

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best copy. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a essayé d'obtenir la meilleure copie. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Includes some text in French. |

THE QUEBEC STAR

A Weekly English and French Comic Paper.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

« WHAT ? ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER ? »

What ! rob a poor man of his beer,
And gave him good victuals instead !—
Your heart's very hard, Sir, I fear,
Or at least you are soft in the head.

What ! rob a poor man of his mug,
And give him a house of his own ;
With kitchen and parlor so snug !—
'Tis enough to dry tears from a stone.

What ! rob a poor man from his gill,
And give him a vote for the shire ;
Confund your tyrannical Bill,
Why, you'd make him « as good as the squire.»

What ! rob a poor man of his glass,
And teach him to read and to write !
What ! save him from being an ass !—
'Tis nothing but malice and spite.

What ! rob a poor man of his ale,
And prevent him from beating his wife,
From being locked up in jail,
With penal employment for life !

What ! rob a poor man of his beer,
And keep him from starving his child !—
It makes one feel awfully queer.
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.
JOHN BARLEYCORN, JUN.

HORRIBLE ! HORRIBLE ! MOST HORRIBLE !

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER AND
POLICE COURT.

Spokes have.

Little Charley, Co partner of Joe known as Long Daw, had his Eldest Brother Bill brought up in the Police Court for assault, Plaintiff, Little Charley was called and told to tell all he know about the Case, He commenced by telling the truth, some off the truth and finished by telling more than the truth, he held down his head all the time he was giving his evidence, he could not look the judges in the face.

Next witness was Long Dan, he equivocated so often that there was no notice

taken of his evidence, that finished the case for plaintiff and a very bad case it was. For Defence, Bill was called, he came boldly forward he looked the judges straight in the face, you could see that he was all truth, for he told a straight forward story without any equivocating, He told the Court to look at Little Charley's face and that it was the index of his mind, Bill was pretty hard cross questioned but he could not be made to contradict himself. The learned judges condemned both parties to pay their own cost, but before doing so he gave them some wholesome advice and concluded by telling them that it was a shame for Brothers to bring their quarrels before a court of justice. It was not Bill's fault he tried his best to avoid going on with the case, after the warrant was taken out for him, he appeared, not thinking that Little Charley would have the impudence to appear against him after trying to assassinate Bill with a stone at 12 o'clock at wright and at Bill's own door, when he saw that he did appear, Bill took out a cross warrant, Little Charley said that they were not prepared for that, Bill said that he was glad of that as he wanted to summons him.

DEAR DODD,

Would you please to let me know if this is true? That Long Dan has got \$600 dollars for the summer, as Runner for Mr. R * * *, and that his partner Little Charley knows nothing about it. — Not fair of you Dan, if true, to play an underhand game with your partner.

HAMLET.

Steven L * * * is appointed by the Dominion Government, Inspector of Ginger and Spruce Beer, He has also got the contract for making Wheel barrows for the North Shore Rail Road.—Bulley for you, Little Steve, you are doing well since you joined the Sons of Temperance.

The upper ten tandance Club Birdie and dirty Jockey and of rubber dont be so anxious to put down the History of Quebec in Highlife.

THE GREAT SPORTING RACE OF THE SEASON, BUCKLEY AGAINST THE FIELD.

Betting twenty to one against Buckley the Course in good running order Starting point Mr. Corniels road crossing St. Foy road down to Towunger farm to St. Saver and up hill to wahcham farm. Starting the lead closely followed by Bryby glif Bol Burke and twenty others all dressed in running order, Buckley taking the fences with ease. R falling and lost is Saddle cloth, Buckley taking the gully S & B run for the Barn Coseing sight of Buckley all together, the parties coming to town after a hard days run fatigued and broken down and losing the race, Buckley being declared the winner to the disappointment of the Public.

North Shore Directors has kindly consented to send all individuals free of charge on their road to the hospital.

We would advise the gentleman that is gone to the Centennial fair to dispose of the fancy goods they took with them according to the P and C reports, this town can spare any amount of that stock.

Better to invest their money in Grey Calico and factory trimmings and pay larger dividends to their Creditors and not be compromising so often.

HOW TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.

