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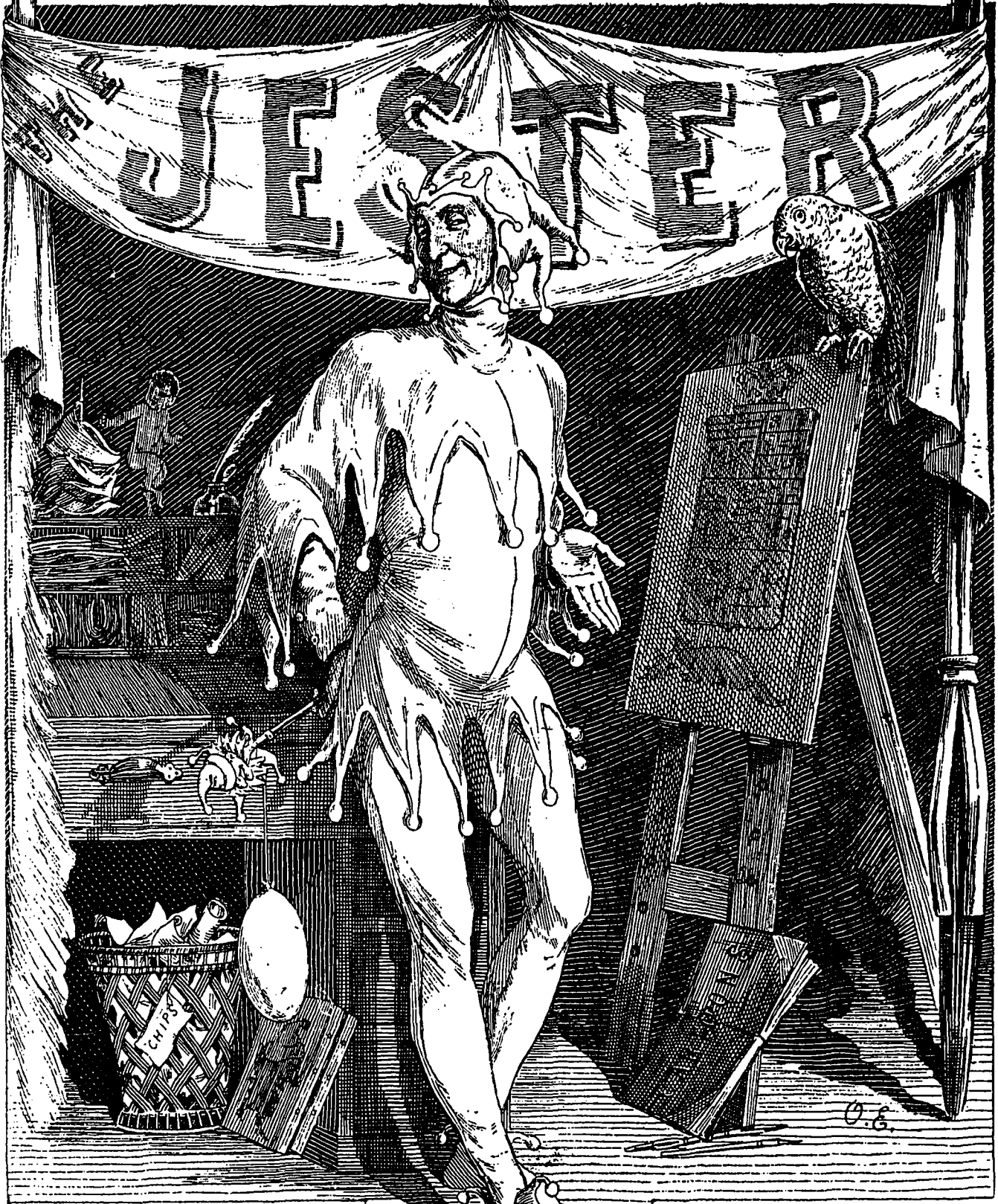
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# THE JESTER,

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, 7TH JUNE, 1878.

THE Montreal *Herald* of Wednesday, terms Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD and Mr. CHAPLEAU "birds of a feather" with the true Conservative "ring." Why not call them a pair of ring doves at once?

