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

THE JESTER.

Vol. III., No. 1.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1879.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRISH PROTESTANT BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

WILL HOLD THEIR

GRAND ANNUAL FETE

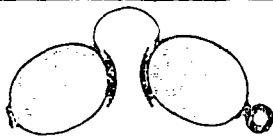
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1 Gold Watch, 4 Gold Medals, and several money and other prizes will be competed for. Gates open at 10 a.m. Lawn Games commence at 11 a.m. Races, &c., at 2 p.m., and Grand Balloon Ascension at 5 p.m.

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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.

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NOTICE!

You can get the best "TICK" at

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by paying for it. Had "Grandfather's Clock" been regulated on this principle, it would never have run down.

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FRAGRANT AND

INVIGORATING,

AND

PERFECTLY FREE FROM ALCOHOL.

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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 20, 1879.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

To those gentlemen who have so kindly enabled the JESTER to re-enter the arena of public life, he doffs his cap and bells and makes his best bow, beaming with gratitude and thankfulness. During his quietus he has been honored with the unanimous expression of regret, and it is in no spirit of egotism that he would observe, having reason to know, that his weekly utterances have been missed of late in many a household. The same policy of independent and fearless journalism will be preserved, as in the past, every care being taken to raise the standard of respectability—not to lower it. Journals whose mission seems to be to pollute the mind, and to spy upon and report the doings of private citizens, are not, unfortunately, unknown in this city, and it must be confessed they appear to thrive, so far as any outside indications show. Why such ribbald sewers of filth should be tolerated at all, when other journals, whose claims to *respectability* are at least well founded, but fail, is an enigma we will not attempt to solve. Doubtless, if the JESTER followed in their footsteps he might do well financially, but at what cost? Once more the JESTER appeals to every reader for his or her *continued* patronage. With a view therefore to adding to his revenue he has raised the price to five cents per copy. No subscriptions will at present be received, but those who have already subscribed will continue to get their copies as before. The reason of this is obvious, as the JESTER desires to set his paper on a sufficiently firm footing before he can undertake the obligation of supplying it for a year. Once again he appeals confidently to you for your patronage; and with his renewed expression of gratitude to those who have helped him in the hour of need, he renews his career of usefulness. Ring up the curtain, Mr. Editor, the performance is about to commence.

PADDING SUPPLIED.

We copy the following from the London *Athenæum*:—
"PADDING SUPPLIED.—Address, (in full confidence) An Experienced Journalist, George's Place, West End, Hammersmith, London, W."

We know that in certain journals there is a good deal of "padding" used, but we, in Canada, do not call it by that name now. We prefer to place it under the head of "culchaw." It is by the length of the reports in which it is used that their standard of merit is usually judged. If one contemporary gets ahead of another by a half or three-quarters of a column, it will be found, upon close inspection, that the "padding" is the principle part of its make up. Quantity, not quality, is the rule we go by in Canada. But we doubt if there are many English journalists who can compare, in the way of "padding," with the writer of the following gush, which appeared in a report of the Natural History Society's picnic, at Calumet, published in the *Montreal Herald*:—

"The morning though bright yet had the blue sky thickly covered with large masses of cumulus clouds, more particularly towards the Western horizon, where, by their extreme variability in shape and their incessant metamorphoses, they formed a beautiful background to the landscape traversed between Montreal and Calumet, the place selected by the naturalists to search after the hidden treasures of Nature, and to read the great green book which was there open to them."

There's "culchaw" for you, with a vengeance!

NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD SONG.

I know a Bank where the wild "time" grows,
The richness of whose Stocks nobody knows.
Have a care, pray beware, or perhaps when too late
Their perfume will hasten you on to your fate.

THE LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

When will newspaper men learn to write English correctly? The *Star* talks of a "pigeon shoot," and the *Post* refers to a horse having "excursed" at a furious pace, while the *Witness* writes of some person being "unexpectedly surprised." By and bye we shall not have any language left, and then the liberty of the Press will have reached its zenith.

THE DEFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There is trouble in the camp. It would appear by the newspaper reports, that the "Reformation has not yet been completed. More, evidently, is needed, for the amateur Lutherans of this particular body seem to be still busily engaged in setting up and deposing each other's popes. The trouble occurred in Chicago. Most of the trouble on this continent is supposed to occur in Chicago. No wonder, therefore, any attempt at reformation in that quarter is hopeless. The result of this is, there has been a secession, and this denomination, which has been termed "neither fish, flesh nor fowl" has lost even its semblance to a good red herring, for its head and tail have been sacrificed in its struggle to maintain life. We are very much afraid that the poverty of the *fallow* soil has been one of the causes why the seed has not taken deeper root, but we trust that the husbandman of the Quebec fold will usher in a healthier condition of affairs, on the principle that one of the first duties of a congregation is to pay for its church building, and until this is done no denomination can be absolutely called free or independent.

