

THE QUEBEC STAR

"The gravest Man is the Fool, the gravest Bird is the Goose, the gravest Beast is the Ass."

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QUEBEC, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1876.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The undersigned give notice that from this date the "Quebec Star" will not be printed any more at his establishment, St. Saurcur.

B. Sauvageau.

EASTER MARKETS.

Tom Delany no usual taking the lead. Joe Smith not behind. Leon Arel the first man in the market had the finest show of Beef in the hall Limerick Dennis Sarsfield a terrible big ox. We missed our old friend Jim Dalany on the occasion.

Early Riser.

ST. LOUIS SUBURBS DEBATING CLUB.

At a meeting of this useful society held the other evening in their usual place, the following subject was debated upon. "Which is the best way for a young man to show himself off, by dressing stylish or by dressing plainly. M. Edouard R. was called to the chair, M. Pat T. foreman on the stylish side led off with the following M. Chairman and fellow lunatics, my reason for being on the stylish side is, that so far as my experience goes I can safely prove that the more stylish a young man dresses, or tries to make himself appear what in reality he is not like what I do the more chances he has. I say to sport around with the girls for you know that girls of the present day only look at how much this coat cost, that vest cost, and so on but they never ask themselves can this continue, can a young man always live in style these questions I leave for the opposition to answer, I find it pretty hard to live to the style I keep up but I must keep it up or else take a back seat and lose the loving look, the sweet voice of every girl I meet, why confound it all I must swim or sink.—applause.

Mr. Dan F. the foreman of the plain side then spoken thusly. I go in gentlemen for plain things I am none of your shopped up things like the young man who has just spoken (cries of oh! oh! oh! Dan) I came here to let you know a bit of my mind, why how can these fellows with \$2 and \$3 a week spend so much money that is what I want to know, and as for those girls I have none of those long shanked, crack, skulled all of a snake up, kind of girls, no any girl is a plain one like myself she can saw wood, cook the wood groom a horse. (laughter) Yes, and when I get married I'll be able to take in scrubbing and give out washing (roars of laughter) yes is the words of the great suburbs poet Hugh M.

It is not everyman can be a stylish man, no more than I look like a feyng pan, so with those few remarks I hope to see you all vote on the plain side, this intelligent youngman then sat down amidst loud applause.

M. Jim O. was loudly called for and kindly responded.

M. Chairman and stylish men I came here unwiling to take part in this debate but as you have called on me I will try and make as clear as possible my view in the first place style means to give yourself in the hands of a tailor, I think with Paddy T. that it is right to do so, because the girls like that, why take me for an example supposing I didn't put on style why I would be knocked into a cocked hat, therefore I think a fellow should put on style in order to look well, I suppose you know I always put on style (cries of at yes) well take the other side to dress plain like Dan F. is entirely out of the question why the girls wouldn't look at a fellow at all and for that reason give me style, he Jim T. or commonly called Pab, was requested to speak, but I declined on account of having a sore finger.

The debate being finished and the vote standing 2 to 2 the chairman, was obliged to speak and also give his casting vote.

G. L. has left for Chicago to open up his lager beer saloon before leaving he lost his moustache a reward will be paid to any person leaving it at G. D.

The fight that was to have taken place on Monday last is postponed one of the parties having a pain in his heart.

Big D. and his boss L. L. is going to climb one of the telegraph post next Thursday to see which of them is smartest the winner will be presented with a tin whistle to call his men together.

I was listenen to a conversation between Mr. C. the astrologer of St. Foy's and another gentleman which took place a few days ago in sault-au-matelot street

Gentlemen.—How do you do Mr. C. I hope you are in good health I have not seen you for a Long time.

M. C.—Beggona I am well and how is yourself and all the family I hope they are all well.

Gentlemen—All very well barring one of my boys, and how does the world use you.

M. C.—Bad enough sure the blagnards broke into my stable and stole all my fine game cocks, not content with that they broke into my barn and stole 400 bundles of hay had look to them if I could catch them I would fix them.

Gentlemen.—Sure the same thing has happened to myself they broke into my stable and stole all my pen soup, but why did you not start your bull dog after them M. C.

M. C.—Beggona M. sure the blagnards shot my fine dog, and thats the reason that they robbed me, M. C. started off in disgust howing vengeance on all robbers, the last seen of him was scudding round the morning chronicle office, singing oh you starry heavens wont you shield me.