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THE JESTER.

Vol. I., No. 48.

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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 31, 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.

PERSONAL.

Our Mr. George Maynard is about to pay a visit through Ontario. Such attention as he may receive will be esteemed a favor.

WHAT WE WANT.

We don't want a Policy of Retaliation with the United States. We don't want Reciprocity, unless we can get the better of our neighbors. We want everything else we can get, and we don't care who goes without. That's about the position of affairs as generally understood by the reports of the Dominion Board of Trade.

TASTES DIFFER.

On Saturday last the Montreal *Post*, in a local item, announced itself as follows:—

"Our citizens will be happy and anxious to learn that a real, *real* prize fight did take place between two of our community, and within a short distance of the city limits."

Really, some people have queer ideas of what constitutes the happiness of the average citizen. It was only a day or so before, that our contemporary denounced the brutality of pugilism, and now in its anxiety to minister to the happiness of "our citizens" its columns literally riot in sanguinary eloquence. We shall soon begin to think that the *Witness* does not stand alone for inconsistency.

HOW IT IS DONE.

When the inexperienced pastor of a church has the courage to persist in preaching the truth fearlessly, plainly and honestly, the members of the congregation pattern themselves after the manner of the House of Commons and "divide." Then another church is built, and Peace arranges her garments comfortably around her until the time comes for the payment of the first mortgage, and so history repeats itself at the rate of six per cent. per annum. And this is how the cause of Charity works out the problems of Love and Truth which we hear so much of at those Annual Meetings where Brotherly Love continues until the benediction is pronounced, when the spirit of criticism takes possession of the souls of those "whose Church was not represented," as they journey homewards, in a manner that would gratify even the profound mind of the editor of the *Canadian Spectator*.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USES.

CLARA: "I don't like tall men; they are so stuck up."

FANNY: "But they make very useful 'hop'-poles, for all that."

RHYME WITH REASON.

Mr. Wm. Homer, of Bristol, has been declared insolvent.—*English Paper*

That *Homer* should a bankrupt be
Is not so very odd-d'ye-see (*Odyssey*),
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So ill-he-had (*Iliad*) his books conducted.

DON'T ABBREVIATE.

acre, writing to the Greensboro' *Herald*, calls the Independent contemptible foolishness," and signs himself Ajacks—clearly an abbreviation.

"JENKINS" AT NIAGARA.

The trip of the Governor-General and his Royal wife to Niagara Falls was *incognito*—with a vengeance! A correspondent of the *Herald* has been dodging about them (or says he has) wherever they went. His eyes have been snail's eyes: patent, double, flexible field-glasses. And his ears—ah, how long and flexible *they* must have been! Even with the roar of the cataract, the wind brought clearly to him the dulcet tones of the Princess, as coming suddenly in sight of the mighty stream, as it fell there over the edge of the rocks above, she murmured, so the *Herald* man says, in such admiration, "Don't speak, let me *drink it all in!*" But, of course, the noble Marquis couldn't allow this; seeing that Niagara pours down one hundred and twenty million gallons a minute. And the consequences of "drinking all this in" might have been serious—even for a Princess. So Her Royal Highness speedily retired from the spot in safety. But the Princess would not be safe. For when that careful Mr. Isaacs (bless him, we won't charge a single cent for the advertisement) said presently that it was dangerous to go further, his warning was unheeded, "Push on," said the brave lady, and they pushed "through tremendous icicles" for quite a time longer. How these icicles must have suffered, thus broken and shattered in their early youth!

But how about the moral application of this specimen of "journalistic enterprise?" Would it not be better to stop this caves-dropping and small reporting business, before it goes any further? The Princess is beloved in her own land, and we are learning to love her here. We are glad to know that she is no exception to the ordinary human visitors to the great cataract; but that its matchless grandeur and beauty filled her with delight. But we doubt if even this Royal lady can teach us a new sensation in regard to Niagara, and we feel it is derogatory to journalism and lowering to one's sense of privacy to have the chance expressions of refined enjoyments—the more enjoyable because they are supposed to be freed, *pro tem*, at least, from the semi-Court, ceremonial, picked up (or "fixed up") and Heralded around to the crowd, just as one would expect to be the case with a circus clown, or a George Francis Train. This lady, for she is a dear, good, lady, in every sense of the word—who has been so chary of having her photograph hawked around must surely be hurt at this miserable snobbery. There are Jenkinsses who are well bred, and there are Jenkinsses who have yet to learn good manners, and to respect the privacy of an *incognito*, which to some is evidently the Italian term for Flunkeyism.

TOBOGGANING.

A pretty little stranger
Gazed wistful down the slope;
I said, "There is no danger,
You'll slide with me, I hope?"

She answered frankly, "Yes, sir!"

The inference is drawn—
A little Yankee—bless her!
A shout, and we are gone.

The hissing, pliant bass-wood!
The glister of the spray!
I think (as any ass would)
I'd like to slide all day.