SOCIETY SONGS.

OUR LADY OF TEA.

The shadows of ev'ning are falling,
Wee watches are pointing to five,
And lazy folks love to be calling,
And gossips begin to arrive;
The muffin-bell raucously ringing
Reminds you 'tis time you should see—
While Kettles are saucily singing—
Our Lady of Tea

O syren of sugar and scandal,
O princess of peerless Pekoe,
O goddess of Goth and of Vandal,
Belov'd of Stroud Brothers & Co. !
O fair hamadryad of Hyson,
O beauty of boundless Bohea !
Who looks upon port as a p'ison—
Our Lady of Tea !

The lacteal lumps in the tea-cup,
She presses with purest delight !
And finds in the well of each wee cup,
The syrup of sibilant spite !
O spirit of Gamp and of Harris,
May Rumor watch well over thee,
More sweet than the coffee of Paris—
Our Lady of Tea !

The bibulous bumpers of brandy,
The winsome allurements of wine,
The taking of "anything handy,"
Or rum of the apple of pine;
Or water well wetted with whisky,
Or niplets of neat *cau de vie*,
She thinks them uncommonly risky—
Our Lady of Tea !

THE JUNIOR CONSERVATIVE CLUB—A QUESTION ANSWERED.

MR. JESTER.—Can you give me any information as to the whereabouts of the Junior Conservative Club? What is it doing? What were its objects?

A MEMBER.

We cheerfully give "A Member" all the information in our power. 1.—"As to its whereabouts": We must refer you to Mr. Perry—not Mr. Alfred Perry, because he doesn't know any more about it than we do—but to the proprietor of Perry's Hall. This Hall has been famous in its day for political and pedestrian pursuits. It was here that the young spirits of long ago met to "run the Country." It was here that so many of our young and active men graduated as stump orators and political runners for Conservative members of the Provincial and Federal Parliaments. It was from here that several torch-light processions started, when costly suits of clothing were impregnated with naphtha and other odors, from torches carried by unsteady but jubilant, independent electors, for 50 to 75 cents a night. But now, alas, the upper chamber is solitary, silent and bare! The lower forum has degenerated into a place where persons occasionally walk as far as possible within a given time. Formerly the hall above was used for nobler purposes. In the good old days it was the chosen place for *talking* as much as possible within an *ungiven* time. A wooden gallery, erected at much cost, is the only landmark whence the sentiments of a patriotic people were announced in trumpet tones of triumph to an excited but equally as patriotic a crowd beneath. 'Tis useless "to call in the members," for they will not answer. In the words of the poet:

The past remains buried;
You may say what you will,
But the smell of tobacco
Yet clings to it still.

If you want to know more, touching its whereabouts, ask Perry.

2.—"What is it doing?" We really can't say; and if anybody can tell you, please forward us their reply. It would make very interesting reading. Now, had you wished to know what it has *done*?—then we might have afforded you a satisfactory answer, though even in answering this interrogatory we could not speak as feelingly as might Messrs. Gault and Ryan, or, possibly, Mr. Coursol. N.B.—These gentlemen are all M. P.'s.

3.—"What were its objects?" Now you touch a sore spot. Its objects, on paper, were for the dissemination of Conservative principles, generally, among those of its members, between the ages of 17 and 35—(in fact, up to any period between youth and old age)—who were desirous of learning something worth knowing about the political history of Canada. It was hoped that by this means the Junior Conservative Club would learn almost as much about their country as the young man who writes the questions for the *Canadian Spectator*. It was further urged by the projectors of the Club that debates, essays, and other means of ventilating the public topics of the day would keep the members together, and make the Club learned and respectable. But all this, as we have said, was *on paper*; that is to say, it was the general frame-work upon which the Constitution was constructed. But, unhappily, the Club's Constitution is become as much impaired as Mr. Ouimet's original motion of censure upon Mr. Letellier de St. Just. Now, if you want to know what were the *practical* objects of the Junior Conservative Club, (which on its very face is a misnomer, and should have been called the "September Club,") we can tell you. Its object *practically* was the honor of running around canvassing for Mr. M. H. Gault and Mr. M. P. Ryan during the last elections, and paying a dollar a-piece for the privilege. Mind you, don't misunderstand us: we do not mean paying a dollar a-piece to Mr. Gault or Mr. Ryan, either, although a good many people paid much more than that, which came under the head of "Election Expenses," but paying a dollar a-piece by the members of the Club for the sake of running around wet nights to secure votes for these gentlemen, and in other ways assisting the various "Committees." It has been thought by some that this was the only way of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Canadian history—or at least that part of it relating to Montreal's share of it last September.