## SHAME!

Alderman MENCER certainly deserves the thanks of the respectable portion of our citizens more especially parents and guardians for his zealous efforts in suppressing the gross exhibition of ornamental wit, that adorned at the time of writing, one of the amusement stands on St. Helen's Island. Why dont the daily press take cognizance of this impertinent outrage on public decency. Surely the *Witness* must have overlooked this important duty. But our Council in its anxiety, to scrape every cent together for revenue purposes, permits this contamination to continue in the light of day—under the very gaze of youths, maidens, and all who seek the pure refreshing air of St. Helen's Island—at the expense of morals. The Committee on Parks and Ferries evidently think it a big joke and who can wonder at the continuance of indecency in our midst, when Aldermen, who are supposed to be gentlemen, ridicule the earnest efforts of Mr. MENCER by asking him in reply "if he had ever been to Paris?" Whether they have or not we do not know; but we venture to say that search the public gardens and parks throughout Paris, high and low, they could not find anything to equal the specimen of bare faced license referred to. Shame!

## AMONG THE MUSICAL CRITICS AT THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

(By the JESTER'S Special Commissioner.)

SIR.—Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. A. M. PERKINS, the efficient Secretary-Treasurer of the Philharmonic Society, two seats were reserved for the use of your Commissioner at the Concert at the Skating Rink on Friday last. Wealth, beauty refinement and the musical profession were there in full gorgeousness. The ushers were attentive and knew their business, which is saying a great deal for the ushers. Fortunately for you, Sir, that obliging individual seated me in the centre of a galaxy of professional talent and I give you the result of their profound observations, for I don't know one note of music myself and, therefore, I would not be impertinent enough to intrude remarks upon you which might lead to a libel suit, or involve you in endless controversy.

On my right there were seated two professional teachers of the organ. Immediately in front three ladies "who receive a limited number of pupils," sat in new bonnets. Close behind me was a well known pianist, while on my left a disciple of the Tonic Sol Fa system, hummed a psalm tune softly to himself, on the syllabic principle, waiting for the overture to commence. A well known leader of a brass band sported with a miniature tuning fork three seats in front, and to complete the "charmed circle" two reporters possessed themselves of a couple of seats immediately behind my own. Could any one desire a more satisfactory combination?—and if those were not already sufficient, a distinguished amateur soon joined the Tonic Sol Fa man with a huge score under his arm, supposed, as I afterwards learned, to be an exact copy of Handel's original score and he ought to know, if any one did.

Under these circumstances, Sir, you could not expect me to give an opinion.

Mrs. OSGOOD then took her seat on the platform, and was cheered. Miss WELCH, ditto; Mr. WISCH not so much ditto; and Mr. DELAHEUT, far more than most awfully ditto.

"She's very plain," (meaning Mrs. Osgood) said one of the ladies who receives "the limited number of pupils."

"Made up," observed the second lady who also "receives a limited number of pupils."

"Much older than I thought her," added the third lady who likewise "receives a limited number of pupils."

(I mention these facts, because I thought, Sir, you would like to know everything.)

"Knew her twelve years ago in Boston" remarked the brass band leader.

"Decidedly plain." So chorussed the three ladies.

"Extraordinary woman, and greatly improved I hear since she returned from England," added one of the two organists on my right.

"But WISCH dont amount to anything," remarked his companion. "Too solid, no expansion, tone muffled, wants *timbre*." (I thought he meant stamps.)

"Miss WELCH aint much. Yes, I do think she looks a trifle cold," said number two who receives such a limited number of pupils.

"How much space are you going to give this thing Tomson?" asked one of the reporters.

"Oh, about a quarter of a column. Got to go to a missionary meeting at 9 o'clock. Got a feller to promise to write it up for me.

"Think I shall make a couple of sticks," replied his friend Gregson. "It wont do you know to attempt to *criticize*. Sure to offend some of 'em. Its the *names* I want to get. Everybody buys the paper if their name's reported. Say old man, think I'll get you to do the concert for me and I'll send you a proof of the missionary meeting. Wonder if we can get a glass of beer anywhere. Let's go up in the Director's room, they generally have some pretty good stuff there."

And the two left for the Director's room. In one of the reports I noticed some reference to "liquid notes." But, of course, I had nothing to do with that.

