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Vol. I., No. 45.

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The Jester,

A COMICAL AND SATIRICAL RECORD OF THE TIMES: ILLUSTRATED: WEEKLY.

The JESTER is published every Friday. Fred J. Hamilton & Co., Proprietors.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879.

Those subscribers who do not get their paper regularly, will oblige by addressing a postal card to P. O. Box 905, or at the office 162 St. James Street.

TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will greatly oblige if each will endeavour to get us one subscriber for 1879. The price is only \$1.25, including delivery. This is the cheapest paper of its kind in America, and the Proprietors confidently appeal to your kindly aid in this direction.

33 PER CENT.

We are in receipt of several communications anent the drug per centage business. While we believe in Free Trade in drugs, we also believe in protection to the patient. Monopolies, like comparisons, are odious. Both are often nasty to handle. For our part, while we would prefer throwing our physic to the dogs—which if every one did the same, there might be fewer dogs—we are also desirous of seeing that the patient is not made to pay twice for his medicine. Now if these percentage advocates would only transact their business on the "no cure, no pay" principle, perhaps there would not be so much to object to.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL MEETING.

By PAUL FORD.

Introductory.

My reasons for running for the Presidency of this distinguished Society—distinguished for the powerful impetus it has given to Scottish literature, for its discoveries in the Gaelic tongue, for its oatmeal cakes—were finally decided by the following letter, which I publish in justice to myself:—

Paul Ford, Esq.,

Montreal, Jan. 6th, 1879.

Sir,—The Annual Meeting of this Society takes place on Thursday evening at eight o'clock, sharp. Several names have been suggested for the office of President, but they are comparatively unknown to the great, outer world. Will you stand? We want a man of good, strong, social position. You are that man. You have distinguished yourself in social circles, and you possess almost enough wit for a Scotchman. If you are not a Scotchman it is your mother's fault, not yours. I believe you are also a contributor to a widely influential journal. This fact alone will give you extensive advertising privileges, and, should you be elected, is worth, at least, a thousand dollars a year, estimated at the ordinary advertising rates. Ponder over this request. Weigh it well.

You will not have to do any work. The Committee will do the work, and you will get the credit of doing it. The hardest part of your duties will be to run around to get some one to speak at our Annual Entertainment, at which you will be expected to deliver the introductory address, and to tell the people how much the Society is in debt (if anything) at the end of the year. You will also have to introduce the speaker to the audience at that concert, and to let the gentleman who is your *dernier resort* know (after he has acquiesced in your request) that your friend the Member for the Gulf Ports was, inadvertently, compelled to decline acting in that capacity. This will make him cheerful and at-home like, and he will admire your candor. It isn't necessary for you to know anything of Scottish literature—or any other literature, for the matter of that, beyond the current market rates in the commercial columns of the *Gazette*. Permit me to nominate you.

Yours fraternally,

ROUND ROBIN.

I wrote a hasty note to my friend and consented to run; first paying my subscription to save any possible unpleasantness at the meeting.

The Meeting.

There was a full attendance, and not a little suppressed excitement. The President looked a trifle nervous and uneasy. The Secretary was there also. Several persons appeared anxious to speak to him. Having spoken to him in a whisper, he always nodded his head in a very mysterious manner, and said "all right." The air was thunderous. Knots of members held caucus meetings in odd corners. Twenty per cent. of those present were candidates.

After the usual routine business the ex-President made his dying speech and confession; thanked his numerous patrons for their support in the past, and hoped they would give him—no, he meant the Society, their support in the future. The Society had made him what he was.

At this stage some one asked if this meeting was constitutional.

"Yes, why?" said the President.

"Oh, nothing," returned the individual, "only I believe it is customary at these meetings for somebody to object to something or another on constitutional grounds."

Then another person gave a notice of motion, so as to save time until those of his friends who had promised to vote for him had arrived. Another pressed a motion, that before proceeding to the election of officers, their qualifications should be duly and thoroughly understood by the meeting. Carried after a good deal of discussion. The special Committee on Qualifications met

in a corner, and considered their report, which being adopted, is here presented in condensed form.

1. The President must have been educated at Petite Cote Academy.
2. He must be a known man. Intellect not so much an object as position.
3. If born in England, he must have one relation at least who is Scotch.
4. Any person bearing a Scotch name is eligible for office. But
5. He must know the Gaelic for "dollar," anyway.
6. No President to receive a Presentation "as a mark of respect," &c., until he has paid for three suppers for all the members of the Society during his term of office, it being recognized as one of the fundamental rules of this Society that one good turn deserves another.
7. He must know at least one verse of Tam O'Shanter in proof of his knowledge of Scottish Literature.
8. Though not strictly necessary, he should be, if not a member of Parliament, at least one of the Dominion Board of Trade.
9. If a lawyer, he will be expected to give his advice gratis to any member of the Society requiring a legal opinion.

