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# THE QUEBEC STAR

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

VOL. I.—No. 1.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## GOLD WORKS WONDERS.

Richard of spendthrifts was the chief,  
There ne'er was such another;  
A barister without a brief,  
No money and no bother,  
'Twas hard that he, so gay and free,  
Should have an elder brother.

He paid no tailor for his coat,  
His duty was to wear it;  
He often lacked a five-pound note,  
But ne'er a friend to share it.  
In bliss, his voice exclaimed, "Rejoice;"  
In sorrow, "Grim and bear it."

His purse was empty, yet he spent  
As though his path were sunny;  
Borrowed at twenty-five per cent,  
And gave away the money.  
(A fellow-drone could always own  
A little of the honey.)

Luck turned at last, the brother died,  
For Death will not spare any;  
And Dick, the lord of acres wide,  
I dare not say how many—  
Inherited, the gossip said,  
A very pretty penny.

His friends are now left in the lurch,  
His manner's dry and chilling;  
He'll give a hundred to a church,  
A neighbor not a shilling;  
But, as they go, he'll mumble low,  
"Unable, not unwilling."

Write him a tale of woe, his eye  
Turns upward in the socked;  
And then he lays your letters by,  
With date and careful docket.  
Call and I doubt you'll find him out  
Of temper, town or pocket.

Can gold work wonders? Yes, it can;  
The cruel exorciser  
Has changed an honest, thrifless man,  
Into a grasping miser—  
Less foolish, true, than him we knew,  
But not a whit the wiser.

## JERSEY JUSTICE.

It has been the fashion to deride "Jersey justice" as something peculiarly uncertain and eccentric; but scoffers at the judiciary of President Grant's adopted state will have occasion to be ashamed of themselves when they read of the righteous verdict in the trial of Anna Connett for burglary, at Plainfield. Anna, who is described as a young girl of more than ordinary prepossessing appearance, was charged by one of her neighbors with attempting to break into his house. The case was brought into court, and Anna told her story with such an honest, earnest, and captivating way, that the jury acquitted her without leaving their seats. When the verdict was rendered there was a scene of excitement in court as has seldom been witnessed since Phryne made her celebrated argument before the judges. Hats were thrown to the ceiling and the building resounded with the shouts of the spectators. And then what did the gentle Anna do? She did not repeat exactly the performance of Phryne, but she leaped upon the bench, put her arms around the judge, and kissed him again and again. Who would not like to be marauded by such a sweet little burglar as Anna Connett?

An English journal informs us that "Mr. Joseph Arch is coming to Canada next year to treat"—wipe your mouths ye thirsty-souled and sad-hearted emigrants who have nought to do and nought to drink—"for land upon which to settle a new English colony." Philopœna!

Fashions are continually changing. Instead of the archaic phrase of our forefathers "will you take something?" or the more modern and poetic "how shall I woo thee?" and "nominate your family disturber," the latest form in use in bibulistic circles is "will you be one?"

After they had chased him four streets, across a vacant lot and up a blind alley, they seized a protruding car, dragged him out from under the barn, and discovered—oh, bitter disappointment—the editor of the Budget. They thought they had Sergeant Bates for sure.

If the organ-grinder who played fourteen tunes in front of our office this morning will call round after dark he will hear of something to his advantage. We will guarantee to get him a place where he will never have to do another day's work, and stand a good chance of becoming an angel—one of the long-tailed kind.

A merchant of Elora by the name of Somers was robbed of several articles of clotting and eight dollars in money. This is Somers' winter of discontent.—*Sun.* But what did the thief want with summer clotting at this time of the year?—*Stratford Herald.* He wanted somemore clotting at this time of the year because it is cold.

The Ottawa *Free Press* Kingston *Whig* and one or two other organs, profess to "have a hearty desire to see all causes of bad feeling between Orangemen and Catholics removed," and then they pleasantly allude to the editor of a Catholic paper in Montreal as "the late New York Fenian." Wear longer coats, gentlemen, or—steal shorter codfish!