The colt is born with twelve grinders; when four front teeth have made their appearance, the colt is twelve days old, and when the next four come forth, he is four weeks old. When the corner teeth appear, the colt is eight months old; when the latter have attained the height of the front teeth it is one year old. The two-year-old colt has the kernel (the substance in the middle of the tooth's crown) ground in all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted, and when three years old these are substituted by the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fourth year and the corner teeth

in the fifth. At six years, the kernel is worn out of the lower middle front teeth, and the bridle teeth have now attained to their full growth. At seven years a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw, the kernel of the teeth next at the middle is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off. At eight years the kernel is worn out of the lower front teeth, and begin to decrease in the middle upper front. In the ninth year the kernel has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth; the hook on the corner has increased in size, and the bridle teeth lose their points. In the tenth year, the kernel is worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw, and in the eleventh year the kernel has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At twelve years old, the crowns of all the front teeth in the lower jaw have become triangular, and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which, consequently, receive a long and narrow appearance, and their kernel have become metamorphosed into a darkish point, gray hairs increase in the forehead and over the eyes, and the chin assumes the form of an angle.

SCOTT'S TONY FORSTER.

THE circumstances attending Tony Forster's death, as described in "Kenilworth," are taken from a real incident recorded in the third volume of the Duc de St. Simon's memoirs. The account is given of the death of an avaricious Master of Requests at Lyons, named Pecoil, who had contrived a recess within his cellar, closed by a heavy iron door, within which he was in the habit of depositing his hoards. By some means the lock at last got hampered, and in one of his visits he was unable to let himself out again. He was eventually discovered lying on his treasures dead, having previously begun to gnaw one of his arms.

UNSOUGHT LOVE.

We receive many letters from girls, and some from middle-aged woman, informing us that the writer has fallen desperately in love with some man who has never given any sign of love for her. The question that such persons are most anxious to have answered is, "How can I let him know without doing anything that a lady ought not to do?"

That is a very difficult problem to solve. A woman ought not to give her love unsought. The only way in which a woman

can properly win a man's love, is by being just as womanly as she can be—that is, modest, gentle, and faithful to all the duties of her station in life.

CHALLENGE.

John Lo——y challenges any man, woman or child to dance a single Jig on the pregonwing stile to the tune of the little house under the hill for \$100.

The Moral Paper printed by that pious Editor is giving his Readers something in the novel style on the late Sallabury Street Raid, take down that exchange gun Board.

RUMORS.

That Thomas B and John G is going to be appointed to the vacant place Water Police caused by the dismissal of Sub Chief.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

We recently read a sad letter from an ambitious young man. He had been unfortunate, in some respects; but life lay before him, and he was ambitious: he experienced, however, a double misfortune, in this world in which there is so much to do, from not knowing how to do anything. "My father," he wrote, did not think it worth while for me to learn any trade or business." He had been thrown on his own resources, and although now a man in stature and years, he was a mere infant in his capacity to earn a living.

How awkward! What a misfortune! Yet such cases frequently come under our observation; and they lead us to look upon the culpability as very great of any parent who brings up a son without having him practically and thoroughly instructed in some way of earning an honest living.

Every man should have some profession or trade; should know how to do something; then, whether he steadfastly pursues it or not, he at least has an occupation to which, in an emergency, he may resort for the support of himself and others who may be dependent upon him.

A practical know-nothing is greatly to be pitied in this practical world.

CONSCIENCE'S PROMISSORY NOTES.

We read with amusement the description of Wilkins Mikawbers's promissory notes—know, with him, the signing of such promises to pay were equivalent to handing over the cash itself; but we neglect to

draw a moral from the pleasant fiction. Do we not, all of us, over and over again, make good resolutions, when convinced of wrongdoing, which are but promissory notes to conscience? Notes which we seldom take up, by the way, though we forget that our honour is compromised by the omission. It is so easy to promise! If we are remiss in our duty towards a loved one, a few kind words, a promise for future amendment, in our opinion, compensates for all past neglect; but if that loved one dies ere we have time to render compensation—what then? Ah, friends, if individuals would only keep their promises towards the living! That is the neglect we must deplore. Many times promises never seem to be fully realized till the one who called them forth lies silent in death, till the "too late" stares us in the face, and removes our every opportunity.

THE FAT OF THE LAND.

The venerable *Barnstable* (Mass.) *Patriot* pays us the following compliment:

"The New York *Ledger*, which has gained a world-wide reputation, still continues to be the leading paper of its class in the country. Its corps of contributors embrace many of the best writers in America, and every number is overflowing with good things—the fat of the land."

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.—Somebody wants "A young man, to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."—"To be sold, cheap, a small phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a moveable head, as good as new."—"Ten shillings' reward. Lost, by a lady, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. To be brought, &c, &c.