Then the Overture commenced. The man with the copy of the original score opened his volume, and the leader of the Brass band said "weak, very weak, not body enough." Then the two organists agreed it "was a great mistake not to have had a large organ;" then the Tonic Sol Fa man, struck his miniature tuning fork held it close to his ear and murmured to his friend with the copy of the original score "half a tone flat." Then the well known pianist "knew how it would be; that it couldn't be expected to be a success without a piano. He had told a friend of his on the Committee that this omission was a great mistake." Then the audience cheered very enthusiastically. Then every body was silent, except the boys who went around the Rink to sell copies of the score.

In the meantime one of the two reporters had returned and sat down; took extensive notes and said it was "very fine—in fact almost as good as one could expect—considering the material."

But you do not expect me to give you a detailed report of everything that was sung—because if you do you will be disappointed.

Next Mr. WISCH came forward, and before he had a chance to sing a note the Tonic Sol Fa man was "down upon him," although the three ladies who "receive a number of limited pupils" admitted "that he had" the air of a professional." Having swelled out his chest he proceeded with what I think is called "the Aria" and sung to the audience how "Every Valley should be exalted." Had it not been for the *Herald* I should have supposed Mr. WISCH to be a bass singer, but that excellent authority informs me "it was clear that the voice of that performer was only a baritone worked up into the upper register." Even the three ladies admitted that "he was fair," and the two organists had no especial fault to find except "that they couldn't hear a word he said, owing to something being wrong with his matriculation organs." The distinguished amateur thought "it wouldn't be hard to find a dozen men in Montreal to beat WISCH," while the newspaper reporter expressed the opinion that he had a friend who could sing "O, let me like a soldier fall," ten times as well as Mr. WISCH. The applause was nothing to speak of, but one man I noticed particularly wished it *encored*, because, as he observed, "he was keeping a seat for a friend, and didn't want Mrs. Osgood to commence until his arrival." This was one of the best illustrations of friendship I have ever witnessed at any musical performance.

Then the choir sung the first chorus. Had the members of that choir known what those people about me were going to say of them, they would never have sung a note. Happily they didn't, and although I thought it an excellent performance, my professional hearers differed.

Let them speak for themselves:

TONIC SOL FA MAN.—They didn't commence promptly half a beat behind. I tell you, Sir, (to the distinguished amateur) you can never get high class music sung well, unless you adopt the Tonic Sol Fa Method. There's too many notes in the old notation and it puzzles 'em."

BRASS BAND LEADER.—That orchestra wants firmness; it lags too much, it only embarrasses them.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.—Glad I didn't join 'em. Wanted me to, badly. But I couldn't, you know. They're scarcely advanced far enough for me.

LEADING PIANIST.—If they'd only have taken my advice a piano would have been invaluable in keeping them together.

ORGANIST No. 1.—Mozart accompaniments may be do in a small hall, but in a place like this they want a large organ.

ORGANIST No. 2.—Yes, and somebody to play it. Terribly up-hill work this, isn't it?

LADY No. 1 (with the limited number of pupils) Thank, goodness, none of my pupils belong to the Society.

LADY No. 2 (ditto) I'm sure my two pupils are the best sopranos they've got. I told them not to strain their voices, but they are so precocious.

LADY No. 3 (ditto) It's but a very indifferent affair is it not? and only fancy Mrs. Oscoob singing in the chorus!

NEWSPAPER REPORTER (to your representative) Can you oblige me by telling me what it was they sung last?

I told him the "Hallelujah Chorus" and he noted it down. One must enjoy themselves some how.

Then Miss WELCH sang and these critics spared her not. Next Mr. DELAUNT essayed to satisfy them, and he, they literally tore in pieces. But when Mrs. Oscoob had finished, she succeeded in silencing them. They had nothing to say, and the distinguished amateur and the Tonic Sol Fa Man were of the unanimous opinion she should be named Mrs. SOGOOD. Even one of the three ladies went so far as to admit she had heard worse singers, which was—coming from such a source—a great compliment to Mrs. Oscoob.

But, Sir, I am wearying you. The duty you have entrusted me is too much, so in self defence I must appeal to the Press. Their opinions will be sure to give satisfaction.