Joseph Arch, head pueher of the Agricultural Laborers Union, of England, proposes coming to Canada next spring. The many hundred hundred disappointed emigrants whom he induced to give up a good living in the old country for the privilege of having their passage paid to Canada, to starve to death, will doubtless take him warmly by the hand on his arrival and lead him off to some sequestered nook far from the busyhuants' of men, and sit on him, and pull his hair, and make him think he has been overtaken by a large sized slice of the Day of Judgement.

The Kingston *Whig* uncharitably remarks that the only excuse for mothers-in-law, in the eyes of some, is that, nothing is made in vain. We do not refer to this remark for the purpose of saying that a mother-in-law can never be "maiden vain," but merely to mention that we have for-warded a marked copy of the paper containing the *Whig* man's remarks to the *Whig* man's mother-in-law, and shall hold ourselves in readiness to turn out to his funeral any day next week at a

moment's notice. He must learn that "it is a long lane that has no fence round about it."

One of the grounds upon which a young man brought an action of slander against his employer in Belleville was that his girl, to whom he was engaged, refused to have him until he cleared up the report against his character. The jury gave him one-shilling damages. The close of the trial found him with a good deal less money and a shilling's worth of character, and the world is on tip-toe to hear the result of his next interview with his girl. A shilling won't go far towards purchasing a buttoned behind polonaise, but then consider the extra amount of character it represents!

## The Quebec Star.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

### THE CHEERFUL BROTHERS.

At a meeting of the above society held in Convey fish store composed of the following members. Viz: Jimmy Ross president, Gas Pipe Peebles, Robby Shaw, W. Withall, W. Henry John Wilson, Steamboat man and Gulf Ports W. Moore. The President took the chair and after calling the meeting to order proposed a game of 45 on the cards; this was objected to by W. Henry who stated before doing any business they must have a drink, say a gin cocktail which was agreed to after which it was proposed by Mr. Moore that they admit John Giblin to their members but was objected to by Rob. Shaw on the pretext that John drank too much gin. It was put to the vote and carried that John should be admitted as he always stood treat when wanted and also was an influential commissioner of the Board of Trade. It was next proposed by J. Wilson that Owen Murphy Esq., be invited to join, seconded by W. Walker official assignee and resolved to send him a written invitation as he was known to be a jolly good fellow and would stand a dinner at the Club now and then the proceedings here were interrupted by a dispute between Mr. Withall and John Wilson as to the antiquity of their ancestors Mr. Withall stating that Jersey was the place that Noah landed the Ark and his people came over with him. While Mr. Moore stated that he was an agriculturist and practised bobby larming in St. Rochs to an extent they could form no

idea of B. Shaw said in conjunction with his friend Gas Peebles they would not have such topics discussed in their presence after which a general melee ensued in which we are sorry to state the president. Came to grief after order was restored, it was proposed by W. Withall that James Dinning, John Lemesurier and W. Venner be invited to join as they were the right sort of men for a bit of fun as they knew from long experience. "Spruce Pole what a tale thou could'st tell, after a little desultory argument pro and Con, it was agreed that they be invited; and the meeting adjourned to mother Gagnon's hotel, Paul Street, and parted amicably, till next week. The cheerful Brothers never cherish so row but lend away their money to people who must borrow.

Yours truly,  
AN OPPRESENT ONE.

When a female barber was going to establish a shop in Lewis street, fourteen solemn wives and mothers waited on her and took her by the left ear and pointed to the street and gently whispered: "A way wid ye," and she thought it best to away.

The woman lives in St. Rochs who can be carried over a revolving shaft six hundred times, dropped into a race, pulled out and go home and have supper ready at the usual hour.

When a Canada girl loves she loves like a fire engine going to a fire. In a breach of promise case the other day it was shown that a young lady wrote to her lover eight times per day.

An old bachelor, upon reading that "two loves will sit up half the night with one chair in the room," said, "Loving must be inconvenient, for it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor."

Waterloo mildly but offensively urges that a regular diet for the parson of the period would be onions. Few sisters would consent to a "moment of immortality without the t" with a pastor reeking of the fragrant bulb.

A milk-pitcher, thrown by his wife at a John street man on Monday noon, missed the aim and ruined a handsome frame which enclosed the words, "God bless our home."

The *Contemporary Review*, referring to the case of a destitute old woman dying of cancer, asks: "Ought we to kill her? She is good for nothing; has no one to care for her: has an incurable malady. Has not the State a right to get her out of the way?" We would respectfully answer. Put yourself in her place.