AN anxious mother, in Scotland, was taking leave of her son on his departure for England, and giving him all good advice. "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang south, and get all the siller ye can from the southerners—tak' everything ye can; but the English are a brave boxin' people, and take care o' them, Sandy—never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

UNFORTUNATE COMPARISON.—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in a case of action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not they were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called; one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory

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.

Air:—Original.

No wonder you smile when you see me,
I'm the image of Mr. Shakespeare,
In war I was always the leader,
For fighting I never did fear.
I have fought in the great Revolution,
With Fenian close at my hand;
I was promoted from private to colonel.
For being a Grand Trunk man.

CHORUS.

My head is so big I've got plenty of brain,
And when I shake the big men by the hand
They say to me, Joe, we all very well know
That you are a very smart man.

I WANDER thro' life like a gentleman's son
For fortune has favored me well,
I'm blest with good temper and love to make
fun,

No matter with whom I may dwell;
I've made many friends in my rambles about
And gain'd a good share of renown.
Till now I'm so famous within and without,
It seems I'm the talk of the town.

TOMY DODD.

Wherever I go it's always the same,
I'm known just as soon as I'm seen;
They point with their fingers and mention
my name,
While saking survey of my mien.
I smile recognition and say nothing more,
Tho' sometimes they force me to frown,
But I find it's no use to give praise or abuse
When I'm the talk of the town.

TOMY DODD.

I'm known to the girls, and I'm known to
the boys,
And legions of all human kind
O'er shadow my footsteps in sorrows or joys
And give me a piece of their mind.
Some love me, some hate me, some say I'm
a fraud

And many would fain crush me down,
But such is the fate of the good and the great;
It's because I'm the talk of the town.

TOMY DODD.

There is a certain old fellow in Quebec
engaged by a certain firm, if he does
not take care of himself I will publish his
name shortly, he thinks he does wonders
when he can do a man an injury, what he
undertook to do last week, he will find a
big mistake, the first thing he will know
is that he will be kicked out of his situa-
tion and no one will be sorry for him it
would take fifteen Pages of foolscap, to
write all his mean actions.

BRANDY FOR NOTHING.

LIST OF WANTS.

Wanted to know how much money Mr.
M * * * Town town made out of the *soft*
Boys of the Ottawa by selling them candle-
stick, jewelry, and swearing it was the *rale*
stuff. Dont sell watches.

QUILL.

Wanted to know how Mrs. — of Little
C Street will make « a raise » out of the
Raftsmen when the baby is gone—Francis.

QUILL.

Wanted to know why some of the Lum-
berman of the Ottawa do not know their
favorite and best men—when they meet them
in the St. Louis looking for money.

Why those same Lumberman *kouts* with
their best friends, when they refuse to do
a mean action—or in other words, refused
to do a little cheating to oblige them.

« KIPPEWA. »

This week if you can.

Sarah.—Would like to match her *Per-
sonal* and *real* estate against some young
man of respectable connections, whose age
will not exceed 40 of good steady habits—
not given to ramble at unseasonable hours.
— A fair complexion'd Lumberman pre-
ferred.

APPLY AT OUR OFFICE.

Applications will be received until the
25th of October from parties willing to
become members of the independant board
of survey, they will require to be strictly
sober men, they will also require to know
white pine from red pine, also worney pine
from square oak, they will also have to be
able to read and sign their name, applica-
tion to be made to

JOHN SHORTLEYS, C.N.P.

A meeting of the Ottawas will take
place on Monday next to take into consi-
deration the high price of board charged
in the Hotels in Upper town, should the
proprietors not come to terms and reduce
their price one half, they will remove their
Quarters to their old stand, Champlain
Street, and Cul-de-Sac.

JOHN SMALLNESS.

There is great talk about town the rea-
son that Messrs McGreavy do not get
their Platform cars made in this city and
other work connected with them, we have
our moulders, machinest, carpenters and
others doing very little at present and we
are sure that the work can be done here

cheaper and as well as in any other Town
in America, when our machinist leaves
here they find work in the very shop that
sends this work to us; now the people of
Quebec ought to see the commissioners
and Directors and try to get the contrac-
tors to start a shop here and keep our
People at Home.

Quebec, September 14th '76.

The undersigned has this day entered
into Partnership in the Lumber business
they will also attend to surveys on eullers
at the shortest notice.

LITTLE SAM,
BIB JOE,
OLD JOHN.

References to be addressed to the un-
dersigned members of the independend
board of survey.