Sandy McSanders was the first person nominated for President.

"Where are your testimonials?" demanded an opponent.

"Here, sir," and he read the following document:—

OTTAWA, Dec. 2nd, 1879.

The Bearer is a faithful, energetic, sober, and industrious man. During my stay in Montreal he made an excellent body servant. In fact he seldom, if ever, left me—alone. I have great pleasure in recommending him to any social position for which his numerous talents may fit him.

McCALLUM MORE.

Sandy McSanders was nominated.

Andrew McCheviot was next on the list.

"How about his qualifications?" remarked another.

"Sir," rejoined Mr. McCheviot, "I never qualify anything, but I can buy up the whole lot of ye."

"What do you know of Scottish literature?" questioned a legal candidate for the office. "Can you quote Burns?"

"If ye'll just gi' me a copy o' yon book I'll quote him wi' ye by the hour. But its men o' poseetion we want, and if I understand correctly, poseetion in this case is everything."

Andrew McCheviot was nominated.

Now for my chance, thought I—now or never. "Mr. President," I said, I beg respectfully to nominate myself." This took the meeting so much by surprise that there was a dead silence. "Gentlemen," I continued, "this unprecedented step is not without reason. The member who was to have nominated me has not yet arrived, but the letter which I hold in my hand is my excuse. I then read the letter.

"What do you want to run for? Who ever heard of you?" queried Mr. McCheviot. "Mr. Chairman," I continued, "these are hard times, and, as you have just heard, this office of President affords an excellent advertising medium to its possessor. I also believe the Society is for mutual help and improvement, and I stand in need of both."

At this juncture Mr. Round Robin having arrived, I placed my claims, with the permission of the meeting, in his hands.

Mr. Round Robin was staunch and true. He said that although the President was not expected to know much, to say much, or to do much, yet he considered Literature had some claims on the Society which could not find a better representative than in himself or his friend, Mr. Paul Ford. He (the speaker) had had some experience in framing Addresses and doing a good deal of work which, owing to the very retired social position he occupied, had not been recognized. This, certainly, was not his fault, although he regretted it was his misfortune. He therefore waived any humble pretensions he might entertain for the honourable office of President in favour of his friend, Mr. Paul Ford. So far as he (the speaker) was concerned, he, for one, never expected a President to work. But, like the wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store, an ornamental President would make an admirable sign-post, as indicating the whereabouts of a Society whose destiny was to unfold the future glories of Scottish literature. But, doubtless, there were other gentlemen who would make just as admirable wooden Indians as his friend Mr. Ford, for whom he intended to vote, but was at the same time willing to accept the choice of the Society as the votes might indicate. He only regretted one thing, and that was: the curriculum at the Academy of Petite Cote was so limited in its character.

At this stage of the proceedings I left, little expecting that I was to be elected by a majority of three. But, to speak frankly, I fear to go back lest I should be expected to give the first of the three suppers which the Society might demand of me. For on a matter of giving a supper, even a wooden Indian and myself stand on term of perfect, social equality.

COMPLIMENTARY—VERY.

Leading Merchant, desirous of inviting Prominent Citizen to dinner, does so verbally, through Prominent Citizen's brother, who is not a prominent citizen:

"My dear fellow, I would have included you also, but, really, I must draw the line somewhere."

Prominent Citizen's brother: "Better draw it at whiskey, Sir."

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

YOUNG SWELL TO STREET CAR CONDUCTOR—"Awfully cold. I declare our conservatory windows were quite frozen this morning."

CONDUCTOR—"Yer dont say, Mister, and so was my water butt. Blowed if that aint strange now, when yer come to think on it!"

NEWS FOR THE MILLION.

Mr. Jack Frost has arrived.—*Gazette*, Jan. 7.

What a nice, comfortable time the *Gazette* man must have lying around the stove, when every body knows that the water pipes burst three weeks ago. If the *Gazette* man ever saw a frozen water pipe on the burst, he could write out a graphic description of Niagara Falls in winter without going outside the door. And yet some men are so slow to take advantage of an idea.

THE HARBOUR COMMISSION.

