

answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoes, which were regularly bestridden by the broad silver buckle of the day, "Were the shoes anything like these?"—"No, my lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

A STORY is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief—so vicious in this respect, that all the thefts in the neighbourhood were charged to him. On one occasion, Mr. Jones, a neighbour of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be turned out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones's) turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft. "You stole Mr. Jones's turkeys," said the master.—"Eh, I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted.—"Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night, when I went across Mr. Jones's pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail; and confound it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail!"

CUT IT SHORT!—A certain Yankee barber having great gift of gab, used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in took his seat, ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began, at the same time, one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritated at the barber, said, "Cut it short." "Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again ordered, "Cut it short, I say—cut it short!"—"Yes, sir," clipping away, and gabbling the faster.—"Cut it short; cut it short, I say!" says the gent.—"Yes, sir," say the barber, going on with his story.—"Will you cut it short?" bawls the old gent in a rage.—"Can't, sir," says the barber, "for if you look in the glass you'll see I've cut it all off!" And to his horror, upon looking in the glass, the old gentleman found his hair all cut from his head.

The very office that has made men of them and their children Hon. and give their relation government situations.

PEA SOUP,  
Secretary.

OLD MAIDS.

A LADY who has a great horror of being an old maid, writes us as follows:—"I am a constant reader of your paper, and value the advice contained in the column of notices to correspondents very highly. Tell me what to do. I am an old maid, twenty-eight years of age, alone in the world, and want to be married very much. Now, why don't the men propose? I possess the usual share of attractions, and gentlemen seem to like me; but the trouble is, they won't propose. I do not look more than twenty-three now; but in two years I shall be thirty, and then I might change all at once."

It is a similar fear of being an old maid that has driven many a woman to make an ill-advised match, thus dooming herself to a life of unspeakable misery. Marriage is an excellent thing if entered into by the proper parties under suitable circumstances; but it does not necessarily follow that it is always a state of bliss. There is no disgrace in being an old maid, and it is high time the notion that there is anything derogatory in it should be exploded.

Many a woman has declined numerous offers from a mere sense of self-respect, feeling that her hand should not be given where her heart could never go. Is such a woman to be despised on that account? On the contrary, does she not deserve to be all the more highly esteemed? Again, it is no disparagement to a woman that she has never received an offer of marriage. Nor does it follow that she is not superior to those among her associates who have received a dozen apiece.

Much good have old maids done in this world; much good are they doing. It is much better to be an old maid than to make an uncongenial, unhappy marriage.

The nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal, for he can leave her at home to nurse children and make pap, while he is enjoying himself at parties. A man that hasn't any music in him likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they aint in each other's way. Now, friendship is the other way; you must like the same things to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. Ma

trimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks its own counterpart.

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Joe, what makes your nose so red?"

"Friendship."

"Friendship! How do you make that out?"

"I've got a friend who is very fond of brandy, and as he is too weak to take it strong, I've constituted myself his taster."

WE ARE VERY SORRY, OH.

To think that the water police force should lose such an efficient officer as Mr. D\*\*\*a, for we are shure that the courts and gail will miss him in the way of sending consumers, also the ententary the question with whom the liberal government of your Dominion will replace him.—We hope to see the place filled by some Lawer Doctor or entelligent Boarding master.

We hope his age won't exceed seventy years, or that his head wont remind us Mont Blanc. «That the snows cannot quench the flames beneath.»

Academy of Music Church Street St. Roch Grand Concert to take place on Saturday evening, Lady performers from South Quebec and from Upper and Town officer of ships and Several Gents that we Know well will perform. Tickets of admission \$1. Refreshments served at all hours. Cabbes to mind the door, for fear of the Bobbys, no fear.

Dimond Harbor, Sept. 17th '76.

To the Editor of Quebec Star,

Our reporter has been informed, of three young swells, from New Liverpool, who are seen up the Cove, every Sunday, under the pretence of looking a Job. Now, Joe, we know you were not looking for Miller, last Sunday, and we would advise your brother M\*\*\* at, and the Savanah bruiser, (alias) John M\*\*\*, to take another direction next Sunday, for if seen around here again, Our Dimond Harbor Girls intend drumming out

DIMOND HARBOR GIRLS.

We understand that it is the intention of the Cullers of the supervisor office to give a grand ball and supper to the honorable members who attended the great meeting, to break up the office, as a mark of the high respect they are held in by the cullers, cards will be sent shortly.

SECRETARY.