### THE OPENING OF THE TOMMY COD FISHERY.

We are pleased to learn, that Thos. Lavallee St. is about to start a "Cabane" on the st. Charles river opposite the Ges house, for the accomodation of gents to be conducted on strictly religions principles. The old Friends will be welcomed and will find the old accomodation. John is himself again.

How is that for High.

### COURAGE CARTERS,

Don't give up yet The Hon. John Young started the richest man in Paul st. with one horse and 5 Brls. flour and now he can afford to tell John. young to go to H—6, the nuns are his body friend.

A Society has been formed intilled. The Quebec Curb Stone Brokers. It is composed of the following members, John Giblin, Paul Charlton John Peverley, H. S. Dalkin, John Laird John Baille, J. J. Bew E. H. Duval J. W. Steward P. A. Shaw, Sign of the Barber's pole W. Convey and Pat Toohy, they will continue to do business as formerly by carrying their documents in their Hats and pockets N. B.

Any person not a members found infringing on their rights will be prosecuted according to law and Lager-heads.

### BRIX LITTLE JOKE.

At No. 261 Esplanade Hill a few young men can have good board. Also two young ladies.

Brix. Answering the advertisement, I say old lady are the young ladies you mention good looking imagine the sequel.



Western papers are hard to please. Now they're complaining because the *Herald* dont print a moy of the horse disease.

H. S. Dalkin Quebec can accomodate them with an article to prevent it. The great Northern Food Association.

Give him a call.

## HORSE AND CATTLE FEED.

Call and see H. S. Dalkin and get a bag of the above we will recommend it.  
Ed. Q. Star

When an authoress names her hero "Claude" and her heroine "Maud," and adopt "Victoria St. Clair" for a *nom-de-plume*, you may know that her real name is something like Sarah Jane Muggins, and that she is a sentimental young thing of thirty-five, with two cork screw curls hanging in front of each ear.

How appropriate, how meet this milkman's name, D Scaver! He works in St. Louis Suburbs.

An often says: "James Rothly was run over at upper station yesterday by a coal train while drunk." And this sad accident should impel temperance men to ask "Whither are we drifting?" When a coal train gets drunk it is high time the brakes were put on the rum traffic. If a coal train can't indulge in "bumpers" without becoming inebriated and running over a man, it should be "switched off" and often.

Foster, the "medium," says: "Once, some years ago, I was playing the piano when it rose a foot or more off its four legs, and an eyeball ran along the keys." So it seems it doesn't affect all alike. Some persons see snakes.

## POOR SPIRE.

Calling Guibord's grave a profane sport.

There was a grand lurn out of the Tandem Club on Wednesday through the upper and lower town where considerable skill was exhibited going round Tom Levallee's Corner. The members looked well and in good paying Condition we wish we meant what we say.

Thanks giving day has come and gone, and we hope we will have more to be thankful for this day twelvemonth.

Not much to be thankful for this year, barring lots of snow.

We take this opportunity of contradicting the malicious report that Geordie Johnson or F. Johnston is no relation of the celebrated nicodemus Johnston, as nicodemus take whiskey.

## THE JEFFERY HALE HOSPITAL.

Is fact becoming an Hospital only in name restrictions being calculated to keep people out, rather than encourage them to apply for medical aid or assistance which we are sure was never the idea of the worthy founder we personally knew the gentleman and are certain he never intended as it at present as there is no fault on the part of the employees but they are controlled by a staff of Governors, who have every thing after their own sweet will to suit their own convenience and Pockets.

"A half a hog to every man, woman, and child in the country is the allotment of the pork crop of the United States for 1875." If any one wants our half for five dollars, let him forward us the money by next mail.

For the life of us we cannot see the philosophy of the petition for a protestant Lunatic Asylum.

We can understand and Inebriate asylum such as Mr. Wakehams good in its way. It might as well be asked to give an asylum for French Canadiens and one for Irish too, we dont believe in half the lunatics there be some of them know more than their reputed sane friends out door.

An agent drove a sorrowful looking horse into town and stopping in front of an hotel asked a small boy to hold him for a moment "Hold him" exclaimed the boy. Just lean him up against the post. That "U" hold him.