The bumps are something frightful;
The snow is soft and light.
She murmurs, "It's delightful";
I whisper, "Hold on tight."

And when we reach the bottom
Her cheeks are all a-glow,
The dancing eyes are tearful,
Her hair *poudric* with snow.

Then, shaking off the snow-flakes,
"I guess," says she, "I'll smother,
Wait till I fix my cloud, please,
Now let us have another."

And while we yet are sliding,
The shadows fainter fall,—
The lazy sun is hiding
Behind old Montreal.

Still am I puzzled fairly—
Her ways embarrass me;
Going down she calls me "Charlie,"
Going up I'm "Mister T——"

THE BULING PASSION.

He overtook us as we were walking home. He was a perfect stranger, but we could tell he had been drinking. He approached us by a series of inter-jaculatory, pedestrial instalments. Finally, he made another lurch, which brought him alongside of us, and said:

"Say, mister, (*hic*) you're the JESTER, (*hic*), aint yer?"

We told him we were.

"I spo'se (*hic*) yer think now (*hic*) yer kinder (*hic*) funny, don't yer?"

We confessed as times went, we had some pretention to smartness.

"Now mister (*hic*) JES (*hic*) TER I want yer ter (*hic*) say (*hic*) something funny (*hic*) right away, or I'll (*hic*) knock yer inter a terbaccer sign blow'd (*hic*) if I wont."

We said at once that anyone could see he was a gentleman, and—fled.

THE JESTER'S INTERVIEW WITH SIR JOHN A.

By PAUL FORD.

The JESTER tapped softly at the door of the ante-room. A messenger appeared supported by two burly members of the Dominion Police.

"This makes the hundredth-and-ninety-seventh to-day. No more offices to be given away this month. Five-hundred-and-forty applicants on the books, and British Columbia yet to hear from."

"How now, sirrah," replied the JESTER, "dost thou take me for an election bummer that thou talkest so freely. Pray tell thy master that I would seek an audience with him."

The messenger and policemen looked in utter amazement and enquired of one another: "This man wants no office! And is he sane?"

Quickly the man of messages disappeared, and hastily following upon his footsteps, the JESTER passed through a row of hungry office-seekers who glowered upon him as he passed towards Sir John's private chamber.

"This is favoritism," said one.

"It is bribery—nothing less," said another.

"It is the JESTER," said a third. "Touch him not, for if you hurt but a hair of his light head your lives shall pay the forfeit."

"Young man," replied the JESTER, touched by such nobility of character, "thank you. Consider yourself on the free list for one year, postage included. Twenty-five per cent. on all subscriptions paid in advance." And the man moved gracefully along with the air of one who had seen better days.

"Sir John will see you, sir."

The JESTER approached gravely as he stepped into the inner chamber, and took the first vacant chair.

"No, not *that* one, please," said Sir John. For it was fast rivetted to the floor. "Know you not," he continued, "there are those who would deprive me of my seat? But they won't," and, as he said this, he rubbed his hands gleefully and a smile came into his eyes as in the days of lang syne. "But what can I do for you? If I understood correctly my man said you did not want an office. Surely my ears must have deceived me?"

"Wouldn't take an office if you offered it to me," said the JESTER. "I want none. I came here to sympathise with you and to assure you how deeply I feel for you, surrounded as you are by these shoals of political sun-fish outside, who would bite at anything."

"Embrace me," said the great man, as the tears welled up into his soft, expressive orbs, "Embrace me. This is kind. You are the first who has come here and who has positively refused an office. How different from Ryan, Stevenson, and others I could name."

And the great man wept. "Pardon this momentary exhibition of weakness, but my faith in the more sterling virtues of human nature had well nigh spent itself." Then going to the door, he said to the messenger: "Out—for an hour and—stay out," and carefully stuffing a piece of wool in the key-hole, Sir John locked the door, took out a cigar box from his drawer and said "smoke."

They smoked on in silence for a few moments. Presently the JESTER said "Sir John, why is this cigar like the National Policy?"

"Don't, please don't, I can't bear it, indeed I can't, at least not yet," and he looked so beseechingly, that the JESTER spared him out of very sympathy for his position.

"National Policy," he continued sadly—"but let us change the subject. How is Perry and how does he feel about the Post-office business?"

"Poor Perry's ailing sadly, that Post-office stamp affair was not worthy of a great Government like your's Sir John."

"There it is again," continued the Premier. "The fact is, Sir, that change was made through one of Perry's warmest friends, who wrote to say what a poor-paying business it was, and how that Perry had been robbed of two hundred dollars, odd; and that if this Government had a spark of generosity it would send some Conservative there who had more stamps to lose than Perry had. And this is the gratitude of a cold, ungrateful world," and Sir John positively sighed. "Anyway," he continued, "it's only worth four dollars a day."

"By the way, Sir John, what are you going to do for Tom White, M. P. Ryan, M. H. Gault, David Sinclair—and the rest of the Junior Conservative Club? Surely they should be provided for!"