OLD MICK. SUCH,
LITTLE G.
LONG Q.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A colored preacher in translating to his
hearers the sentence: « The harvest is
over, the season is ended, and thy soul is
not saved, » put it. « De corn has been
etibbed, dere ain't any more work, and de
debbil is still foolin wid dis community. »

Sister—« Well, you know, Bobby, your
eye's very enflamed; you can't go out
with Tommy, until that speck of dust's out
of it! »

Bobby (anxious to be off) — « I'm all
right—I know it's out now — (earnestly)
—I—I think I heard it fall! »

Mary—There's such a rude gentleman
dining up stairs to-day. »

Cook — « Why, what d'ye mean; he
ain't a bin-saying noting to you? »

Mary — « No, bless yer; but Missus
was a talking about the Akkademy, and if
he didn't tell her he could see she painted,
and she do every night; but he needn't a
said so afore people. »

« Mrs. Sage, I should like to know
whose ferry boats these are that I tumbled
over in the hall. »

« Ferry boats, indeed, Sir! Those are
my shoes. Very polite of you to call
them ferry boats! »

« Didn't say ferry boats, Mrs. Sage;
you misunderstood me. Fairy boots, I
said, my dear friend. »

« Well, sure, » said a Centennial resta-
urant keeper, shrugging his shoulders, when

a customer from Arkansas demurred to paying a dollar for a cup of coffee and a roll, « zis price he may luke large ; zat I admete ; but zen, sare, reflee zat you nafer hafe anoizzer shance like zese for une huntret years. »

One Mrs. Van Auken, instilled a Chinaman in her kitchen. The following conversation took place :—

« What is your name, Sir ? » said Mrs. Van Auken.

« Oh, my name is Ah Sin Foo. »

« But I can't remember all that lingo, my man I'll call you Jimmy. »

« Velly-welle. Now whachee name I callee you ? » asked Ah Sin, looking up in sweet simplicity.

Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken ; call me that. »

« Oh, me can no membel Misse Yanne Auken. Too big piecee namee. I callee you Tommy—Misse Tommy. »

The mother of two sons, twins, met, a contemporary relates, one of the brothers in a field one morning.

« Which of you two boys am I speaking to ? » asked the mother ; « is it you or your brother ? »

« Why do you ask ? » inquired the lad prudently.

« Because, if it is your brother, I will box his ears. »

« It is not my brother, it is I. »

« Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it. »

« No mother, I am wearing my wearing my own coat. »

« Good heavens ? » cried the mother, looking at him intently, « you are your brother, after all ! »

« Ah ! Mrs. Dasher, » said gushing Mrs. Simpleton, during her morning call ; « how delight-fully that bouquet of violets and roses perfume your parlors. »

« Do you really notice it ? » replied the widow with a smile of ill-concealed triumph, « why, they're only artificial, my dear Mrs. Simpleton. »

That evening when Simpleton came home, he found his wife confined to her bed with a high fever, and no supper ready.

A SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said,

« I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry. » The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, « Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me. »

A WAG, on seeing his friend with something under his cloak, asked him what it was. « A poniard, » answered he. But he observed that it was a bottle. Taking it from him and drinking the contents, he returned it, saying, « There, I give you the scab bard back again. »

SELECTIONS.

If pride leads the van, poverty brings up the rear.

He is in the way to be wise who can bear reproof.

The foundation of a good old age is laid in infancy.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

He who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

A Jalous smile adds an hour to one's life ; a heartlost laugh, a day ; a grin, not a moment.

Those who boast of plain speaking, generally like it only in themselves.

The wise man commands his tongue, but the fool's tongue commands him.

No manners are so fine as the most awkward manifestations of good-will towards men.

If you ever promise at all, take care, at least, that it be to nobody that may suffer by trusting to you.

Lift not a foot until you have previously ascertained the nature of the ground on which you are to tread.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and, by consequence, of all heartfelt religion.

We must look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

He who thinks for himself and imitates rarely is a free man.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in the spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

Prayer was not invented ; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Human glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know much dross was in our composition.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, put simply because home lacks sunshine.

The worst men often give the best advice.

Have the same regard for all the world that you would wish them to have for you.

You will find no greater enemy than yourself, if you suffer your passions to govern you.

Be industrious in business, intrepid in dangers, vigorous in acting, prudent in concerting, and prompt in executing.

Be easy of address, and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealing with you.

Receive your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air ; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.

JUST RECEIVED:

A very fine selection of

**Epergnes,
Lustres,
And Vases,**

In Cut, Flint and Ornamental Glass.

Also,

The Latest Style in

Triple Electro-Plated Ware

From first-class English and American
Manufacturers.

