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THE JESTER



VOL. I, No. 38.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

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The Jester.

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES; ILLUSTRATED; WEEKLY
PUBLISHED BY FRED J. HAMILTON & Co.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

THE JESTER'S GREETING TO THE VICE-REGAL PAIR.

(Scene Halifax.)

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS AND MY LORD:

THE JESTER greets you, right glad to meet you,
Well knowing how fair Canada will treat you.
How much, dear Princess, you do resemble
(*Aside*—I feel so nervous, how my legs do tremble!)
Your Royal Mamma, our Gracious Queen—
Would that she were here to note the welcome scene.
You've come to stay. That's right. Take off your bonnet—
(*Aside*—Good gracious! Why I nearly sat upon it!)
Well. How do you feel? And how do you like the view?
Feel indisposed? A day or two
Will fix you up. How much I pity what you'll both go through.
An awful bore? Ah, yes that's very true,
But 'tis the penalty the great must pay—
At things of that kind Wales I know's *au fait*.
And you, my Lord, you look a trifle sick—
(*Aside*—Brandy and Soda, waiter, this way, quick!)
Feel better now? That's right.
The air at Halifax blows keen at night.
You'll have to talk; to dance; to wine; to sup;
But after that a rest will set you up.
You'll have, in short, no end of things to do.
(*Aside*—I wonder if he knows Sir Roderick Dhu.)
But with good training you'll, of course, pull through.
Your head is level, and I don't suppose—
(*Aside*—I wonder if its etiquette to blow one's nose.)
You'll judge men chiefly by their store-made clothes—
For if you do, 'twill be a sorry test,
As those who're best dress'd, are not always best.
Men of your order always can
Distinguish 'tween the cad and gentleman.
Think how we love you. Why we're shorn
Of all we had—our nomenclature's gone,
At one fell swoop stern Fashion says "begone."
And in its place your Lordly glance can trace:
"Lorne" candies, pies; "Lorne" shirts; "Lorne" ties;
"Lorne" fruits; "Lorne" boots and cheap "Lorne" suits.
"Lorne" hats, cravats; "Lorne" keys; "Lorne" cheese.—
(*Aside*—I wonder if it's *à la dig* to sneeze.)
And when the season comes we'll have "Lorne" peas.
Even Irishmen, whose native ways are frisky,
Have ta'en to drinking nothing but "Lorne" whiskey.
In fact all other occupations "gone,"
And Canada remains now all for—Lorne.
You say "that's kind." No, not at all—
For when we meet a Lord, we act not small.
How your Royal Highness will enjoy the air,
(*Aside*—Pray be more careful, that sidewalk needs repair:
They always do, so far as I'm aware.)
We've plenty of it—pure and fresh—to spare
All that you'll need will be a little Son and Heir.
As for our people they are all "true blue"
You'll find that out before you both get through.
But if I may suggest a thing or two
Don't judge the many by the shoddy few.
We love our Queen; we love our Country, too,
For in that particular we're one with you.
We're simple folks; don't go in much for glory
First ruled in turn, by Grit and then by Tory.
At times like this, for instance, we go "cranky"
And almost as curious as a Vermont Yankee.
But, ordinarily, we're very steady,
And when we're wanted, as you know, we're ready.
We like flattery, of course. Pray who does not?
That always titillates the softest spot.
But in the main we're folk with common-sense,
Who hate nonsensical and vain pretence.
Sober and practical, but not too dogmatical.
We're not republicans—nor democratical.
Strong in our likes, and in our dislikes
We are just the kind of people whom you might call "free."
What sounds are those? The troops are drumming,
To let the people know "The Campbell's Coming"

IN THE MEDICOS.—The *Witness* says that the Marquis of Lorne
"right, upon his arrival, of conferring "tibular distinction,"
"ir leading physicians please protest against this form of
soly?"

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

The St. George's Society is "hard up," and the English poor are "hard up" also. The patron Saint of England never had a harder time to get along in Montreal than he has just now. George, however, vanquished the dragon by the sword, but the poor, who are still a greater drag-on the Society can only be overcome by the purse. So the Charitable Committee are compelled to purse up their mouths and say "we cannot help you." This is hard on the poor, but it is almost as rough on the Society. Englishmen are proverbially fond of good eating and drinking, but they don't appear to be doing much towards giving their poorer brethren the same opportunities. The Grand Trunk Railway Company cannot always be providing one hundred cords of wood—on credit. Neither will a hundred cords of wood cook a dinner—when there is no dinner to cook. Neither can the well-known benevolent few perform the duty of the many. It is a shame, a reproach and a disgrace upon the English people of Montreal to allow their National Society to go a-begging in the way it is now doing. If its members would only pay up their subscriptions promptly, there would be no necessity for this humiliation, and they would be happy in knowing that their fees would go towards swelling grateful—hearts and fuller stomachs. We suppose when the Marquis and his Royal wife comes along the Society will be framing an elaborate and costly Address full of loyalty, benevolence and setting forth its good works, and all that sort of thing, while the English poor will continue to starve. This is plain talk and no jesting. The Society, as it stands, is quite a sufficient jest in itself, and a burlesque upon those benevolent feelings usually associated with the name of "Englishman." The Committee, in its appeal by circular, truly observes they "cannot give the poor a stone when they ask for bread." But if the well-to-do Englishmen of this city worked shoulder to shoulder in this good work there would be no need for such an appeal, and they could at least give each applicant a stone—of flour. Will they do this? If they have any manly pride or Christian feeling in them, they will.

