

# 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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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## IS IT SO?

It is said that the St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute, now known as the Guibord Institute, Ann street, has invited the notorious Chiniquy to lecture at an early day, and that Castlerag Hearn and Matty Walsh will proceed to Montreal to escort him to this city. He will be received on landing on this side of the river by the Council of the Institute, and will be carried to their Hall by Massy O'Dowd the peeler, who has kindly consented to carry him on his back. The procession will be headed by Jerry Gallagher who will play the Rogues March on an old tin can. The proceeds of the lecture, if any, will go toward the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Monsieur Guibord.

## A TWO MILE RACE.

A two mile foot race is announced to come off some day next week between two smart runners. Mr. John Sheridan, trader, and Mr. P. M. Partridge, broker. We'll go our stamps on Sheridan, you bet. The world renowned trainer, Jack O'Brien, has Sheridan in hands, and he is a known shaver. O'Brien says he shall take good care that Sheridan takes no jallap during his training, as it is very weakening in its effects. Wright the saddler is making belly bands for the two amateur gentlemen.

The opposition Tandem Club called the Gueralla's had their first meet of the season on Saturday on the Esplanade and made a fine start with Roaring Dan Driscoll as leader, followed by little Jhonny Fitz alias Gabby Spain, then comes Tozer behind a bridle bull, and Sammy Fisher, the horse clipper, closely followed by Whiskey Campbell and big head Jhonny Connor's.

N.B.—Seiffert and Charley Holwell would have gone only they would not be allowed to bring any goods for peddling.

Yours truly,

J. Coveney,  
Grocer.

## IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HIM.

Two well-known New Yorkers were walking down-town to business one morning lately, when one of them stopped suddenly and fixed his gaze on a gentleman who stood on the opposite corner. As there didn't appear to be any reason why his attention should be chained so fixedly, his companion asked, "What are you looking at?"

"Who is that standing over there?"

"Why, Sam Barlow, to be sure."

"I thought it was Sam, but—"

"But what?"

"I am not quite certain of it."

"Pooh! not the slightest doubt of it."

"Yes, there is a doubt, and a reasonable one. Not I look closer, I don't think it is Sam, for he has got his hands in his own pockets, and that don't look like him a cent's worth," replied he, resuming his walk.

"The man who would strike a woman save in the way of kindness" has turned up—his toes in Topaka. He endeavored to manipulate his wife's head with the soothing end of a pitch-fork, and she softly laid him out with the north-east corner of a patent flatiron. She smoothed his temper, so to speak.

## A VOICE FROM LEVIS.

They are speaking of building  
A bridge O'er the river  
O'er which the Grand Trunk  
Will be running for ever  
But no Engineer  
That ever wore clothes  
Could construct a bridge  
Over Alberts flat nose

Levis.

COMING EVENTS.—Holiday goods decorate the windows of our fancy bazars, and stores of toys are already to be seen in our toy stores. "Solid men to the front!"—Grub first.

## TAKING TOLL.

A gentleman of an autobiographic turn how he was instructed in the custom of taking toll, by a sprightly widow, during a moonlight sleigh-ride with a merry party. He says:

The lively widow L. sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe, with me.

"Oh! oh! don't! don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied the widow.

"Toll?" I rejoined. "What's that?"

"Well, I declare!" cried the widow her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't, then," I said, laughing; "explain, if you please."

"You never heard, then," said the widow, most provokingly—"you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always, that is sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it!"

I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed; her round, rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you?" she said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues; and that was the beginning of my courtship.