It was true there were two or three papers read; but, after the elections were won, the officers have had a holiday ever since. Whether the Club exists or not we cannot say; but if it does, it must be in a state of coma, where in all probability it will remain until the next general elections come around, when gentlemen will have again the happy privilege of paying another dollar a-piece, and once more running around for votes to enable other gentlemen to get into Parliament. It is in this way the Junior Conservative Club will keep up its reputation in the perpetuation and enlargement of Canadian history. But if you want to know any more, again we must beg of you to—ask Perry.

Note.—By the way, the annual meeting, if we mistake not, is considerably overdue.

SOME ENGLISH REASONS FOR HANLAN'S VICTORY.

1. He had a pair of steam arms. 2. He had oxygen in the air tight compartments of his boat. 3. He had an invisible, double self acting, bi-chromatic cylindrical force pump for regulating his sliding seat. 4. He used porous plasters on his back to reduce his weight. 5. His oars had springs in them. 6. He trained on ice to enable him to keep cool. 7. He wore his wife's photograph next his heart as a charm for good luck. 8. He used patent muscles under his skin, &c. &c. &c. Therefore how the dickens was it possible for any ordinary man to beat him?

HOSPITALITY AT A DISCOUNT.

The irrepressible and perpetual candidate for Montreal West, whose aspirations for public life have been gratified by his election to the honorable office of President of the St. Patrick's Society, is in a dilemma. He finds himself in a position worthy of the sympathy of all men of hospitable tendencies. With that innate Modesty which always marks great men for her own, the "perpetual candidate," burning with Irish zeal and admirable forgetfulness of self, is resolved that Montreal shall not confine her civilities to one particular section of the Republican Army of the United States, but has invited upon his own account—or, more figuratively speaking, the account of the St. Patrick's Society—the 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard. Some persons have questioned the taste of this proceeding; but, of course, on matters of "taste" the expenses of such an invitation must largely depend. Others think it would have been more economical to have invited the Mulligan Guards. But this is not a fit time for the cropping up of weak, petty prejudices. This is a country, as Lord Lorne hath well said, full of great traditions. It is therefore not to be wondered at that our Irish friend, who glories in the fact of being a Canadian whenever the opportunity of a Parliamentary nomination offers, and but for whose princely offer of \$500 towards election expenses, the present member for Cardwell would have possibly still remained in obscurity; should naturally turn the bent of his profound and original mind to inviting Irish-American soldiers to participate in honoring Canada's natal day—and himself in particular. It is a matter of small moment whether the 69th insulted the Heir-Apparent or not. It is a matter of trivial importance whether the "green waves above the red" in their regimental plumes, or that, thanks to their masterly inactivity, the last Fenian raid was a failure. It is sufficient for Canadians to know that the cause of that failure was not owing to any want of sympathy on the part of the rank and file of the 69th. Picture, if you can, the solitary grandeur of the picturesque banquet; its military emblazonments, and all the pomp and circumstance of war's surroundings on a peaceful footing, and at their head the figure of the "perpetual candidate" entertaining this vast host—*all by himself!* We can imagine such a scene, and we can also understand how easy it would be, under the circumstances, for the "perpetual candidate" to observe: "Gentlemen, for want of time, we will pass over the usual loyal toasts." This would be a happy way of getting over a very obvious difficulty. It is now in order, if the "perpetual candidate" wishes to maintain his prestige as a liberal host and a "rich contractor," to bring on that regiment at any cost—no matter what the *Star* or any other newspaper may say to the contrary. If possible, *Puck's* special artist should accompany the expedition, for the special delectation of those New Yorkers who delight in dirty and offensive illustrations. However, should a sham fight be a portion of the programme of the day, we hope, really, that Sir Selby Smyth's famous "Zulu formation" will not be included; otherwise there might be the least bit of a taste of reality about it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The "Colonel" is not yet gazetted, but hopes to be.

Advice to young men who jilt young women—"Mind your eye."

Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer makes a good top dressing for bald heads.

The Zulu King's pronunciation of his name might be Get-away-you, and the British troops have had substantial evidence that he means what he says.

An "arrangement" in "black and white" is the kind of composition picture an assignee likes to see in his office.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society is to hold a pic-nic to-morrow, the receipts of which are to be devoted to charitable purposes. With this view, therefore, they propose to raise the wind by the agency of a balloon. The funds from this source we presume will come under the head of inflated currency.

Carsley's salesmen can turn out more feet to one square yard of poetry than in any other department of his stocking trade. This happy combination of Poetry and Commerce is a hopeful sign in this degenerate and matter of fact age.

Now that Mr. Donald Macmaster writes "M.P.P." to his name, let us hope that through his agency we may see More Political Propriety among public men. The title will then possess more than ordinary significance. We congratulate him upon being elected to a position which he is so well fitted to discharge with honor and ability.

PAUL FORD ON IMMIGRATION.

