clearing near a French Canadian village. It grew warmer, altho' the atmosphere was not so cold but that it made it pretty hot for us. The Professor was the first to collapse. The balloon followed suit. But you know by this time how badly we frightened the primitive villagers, who took us for light headed inmates of Longue Pointe, of whom they had read about in the *Gazette*. However, they watched us closely all night to see that we didn't take any of the spoons, and they gave us a breakfast in the morning.

When I got home I found my wife, who had been anticipating how she would drag the amount of the Insurance Policy, holding a wake, minus the corpse. "What, is it you?" she said, as a frown passed over her features. "I never lay myself out for a real good time, but what I am sure to be disappointed."

The common topics now are balloony and lunacy. This subject is strictly within the limits of both.

### THE HOCHELAGA SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

There has always been something about Hochelaga that puzzled us. For a long time we were at a loss to discover whether it was the air, the water—or the taxes. But since the Municipality has desired amalgamation with the City of Montreal, we have arrived at the conclusion that Hochelaga rate-payers do not receive that liberal quality of education a manufacturing people should possess. Whether this is due, in part, to the bad state of the water supplied them by the city we cannot say. But at any rate the educational standard most certainly requires purifying, judging from the following foot-note appended to a printed circular, requesting payment of school taxes, handed to us by the gentleman who received it:—

"N. B.—Please bring this Notice, and your account (in your hands) when you come (or send), to pay the same now, either by post or otherwise, and a receipt will be sent to you free forthwith by the same way."

It is quite clear that this poor, neglected Municipality has been suffering long enough. The schoolmaster seems to be very much "abroad," at least in Hochelaga, and we trust that the recipient of the above notice will pay his school tax promptly, if he has any regard for the welfare of the rising branches of the English speaking generation of that section.

### A THIRD CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES.

#### The Councillors Vote on the "Salary Grab."

It was on the twelfth day of the fourth month of the first year of the reign of the Chief Magistrate of the City of the Mountain, a ruler justly esteemed by the people, that certain of the Councillors banded themselves together and sought whereby they might enrich themselves out of the public Treasury. For the office of Councillor had long ceased to be accounted a post of honour among them. And the times were hard and the burdens placed upon the backs of the people were heavy and grievous to bear, inasmuch that many of them departed into the land of Manitoba to escape the taxes which had been put upon them. These Councillors, therefore, which had an eye upon divers monies, convened and fell down and worshipped the golden calf their avarice had set up. And they were known as "Grab-bites" unto this day. And in the third hour of the afternoon of the time aforesaid a certain Grabbite of the Tribe of Holland, a man full of years, and of sanctity, slow of speech, but with a yearning for the dollar, (a coin of the currency of the time) lifted up his voice and spake:—

Hearken, ye Councillors, and give ear ye Chief Ruler, for I have something to say to you this day. For he it known among you that I will no longer sit in your councils unrewarded. The honor wherein ye pride yourselves satisfieth me not, for it will not purchase even so much as a measure of wheat, without which we die. Therefore, we crave payment, for our words of wisdom are as precious as the gold we loveth.

Then others which were divided in opinion waxed wroth, and considered what should be done in this matter. So George surnamed Childs, a merchant in oil, and of goodly countenance, arose and delivered himself in this wise:—

Men and brethren, now am I amazed at ye this day, in that one of us should covet the filthy lucre that we are here to distribute justly, as the People hath elected us to do. And thou, oh! Holland, doth honor profit nothing? for our trust is weighty, far above the gold ye seek to divide among yourselves.

And Holland, the Chief Grabbite, answered and said:—Nay, verily,

honour profiteth not a cent. for my barns are empty, and my cattle are as lean kine shaken by the wind.

Then arose Horatio, a Councillor well stricken in years, and ponderous in utterance. To him was entrusted the Treasury of the people. And he said:—Of-a-verity-I-perceive-that-we-must-do-something-forth-with. Peradventure-if-we-pay-not-ourselves-the-Councillors-will-not-come. For-this-is-an-important-business-and-I-perceive-of-a-surety-that-our-time-is-of-value.

And one David, surnamed McCord, arose muchly astonished and said: Art thou also with them that worship the golden calf?

And Horatio answered:—I-guess-so.

