

During the last few issues of our little paper, some few people have found fault because their names have appeared in our columns. We don't wish to offend any person but every one is entitled to the same treatment from us; we are no respliers of persons. High or low all the same as long as he or they deserve it. Don't be vexed friends. Read, laugh and learn.

### GOD SPEED HIM.

We are informed that Mr. Wm. Slattery, styled in one of our city papers "The Temperance War Horse," and 1st Vice-president of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of this city, intend after the holy days to make a tour of the Eastern Townships with the intention of forming temperance societies. We wish the gentleman God speed in his noble undertaking, and we hope that every man, aye, and woman too, whom he addresses will be benefitted by the advice which he is so willing and able to give on this all important question. We hope our "War Horse" will trample King Alcohol a thousand leagues under the earth or sea, we don't care which, go ahead friend Slattery, and take our best wishes along with you.

### ALL WELL.

A resident who reached Detroit by a noon train yesterday, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eighty year old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And his everybody well, Wellie?" asked the father.

"The wellst kind," replied the boy.

"And noting has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time!"

The most pompous individual on earth is the fellow whose intense egotism blinds him to the fact that by everybody else he is regarded as a cross between a social idiot and a natural born fool. He apes the airs and conduct of a gentleman, yet at every step betrays the instincts of a blackguard; he is sure he is high in favor with the ladies when in reality they merely tolerate him for the sake of the money he lavishes upon them; and the only commendable thing there is about him is his utter incapacity to impress anybody.

### WHY SHOULD HE?

DEAR STAR,—It is said that the president of the St. Patrick Total Abstinence Society, T. J. Malony, is mighty jealous of the 1st vice-president W. Slattery, because he throws him in the shade intirely, he being a better looking man every way. Why I would like to know, should Mr. Malony be jealous if nature has done more for Mr. Slattery than for himself? Well, my der Lom, if you permit such trifles to trouble you will not live long enough to be made judge. Remember that every body cannot be good looking.

Your friend,

ALWAYS JOLLY.

Sault-au-matelot st. L. T.—Don't throw dice for turkeys and chickens. Your conscience will trouble you for days afterwards—unles you should be lucky enough to win a good fat fowl three times out of six.

"The crowning glory of woman is her hair," quoth the poet. The Indians have the same idea, but they call it scalp.

Maloney the priest runner is as good a capper of old renown as his father before him, was of a sailors. It is a great pity that Jim Ward had not the educating of him, as he inherit all his father's dirty tricks and sneaking ways.

We were pleased to see our old friend Col. Guky in the street the other day and noticed he was looking well and hearty, we can afford to compliment the Col. on the acquisition of a son-in-law Mr. Ryland, he struck oil at the right time, if he waited a little longer he would be too late, he rung up his hat at the right time as our friend McGrath is in Bumada and in bad health, we hope he may recover but it is not likely. The Col. must be lonely, now as his wife is in foreign lands, happy for her to escape the frost and snow of this winter, at the same time our friend the Col. can make a run to Lorette now and then, we hope he will understand us, false tails on our right off, a happy new year Messrs. Guky McGrath & Co.

From your Beauport Friends.

Notary Larue of Church street St. Roch better known as money lender and shaver on a small scale, he certainly cannot come up to some of his compeers in the money line but has the ambition to run for member of Parliament for Montmorency, but the Hon. Jo. Cauchon wont stand that kind of thing, no Mr. Larue keep your place and mind your own business, dont soar too high the "Star" has an eye on you.

### BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE

Written for the Quebec Star, by Tom Brown.

Oh, this world is very bright  
When you're flush,  
And everything goes right  
When you're flush;  
While you open keep your doors,  
And have lots of worldly stores,  
You can count your friends by scores  
When you're flush.

But it's quite a different thing  
When you're broke,  
And you'll find they've taken wing  
When you're broke;  
For they seldom will come nigh—  
In the street they'll pass you by,  
Nor dare look you in the eye,  
When you're brooke.

They will flatter with soft words  
When you're flush.  
And they'll sing as sweet as birds  
When you're flush;  
They your praise will repeat,  
And with honeyed words will greet—  
They will smite on you so sweet  
When you're flush.

But when your star is down,  
And you're broke,  
That smile becomes a frown  
When you're broke.  
They will put on airs of pride;  
E'en the friends you deemed were tried  
Will pass on the other side  
When you're broke.

How the ladies flock around  
When you're flush;  
In you a charm they've found  
When you're flush.  
Out of hundreds you may choose  
For the matrimonial noose,  
And not one will e're refuse  
When you're flush.

But you'll hear another tale  
When you're broke;  
Every charm has seemed to fail  
When you're broke.  
Love has taken wings and flown—  
Even her you called your own  
Has left you sad and lone,  
When you're broke.

Yet do not weep nor sigh,  
Though you're broke;  
Still hold your head up high,  
If you're broke,  
For in fortune's onward range  
Her caprice is very strange,  
And your fate it get may change,  
Though you're broke.