

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That John Laird sports Ulster overcoat and wants it known.

That there is always a *Gale* on jail hill as many of our poor clerks know to their cost.

GUESS WHY.

That Jordian of Geo. Scotts Confectioner shops and takes his pay in Candy.

That John Baile is going to start a Bacon Faceory in St. Roch's in connection with Wm. Cream, who will superentend the smoke house. This establishment will be in direct opposition to the Sherbrooke Meat Factory and the proprietors hope their friends in Peter Street won't forget to all. Their place of Business will be Venners old Mill foot of St. Roch street.

That Jem. Carroll is flush just now, and we would advise all his numerous, credit to call. Not bad for the Windbag.

That Isaac Hooks has just given orders to his tailor the venerable P. McEwan, Esq. for a good substantial overcoat. Not a wooden one.

Henry O'Conner, Grocer is selling his very choice stock of Liquors at Par. for the accomodation of his numerous Paul Street friends and acquaintances we sincerely hope he will not lose by the transaction.

If you are going to Italy leave your dollar-store jewelry at home. When the brigands capture an American and find all his jewelry is the plated stuff they off with his head, to prevent some other enterprising brigand from being defrauded; but if his valuables are genuine, he is relieved of them, and permitted to depart in peace.

At a meeting of the directors of the Quebec fire assurances Co. It was resolved, that Wm. Fisher, the tommy cod of the establishment be presented with a badge representing a shad, and the messenger to a new collar for his mastiff. Vital Tetu will make the presentation after which young Fisher will give a graphic account of his travels Brick yard. Will on the subject of Insurance we must not Omit our energetic friend Grondin Life insurance agent. Bless the mark. Pity his friend Mathias Dube is gone to the happy Hunling grounds. That Building is, Nicely filled, and no mistake.!

Where is that Irish jaunting car we read so much about has it been sent to Stoneham to the famely residence will his Worship-pleaseniform us. That is what we want to know you know.

The *Hamilton Spectator* says:—"The young man with the powerful mind who irradiates the Star is jealous of our lineage because we are of noble birth. We regard his plebeian malice with aristocratic scorn. Let him think of his great grandfather, say we. Think of him, young man. Throw all the energies of your powerful mind into the think, and then go out and drown your shame in rum!" We shan't do any such thing. The Young Man of Noble Birth should not let his pride run away with his good sense. He must not on any account get stuck up—like the boy who swallowed the mucilage. It is all very well for the lineal descendants of ancient door-plates to take their stand upon high heaps of ancestral bones and look down with scorn and contempt upon those beneath. But we have always noticed that people who browse on the graves of their grandfathers are never much good for any thing else. Don't browse, Young Man of Noble Birth. Don't browse. Because people who browse are frequently mistakeh for animals of another kind. The mule may lay claim to aristocratic birth because one of its progenitors is a horse, but then think of the other progenitor, Young Man of Noble Birth; think of the other progenitor. The other progenitor is a jackass.

A French custom house official has discovered that rocking horses devour the finest Havana cigars by the thousand.

A Yankee editor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hour's labor, well worked in.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

Mr. John Hearn seems to be the proprietor of all the delapidated houses of the city. Whether he has some devilish design, before he dies, of killing all he can, we cannot say, but it is certain he is careless of people's lives when he can gratify his own greed for dross. Heretofore we have said nothing to this man, because we hoped that white hairs and a near approach to the grave might bring him a little wisdom and moderation. But it seems that his grasping and cruel nature will be buried only with himself. The last of his fallen buildings is known as Castle Rag. He himself has been known as Alderman Hearn, and John Hearn, Esq., M.P.P., but henceforth and forever, he shall be known only as Lord Castlerag.

NOT THE WAY TO SEE A GIRL

Spiggers' went around to see his girl last Sunday night, she having playing sick so as to be at home while her parents were off exhorting. He met the fair one at the door went into the parlor and sat down on the sofa beside her. Then he kissed her, at the same time saying:

"Nice, eh?"

"Ye-ap," she replied, "kinder."

And he continued:

"Ah, Love, coeval with the pearly moon, When mighty Jove—"

"By golly!" roared the old man, as he hobbled up the stoop; "I was never taken with cramps in church before. Jemimy, just get the brandy."

Then he walked into the room, and seeing Spiggers asked:

"What did you come here for, eh?"

Spiggers was cornered, so he had to say:

"To see your daughter."

"All right," said the old man, who lighted the lamp and continued:

"Jemimy, stand up and turn you face to Spiggers."

She did so, and he went on:

"Now turn around seven times."

And she did.

"Now, Mr. Spiggers, never try to see a girl in the dark again, for it will hurt your eyes; however, you've seen her thoroughly now, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Spiggers, humbly.

"Well, then, you can just prance out of this ranche!"

And Spiggers, noticing the awful appearance of his mammoth feet, pranced immediately.

Junius Prutus Smith staked his all on the result of a game of euchre the other night and lost. Throwing down the cards peevishly he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "I was ever thus in childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes takes flight and every time I played left bower, some one took it with the right."

The Coming man for megantic J. H. Grant.

Josh Billing's almanac for 1876 are for sale at the office of the Budget.

We regret to learn that our esluemd friend Thos. Burns cooper ex Captn-Fire Brigade ex city Councillor-hailing from comer Co Kilkenny was fined by the Recorder for the small offense of leaving a few Barrels on the side walk which has deprived him and John Doyer of their whiskey money for the ensewing week.