At

C. SEIFFERT'S

EUROPEAN BAZAAR.

P. W. McKNIGHT'S

Carriage Factory,

19, St. Stanislas Street,

Has on hand and is always prepared to execute orders for either Summer or Winter Vehicles at the shortest notice. Repairs can be done as usual in first class style.

P. W. McKNIGHT'S

Coach Factory, 19, St. Stanislas Street.

*Show Rooms in Bilodeau's Building,
Fabrique Street.*

Established in Canada 1861.

LAWLOR'S

Celebrated

SEWING MACHINES

NOT FOR

Family and Manufacturing purposes.

Each Machine fully Guaranteed.

All kinds of Machines Repaired.

Office and Sales Rooms, 22, St. John St.

QUEBEC.

D. MORGAN & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

QUEBEC.

BERNARD LEONARD,

House and Sign Painter,

ST. JOHN STREET,

*Call the attention of House-keepers to his
Large Stock of*

Wall and Fancy Paper.

Patent Lamp Extinguisher,

*Extinguishes Lamps without blowing, and
cannot explode.*

ERNEST LEVY,

Henchey's Hotel.

MESSRS. FUCHS & CO.,

TAILORS,

*Of Celebrated Renown, will always accom-
modate the Public with*

Ready-Made Clothing

Of the best material.

All orders promptly attended to.

STATIONER'S HALL,

59, St. John Street,

J. BROWN,

Importer of

**Fancy Goods, Jewelry,
etc., etc.**

Stationery in all its Departments.

ALSO,

Dumas' Novels in French.

Depot for the Quebec Star.

WANTED

Three or Four respectable Lads to deliver
THE QUEBEC STAR.

J. F. O'BRIENS

American Steam Dyeing

AND

SCOURING WORKS.

Offices: { 58, St. Joseph Street, St. Roch and
42, St. John Street, Upper Town,

QUEBEC.

Goods kept subject to the claims of the
owner six months and no longer.

ANTOINE SYLVAIN,

FUR DYER,

Colombe Street, St. Sauveur.

QUEBEC.

International Saloon

BRIDGE STREET.

The proprietor has constantly on hand
the very choicest of

*WINES, LIQUORS, CHAMPAGNES,
AND HAVANA CIGARS,*

in great variety.

OYSTERS, SARDINES & LOBSTERS.

WIDOW SCHMITZ.

J. D. LAWLOR,

Manufacturer of

SEWING MACHINES

No. 22, St. John Street, Quebec.

THE BEST COMIC PAPER YET.

The Quebec Star

An Eight-Page journal of 24 columns.
Devoted to Wit, Satire, Humor and Light
Literature,

APPEAR EVERY SATURDAY.

Editor and Proprietor:

THOMAS DODDRIDGE.

Contributors: — Mark Twain, Roger
O'Hare, Josh Billings, Bryan O'Lyn, A.B.
C.D.E.F.G., and James Boggs, Esq., D.D.
D.D.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

The *Quebec Star* can be had at Wright
& Co's Mountain Hill, and from the boys
on the streets. Price Five Cents. Annual
subscription \$2.

PARTIE FRANÇAISE.

L'Étoile de Québec.

SAMEDI, 23 SEPTEMBRE, 1876.

FÉLICITE FARNIG.

HISTOIRE DU DÉVOUEMENT D'UNE FEMME.

C'était au mois de janvier de l'an 1792. La république en France combattait bravement contre les forces ruinées de l'Europe. Ses nouvelles recrues, sans chaus-sures, en haillons, mourant de faim, à moitié disciplinées, faisaient des prodiges de valeur, et commençaient à semer la terreur au cœur de leurs ennemis, brûlant, dévastant tout et quelquefois les repoussants, suspendues pour ainsi dire, comme une nuée d'insectes, au-dessus d'eux.

A cet époque, Dumouriez, le fameux général Républicain, commandait l'armée, près de la frontière Belge. Un jour, un fort partie de Uhlans Autrichiens surprit les avant-postes Français, qui, après une résistance opiniâtre, furent repoussés jusqu'au corps d'armée. Cette escarmouche avait eu lieu dans le voisinage d'une modeste maison de campagne, où demeurait un vieil et brave officier au service de la France, du nom de Farnig, ainsi que ses deux filles. Un certain nombre de soldats français se voyant entourés, se réfugièrent dans cette maison où ils furent immédiatement attaqués par les Autrichiens. Un combat désespéré s'ensuivit, mais en vain; la maison fut brûlée, et, comme le crurent les Uhlans, tout dans l'intérieur fut détruit.