Missionaries Ford and Davis are about to start a Temperance paper in the interest of the J.O.G.T.S. We wish them success.

A gent walked into a store in Dalhousie at yesterday and inquired if John Giblin was in. No, replied the proprietor. Poor John is gone. "Gone!" mused the inquirer oh what a said affair. When did he go. About five minutes ago. Pretty well provided for eh. Pretty well I believe replied the Merchant. Glad to hear it said the other solemnly. Poor John is gone-gone-gone. Yes John is gone out to Chalmer's hotel to have a drink. And the subject was changed.

Turkeys are beginning to look serious. Their melancholy time is coming on.

Another \$300 a night lecturer has been forbidden by his physician to lecture this winter, and that physician should continue on in his good work if he wants to earn the plaudits and gratitude of a long suffering public.

## USELESS ELOQUENCE.

A young man who was in Town on Friday in the interest of a new heating apparatus, heard that Major Pinkney was building a new house, and speedily hunted up the veteran.

"I hear you are building a new house," he said to the major.

"I ain't exactly building one," said the major in the tone of a man who didn't care to commit himself; "I have built it."

"Exactly! Glad to hear it," said the agent.

"Have you made any arrangements for heating the new building?" and the agent looked anxious.

"Well, no," muttered the major with a stare, as if the heating of the building was a subject that had entirely slipped his mind.

"So much the better for you," explained the agent, "as I think I have just the article you want, combining economy, heat, and cleanliness. We have sold thousands of them throughout the country, and have yet to hear of a single failure on the part of the heater to do all that is claimed for it. It is the sum total of every excellence yet produced in the numerous devices patented for heating buildings, and I am quite confident that I can demonstrate to you the superior advantages which this heater enjoys above all others. Where is your new house?"

"On Essex street," said the major.

"Suppose you jump in the carriage with me, and take a drive over there. I should like to see it."

The major consented, and getting his overcoat he mounted the seat with the hopeful and eloquent agent, and they drove off. On the way the agent rapidly went over the many favorable points of the admirable heater, and was much gratified at the impression he had evidently made on his companion.

Arriving in front of the new building, a large and rather unpretentious structure, the agent said:

"What are you going to do with this, major? Make a tenement or a boarding-house of it?"

"Oh, no," said the major, as he carefully reached the ground, and looked innocently around, "it is an ice house."

"What?" screamed the agent.

"It is an ice house," repeated the major, blandly.

The last seen of that agent, he was applying the lash to his horse, and tearing out of the neighbourhood at a marvelous pace.

Mr. Hiram Mann let his horse run away with him at Crestline the other day. Next time he'd better Hiram Man to drive for him.

STARLING ADVENTURE IN A  
GRAVEYARD—A GRAVE  
YIELDS UP ITS OC-  
CUPANT.

A young man while crossing a burying ground in a certain town near this recently, had quite a startling adventure. The hour was late—in fact it was nearly midnight and the young man on his return from a visit to a young lady, availed himself of a short route which would lead him through the "silent city of the dead." He had reached the centre of the graveyard when a slight noise attracted his attention, and turning his head he beheld a form rising from one of the graves. With a yell of terror he dashed away and reached home in a state of insane fear. An investigation proved that a mischievous young man had hidden in a grave from which a corpse had been removed the previous day. He knew that his friend was in habit of visiting a young lady on certain evenings and of returning home through the graveyard, so he conceived the plan of hiding in the open grave for the purpose of giving him "a little scare," as he expressed it. He succeeded admirably. There are ominous threats made against the silly joker, as his victim is really in a bad condition. His nerves have received a terrible shock, and it is feared that he may never fully recover from the effects of the frights which he received.

TO

You say that my conduct has changed you,  
You warm-hearted girl of the past—  
That the pride of my heart has estranged you  
From joys you once deemed unsurpassed.  
Ah, me! There is many a sorrow  
To tarnish affection's display,  
And the passion-toast flood of to-morrow  
May drown the delight of to-day.

It may be my words were distracting;  
It may be my hope was too bold;  
It may be my will was exacting;  
It may be my love was too cold.  
I know not, but life is now dreary,  
And storm-clouds have troubled me sore,  
And the hope-rays once shining so cheery  
Have not been so bright as of yore.