The *Witness* says "Mr. WISCH" is undoubtedly a genuine artist and the best tenor Montreal has heard for a long time."

The *Herald* says Mr. WISCH's voice "was only a baritone worked up into the upper register."

The *Gazette* says Mr. WISCH "sang with his usual good taste"—a very safe thing to say. You will observe the critic does not commit himself by saying whether Mr. WISCH is a tenor or a baritone—or both.

Of Miss WELCH the *Witness* informs us "she has a contralto voice of great richness."

The *Gazette* is of the opinion "her singing was marked by much feeling," but with that diplomacy which never commits itself, does not say whether she sung soprano, contralto or bass.

What the *Herald* says I cannot say, but it says something, generally. Concerning Mr. DELAUNT the *Witness* asserts "he certainly excelled himself."

Of the same gentleman the *Gazette* goes so far as to say he is a basso, and sang with as good force as we ever heard from him." Is this meant to be sarcastic? for further on we are told that "he managed to muffle the tones of an otherwise good voice, while his articulation was faulty and unnatural."

With regard to the chorus the *Witness* asserts "it was very fine; the parts being well balanced, and showing evidence of careful training."

Of the chorus the *Gazette* thinks "there was much to commend," and this is the way the "critic" commends the chorus: "the sopranos were also prominent, and although not so well up as usual, the tenors were much stronger than the *altos*—the weakest part of the whole chorus." The basses come in for unmeasured praise.

With reference to the orchestra, the *Witness* says "it was creditable."

The *Gazette*, on the other hand, says, "it was not so strong as usual either in numbers or efficiency." Then the *Gazette* man "goes" for the flute player and the trumpeter, who, however, doubtless prefers to blow his own horn.

But I cannot close without referring to a remarkable statement contained in the *Gazette*: It says "All we like sheep" was a part of the Oratorio where their power and tone was especially telling." Does this refer to the sheep or the singers? Bah!

But I can't follow it—it's too much for me. For I read in the same paper for the first time that "*Houdel*" was the author of this sublime music. Why didn't you criticise the Oratorio yourself, and then I shouldn't have got into this confounded mess?

#### OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

(Want of space compels us to hold over our usual quantity of ammunition until next week, when our reserve forces will be brought to the front and every shot made to tell. Ed.)

ADVICE TO VOLUNTEERS in future—Mind your eye.

A VOLUNTEER OFFICER says his experience of subscribing to a military dinner is like buying up lands in Manitoba—one never knows when they are paid for."

"Didn't you guarantee that that horse wouldn't shy before the discharge of a cannon?" said a cavalry officer to a horse-dealer. "Yes, I did, and I'll stick to it," replied the dealer, "He never shies until after the cannon is fired."

## WON BY ONE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Last Wednesday, in our history made immortal,  
The House was crammed from Gallery to portal,  
Conservatives and Liberals joined the throng,  
Each one rehearsing his great Party song.  
Conservative and Liberal both maintained  
Each side the victory for itself had gained  
Contractors, editors, policemen, too,  
Discussed the fate of parties, *Rouge* and *Blou*.

At three o'clock the well known Sir George MUIR,  
Clerk of the House, (an office most secure,  
Presided at the opening of State,  
Those politicians hadn't long to wait,  
For JOLY rose and stern, cold silence reigned—  
He most, of all, who's been both praised and blamed—  
His eagle eye swept o'er the mingled scene;  
While hearts throbbled quick, and some felt "awful mean."  
His liquid voice in nervous accents fell  
And moved that TURCOTTE, whom he loved so well,  
Be Speaker of the House—the post of honor—  
Then Tory members felt their case "a goner."  
Their aides looked dazed; but this fact only proves  
How much a man will do for those he loves.  
Enlarging on the virtues of his friend,  
Whose splendid talents no'er can have an end,  
The PREMIER's voice grew joyfully ascendant  
And said that TURCOTTE was an Independent.  
Conservative, perhaps, in Party faction;  
But Independent both in thought and action.  
Then ROSE, supported by some strange fatality  
Commended TURCOTTE's wise impartiality.