Hon. Mr. Mitchell is spoken of as the the probable Chairman of the new Harbour Board. Altho' we should like to see the Blue Peter elevated, we should be sorry to hear of him being hoisted. The Harbour Commission business has generally left a handsome margin of profit—especially on steamboat excursions, when there is ample testimony of the Commissioner's fondness for their Port.

Correspondence.

LANCASHIRE INDIGNATION.

Mestur Yedditor,

SUR,—Aww sum an' fain, mon, to tell yo' how dazed aw am—gradely gawmless loike—to think that yo' shud ha' yore vallyooable papper daubed ore w' Koknay slang bi such a mon as that as caws hissel' "A' Art o' Hoke" a week or so ago. Yo' dunno thooz Lannoners, Mestur Yedditor. Woi, mon, thay'l loike stayshun an' stare yo' reight i' th' face, as brazen as brass.

This chap that's jus' bin ritin' to yo' tawks about faythur Tems becin' a Bull wurk o' libburti, jus' because they wense rosted a oks on him (p'r'aps it wur a bull) when he wur froz'n up. But yo' no', Mestur Yedditor, thur ar' moor than won soort of a bull: thur's th' Kretan bull, thur's th' Pope's bull, thur's John Bull, an' thur's a Irish bull: an' yore korrispondent duzna tell us witch o' theez he refers to.

He gooz on, heawever, w' a furthur proof o' his assershun by puttin' for'erd Owd Magny Karty; th' Towre o' Lannun; th' Bar'ns o' Runnineed, an' Kij. John. Neaw, yo' no' varry weel, as weel as aw no' misel', an' so duz any lad or wench i' eawr publik skooz, if they've nobbut getten as far larn't as thur Kattykiss'em,—that that owd raskle, that plunderin' sea pirat Willyum thu Konkerur, wen he coom ore to England fro' Normunday, bilt up that varry Towre for nowt i' th' world else but to tyranyze ore Ann Glow Sacks' sons, and to yoozerp an' tak' away thooz varry libburties awlus aforetoime enjyed. An' Magny Karty, Mestur Yedditor, wur nuthin' at aw' i' th' world but a givin' back o' thooz libburties; an' if it had'n' ha' bin for See Rovin' Bill bildin' up that Towre o' Lannun thur'd ha' bin no' yoozerpayshun ov eawr libburties, and thur'd ha' bin no' need of a Magny Karty to get um back. Thur's moor boggarts, mon, an' moor gohsts, an' sperrits o' murdered men an' murdered wimmin, an' smutthured childur nockin' abeawt that theer Towre o' Lannun, an' ore Lannun Bridge, an' up an' deawn faythur Tems, than 'ud fill Bedlam three toimes ore. Woi, mon, it mak's a chap's blud run kowd to look back ore faythur Tems' history. Gooin as far back as th' A B C' (or maybe aw owt to say th' B, C,) o' this world's history, wot do wi' foind i' *Julius Sævo's Commentories*? Wi' foind theer that, that greight tip-top genneral o' th' Rum-muns, after leavin' his Gall content ore th' watter, londe'd i' Kent, an' marched up to th' Tems w' his leggins, an' theer, on th' opsit soide o' th' river, he found a strung encampment o' Kasi villuns. Neaw wot duz he mean bi that? Woi, if aw no' owt about latin, an' aw owt to do, wen mi faythur were a skoomester, he meons that faythur Tems, even i' his toime, wuz inhabited bi a gradely set o' villuns; for, wot do eawr lawyurs meon wen they tawk abeawt a kasi bankruptsy? Dunno' thay meon a gradely bankruptsy. On'y thay set it off loike w' a bit o' lattin pollish.

Neaw, wot duz that Billingsgatt korrespondent o' yores meon bi his insin-yoo-ytin' slurs upo' th' Markis? He wants to no' wheer would th' Guvner-Generul be iv it wur no' for England. Aw shud loike to know, Mestur Yedditor, iv yore Lannun korrespondent con tell us wheer England would ha' bin, and wheer aw thooz British libburties would ha' bin, iv eawr Guvner-Generul's great-great grondfaythur hadn't held um up w' his noble arm, an' if he had'n' ha' coom for'erd an' joined us i' partnership w' bonny Scotland? An' till he ansers that, aw'l rest mi pen a bit.

A LANKISHUR MON.

REGULATIONS FOR CITY SCHOOLS.