Life is not too rich in its pleasures—  
Earth has not too little of pain;  
Oh, why should we squander the treasures,  
And then of the famine complain?  
Oh, darling, if passion be fleeting,  
Soon will its young spring tide be o'er,  
Let us give it a passionate greeting,  
And vex its calm beauty no more.

HOW I ESCAPED BEING IN A  
DUEL.

By MARK TWAIN.

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favour with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) "Daily Enterprise," they promoted me to be editor-in-chief—and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while I *did* last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands, and there horse-whippings promise me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of the rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I said about him—I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that. I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Duelling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there, if you abused a man, and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in our office, "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the matter with a lot of aged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter which made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the bloodthirster I became.

But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant. I was not, thought to be.

I was now time to go out and practise. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and barrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed it of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it, to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—nothing but a fine shot could "fetch" him, and even then he might split your bulle. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favour of the squash.

Well, I practised and practised at the barn door, and could not hit it; and I practised at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash and could not hit the squash. I would have been intirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by, in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practising, too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for of course those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn-door without a wound of a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me— for of course that other man would immediately become as blood-thirsty as I was.

Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush about thirty paces away; and my little second, Steve Gillis, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver, and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duellists came reconnoitring over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said.

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference,

"Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive, who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did!—Can he do that often?"

"Well—yes. He can do it about—well—about fourtimes out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything—I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidences of that kind, so I let the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their under jaws drop, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home; and when we got home half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have wellnigh closed it, in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a rat-rack; but what is a rat-rack to a man who feels that he has intellectual powers? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of duelling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I am making can be of any service to Sunday-school teachers, and newspapers interested in the moral progress of society, they are at liberty to use them, and I shall even be grateful to have them widely disseminated, so that they may do as much good as possible. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine and very grand to be a duellist, and stand upon the 'field of honour.' But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is a bad, immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do every thing he can to discourage duelling. I always do now; I discourage it upon every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now that I can fully appreciate the iniquity of that practice—I would go to that man, and take him by the hand, and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.

#### WHO IS THIS MAN McEWAN?

The representative of the Union Bank. The man who wants to marry Miss Levy, and look after her. Conservatory wont advance a cent to an honest tradesman, but will give any amount to Club house frequenters or their lik. Sho him up, he can keep a modern residence on the Esplanade.

#### CONCERT AT THE NATIONAL SCHOOL HALL IN AID OF THE ORGAN FUND. NEW CARLISLE.

A duet by Mrs. O'Regan and Miss O'Brien. Invitation galop was beautifully rendered, after which Ion Jones gave a recitation "Paddy's visit to London," but the most successful and crowning piece of the evening, was Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, rendition of Bethoven's "Hallelujah" from Mount of Olives, on Morgan's 2 pedal organ, with nasal accompaniments by Mr. Chambers, for which accomplishment we think Eddy is entitled to the first prize at the coming Centenal in Philadelphia.—Communicated.

The *Globe* thinks the electors couldn't have a better man to represent them in West Toronto than Alderman Turner if they had one made to order; while the *Mail* is positive that a more unfit person couldn't be found if you hunted the city with a search warrant and a piece of smoked glass. "Which, Mr. Showman, is the bear and which the Orang-outang?" Whichever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The *Ottawa Times* rises to explain that the statement to the effect that Parliament is to be called together for the despatch of business about the middle of January is incorrect, and that the Premier, in reply to a question from Sir John Macdonald last session, said the House would meet about the beginning of February every year, or as soon thereafter as possible. There is no hurry, however, as the House will have the whole year before it.

The *Belleville Intelligencer* points out that the law provides that if any person inclose anything in a newspaper in the shape of patterns, samples, posts-card, handbills, letters, or any kind of writing, they can be fined not more than forty dollars and not less than ten dollars for each offence. If any of our readers desire to have four thousand shandbills distributed through The Sun, for instance, they can do so by dropping us about \$5 for the handbills and \$160,000 for the fine.