But up rose CHAPLEAU, like a lion bearded,  
And shouted out that TURCOTTE had succeeded;  
Whose great profession was a contradiction;  
Whose steadfastness of purpose but a fiction!  
He tore his hair and stamped his feet with rage,  
Like an "outraged parient" on the modern stage,  
He groaned; he writhed; grew red and pale by turns  
While in his breast a storm of anguish burns.  
Growing exhausted, in a voice of grief,  
He next tried satire to give him relief.  
In killing sarcasm, which failed to kill  
He tried to swallow this most bitter pill.  
And in the middle of his great oration  
Foretold the shame, the deep humiliation,  
Which that majority, that sent T—there  
Would feel in learning that he wasn't "square."  
He once held TURCOTTE as his brother, friend,  
But that delusion now was at an end;  
He could only gather but one sad deduction:  
That TURCOTTE was the victim of seduction,  
Grief, disappointment, tears and deep chagrin  
Concluded CHAPLEAU's history of false TURCOTTE's sin.

But TURCOTTE calm as any ancient Sphinx  
Waited and wondered. And exchanging winks  
With JOLY just as if to say  
"He'll finish soon, and then I'll have my way;"  
Arose quite coolly, stroked his flowing beard  
And said he wasn't the least bit afraid.  
Quite true it was Conservative was he;  
Quite true it was he intended so to be;  
Quite true it was, although no office seeker  
He'd keep the chair when once elected Speaker.  
Disgusted with De Bouchervillian folly  
He thought it time to give his aid to JOLY;  
To him he'd stick far closer than a brother,  
Since one good, useful turn deserved another.  
No principles at stake on either side,  
He viewed the office with no little pride  
And if elected do his best to serve  
That Party most which most his aid deserved.  
His record in the Future, as 'twas in the Past,  
Would all depend how long the Ministry would last,  
And if the hay crop didn't turn out all clover  
To t'other Party forthwith he'd go over.  
But as it was he could not aid a better  
Despite what CHAPLEAU said about that private letter.

The Vote was counted, and the House was still,  
And people paused to hear "the people's" will;  
But criticisms, jokes and curses loud  
All took possession of the excited crowd  
When 'twas announced that JOLY gained by one,  
The Liberals cheered—Conservatives looked glum.

#### MORAL.

Be wise ye Tories in the lesson learned  
Your sad experience has been dearly earned,  
'Tis hard to prove that Virtue's not a Vice  
For even politicians must command their Price.  
Since from your hands the victory's been snatched  
Dont count your chickens—until they are hatched.



## WON BY ONE.

JOLY.—“This will turn the scale.”

CHAPLEAU.—“That’s a scaly trick, indeed. Turcotte, you’re a fraud.”

TURCOTTE.—“Sir, I can speak for myself.”

JOLY.—“Price, in this instance, makes a tremendous difference.”

THE JESTER, 7TH JUNE, 1878.



## GETTING ALONG SWIMMINGLY.

The Annual Meeting of the Montreal Swimming Club was held on 30th ult., so we were informed by the *Star*. We wish the Club all success, their object is a most laudable one in these times when many people find it so difficult to keep their heads above water. Nevertheless we hope none of the members will, in their aquatic pursuits, ever find themselves in the hot phase of their peculiar element. If the Club can boast of annual meetings of share holders, which we hope it may, before any profit can be realized the stocks should watered—provided their financial report is not too "wishy-washy," nor any desire manifested to liquidate the concern. Knowing that several military men are among them it would be only fair to offer those gentlemen some responsible office, as for instance, Knight Commanders of the Bath. But as every one cannot expect to achieve so distinguished a position, disappointed candidates will have to wait until the turn of the tide before again seeking office. In any case, however, members should avoid getting beyond their depth. Each member of the club on joining will receive a copy of that well known poem "Shall we gather at the River?"—and will be expected to gather there promptly if they mean business.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

Oysters in summer, like Virtue, "should be above suspicion."

The capiasing business in Montreal is legal chess-playing within the boundry line.

Freezing water gives out 140° of heat. *Ex.* This is enough to raise the "bile" in a kettle.

THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT has sent the Chambly branch of the M. P. and B. Railway Company into chancery.

THE HON. MR. JONES will make a good Coroner to enquire into the death of the Government—when it takes place.

THE MONTREAL CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION is the salaries' reduction resolution which has been vetoed by the city attorney.