Then spoke Watson, a dealer in vessels of clay and of porcelain, for he was incensed against them, and spake, saying:—Far be it from me, oh! Councillors, to say that which my heart echoeth not. Peradventure ye have come here to get much gain out of the People, whose burdens weigh heavily upon them. Therefore tell me, I pray thee, the sum which thou dost require?

And Holland, the Chief of the Grabbites, answered:—Two pieces of silver, of full weight, will be sufficient. 'Tis but a small matter.

Then Kennedy, a driver of chariots, and heated withal, up and spake, saying:—Be me sowl, now I perceive that thou art a small man. Tell me, I pray thee, what will the people say which sent thee here?

But Holland, the Grabbite, answered never a word, but stretched forth his hand, saying:—Give us but two hundred pieces of copper, and it sufficeth?

Now, one of the Councillors, not yet determined in his mind, said:—Take thy pen quickly and write ten dollars and I will join thee in the plunder. And another said:—Nay, be not hasty, let us get but two dollars, and peradventure we may receive ten ere another session shall have passed away.

Then they arrayed themselves against each other in hostile array. And the Grabbites girded up their loins, and went for them, and overcame them, and slew them; twelve men against eleven. And they set up the golden calf in the City Temple, albeit the Governor of the Province hath not yet permitted them so to do. For the People are helpless and sore grieved, and cry with an exceeding bitter cry, saying: Alas! alas! woe is us. When shall this new burden cease?

But the Grabbites rejoice greatly, nevertheless they will seek re-election and boast themselves of economy; but they will not prevail, for they will be remembered of the People in this matter.

And the rest of the acts of the Grabbites which they did against the People, are they not written in the Chronicles of the Dougalls, in the street which might be called strait but isn't.

#### THE SONG OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE B. H. C.

##### A LA "PINAFORE."

*The Chairman.*—When I was a lad I served a term  
In the warehouse of a wholesale firm,  
I served my employers so faithful  
That I quickly rose to the top of the tree.

*(A Member, aside.*—That at last he rose to the top of the tree.)

*The Chairman.*—I invested my hoard so prudentlee  
That now I am the Chairman of B. H. C.

*A Member.*—He invested his cash so judiciouslee  
That now he is the Chairman of the B. H. C.

*E-d M-y.*—In the hardware line I made my mark,  
I worked from day light until dark,  
For of obstacles I was ne'er afraid;  
Till I, finally, my fortune made.

*(The Chairman, aside.*—Till he, finally, his fortune made.)

*E-d M-y.*—'Tis the just reward of fidelitee  
That I find myself a member of the B. H. C.

*The Chairman.*—'Tis the just reward of fidelitee,  
That both of us are Members of the B. H. C.

*The Chairman.*—In course of my advance in life  
I entered into Party strife,  
I voted at my Party's call,  
And never thought of voting for myse'f at all.

*(A Member, aside.*—No, we never thought of voting for ourselves at all.)

*The Chairman.*—But as I could not be M. P.,  
They appointed me as Chairman of the B. H. C.

*A Member.*—But as he could not be M. P.,  
They appointed him as Chairman of the B. H. C.

*The Chairman.*—I care nothing what my rivals say,  
I'll stick to the office and I'll keep the pay;  
But opinions change, 'twas the case with me,  
For I once was opposed to the great N. P.

*(A Member, aside.*—Yes, he once was opposed to the great N. P.)

*The Chairman.*—But, on second thoughts, what a fool I'd be,  
To refuse such an office on the B. H. C.

*A Member.*—Yes, a very great fool, indeed, you'd be  
To refuse such an office on the B. H. C.

*The Chairman.*—Politicians who for office yearn,  
If you'll only wait you'll get your turn;  
But should fortune tarry, don't be dumb,  
Assert your claims, and it's sure to come.

*(A Member, aside.*—Assert your claims, and it's sure to come.)

*The Chairman.*—'Twas only by asking in time, d'ye see,  
That I got to be the Chairman of the B. H. C.

*A Member.*—'Twas only by asking in time that we  
Each got to be a Member of the B. H. C.

#### YE LAY OF YE COMMERCIAL AGENCIES.

*Found in one of Carsley's Pinafores.*

*Ye Jester.*—Kind Carsley, I've important information;

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! the merry Jester that you are.