ART CULTURE.

It is gratifying to observe the opportunity of cultivating artistic tastes accorded to the rising generation. A course of "free-and-easy hand drawing" has been commenced, under the superintendence of Professor Fagin. The pupils will be practically taught how, without abandoning their usual calling, they may while away a leisure hour, and increase their *menue*, by slight infringements of the nearly obsolete laws of *meum* and *tuum*. The highest price offered for pocket-handkerchiefs, portemonnaies, watches, &c. A class of experimental drawing will also be inaugurated at one of the charitable institutions, when young persons desirous of studying practically the noble art of dentistry will be allowed to extract the teeth of any of the inmates. (N.B.—A prize of a life preserver will be awarded in the case of any clearly accredited instance of a sound tooth being drawn instead of a decayed one.)

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," ETC.

It is to be hoped that peace will ensue, though it is not publicly proclaimed, between the two illustrious specimens of the "genus irritabile," M. Couture and Dr. Maclagan. Neither was wholly in the right. The latter displayed somewhat of Hibernian impetuosity not conducive to calm argument, and savoring of "Will ye tread on the tail of me coat, ye spalpeen?" The former was a little spiteful in rejoinder, and might have been more generous at the outset. The Philharmonic Society has yet much to learn, but this enterprise is an excellent one, meriting all sympathetic encouragement, and it ill-becomes a musician to administer a chilly douche to any effort which has for its object the fostering of a public taste for music of a high and classical order. It would have been kinder and nobler to keep silent, even if over-enthusiastic friends had been too profuse in their praise. The challenges put forth by the two rival heroes were eminently and absurdly unpractical. Dr. Maclagan may not be able to write a perfectly correct and original fugue, but a man need not be a first-class counterpointist, or versed in all the intricacies of harmony to be a thoroughly good conductor of a chorus and orchestra. Dr. Maclagan's challenge was most laughable. To play or sing six numbers of the "Creation" was to be the test of ability to criticise a performance of the work. This suggestion seems to waft towards us a whisper of Donnybrook Fair. A musician may not be able to sing at all in the true sense, or play aught but simple music, and yet completely imbibe the spirit of a composer, and drill a choir and band into admirable precision. Let us hope that these doughty champions will lay down their arms, if possible embrace, and that M. Couture and his friends will directly patronize the Philharmonic Society, which has perhaps already indirectly benefited by the publicity of the correspondence.

CORRECTION.

Last week we gave currency to the rumor, that a well-known clergyman of this city was about to give a series of lectures upon the "Moral Law." This is a mistake, and we hasten to correct it. It is upon the "Immoral Law" that the person intends to speak. Morality, it will be observed, does not require legislation.

Around Town.

THE JESTER will issue his first Court Circular next week. Don't forget it.

BAKER & Co's "Lorne" ties are knotty subjects to beat for the money.

CAMILLA Urso is a star of the first magnitude, but her name is a mis-nomer. It ought to be Ursa Major.

WHILE you are dancing at the St. Andrew's Society's Ball take care that burglars are not drinking your health in the pantry. "When the cat's away," etc.

GREAT guns will be fired off at Halifax next week in honor of greaterguns. There will be lots of small bores present who will fire up and get mad at being slighted.

THE *Witness* says the Citizens' Address will be presented to the Vice-Regal pair privately, and only a favored few will be admitted. Why is this? Well, it isn't pleasant to meet your tailor on such occasions.

THE St. Andrew's Society have made it a rule that those who desire tickets for the Grand Ball shall furnish references. This new specimen of shoddyism is unique and could only be made complete by referring the Committee to your last assignee.

DOZENS of cases of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer have been sold during the past week. Our bald-headed friend Jenkins $\frac{2}{3}$ vs he's going to have a new head of hair to go to that Ball in, if he has to stay in the hot house a week. He's going to force it out somehow.

THE Sisterhood of the Grey Nunnery intend to hold a grand lottery in January for the benefit of the Hospital for the Aged and Infirm Poor, which needs completion. The principal prizes will be parcels of real estate, so that literally the winners will get lots for their money.

SIXES of THE TIMES.—Confectionery stores will be glutted next week with "Scotch mixture."—Dry goods stores are having a checkered career just now in tartans.—An Irishman says our Scottish citizens ought to be "kilt intirely."—Vennor has ordered a supply of Queen's weather for next week.