Collingwood had three burglaries on Wednesday night. It is only the other night that Woodstock had six robberies. Now, what is a fellow to do? If he puts his welth in a bank the Bank is liable to burst; if he carries it about with him he is liable to have his pockets picked, and if he takes it home thieves may break in and steal. So, we ask, what should a man do with his surplus welth? N. B.—We deem it proper to say that we do not seek information on this point for our own satisfaction.

#### A DRUNKEN MELEE.

One night I was passing a gay saloon door  
And took a short peep at a scene on the floor,  
A rough set of loafers were smoking and drinking  
Some shouting and swearing, some laughing  
and winking,  
And I knew at a glance that we'd soon have a fight  
And that some of the toper would catch it that night,  
I shorten'd my trace being curious to see  
The nuisance and curse of a drunken melee,  
Nor was I kept waiting too long for the sight  
Of seeing a maniac, whiskeyfield fight,  
For their shouting and swearing soon ended in blows  
And the boonpot companions were turn'd into foes,  
And they gave one another a terrible thrashing,  
While the rumsellers jugs got a wonderful smashing,  
And they married each other and roll'd on the floor  
While a crowd of sight seers took'd in at the door,  
Thought I to myself if the men who make laws  
Could witness this scene how they'd open their jaws  
And frankly acknowledge their doubledy'd sin  
In giving permission for men to sell gin,  
And they'd run with all haste and in deepest contrition  
Repeal the old law and enact PROHIBITION.

#### BY TELEGRAPH.

#### PER SPECIAL SAW-LOG.

Cairo, Egypt, Oct. 31.—My dear Star; I have had a jolly spree with the Shah of Persia, and only for the recent bereavement in his family, he told me he would get gloriously drunk in my company, though, to tell the truth, he was princely drunk at the time. He offered me one of his wives, and when I refused her, he told me to take the whole of them, because it is the Eastern custom for a man to offer you all his worldly goods I told him that I already had one wife, and I even considered that one too much; and really he would not believe me. I was never so indignant in all my life. But of course I excuse him because he wasn't sober.

Yours truly,

WALES.

#### DIED.

After a lingering illness, the North Shore R. Road, under the care of the Hon. T. McGreevy. John Tiernay, N.P., took the deposition and made the will with Nicholas McCarron as witness. So mote it be. No cash. God help us.



## 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.

Spamards have a parable that a newly wedded couple are geese and that the nothern law is the Cummy old fox who sollicite entrance to their house that she may be surely devour them.

Now that the season for making presents to our friends is at hand, we hope that some of jem Carroll's, admirers will give him a new fur caps as the one he at present wears is simply disgraceful his employees, for the sake of their own credit ought to make the presentation.

We must congratulate jem on the absence of Beetles from his rooms-owing doubtless to the ample size of his boots his megrantic friends should while him during the grasshopper season as he would be worth his weight in Cabbage heads to crush them out.

THE QUEBEC STAR is printed by Benjamin Sauvageau, printer, St. Sauveur, for Thomas Doldridge, sole Proprietor and Editor, who resides corner of King and Dominique streets, St. Roch, 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.

**FIREWOOD**  
Sawed, split and delivered from Mr. Burk's grocery, Corner King and Dominique Street, St. Roch.

Established in Canada 1861.

**LAWLORS' CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,**  
Both for Family and manufacturing purposes each machine fully guaranteed.

All kinds of Machines Repaired.  
Office and Sales Rooms, 22 St. John St.  
**QUEBEC.**

**DASTOUS,**  
**ST. LAURENT**  
**& CO.'Y,**

**HARDWARE MERCHANTS.**

**EXTRA MACHINERY O.**

The undersigned, at their store, No. 50 St. Peter street, offer for sale on favorable terms the famous stock extra machine oil, which is now in general use in all the large establishments of the Dominion, as well as Great Britain, and which neither chills freezes nor clogs on machinery.

**STOVES.**

They also keep a very large assortment of Wood and Self-Feeding Cool Stoves, of the latest and most approved patterns, which they sell at very reasonable prices.

**HYDRAULIC PUMPS.**

They also have on hand a large stock of Non-Freezing Hydraulic Pumps, which obviate the sinking of wells, only requiring the boring of a hole by means of a drill, and will be found specially useful to private dwellings, convents, hotels, and other large establishments in the country.