Il était nuit, l'obscurité était grande, le froid intense, le vent perçant et une légère couche de neige couvrait le sol. L'ennemi s'était retiré, et seulement des murs noirs, des monceaux de ruines fumantes qu'éclairait de temps en temps une flamme incénaire, marquaient l'endroit où quelques heures auparavant se trouvait une maison heureuse.

Les corps des combattants gisaient tout autour; mais l'obscurité empêchait de voir toute évidence de combat, et la neige, qui tombait à gros flocons en ce moment, couvrait de son manteau blanc ce que l'on aurait pu voir du récent conflit.

Présentement, une ombre se glisse près de la lumière projetée par les flammes, laissant apercevoir la silhouette terrifiée d'une charmante jeune fille.

Elle regarda autour d'elle avec précaution écouta, puis d'une voix basse et tremblante articula ces mots :

« Clothilde, ils sont tous partis. »

A l'instant elle fut rejointe par une seconde jeune fille, plus élancée, plus jeune, et d'une beauté charmante, avec de longs cheveux en désordre, encadrant sa figure.

Toutes deux sont les enfants du capitaine Farnig. Elles ont travaillé bravement à la défense de leur maison, chargeant les mousquets et les tirant parfois; mais lorsqu'elles virent tomber leur père, et les Autrichiens entrer dans la maison en flamme, craignant les outrages, elles se réfugièrent dans la cave, où elles restèrent jusqu'à ce que le silence leur eût fait connaître que l'ennemi s'était retiré.

Pendant quelques secondes elles examinèrent, dans un morne désespoir, la scène sanglante qui se déroulait devant eux. Ensuite, après un long et profond regard, tombèrent dans les bras l'une de l'autre.

Seules dans le monde, sans argent, sans asile, sans amis Oh! Félicité chérie! Que deviendrons-nous, murmura Clothilde?

Sous les sourcils de Félicité se lisait une ferme détermination, et une noble attitude dans son maintien, au moment où elle se détachait des bras de sa sœur.

— Nous devons oublier la faiblesse de notre sexe, songer à l'avenir, et venger la mort de notre père, reprit-elle avec ferveur. Lorsque nous étions dans l'obscurité d'en bas, une idée étrange m'est venue, tout dépendra de ton intrépidité à l'accomplir.

— Oh! ne doute pas de mon courage, répondit Clothilde en essuyant ses larmes. « Ce n'est pas la peur, mais le chagrin pour notre pauvre père qui m'a surmonté. »

« Ecoute donc, dit Félicité d'un ton rapide et excité, tu sais que le général Dumouriez était ami de notre père, j'ai donc résolu d'aller le trouver à ses quartiers généraux, ils ne sont qu'à quelques milles d'ici, nous lui dirons ce qui est arrivé, combien nous sommes dénuées, et lui offrirons nos services. — « Nos services » reprit Clothilde.

— « Oui comme aides-de-camp. Pourquoi as-tu l'air si surprise, n'avons-nous pas regretté de ne pouvoir nous battre pour notre patrie bien-aimée, frapper un coup pour la défense de cette glorieuse liberté, que les despotes étrangers n'ont pu étouffer dès le berceau. Les femmes se sont battues ici, pour une cause bien moins sacrée. Cette grande révolution n'est pas l'œuvre des hommes seuls; les femmes ont aidé à jeter bas la Bastille. Elles ont seul soulevé et conduit l'insurrection qui a forcé le Roi à revenir à Paris! Souviens-toi combien nos cœurs bondirent lorsque nous apprimes ces choses! Combien nous nous indignâmes de notre inaction! et nous nous sentîmes

humiliées de ne pouvoir assister nos sœurs dans leurs œuvres glorieuses. »

Ses formes élancées, bien développées et bien moulées, apparurent à leur hauteur, sa tête rejetée en arrière et ses longs cheveux noirs, pendants autour de son beau visage, lui donnait l'apparence d'une prophétesse inspirée dans cette demi-clarté. De même Cassandra aurait pu apparaître, prédisant et se tenant sur les ruines fumantes de Troie.

« Mais, sœur » s'écria Clothilde, as-tu songé au danger auquel s'exposerait notre sexe. »

— « Notre uniforme sera notre sauvegarde, les troupes garderont l'honneur des filles d'un soldat. Tout homme dans le régiment sera pour nous un frère, un ami, un défenseur. Le péril serait de garder les habits de femme, ce qui nous exposerait ouvertement aux outrages et aux ennuis. Nous sommes sans asile, sans amis; deux alternatives nous sont offertes, celle-ci ou la mort.