"The fact is, my dear JESTER, Tom White is the best of the lot and one of the few men in the Commercial Metropolis who knows thoroughly what he is talking about. As for the majority of the others, you can take my word for it—they'll 'do' for themselves, sooner or later. Gault I respect thoroughly; he's equal to two ordinary members from a money point of view, and we can't afford to slight him. By the way, how is Steve Quinn?"

"Ah, poor Quinn; he ain't a bad fellow when you come to know him."

"Plays a good deal on the horn, don't he?" asked Sir John.

"Used to lead the *Herald* orchestra during the elections; but he hasn't any ear for music now. In the words of the poet I may say, Sir John," continued the JESTER:

No more he'll toot his little horn,
No more Grit music play;
His weights and measures laid aside,
Poor Steve has had his day.

"There's many a worse man than Stephen who has had the unhappy knack of getting into the den of Lyons. The beasts at Ephesus were always living on one another and eating each other up. But how about the Budget?"

"Oh, Tilley will see to that. You know Tilley, of course?"

"Yes, I believe I know something of Tilley. But you'll have to watch him, Sir John, and see that he doesn't throw too much cold water into your Government measures. Take the duty on malt, for instance; why it's a regular Maltese cross to our brewers, and in its present condition will only

brew trouble. The bloom may be on the rye so far as Gooderham & Worts are concerned, but beer isn't quite so prolific of *delirium tremens* in the same time."

Here a loud knock was heard at the door. An altercation appeared to be going on outside, and a voice which fell familiarly on the JESTER's ear exclaimed, "I tell ye, mon, I've as much right to yon appointment as Henry Bulmer."

Sir John got up, hastily unlocked the door, and said, "I'll see you later"—when in walked Andrew Robertson.

STAMP IT OUT.

The man's an ignoramus—
Or, lower yet, a scamp—
Who writes for information,
And sends no postage-stamp.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

"The Ladies!" Their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance.

BLUE BLOOD WILL TELL.

M. Frederic, a Ghent professor, has proved unmistakeably and literally that most of the inferior species of animals have blue blood. This accounts for the "aristocratic" pretensions of those would-be swells who are always expecting "remittances" which never come, much to the disgust of the plebeian boarding-house keeper.

Around Town.

See the conquering zero comes!

Motto for Barbers—Cut, and come again.

Barbers always believe in the hard dimes.

Vennor's "cold dips" are not to be made light of.

Advice to the Health Committee—Try ice-olation.

Why is it that it takes two office boys a longer time to go upon an errand than one?

Nothing succeeds like success—except failure. Assignees please make a note of this.

The man who can square the circle of his acquaintance is a fortunate fellow these days.

If there is anything more cheering than to hear the barber shout "Next," it is to hear the preacher say "Finally" in an extremely long sermon.

Hochelaga boasts a lamp-lighter who is a J. P.—*Witness*. So he has mounted the first step on the ladder of fame, has he? Probably this distinction is given him for his upright habits.

In answer to a correspondent, the veteran Weather Prophet says, "An earthquake cannot be predicted." That fact will at least save many people from going into premature convulsions.

Among other curiosities on exhibition in the Canadian department of the Paris Exposition was a spring chicken from a Montreal west-end boarding-house. It caused quite a sensation, and was in every respect a representative fowl.

Capital Notions.

Carrol Ryeun still blooms at Ottawa.

When you strike Ottawa, you know it at once by its shoddy air.

The royal coachman holds the reins of government in the servants' hall with a firm hand.

Politeness will henceforth be regarded as one of the qualifications of a candidate for the Civil Service.

The official rhyme for Dufferin used to be "sufferin'." The official one for Lorne appears, so far, to be "fawn."

If there is any truth in the tariff changes as foreshadowed by several Grit journals, we may expect ore-iferous times in Canada.

The royal servants at Ottawa are not expected to give away the dripping. It is no longer a perquisite, but is used to baste geese with.

The Dominion Board of Trade have met and adjourned. True, the delegates did the talking, but Mr. Tilley was really the bored.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c."

The Prescott *Messenger* and the Cornwall *Reporter* are getting excited about the correct spelling of the word "diphtheria." The *Messenger* insists there is no "h" after the "p." It is very clear that our Prescott has not yet been under the spell of "diphtheria," as commonly understood. But by the time the first edition of his new dictionary is exhausted perhaps know enough about it to spell it correctly. There is not a perience after all.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF MODERN BANKING.

BANK CASHIER : Will lend you \$150 on three hogsheds of Hennessy's at twelve per cent.—but it *must* be "Hennessy's."

BROKER : Make it \$200 and I'll give you your choice of brands.

BANK CASHIER : You'll get your money at the counter.

BANK DIRECTOR (*who smells a rat*) : Where the deuce *are* the goods? I don't see any stock here worth five thousand dollars.

ASSIGNEE : Nor me neither. Guess we're *short* on stocks, ain't we?

BANK DIRECTOR : I don't swear often ; but, hang it, I *would* like to "cuss" some.