**FIRE, KING EXTINGUISHER.**

The would call special attention, more-over, to their large stock of the celebrated Fire King Extinguisher, proven by actual test superior to any known chemical extinguisher at present in vogue.

**KING STEAM FIRE ENGINES.**

They are also Agents for the famous Fire King Steam Engines, and all other appliances for Fire Departments, which they dispose of upon most favorable terms and conditions to Municipal Corporations and others.

**STAR GLOSS PAINT.**

They are, further, the Agents of the new and valuable "Star Gloss Paint," patented last July, the cheapest, best and most durable paint in use, for roofs and other similar purposes, being thoroughly fire and water proof.

**DASTOUS, ST. LAURENT & CO**

**HARDWARE MERCHANT**

**No. 50, St. Peter Street**

October 19, 1875.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**

On and after Monday, the 15th instant, Trains will leave Pointe Levi for the West as follows :-  
Express for Richmond, Montreal and intermediate Stations (connecting at Montreal with Express to Portland at 7.30 p.m.  
Mixed for Richmond and intermediate Stations, at.....10.00 a.m.

**DIERIES, 1876.**

**MESSRS. DAWSON & CO.,**

**HAVE RECEIVED :**

A large assortment of Diaries for 1876, in every size and form for the Pocket or the Counting House.

**-ALSO-**

Illustrated London Almanac for 1876, with numerous illustrations, and six pages printed in colors in addition to the usual variety of Miscellaneous Matter.

Bow Bell's Almanac for 1876

India Number of the Graphic and Illustrated News.

For sale by

**DAWSON & CO.,**  
Foot of Mountain Hill.

**NOTICE.**

M. McAVOY, the well-know Merchant Tailor, has opened a Dry Goods store and Tailoring establishment, opposite the Merchant's Bank, Levis, where he hopes that, by his long experience of the business he will meet the encouragement of the people of Levis and the surrounding country. All orders will be executed with dispatch and in unrivalled workmanship. Our style of business will insure satisfaction to all.

**M. McAVOY,**

**THE**  
**IMPERIAL**  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

**-OF-**

**LONDON.**

**(ESTABLISHED 1807.)**

**Subscribed and Invested Capital**  
**Reserved Fund,**

**£1,945,000 ..... STERLING**

**Funds Invested in Canada, 105,00**

**D. A. RGS,**  
Agent for Quebec.  
Foot of Mountain Hill.



**P. DERY,**  
*Restaurant, Cul-de-Sac street,*  
 (Opposite Champlain Market Hall.)  
 FRESH OYSTERS ALWAYS ON HAND.  
 18th November, 1875.

**J. D. LAWLOR,**  
 Manufacturer of  
**SEWING MACHINES.**  
 No. 22, St. John St., Quebec.  
 18th November, 1875.

**RYAN'S HOTEL,**  
*Corner St. Paul and Sault-au-Matlot St.,*  
 LOWER TOWN.  
 Best wines, liquors and cigars always on hand.  
 MICHAEL RYAN.  
 18th November, 1875.

**LONDON CHRONOMETER  
 DEPOT.**

**J. O'DONOHUE,**  
*Chronometer, Watch and Clock Maker,*  
 No. 27, St. Peter Street Lower Town,  
 QUEBEC.



Every description of British and Foreign  
 Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Nautical  
 Instruments CLEANED, REPAIRED and  
 PROPERLY ADJUSTED, on the shortest  
 notice, and most reasonable terms.

**MUSIC.**  
**JOHN COURTNEY**, the celebrated violinist is  
 still as lively as ever, and is always ready to attend  
 Balls, Quadrilles and Private Parties.  
 All Orders will be punctually attended to.  
 J. COURTNEY.

**DRY GOODS.**  
 THE Best and Latest styles at **SHERIDAM'S**,  
 Mountain Hill. The Goods have been marked at  
 the very lowest prices, and will not fail to give satis-  
 faction. Please call and examine the Goods, which  
 are undoubtedly the cheapest in the city.  
 Quebec, Nov. 19.