Heat must be absorbed in vapor. *Ex.* That has been the experience of many of our politicians during the last Session.

QUEEN.—That "a collection will be taken up" should be the principal item of interest in Temperance society advertisements.

A French newspaper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in England, so that in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

TRAMPS BEWARE—A contemporary says there exists in the District of Bedford a modern institution called "The Society for the Detection and Arrest of Horse-Thieves."

The poor Oka Indians are pleased to hear that there will shortly be one lawyer less at Lake of Two Mountains by Mr. Prevost being elevated to a Sorel Judgeship.

"So there's another rupture on Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs; "the papers tell about the bursting father running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got a fire."

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.—Caughnawaga is to be declared a "Proscribed district" under the Blake Act; but the Minister of the Interior cannot find either compositors or type of the Iroquois dialect sufficient to print the necessary proclamations.

CHARLES—I am a subscriber to the National History Society but I cannot get a satisfactory answer and I therefore want your candid opinion of the Sea Serpent—do you think him a myth? *Ans.* We know nothing to the contrary, but historians are divided on the point.

## AROUND TOWN.

—"JOSEPH HICKSON" has gone into the steam fire engine business of the G. T. R. at Sarnia.

The sweet strains of the hurdy-gurdy have ceased to be appreciated even in the land of Judah.

THE LOCAL Justices of the Peace are considering the propriety of calling out the military to preserve order and decency at the next City Council meeting.

BECOMING VENERABLE.—Since the 24th May last the Court House documents read "in the forty second year of our reign"—the building is much older than it looks.

GOLDWIN SMITH will be pleased to learn that his ancient "deodorizing" sentiments have attained considerable notoriety in the GOFF-BAKER scandal investigation.

DISAPPOINTING.—It is said that the militia authorities have notified the City Council that until they put a roof on the Drill Shed they cannot have the use of the Champ-de-Mars for aldermanic duels or corporation fights.

ENDED IN SMOKE.—It is reported in town that if the Hon. Mr. Joly does not stop smoking in the government offices at Quebec that the *Witness* will go into Opposition. The latter is to be presented with a complimentary address by the Anti-Tobacco Society of Montreal.

BE CHARITABLE.—The Montreal Stock Exchange was closed last Ascension day but the Corn Exchange Association kept open as usual;—the latter belong to the hard shell-corn backs and they believe in foreign markets, from fair to middling with an upward tendency.

ON THEIR DIGNITY.—The inhabitants of St. Ann's Ward since they have got a new M. P. P. at Quebec are becoming very fastidious. They refuse to accept the corporation street scrapings for laying the new macadam in Griffintown; they want new sand for *their* avenues.

WHETHER ARE WE DRIFTING?—According to a writer in "Our musical column" of last Saturday's *Gazette*, city Church Services should mainly consist of musical rehearsals by trained Choirs and professional organists—the clergyman, by way of keeping up appearances, to play second fiddle.

THE FUSION OF RACES.—We noticed recently that "the Council of the Board of Real Estate Agents unanimously resolved that members of the press be elected honorary members of the Board." If the Board will further extend their kindness by free-gifts of nice quiet Villas to each of the members of the "fourth estate," the interests of the Real Estate Council will be properly written up.

FINANCING ON CURLING STONES.—We notice by a recent city advertisement that "the Thistle Curling Club are hereby notified that a "dividend of four per cent has been declared," &c. The Scotch are admittedly economical, but to make a four per cent profit out of curling stones on ice, is a financial achievement we have not hitherto given them credit for. The City Council and Road Committee should take lessons in the "roarin' game."

## COMPLAINT COLUMN.

AN AUTHOR.—How can I achieve fame in the world of letters? I feel I have the soul of a poet, but I want fame. *Ans.*—Write doggerel verse, dedicate it to the Governor General, publish it anonymously and send copies to the Press for review. If you don't succeed then no one else will.

ANXIOUS PARENT.—Since the Sham Fight my twelve year old boy is continually running away from school, and associating with young rowdies and street arabs; all my reasoning with him seems to have no deterrent effect,—what am I to do with him? *Ans.*—If the moral principle cannot be reached through the boy's heart, there is another part a trifle lower down through which an effectual impression can be made.

