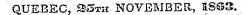
VOLUME 1.--Nº. 5.



\*









## CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

## L. P. NORMAND & F. BARBEAU, PROFRIETORS.

## FEE SMAR

Persons desiring to subscribe to the SAW can de so by leaving their names at the Printers, and at the same time paying the sum of S1, price of yearly subscription. Subscriptions for the half years will also be received. The SAW will appear on the Wednesday of each week.

Advertisements will be received at a moderate price by the publisher.

## QUEBEC, 25TH NOV., 1863.

## THE DISCOVERY.

## "Disaster always waits on early wit."

The triumphant air of the pretended discovers, of the persons connected with the Editorship of the Saw, was somewhat taken aback, by the information communicated to them in Mr. Normand's letter of the eighteenth of the present month. It is useless for these gentlemen to attemps a discovery it has already cost them three dollars to secure the services of one who has entirely led them astray, and Cri-Cri informs us that on receiving the names of the persons, whom they published, one of the gentlemen stood a bottle of champagne; while we respect his hospitable nature we are reminded of the fact, that such characters are are unfortunately for themselves very gullable. Why so fretful? and have dame saw's teeth, shewn up the weak side of your nature-be not fretful for perishness is the vice of narrow minds, except when it proceeds from the miscry and anguish which breaks resolution. Yours cannot be broken for it must have received additional force from that exquisite Lac d'or which christened La Lime. As charity is the virtue of Kings now that we have shewn ourselves your master,-we will shew you the remedy against trifles. Never resign your peace to little casualities nor fill your minds with an unreasonable persua sion of the importance of trifles. Consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of trying to be what you are not, and rely upon it your prudence will not forsake you in some future crisis.

Mr. Cri-Cri is sorry that he should have retarded the publication of La Lime, by possessing himself of your copy (sly way that he is) but now that you have nearly altered in your present number, all that you had set up in the form from which his proof copy was struck he thinks that he has done a good turn for truly as you intended to appear, La Lime would have been unworthy of you.

# Pleasantries of the Winter.

To walk along John Street, meet a cariole, and be obliged to jump for your life to give it room to pass, and in your jump to slip, and an avalanch of snow from a neighbouring roof to land gently on your head.

To turn a corner suddenly and find yourself among a crowd of playful urchins, who insist upon having a snow ball match, making you the target.—

To come down the hill by the Jesuit Barracks or even Mountain Hill, and when you are in the most dangerous part, find a boy coming behind you, at lightning speed.— (The feeling in this case is remarkably, pleasant.—Ed.-Saw.)

To save enough money to hire a horse and cariole for a nice drive and just as you start to have the horse run away, smash the cariole, and leave you head formost deep in a snow-bank. (The pleasant part of this is paying for the damage.)

To receive an invitation to a friend's house, mistake the date, and go a week later, in full dress, and find no one at home.

-+-0++

Kingston, Nov. 14th 1863.

#### My dear Saw,

Perhaps your readers are not aware of the fact that two ex-Quebecers have become famed as actors, and appeared here during the Fair in this City. The Posters about the Streets were loud in their praises of Mr. St. Maur, and Mr. Fredericks, the latter of these two gentlemen will be remembered as the great comic singer, the former however was I beleive a portrait painter in your city.—

The first night of these two brillant desciples of Thespis, was one worthy of record in your columns, Charles the II was the first piece, and by dint of great prompting it was got over, but then came the comic song, by our friend "Fred," who made his appearance, wiping his month, and then after bowing to the audience, commenced his ditty. He got through the first verse, but the second verse puzzled him, as be could get no further then the first line.-It was something after this style "He threw his legs across his back ! Hem !! He threw his leg-He thir "-a voice " where did he throw it to?"-I have said the deep voice of manager " Dash it, say you're sick." So our poor Fred