**JUST RECEIVED :**  
 A VERY FINE SELECTION OF  
**Epergnes, Lustres & Vases,**  
 in Cut, Flint and Ornamented Glass.  
 —ALSO—  
 The Latest Style in  
**Triple Electro-Plated Ware,**  
 from first-class English and American Man-  
 ufacturers,  
 AT  
**C. SEIFFERT'S,**  
 EUROPEAN BAZAAR  
 November, 19 1875.

**WANTED.**  
 Three or four respectable lads to deliver  
 the QUEBEC STAR.

**IRWIN & MARSHAL'S**  
 celebrated  
**TUBE CLEANERS.**  
 T. PATON,  
 Sole Agent,  
 69 1/2, St. Paul street.

**KELLY'S HOTEL,**  
*And Commercial Restaurant,*  
 CUL-DE-SAC STREET,  
 (Opposite Champlain Market Hall)  
 First class accommodations for travellers. The  
 house is new, and fitted up in the best style. The  
 choicest of wines, liquors and cigars may be always  
 found in the bar.

**GAGNE & MORIER,**  
 REAL ESTATE AGENTS,  
 Loans and Collections, Commission Merchants, etc.  
 ROOM 12, METROPOLITAN BLOCK,  
 Chicago, Ill., U. S.

**DR. POURTIER**  
 DENTIST,  
 No. 15 St. John Street, U. T., (Opposite Palace St.,)  
 QUEBEC.

**QUEBEC SOCIETY**  
 —FOR THE—  
*Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*  
 To those who may feel disposed to donate by  
 WILL to the Benevolent objects of this Society, the  
 following is submitted as a form :—  
 FORM OF BEQUEST  
 I give and bequeath to the Quebec Society for  
 the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals established at  
 Quebec in April, 1870, the \_\_\_\_\_ of .....  
 Dollars.

**WRIGHT & CO.,**  
 BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND NEWS-  
 DEALERS,  
 No. 16, MOUNTAIN HILL  
 New York Ledger, Boston Pilot, Irish American  
 Irish World, Irish Canadian, Irish Democrat, Amer-  
 ican Gael, Canadian Illustrated News, New York  
 Herald, Toronto Globe, Montreal Star, Star and  
 Gazette, New York Clipper, Frank Leslie's publica-  
 tions, Scientific American, Leslie's Young Lady's  
 Journal, The Metropolitan, Boys of England, Boys  
 of America, Boys of the World, Boys of New York,  
 New York Sun, Harper's publications, New York  
 Weekly, Saturday Night, Danbury News, and all  
 the leading papers of the continent, as well as the  
 English and American magazines.  
 ALSO  
 Prayer Books, Bibles, Albums, Scrap Books, Chro-  
 mos, Engravings, and all the works of the best  
 authors, in prose and poetry.  
 Also, Le Courier des Etats-Unis.  
 18th November 1875.

THE BEST COMIC PAPER YET.

**"THE QUEBEC STAR."**  
 An Eight-Page journal of 24 columns,  
 Devoted to Wit, Satire, Humor and Light  
 Literature,  
 WILL APPEAR ON SATURDAY  
 NEXT.

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

Editor and Proprietor :  
**THOMAS DODDRIDGE.**

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

The first number will contain the com-  
 mencement of an original tale, by Richard  
 Slattery, entitled.

**THROUGH GRIEF AND DANGER ;**  
 A TRAGIC STORY OF QUEBEC.

Now that we have female sons of Tempe-  
 rance ; and that the Young Christian  
 Associations have waxed quite warm on  
 their rapid march to the New Jerusalem  
 which has been specially prepared for them ;  
 and that the Government contemplates an  
 additional tax on beer ; and that the City  
 Councillors have all taken the pledge of  
 eternal abstinence from ginger ale and  
 horse-cakes ; and that the Graving Dock is  
 to be built in the *Budget* office ; and that  
 the *Witness* is disgusted because there  
 wasn't a riot at Guibord's funeral,—Now,  
 we ask, is it not time that we poor sinners  
 should have at least a few drops of *Punch* ?  
 Surely, neither the male or female Sons of  
 Temperance will deny us this poor boon.  
 Our respected old friend, Mr. Boggs,  
 says if the female Sons object to a weekly  
 bowl of *Punch* from us, he will give each  
 of them a goat's kiss, and make them stick  
 to their *ma's*.  
 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.