

**THE STAR.**

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—BY—

C. L. PALMER.

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**JOB WORK**

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THE DWIGHT WEEKLY COURIER.

All hail to the good people of Dwight! We cry aloud and rejoice with them in the exuberance our great joy and the pleasure we feel in the birth of their pet creation the Dwight Courier. This interesting stranger made its existence manifest on last Friday afternoon in a clean bib and tucker and is now become a fixed fact, an entity of the present irrevocable, and leaves us nothing more to sigh for unless it may be its future prosperity and consequent existence, to insure which THE STAR is willing to make any sacrifices—even unto one half the fire and genius that so eminently characterizes it.

But if the nursling has to die in the teeth cutting season by that effete disease known as inanity, we hope it will go down to death with a dignity befitting the more than Roman love we bear it.

Long before the hour announced for its "public bow," the walks in and about the office were crowded with anxious and curious friends awaiting "first impressions." The anxious ones being a heavy brigade of amature 'Bohemians' or impromptu quill drivers whose spring chicken effusions were drum'd into service as a 'fill up' for the first issue, and they of course were anxious to see how their bantlings looked in type!

Prominent among the anxious ones, was our would be, portly friend "Pitch Hin" whom we first noticed trying to kill time by eating his finger nails. Having dined comfortably of them, it was amusing to see his effort to coax another growth by spreading them out lovingly over the region of his heart and retaining them IN SITU by an insertion of his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest.

A nervous jirk or two, brought his battered hat over just the right number of hairs for his purpose and then becoming concious that his literary abilities—so well known—had drawn the attention of the curious on him, he set off for a turkey-cock strut, so peculiarly his own through the "vulgar 'erd" and was lost to sight.

"Our Churches" was perfectly calm, selfpossed and unmoved, preserving the unruffled demeanor of the 'model gentleman' and forming a beautiful contrast to the surging sea of literary aspirants around him. He manifested no seeming uneasiness for the dove he had sent forth as a feeler, having been in print before as an accredited correspondant of some merit.

"City Ordinances" was also on the ground with his usual smiling happy face, and 'smoothly witching tongue,' accompanied by the inevitable "Holy Moses" who read proof with him the night before, of course this strangely matched pair only happened there, 'no intrest in the concern, no sir!' their intrest was only a fraction of the grand integral that was all(?)

And now we reach poor "Salutatory" who with his swanlike neck and his slim long legs and whole make-up looking like the afternoon shadlow of some body else—as standing apart from the restless crowd carving a post with a huge jack knife and whistling idly for want of thought; he reminded us forcibly of the Roman Marius in the ruins of Carthage—solitary and alone. Poor fellow was he dreaming of the fate of the little CANOE he had just launched upon the waters 'he could'nt see' or was he cogitating upon the surprise in store for the

THE STAR  
people of Dwight when informed by  
list of Advertisements' that Cand  
Hinckley GRAIN DEALERS had chan  
their business to the Ice Cream and C  
dy trade—good business in its self,  
quite a fall.  
While we were contemplating  
and others with the Latin maxim in  
mind o TEMPORO o MORE a grand s  
announced the birth of the stranger  
the triumph of Dwight.

SERGICAL.  
A Mr. Dyke living East of  
met with a severe, if not dan  
accident on last Saturday whil  
ing a young horse. The anima  
fright at a passing locomotive  
its effort to run fell, throwing it  
over its head and stepping on  
The wound was dressed by D  
fant. The sufferer was doing  
last accounts.

CORRECTIONS.

Some inaccurances and typo  
errors have crept into the artic  
first and fourth pages though  
ght with our proof reader M  
that we were correct and clea  
particular. We will try and  
takes hereafter by a more ca  
tion 'Celebrity' in the mar  
should read CELIBACY, we mi  
others but this will put the  
guard—for errors of like kin

Mr. Bradbury says HE D  
REPORT FOR THE STAR.

Mr. Jno. Campbell left fo  
on Monday last—sorry—Co

Cigars & Tobacco at PA  
Orange NECTAR at P

The Presbyterian Festiv  
day evening was a success  
(Financially) than the Meth  
ing from the number in atte