A MOTHER.—If your son's teacher is in the habit of getting "tight," and when in that condition thrashing him without cause, a letter to the Secretary of the Protestant School Commissioners, accompanied by the necessary proofs, will doubtless soon have the effect of getting him "off his beer" in far quicker time than Rine could.

THE Rev. A. J. Bray's lecture on "Handel" was a really good lecture. The ladies sang very nicely and the choir effects were generally good. Dr. MacLagan's enunciation and style merited marked approval. Mr. Delahunt's enunciation merited denunciation. In future, will that gentleman kindly inform his audience whether he is going to sing in Italian, German or English? When we can hear what he says we will say something about his voice. At present he can't touch the telephone for distinctness.

A "REVEREND" FRAUD.

Mr. T. DeWitt Talmage is a curious mixture of the "professional" Christian and the loquacious charlatan. In the garb of a black coat and white tie he makes a first-class Devil's waiter. Being ready of wit and glib of tongue his congregation pay him a large salary to keep up the excitement. Without some new sensation fashionable preachers of his stamp would have to succumb. High-toned American congregations want change—and change they will have, regardless of the sterling value of the currency. The latest "sensation" Mr. Talmage has indulged in, is his periodical description of the night hells of New York. But like the story writers in the *New York Weekly* when he has arrived at the brimstone period of his discourse they are "continued in our next" to be re-hashed in another form. Under pretence of teaching his flock to avoid places (to the existence of which the most of them, in all probability, would have been strangers) he depicts scenes of eloquent damnation, the like of which has never for forensic audacity been equalled by any so-called Christian Minister. In other words, Mr. Talmage has become a first-class advertising agent for the filthy purlieus of New York. His descriptive power is ingeniously mingled with a little good, to relieve the hideousness of the greater part of the badness so that the picture may not be too revolting for the average imagination. Then he tells the pure, the good and the true not to go to these naughty places, otherwise they might get contaminated and vile. It is the ordinary experience of ordinary people to be curious. Tell them that a place is especially bad and they will go and see for themselves. It is only such men as Talmage who can go and come out pure, fresh, sweet and clean. A salary of \$12,000 is a great disinfecting agent. As an auxiliary to this latest exhibition of pulpit oratory the *Montreal Gazette* has lent its powerful influence. The proprietor of that journal informed its readers on Monday last that arrangements had been made for the simultaneous publication of Talmage's sermons:—"The Night Side of City Life." The good and the true, the bad and the gross of Montreal will now have an opportunity of comparing notes and seeing how far



A RECONNAISSANCE.

(Scene—University Street.)

1st Burglar.—"D'ye think that crib's worth crackin', Bill?"

2nd Burglar.—"Guess we'd better let that place alone—they've got a district alarm box there."

1st Burglar.—"Wot d'ye say if we go over and try Dawson's?"

(They "try Dawson's." For result see daily papers.)

New York is ahead of this "one-horse" city in its hideous excrecences. Bad people will say: "We want enterprise here. Let us copy New York and have a Sodom of our own. Then we will get Talmage to come over and advertise our iniquities, and the thing will pay." The *Gazette* has always been considered the echo of the sentiments of the Church of England, but since it has undertaken to "dish up" the nauseous pabulum prepared by the theological acrobat of Brooklyn, respectable people who have any thought for the pure-mindedness of their wives, sisters, daughters or sons will hesitate, and having made up their minds, will carefully consign the *Gazette's* edition of Mr. Talmage's advertisements to the flames. Stir the fire well up, gentlemen, for Montreal takes to infection very readily. If this announcement to which we have referred is one of the results of the change of ownership of the *Gazette*, the Devil in Montreal will have great cause for thankfulness in the possession of so powerful an ambassador as T. DeWitt Talmage.

"NATIVE GENIUS."

A recent issue of the *Witness*, gives a sample of the quality of the muse who inspires "Professor J. W. Couter, socialist, orator and poet." As a sample of the latter, our contemporary publishes some rhymes composed in honor of the Earl of Dufferin's departure from Canada, the last of which reads thus:—

You have made myriads of friends kind hearted and true,
They all feel like saying "Earl Dufferin, far-well,
And they regret your leaving much more than they can tell.
May God speed the ship in safety, the great ocean o'er,
Which carries your Excellency to your native shore."

No wonder Lord Dufferin wished to get away. My Lord of Lorne, you little know what fate is in store for you. Wont some kind Alderman introduce a by-law making it a penal offence to publish such stuff? But we were nearly forgetting that Alderman, are not good judges of poetry. The first thing they would be doing, would be to prohibit the publication of Shakespeare's works.



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Miss Caspady.—"Now Papa Bull you must do something real handsome for him. He's been awfully nice, you know, to our people."

John Bull.—"I wish I had more like him. I suppose I shall have to send him to India. Russia's coming to a pretty pass there. But perhaps, My Lord, you can tell those young people yonder the secret of your success."

Lord Dupeskin.—"Nothing easier, Sir. It was simply by attending to my own business and giving my Government credit for attending to theirs."

Mrs Royal Humbug.—"You'd better make a note of that, my dear."