We have received a copy of a pamphlet issued by the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, in which the last page is devoted to the "Duties of Care-Takers." Every care-taker should get a copy, for it is of absorbing interest to that class of persons. After setting forth certain propositions in the science of sweeping and dusting, which, so far as we have observed, is yet in its infancy, it lays down the fixed rule that the study of scrubbing be illustrated once every month. Well, we have seen many "scrubby" boys in our time; but a scrubby care-taker is almost something new in our experience. Each teacher is to get a hand towel washed and ironed, all to himself, at least once a week. But as for "towel" the boys, nothing is said. We should like this omission to be explained. While the Commissioners permit song birds to warble in the care-taker's apartments, they also allow him to keep a dog and cat. We thought the use of the cat in public schools was forbidden ages ago, and we set our face against the introduction of this practice with dogged resolution. Dog gone if we are going to let our boys run the risk of hydrophobia for any care-taker's convenience.

The premises are also not to be left without some responsible person in charge. Wouldn't it be a capital notion, say in the event of a fire, to fix the responsibility beforehand? For general experience shows how difficult it is to establish the question of responsibility *after* the damage is done.

Various Matters.

According to latest reports sugar is better than arsenic to commit suicide with. It doesn't do the work so suddenly, but you have time to say good-bye to friends.—*Rochester Express*.

A telegraph operator at Holly, Mich., stepped out for a scuttle full of coal, when thieves stole the stove. Nothing is safe in Michigan except the Rock of Ages, fastened down.—*Peck's Sun*.

Demosthenes indulged himself in a free feed of pebbles. We have often wondered whether it was not possible, with the pitch of his voice, to have constructed a patent roof to his mouth. History is very niggard about details.—*N. Y. News*.

An observing person says that seventy-five per cent. of the ground-hog's predictions are verified. What the country most needs now in the way of prophets, is a species of ground-hog that will foretell the complexion of the next administration at least two years in advance.—*Norristown Herald*.

Popular superstitions:—That butter is made from butternuts. That you must plant eggs if you would raise egg plant. That you can print what's a curd in the dairy. That there was something of an electoral character in the Count of Monte Cristo. That a tramp will refuse a trade dollar.—*Utica Observer*.

Ground Colon.

Off the track—A baffled detective.

A long-suffering martyr—Saint Just.

Popular tramps—Snow-shoe tramps.

The United States has again reached the Golden Age.

Penny wise—but bound to be foolish. Mayor Beaudry.

There are few steamboats which do not carry a euchre deck.

When can a dead letter be called a form of black mail? When it is in mourning.

The prisoners who were fed so bountifully on Christmay Day, are now enjoying their desserts.

Most of the *Herald's* articles, are, or were, printed in copper-faced type. The reason is obvious.

We hear Mr. Lighthall is on the *tapis* for Alderman. The more light the better in our City Hall.

Mr. Edward Blake wants a Parliament all to himself, with no Opposition, and until he gets it, he wont rest.

Why not make Lord Dufferin Agent-General for Canada? He is the best immigration agent we have had, so far.

"Thos." has gone through a second edition. We are glad to hear that so many people are going through "Thos."

Hon. Mr. Joly, whose dealings in rods and poles have been so liberally criticized by the *Gazette*, still perches at Quebec.

The *Star* in reporting a robbery of a watch, says Detective Cullen "has the case in hand." Yes, but where are the works?

There have been so many births lately that some doctors are determined to do their business strictly on C. O. D. principles.

Mr. Brandt is one of the very few singers in Montreal who can preserve the even tenor of their way, so evenly or so sweetly.

"Piano Charley" is a very appropriate name for a thief, because thieves are supposed to be light-fingered, while their sense of "touch" is cultivated to a science.

There is always a certain class of people who enjoy the misfortunes of others. They surely must be the Assignees, since their number is constantly on the increase.

Mr. Beaudry is a member of some Order, we forget which, but it isn't of the Legion of Honour. At least, if it is, it must have been conferred upon him by mistake.