« Mais si nous tombions prisonnières aux mains ennemies.

« Ce qui n'arrivera jamais, tant qu'ils auront une balle ou une bayonnette pour nous percer, dit Félicité bravement.

« Assez, sœur, ajouta Clothilde, saisissant une parcelle de son enthousiasme, partons.

A ce moment un soupir fut entendu des deux sœurs et semblait venir tout près de l'endroit où elles se tenaient. Prenant un morceau de bois brûlé en guise de torche, Félicité courut à la place d'où venait le son.

Elle poussa un cri de joie, là gisait en partie couvert par le corps d'un hulan, d'où il cherchait à se tirer avec effort, leur père vivant qu'elles croyaient mort.

Le transport causé aux deux sœurs par la découverte de leur père, peut facilement s'imaginer.

(A continuer.)

HORRIBLE! — Le hasard a fait découvrir un de ces crimes monstrueux, qu'on croirait ne devoir exister que dans les coutures les plus sauvages de la France, et qui malheureusement, sont, en plein Paris, beaucoup plus fréquents qu'on ne croit: une séquestration d'enfant par ses parents.

Il y a six mois, un sieur Dimier venait habiter, avec sa famille, au no. 9, de la cité Bertrand, au bout de la rue St. Ambroise. La cité Bertrand est un de ces coins que la plume de Privat d'Anglemont ou d'Eugène Suë pourrait seul décrire, et si, se ou l'axiome réaliste du bibliophile Jacob, « le beau est horrible », ce quartier peut prendre rang parmi les beautés de la capitale.

La famille Dimier se composait du père, homme de peine, chétif et malingre, travaillant peu et buvant beaucoup; de la mère, porteuse de pain, au service d'un boulanger de la rue du Chemin-Vert, et de cinq enfants: quatre fillettes de quatorze, onze, six et quatre ans, et un garçon de sept ans.

Depuis que le ménage Dimier habitait la cité Bertrand, les voisins remarquèrent que le petit garçon sortait rarement. Les gamines, elles, venaient jouer dans le passage, le petit, jamais. Cependant on apportait peu d'attention à cette particularité..... S'il fallait s'occuper de tout ce qui se passe, on aurait trop à faire.

Du reste, les Dimier devaient être bons pour leurs enfants, car l'aînée qui allait chez les Sœurs, avait eu le premier prix d'excellence décerné par le Patronage.

Hier matin, un employé de la maison Crépin vint, comme tous les lundis, réclamer le prix d'un abonnement souscrit par les Dimier à sa maison: un franc. Ce fut la seconde fille, âgée de onze ans, qui le paya. Pendant qu'il délivrait le reçu, il entendit un gémissement qui l'émut singulièrement.

—Qui est-ce qui crie comme cela? demanda-t-il.

—C'est un chat! répondit la fillette; c'est un chat qui est dans la cheminée.

—Un chat? allons donc! je veux le voir.....

Il alla à la cheminée dont l'entrée était masquée par un tablier de grosse étoffe. Il écarta ce tablier et vit un enfant étendu, presque sur lui-même, les membres garrottés, la bouche baignonnée au moyen de chiffons et paraissant près d'expirer.

Le jeune homme s'empessa de porter secours au pauvre petit, non sans faire de vifs reproches à la sœur. Puis, tout tremblant de ce qu'il venait de voir, il courut raconter à la concierge.

Celle-ci, une brave et digne femme qui est, depuis plus de trente ans, gardienne de la cité, où, selon son expression, « elle en a vu de grises et de bleues, » courut chez le commissaire de police, M. Féré.

—Qu'y a-t-il donc, madame Pierre? lui dit-on au commissariat, où elle est connue et estimée.

—Mais qu'est-ce qui se passe.

—Venez, monsieur le commissaire, venez vous allez voir!

M. Féré partit, et chemin faisant, la bonne femme lui raconta ce qui venait de se passer. L'enfant était là, se cramponnant à un cuvier pour ne pas tomber car il était dans un tel état de faiblesse que ses jambes amaigries, ses pauvres petits pieds nus, ne pouvaient le soutenir. On l'enveloppa

dans une couverture et on le porta aux Enfants-Assistés.

On s'occupa ensuite d'arrêter les parents. Le père venait d'arriver. Quant à la mère, c'était l'heure où, sa tournée finie, elle rentrait à la maison. On l'attendit.