AMATEUR.—I went to the Philharmonic Society's Concert but I could scarcely hear a word that was sung because a gentleman in front of me, *would* criticise the singing so loudly that hearing everyone except himself was an impossibility. Can I sue the Committee and have my money returned? *Ans.*—No, you cannot sue the Committee, but you will have gained a valuable lesson in adding to the list of your experiences the fact that those who talk the loudest, generally know the least.

DOMESTIC SERVANT.—I was engaged to make myself "generally useful" in a small family, and the washin' was to be giv' out. I works from six in the morning until ten at night, and then Missus wants me to do plain sewing. Have I any remedy? *Ans.*—Yes, smash a few dishes, ask your young man to tea on Sundays; take all the cold joints you can find to your relations; wear your mistress' best dress when she is in the country; appropriate her scent, and in that way you will continue to make yourself generally useful to your friends, and yourself in particular.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—I should like to give the Joly Cabinet a fair trial but as there is some difficulty about choosing a Speaker will you kindly enlighten me upon what you consider the best method of appointing one? *Ans.*—We have several good speakers in Montreal, and so far as we know, the difficulty lies in the way of selecting the best among those young lawyers who figured so prominently in the Eastern Townships. We believe that Mr. N. W. T—E has superior claims and will in all probability be elected—some day. His speaks at about 220 words a minute and has never been beaten.

RATE PAYER.—I leave an ash barrel containing vegetable refuse in front of my house to be removed by the city scavengers. It remains there three days. On the fourth day I am notified by the Board of Health, under threat of summons to take it away. Still the scavenger does not come, and I am in fear of being summoned by the Board. What shall I do? *Ans.*—This is one of the cases in which advice is difficult. If we were you, to get rid of the difficulty, just take your barrel at dead of night, when no one is looking and empty its contents in front of the Health Office. You will have then discharged your ash barrel and your duty—so far as *you* are concerned.



## THE \$2,500 PICTURE JOB.

THAT CITY COUNCIL ALBUM.

Last week a petition was presented to the Montreal City Council asking from the Corporation a grant of \$2,500 to pay for a hundred books of Montreal photographs to be presented to American cities. The petition was laid over for consideration. The projectors of the scheme however, are determined to use every means to accomplish their purpose. They have already button-holed several of the city fathers and the necessary corps of "wire pullers" have been secured and are hard at work, while an unfavorable report even by the Finance Committee will not for a moment deter the schemers from the project in hand.

The ramifications of this put-up-picture-job are so varied and expensive that we cannot even give space for a synopsis of their nature, but will point out some of the leading characteristics of the *modus operandi* adopted and inducements offered, to reach the City Treasury. Knowing that the aldermen are susceptible of pictorial flattery and that they have a soft side to the fine arts, the projectors hope to reach the aldermanic weaknesses by decorating the City Hall chambers with highly finished photographs, while the members of the several committees will be grouped in character, with emblematical surroundings.

## THE PRINCIPAL PICTURE

Will be a six-foot-square-rich-oil-colored photograph of His Worship the Mayor and city Aldermen, picturesquely grouped on the Champ-de-Mars under the shadow of the new City Hall, with the venerable DANCEY in the foreground, standing, like Macaulay's New Zealander, on the Craig Streets steps pointing towards Montreal's departed glory—the DRILL SQUAD RETIRÉS.

The pictures for the several Departmental Offices in the City Hall and of the members of Committee referring to each, are to be attend a special dress parade and be photographed for the occasion.

## THE DEPARTMENTAL PICTURES

Over the entrance to the City Council Chamber will be placed an allegorical representation in oil, entitled "Ignorance and Extravagance, or the sweets of office combined" with a card of the article saying: "this picture does not allude to the present Council.

For the Recorder's Court and Police departments, are being prepared, a highly colored combination-picture, representing a municipal guardsman in blue, grasping an inebriated carter and a fighting news boy, while Sergt. NELSON is pointing, like the ancient finger on the wall, to where corporation justice is daily unfolded with a due regard to the interests of the public—and the civic revenue.

The Board of Health Committee Room will be decorated with a life size representative sketch, in yellow, of Ald. McCoun and Dr. C—re and between them a pock-pitted Jean-Baptiste milking an Ayrshire thoroughbred, in search of the pure vaccine.

