

SOFT JOBS IN THE POST OFFICE.

Pot belly Bolduc cannot earn his money white and English good fellows Carrier (the fair haired boy) cleans the postmasters boots and s weeps out the office and cannot do that right, Bourget and his cousin from Point Levis are paid for looking at Carrier doing nothing.

Dear Star.

In your last number some fellow says that I have the yellow jaundice. I must differ with him on that point, the fool, he has been deceived. I am rather dark (copper colour) and he put me down as having the above mentioned malady, I suspect its a disappointed Councillor that says such things about me. I intend to stand for election again they all annoy me in Point Levy, because I can cut then all out the ladies think an awful lot about me, when you write about me dont mix me up with Verrault the sneak match splitter Ben Gin or lunatic Marcel I am above such low fellows I intend to give a nice little party soon. I will invite all my friends, my brother and I can be invited any where we please because we are musicians I hope my friends will come en masse to the polls and vote for me. Yes gentlemen vote for me and my friends, fine intelligent big (pig) headed men. These are the men that St. Joseph requires. If I am elected we will have some fun. Prevost and I will give an exhibition en led la chasse au Lièvre.

Thanking for your space.

I am sir

Albert Pa 3
Councillor.

We are sorry to say that the respected Editor of the Star lost one of the eyes of his specks, better that than one of his own. Still strange to say he sees more with the remaining one than when he had the two, especially when the Busy Bees as they now call themselves (why busy we don't know) turn out with their splendid dumb band. It certainly looks imposing a fine body of men carrying a brass instrument each and no music, why the fancy officis of the B. Battery avoid our little "Star" so much, we want to know, perhaps we do know.

One who does know.

St. Patricks day passed off very quietly, with the exception of a couple of shindies, one in Bridge street near the lower end at a hotel. The other in St. Paul street at the Orchestra hall, better known as the Bowery one man lost another man's watch and chain which he had borrowed for a certain hotel keeper, another got his coat torn off his back. No names mentioned only dont Wag too much. No Braces, but the real

BLACK CUFFY.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

Quebec was fairly represented at the Governor General's balley ball at Ottawa last month.

Imagine gentle reader you who possess imagination.

William Selby DeBarnis!
Joseph Onion Laird!!
Capting George Roult White!!!

Misericordia Inio. Little Deb got invited through Adolph Caron, taking up Caron's fancy dress made by Darlington the tailor.

Laird engineered his through Jim Patton influence with some Ottawa lumberman While got his (considerable loadying was required) as he now gets all his fashionable invitations though his bad fitting uniform made by his Pa's sewing girl Pa keeps one in the house now that his family is connected with Allan's *Good Lord*. Deb went in fancy dress as monkey, red jacket cap no brucher but did not avail himself of our kind offer of the loan of the tail, which is still laying about in our garret somewhere, you can have it next time Deb, no charge, Laird was dressed as a shop boy or counter hopper, it suited him naturally.

Whith went in the garb of his old ancestor, Jim Roult the cheaply one, never came back to the pigs and parties, one of our learned boys was overheard saying in a very thoughtful voice. I am glad I declined my invitation to these balls or I might have been sent down to him masked Quebec alannah, are ye always to be in the shade.

We have received a shock to our nervous system that we will not get over for a while. We allude to the recently appointed Sham Harbour Commissioners. If the city was searched from end to end, no more unfit men could have been found. However it is the same old story. Poor Quebec is well Place ridden, no matter how incompetent if some underhand political influence can be obtained all is right. The poor Quebec people wont do more than complain a little, grin and bear it.

19th Century Blush.

Boss contractor Hanley of caulking fame we are informed is learning the figure head business, we are sorry to see him leaving the old trade, as he made a pretty good thing of it, thought he was not always successful in his jobs for instance that job of raising the ship down below was a failure, we are given to understand it was economy or not putting enough threads in the seam we would advise you to stick to the old trade, it is a bad sign to see the rats leaving the ship.

Lower town Dick.

LAKE BEAUPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the Star.

Dear Sir would you kindly give place to these few lines in your widely circulated journal and oblige one of your Beauport friends, a disgraceful row occured here last saturday week at the funeral of a respectable citizen and friend of yours, I need not give you the name as you certainly must have heard of it, B. McG—r and a quondam friend named Ch—s fell out over a nip of spruce at Mother Filion's and pummelled one another pretty well. First blood for C—s, also a heavy fall by poor B. McG—r who was not in good fighting trim having a brick in his hat. B—s second on the occasion was a certain Blake (not the admiral of fame but a sound backet for all that) Ch—s second being L. S. I—ll, one of the Boothook aristocracy, Jas. Kelly Esq. fashioned for his experienced acted as battle holder. Time being called the men came to the scratch, by order of J. Pearson assisted by his brother-in-law. First round, some very pretty sparring Ch—s planted his left mauley on B. McG—s nose and brought him to earth causing the claret to spout, first blood for Ch's time 1m. 45sec. 2 round. Up and at it again with the same result only less sparring B. McG. evidently giving in very fast, time 1m 53sec. Kelly called time and after some discussion agreed to throw up the sponge. The referees on the occasion were Thos. S. G. n and Dan over B—d the bravo. Dr. Guttery the celebrated fiddler having his case of medicines stepped up and attended to the wounds of poor B. McG—, who got badly bruised, after the application of some sticking plaster and other simple remedies the combatants were placed in their respective vehicle. After order was partially restored a series of personal rows commenced which were only quashed by the appearance of his Reverence the parish priest who cleared the ground. The origin of the riot was we are led to believe Religion and Trout fishing.

Signed Muscular Christianity.
Lake Beauport.

We advise Bald headed Jem Fitz the timber tapper to not colonniate his neighbours draw it mild Kilkenny or we will insert some of your youthfull pranks that happened in days of yore.

Rock Valley.

We learn with pleasure that our friend James Paul is about to leave Norfolk Is, for Quebec. We hail him with open hands Pull down your vest, Tommy-God!

Would that I had written a book said Walter Linnman when he saw "Irish Catholics," letter in the Montreal "Sun" of the 16th inst.