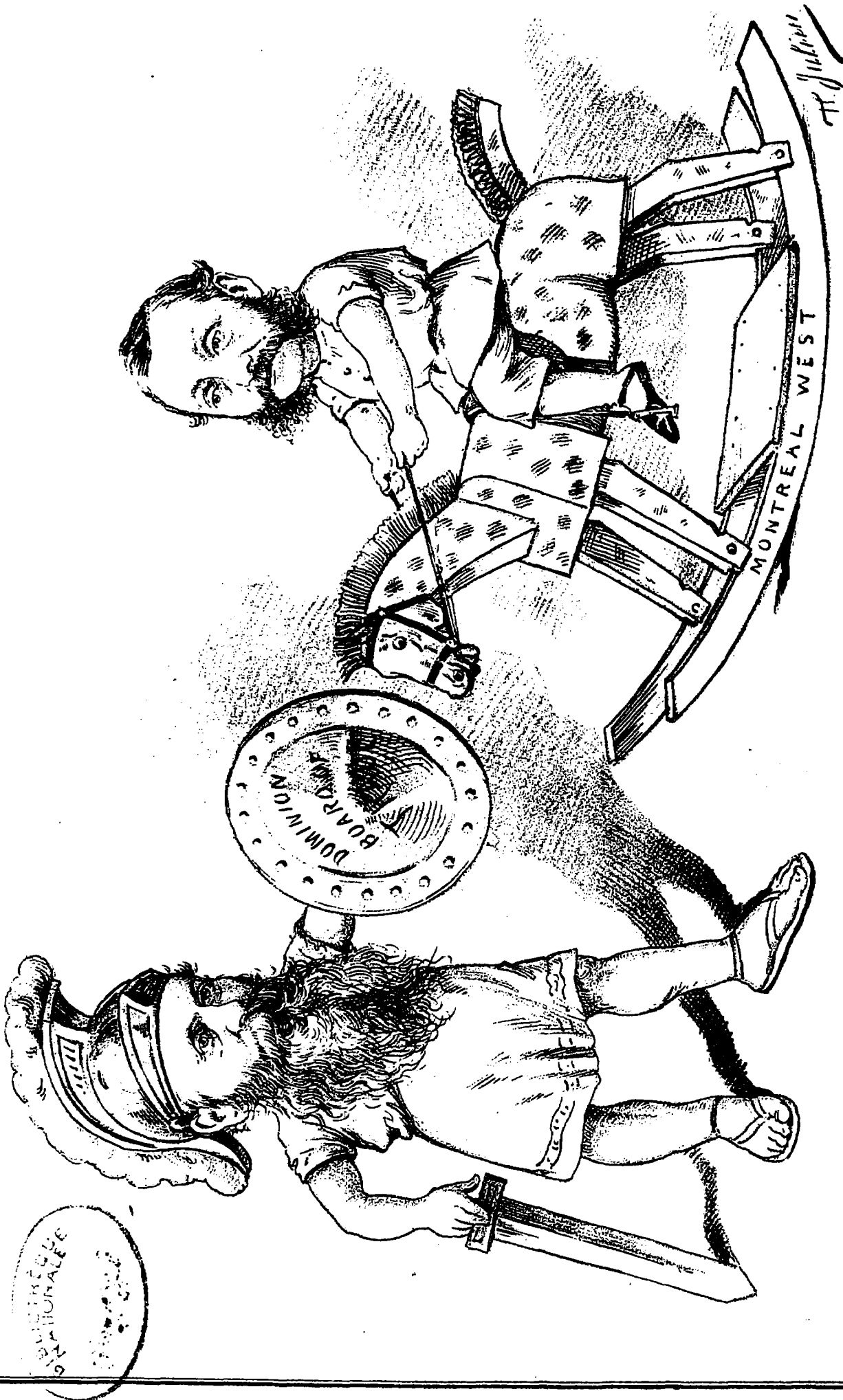
It is true that while the Glasgow people bought up the Hungtinton Copper Mines, the shafts were furnished principally by the *Gazette*. Those who cannot see this joke should apply at the *Herald* office for an explanation.

The *Canadian Spectator* has condescended to notice *Puck*, a paragraph from which is termed "coarseness of the coarsest kind." Then, why notice it? We thought the *Spectator* was exclusively high-toned in everything.

A reporter of a daily paper being hard up for an item, got frost bitten for the occasion, and made a "local" of it. He is now minus one finger. Moral: Always compose your items over a warm fire. You'll never then get frozen up for "copy."

A contributor suggests that the Montreal School Commissioners should not be permitted to enter upon their official duties until they have first been grounded in the rudiments of the English grammar. In that case some of them would have to parse—out.

There was a conflagration on St. Antoine street, last week. A grocer, thinking highwines a good substitute for *aqua pura*, as a shampoo, after completing the cleansing process proceeded to dry his head over the stove. The result was a blaze; an energetic stampede, a hunt for a wig-maker, and a liberal use of sweet oil to allay the pains of burns on a greatly disfigured head. Finally, he succeeded in getting a bottle of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, and he now struts around like a newly-fledged peacock.



UGHT-BUT ISN'T.

MASTER ANDY—" I ought to be on that horse; I ought to be Chairman of the Harbour Board; I ought to be in the Cabinet; I ought to be Dictator of the Conservative Party; that's what I ought to be."
 MASTER MATTHEW—" Yes—but you ain't."