I have just left the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture, dazed, confounded, and bewildered with the colossal policy of the Government. His zeal for getting at the root of the country is stupendous; and the wisdom he has shown in removing a few stumps, whereon political orators may perch during election times, is self-evident. His office is a perfect botanical museum, full of giant corn stalks, monster potatoes, "boss" ears of wheat, and magnificent samples of rye. I interviewed each separate and distinct specimen. The rye was the strongest of them all. "I am going to have these petrified by the Geological Survey," he said, "and I rather flatter myself they will make the mammoth cereals of California shrink up with humility."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"They were sent in by country editors in return for Government patronage. Quite interesting specimens, ain't they?"

"Where did they get them from?"

"Took them out in subscriptions, I suppose. I tell you," he continued, "this country is one huge grainery, if the people only knew it." And he settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and went into ecstasies over Manitoba. It was a great and glorious scheme which he unfolded to my bewildering gaze. "There is only one alternative open to the country," he continued, "it is 'settle up'—that's my motto."

"That's the talk," said I, "but how do you propose paying off the \$140,000,000 we owe already?"

"You mistake my meaning. I refer to settling up the country; which we can only do thoroughly by completing the Pacific Railway as soon as possible."

"Which means adding another one hundred and fifty millions on to our present debt. Where are you going to get it?"

"Why, we'll get the Imperial Government to guarantee ten millions or so, and Tilley can borrow the rest. What's the use of British connexion unless we make something out of it?"

"Of course none whatever."

"And if they won't lend it to us, we'll clap on another ten or fifteen per cent. on to British manufactures and shut them out altogether. Sentiment must give way to interest, you know."

"It always does, but it strikes me we've got just about as much as we can do to pay the interest on what we already owe."

"Ah! you're off the track again. I mean self interest."

"But what guarantee are you going to give, supposing the Imperial Government *won't* lend you the money?"

"Ask Tilley. He knows. He knows everything. But, as I was saying, we don't anticipate any failure of borrowing just as much as we want—and more, too."

"Then, I suppose you'll call it a first mortgage on the brightest jewel in England's crown, so to speak?"

The withering sarcasm fell harmless.

"I tell you," he added, "the Government's committed to this immigration policy, and we are going to carry it out."

"But how about Provincial legislation? Don't you see you are practically undoing the work of Ontario and Quebec. Where is the common sense of making an immigrant pay forty or fifty dollars to go from Montreal to Manitoba when he can get just as good land within two hundred miles, with an outlet by land and sea for all he can grow. Why, the fifty dollars would pay exactly twenty-five per cent. at least on the whole expenditure for buying his farm, and that without including the comparative reduction in the cost of the purchase of farm implements and clothing. And this, too, without taking into consideration that he would have a larger constituency to sell to."

"You're off the track again. What you say is for the Legislature to deal with."

"Yes, a first-rate illustration of robbing Peter to pay Paul. According to your policy, you say to the immigrant, 'don't stay in Ontario or Quebec, they are played out, come right on to Manitoba. That's the place to live in.' And so you practically undo the work of provincial railroad improvements, and overlook the fact that (leaving the European immigrant out of the question) for every able-bodied farmer who leaves this Province an additional burden is placed on the shoulders of those who are left behind. That's about how the thing stands as far as I can see. Then, again, if you are going to depopulate the two Provinces in this way, how are you to expect the Provincial Legislatures to meet their engagements to the Federal Parliament?"

"Why, you dunderheaded donkey," and here he got real mad, "don't you see that our plan is one of the most important means of saving the Party—and that we are pledged to it?"

"But supposing your plans don't turn out the success you anticipate, what are you going to do when your creditors get clamorous?"

"Why, we shall be dead then and it won't matter." And here the great man rung his bell and requested one of the clerks to bring him the proof of Professor Wurzel's Essay on the Growth of the Manitoba Turnip, with illustrations.

IMPROVING.

He was in a sober mood, a state to which he had of late been a stranger, and the old love yearnings towards his patient and long-suffering wife were slowly returning.

"My dear," said he, "I don't feel like pulling yer round by the hair of yer head, and dragging of yer about, this morning."

His favorite child's face brightened up with smiles, and, as the happy light shone in her eyes, the little five-year old said, "Oh, ma, ain't pa getting good!"

Put an oil chromo up the chimney for a couple of months, until it is well besmeared with soot, and you have the nearest approach of an amateur's notion of a work of one of the old masters.



THE "COLONEL'S" ELEVATED POSITION.

"COLONEL" McN—E.—Come over, me b'hoy. Niver moind the expinse. I'm wealthy. Dy'e moind that?

CAPTAIN BREEN, 69th N.Y. N. G.—Bedad, honey, yez a jewel after me own heart.

EDITOR "Post."—I think I'll have to take this gentleman down a peg.