*Ye Jester.*—Those Agencies are full of indignation  
At your letters in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! those wicked agents,  
Those very wicked agents,  
Whom I published in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Ye Jester.*—I see that they have dropped you from their rating;

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! the vicious fellows that they are.

*Ye Jester.*—It's no use further on their tricks dilating,  
I have read them in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! those Yankee agents;  
Those bland, deceitful agents;  
Yes, I fixed them in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Now, don't you think their conduct most outrageous?

*Ye Jester.*—Sing, hey! the truthful Carsley that you are.

*Mr. C.*—And enough to make an honest man umbrageous,  
And keep them at a distance quite afar?

*Ye Jester.*—Sing, hey! those cheeky agents;  
Those most pecu'lar agents;  
Don't they advertize the *Witness* and the *Star*?

*Ye Jester.*—It's high time they were exiled from the Nation;

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! the thoughtful Jester that you are.

*Ye Jester.*—They on'y add to mercantile inflation,  
Please say so in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! the merry Jester,  
The thoughtful, modest Jester;  
Yes, I'll say so in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Ye Jester.*—If I were you I'd swear a declaration;

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! suggestive Jester that you are.

*Ye Jester.*—That our merchants need some stringent legislation;  
It would do more good than writing to the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! for legislation,  
Sharp, stringent legislation;  
'T would prove more beneficial than the *Star*.

*Ye Jester.*—It is credit that has worked such ruination;

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! most sapient Jester, right you are.

*Ye Jester.*—And contributed to wide-spread defalcation,  
I refer you to the *Witness* and the *Star*.

*Mr. C.*—Sing, hey! for legislation,  
'T is the safeguard of the Nation,  
I'll just say so in the *Witness* and the *Star*.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

The "Colonel" is a first-rate hand at making an Irish stew.

One of the chief duties of a Responsible Government is to provide offices for its friends on the strength of its promissory notes.

The Harbour Commissioners say they will not be Cramped any longer in their operations.

Messrs. Cowan & Page have had the wind taken out of their sails. That balloon got ahead of their invention altogether.

QUERY.—When a merchant donates thousands of dollars to church edifices and philanthropic institutions and then fails in business, are his creditors any better off by his acts of generosity at their expense? Surely, when the final day of reckoning comes, the creditors should be entitled to some consideration.

We are very sorry to learn of Messrs. McGibbon & Baird's embarrassments, and we trust that they will soon overcome them. The firm has been one of our best patrons, and we trust that there is still reserved a large portion of the spice of life for their enjoyment. We further hope that they will be enabled to settle their affairs as easily as their tea and coffee, the excellent qualities of which will, we trust, "draw" them larger custom, by which they will be enabled to "keep the pot boiling" for years to come.

A young man in this city, who is quite fond of trout fishing, returned home late at night with a goodly lot of trout, although many of them were very small. He arranged his fish nicely on a plate, and went to bed with tired body and aching limbs. The next morning his wife arose before he did. She looks at the fish a moment, and then exclaimed: "Pollywogs for dinner." Imagine the young man's disgust.—*Rome Sentinel*.

An absent minded doctor was called to see a two year-old child who had convulsions. He sat in a reverie for a while, and then, announcing that the patient suffered from nervous prostration—the fashionable disease of the day—wrote a long prescription, with the following directions: "Avoid care and occupation of every kind. Leave off tea and coffee; seek diversion at theatre and in travel; smoke moderately."—*Frank Leslie's Ladies' Journal*.

Elevator boy (to a woman who has ridden three times from bottom to top of the building)—"Well, where do you want to get out?" Woman,— "Well, indade, oim not quite shure but have me as near the Ould Colony Depot as ye can."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

It is very amusing to notice the various criticisms about the pictures on view at the Art Association building. Their prevailing tone is "sage green," and some of the critics are evidently wall-eyed.

Mr. Gould's handsome warehouses in Ferrier's Block are constructed on the most elaborate scale. Everything harmonizes so well that we scarcely know which to admire the most, the apartments or the pianos—the harmony and tone of both being so evenly distributed.



### THE NEW CAPTAIN.

A—w R—N. I'll be the Captain and you shall be the man at the wheel.

E—D M—V. But how about that chap yonder?

A—w R—N. Never mind him; we'll have a good time, generally, and take all the credit for what he has done.

T—S C—P. (*Sotto voce.*) Just so. I guess that's about how it will be.