Cependant la nouvelle s'était repandue dans le quartier. Du boulevard Voltaire, du Chemin Vert, des rues St. Maur, Folie-Méricourt, Oberkampf et de toutes les cités du voisinage, les gens accouraient exaspérés, contre cette mère dénaturée, qui avait torturé son enfant. Les cris, les menaces de mort se faisaient entendre. On parlait de la pendre, de la jeter au canal, de la déchirer en morceaux. Comme ignorante de ce qui se passait, elle arrivait justement, un pain sous le bras; une femme s'élança sur elle, et lui porta deux coups de clef dans le dos; une autre lui arracha son bonnet et une vieille de 74 ans lui cracha au visage..... Il fallut l'intervention des gardiens de la paix pour empêcher qu'elle ne fût massacrée.

Conduit au poste du boulevard Richard-Lenoir, Dimier et sa femme ont essayé de nier. Mais les déclarations du petit martyr les accablent. L'enfant déclare, en effet, que l'ecchymose horrible qu'il porte à l'œil droit provient d'un coup porté par son père, et que c'est sa mère qui l'attachait pour le mettre dans la cheminée où il restait jour et nuit, et enfin que c'est sa sœur, la cadette, qui lui a enfoncé les chiffons dans la bouche pour étouffer ses cris.

Nous avons visité le logement des époux Dimier. C'est une maisonnette rouge, composée d'un rez-de-chaussée, et où sont restés les autres enfants sous la garde de l'aînée. Au moment où nous sortions, la foule stationnait encore dans la rue Popincourt annonçant hautement son intention de lyncher la femme de Dimier, si le commissaire de police la mettait en liberté.

M. Féré, redoutant justement le mouvement populaire, a fait l'interrogatoire au poste.

CORRESPONDANCE.

Monsieur le Rédacteur de
l'Étoile de Québec.

Lundi dernier, le 11 du courant, avait lieu une grande soirée à la Salle du Conseil de St. Sauveur, je dis grande, mais ce n'est pas le mot et je ne sais quel mot donner à cette soirée, il y avait du tragique, magique, comique, pantomime et discours, on pourrait appeler cela une variété de bêtises. Si jamais il y a eu quelque chose de bête et archibête q'a été à cette soirée-là, on dit que les portes de l'asile de Beauport ont été ouvertes cette journée-

là pour laisser cinq ou six enfroqués venir sur la scène du Conseil de St. Sauveur. Après les deux espèces de pièces qui ont été braillées, un Monsieur est venu nous annoncer en se tortillant trois poils qui lui ont poussé sous le nez par accident qu'un orateur distingué allait adressé la parole au public, et tout aussitôt nous est arrivé un nommé Caouette, jeune homme bien planté, grosse tête, petit génie, qui a commencé à nous dire qu'il n'était pas préparé à faire un discours mais qu'il dirait comme M. C. V., qu'il ne savait rien dire, faisant allusion à plusieurs citoyens. Qu'il regrettait que M. le maire de Saint Sauveur ne fut pas présent (c'est dommage, car q'a aurait complétée la ménagerie) et son avant-coureur qui se tenait au pied de la ballustrade ne lui donnait pas le temps de dire trois mots sans se briser les mains pour faire un tonnerre d'applaudissements. Enfin nous est arrivé je ne sais quoi, si c'est par tonne, personne n'a pu comprendre, ce qui a mit l'auditoire au désespoir d'avoir payé 18 sous pour cela. La musique a été admirable, le meilleur morceau a été celui joué après le discours qui doit être intitulé:

Pe ta ti tac ta ta

Du razaut ratafia.

La recette de la soirée était pour payer le loyer du Cercle Laval de St. Sauveur.

Nous apprenons avec plaisir que MM. François K*** le fût, Arthur K*** le frère de l'autre, J. H. P*** ferronnier et Ovide B*** marchand de médecines éventées, partent la semaine prochaine pour Philadelphie. Ils ne reviendront probablement que le printemps prochain, car ils ont l'intention de se rendre à Jérusalem; ils arrêteront aussi à Choyen, beau village des environs de Québec.

TROIS WAUGPREERS.

L'art d'aller passer deux jours à la Malbaie agréablement avec une Dame de Lévis.
LA BANQUE.

—Un mendiant de cette ville, associé d'un mendiant de New-York, vient de télégraphier à ce dernier de lui envoyer des poches.

THOMAS DODDRIDGE

Éditeur Propriétaire

ou

QUEBEC STAR,

Résidant coin des rues du Roi et Dominick.