The TELEGRAPH ALARM Office will have a choice photograph of a newly elected Alderman lighting his corporation cigar by electricity.

The Market Committee will be illustrated by a vermilion tinted picture, with Ald. HOLLAND in the centre of that touching scene—"the slaughter of the innocents"—while Ald. McSHANE forms the background, flourishing a butcher's cleaver in the most heroic manner.

The Light Committee will have a handsomely framed sketch of "Montreal in Darkness" with Ald. TUNNANT as the central figure squeezing a Digby herring in search of oil, as a new substitute for electioneering gas.

For the Roads Committee—the simple and unvarnished picture of "Stephens stoned to death" will point the moral to where street paving contracts cannot now be "farmed out" to needy relatives of city aldermen.

To the Water Committee the projectors of the \$2,500 enterprise, intend presenting a fine chromo entitled "A bird's eye view of the Reservoir by moonlight," with a ten year old youth in bathing costume to indicate the door where enquiries should be made after the source of the Nile and burst water pipes.

A distracted woman with a child in her arms, and clinging to the roof of a five storey tenement enveloped in flames with Capt. McLROME's salvage waggon in the distance, will be the subject of the picture which will adorn the entrance of the much neglected Fire Department.

## THE CLOSING SKETCH

of this series of Corporation views will be a very large and handsome combination picture in oil. It will represent Treasurer BLACK and Auditor ROME collecting and checking over the silver dollars while at an adjoining desk stands city Finance Minister NELSON sternly refusing to sign a \$2,500 cheque presented by the City Clerk from the Council in Session. (Good for NELSON.)

N. B. This last picture will be presented, not by the projectors of the Picture Album Enterprise, but by the Citizens' Rights Association.

## IN MEMORIAM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

## GOVERNORS OF THE FRASER INSTITUTE,

Born under 34 Vic., Chapter 50, A. D. 1870,

And ushered.

"Into this breathing world, scarce half made up"  
They lived, they flourished, and, at last, having

Consumed all the Cattle, &amp;c., on

HUGH FRASER'S Thousand acres, at Lachine,

DIED AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

[E] THEY HAVE RUN THE FULL LENGTH OF THEIR TETHER. [E]

They now lie Buried beneath

their own Accumulated Rubbish,

COVERED BY THICK LAYERS OF "GOOD INTENTIONS"

Their Funeral Dirge has been sung by

their Sanctimonious Brethren

of the Crescent.

LET THEM R I P.

"NO NOTHING."

By OUR DISCONSOLATE REPORTER.

No items, no news,  
No murders, no clues,  
No one who'll abuse  
His wife, or refuse  
To maintain her, or choose  
To go on "a cruise"  
Alcoholic; or lose,  
In a fit of the blues,  
His life to amuse  
Public craving for news.

No accidents, sprees,  
No case will please  
Some enterprising M. P.'s  
Who would think it "the cheese"  
To say naught of fat fees,  
Promotion and ease;  
Which some policeman sees  
And with me agrees  
He would on to them "freeze"  
Like the bark on the trees.

No one's wife ran away,  
"Nothing new, friend to-day"  
Is what they all say.  
This thing cannot pay.  
I'm seized with dismay  
And shall perhaps some fine day  
My weary head lay  
'Neathe an engine or dray,  
So that the papers may say  
(When I am turned into clay)  
I died in a strictly professional way.

If a man is stricken with the mania of speculation, he is very apt at some point in his career, to grow careless and leave off the "s."

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" said a parson to his Sunday school class. "The baby, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I hold it to be a fact," said Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be any friends in the world."

The anticipation of possible or imaginary evils in our great hane. An English proverb says, truly: "Our worst misfortunes are those that never befall us."

A Wisconsin lady opened a matrimonial intelligence office recently; but she married the first man who applied, and the concern came to speedily end.

A PARALLEL.—People occasionally fall out. So does the hair. The ills that flesh is heir to, often arise from a proper want of nourishment, so it is with the hair that flesh is next to. To get at the root of the subject you must restore confidence, and it is only by a thorough acquaintance with the virtues of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, that you can fully realize a complete renewal of confidence in the highest adornment of the intellect, which is the hair.