

## "TAFFY."

"Voughal" is matched against an unknown for telling lies. Angèle has been crying ever since Aleck went to New York. Long Tom brings home the photograph every night from the office.

The firemen long to have a shot at that parrot in the bindery window.

All the boys go to Jim Fisk's barber shop to get their jaw bones scraped.

Johanna, of Colborne street, must stop visiting the Lady of L. on Sundays.

Joe has been in town for the past few days, and Sue has got to keep away from Charley.

Bony "kicked" on four kings last Sunday night, and would not catch the "chips" for the boys.

Dear In——: Call round at No. — St. Con——. You should not have broken that engagement.

We wonder if A. L., J. B. and F. T. will ever give up those little sprees, and settle down to business.

Frank G., the plumber's boy, is getting too fresh. Take care, or Willie, the lard architect, will mash you.

J. W——n, of Ottawa, says if the sugar house don't hire more men he will complain to the Government.

Joe P., of Chambly Basin, need not be surprised if he finds B. at Nellie's place when he drops in some day.

The "Grand Chaplain" called at 94 on Sunday evening. We trust his visit was in the cause of morality.

Crawford hangs around the St. Lawrence Hall once more, looking for "soft snaps." Look out for him, boys.

Tom H., of No. 3, wants some one to give him a good dog. "Can anyone tell where my dog is gone, etc.?"

If Aleck F. don't stop firing crackers and cheese at 108 St. Charles Borromiée street, the girls will give him away.

Benny H. is trying to cultivate a moustache, and the girls are all laughing at him. Get a rope, Benny, and pull it out.

"Basso-Profundo Jim" has made a new "mash"—this time in Griffintown—and was doing the pave on Sunday night.

Old Fred has bought a 35 cent suit, and stuck "Stonewall" for a box of O. K's. He is going to get out a patent for that shirt.

We are surprised at you, Billy, to be taken in so; you should have better sense. It seems to me that Port sent you to the wrong port.

Dan McC——y, the friendly butcher, has purchased a new bell-topper for the wedding, and has left it in Cannon's forge to be blocked.

John K., alias "Irish Jew," was seen on Friday night in company with the "Flowing Tide." Look out, John, for T. P., the celebrated clothier.

Mankie: It's no use trying to collect that \$1.10. If we hear any more about it, we will have to tell all we know about that Back River racket.

If Mary M., of Point St. Charles, don't keep her hash trap closed, she will paralyze the two sports that escort her to the office every morning.

The chicken butcher went on another jamboree Sunday, and barely escaped with his life. He says he will carry a knife in his boot in future.

L. L——s and his pal, J. M——n, of the East End, had better let up on William street before Nelly and Lizzie, of Fullum street, hear of it.

We would warn John P., alias "Pouder," and his friend, G——r, to look out for the old man when they go driving again. He swears vengeance.

Poor McDon——, some of the girls are passing remarks upon your countenance since you shaved. You looked very bad in B.'s the other night.

Windy W——t carries a slung-shot now. Look out! Bill D. and J. T. M. had better look out, as our Observer has his optic on them.

Mary went to Rouse's Point last week after her lover. Stick to him, Mary; he is a nice young fellow.

Jack M——y, alias "Nibsy," is going to get his hair dyed, his moustache curled, and then he will be able to "mash" all the girls in the Point.

If A. A. J., the tony bookkeeper, persists in giving lozenges mixed with love powders to the girls on George street he may get himself into trouble.

Georgie will return from Burlington this week. She is visiting all her lovers before leaving for home; so now Freddy let up, or she will give you up.

Gibbie is gone back to the telegraphing business. It is a good thing he has to work, for he will not be able to see that lady home to Bonaventure street.

J. K. is expecting a prominent situation as overseer on a dung hill. He had better keep riding a goat up and down St. Joseph street until he is wanting.

Long Tongue Johnny K. and lunny Johnny McG. may as well keep their mouths closed, and not be talking about others, or they will lose their front teeth.

Stotta has removed from his late boarding house to the New York Hotel, in St. Cunegonde, and is going to buy his girl a suit of Japan and Young Hydson.

W. C., who resides on M. street, and is commonly known as "cheese it," had better give up going after Miss L., or Jess will hear of it, and give him the board.

If G. B. F., the wholesale rag clerk, does not give up parading with that fair dame on Mansfield street, McD. (the human roofer), has tar and feathers in readiness for him.

Billy P., the windy stove dealer, had better let up taking Candy Jessie to the Back River, as the old man is watching him. Jessie is giving him taffy or candy on a string.

"Chauncey" has had his hair cut and his head sand-papered, and you would hardly know him now. He gave the boys a great boot racket the other day. "Don't be talkin'."

If Paddy C——l, the would-be cigar-girl "masher," would take our advice he would drop the gang around "Shorty" M——s's yard, and advise his darling to mind her work, or quit the shop.

M. F——r, of D. street, the long-eared "show," says that he intends to purchase a \$10 suit of tweed at Huston's. Let him take this as a timely warning, as his mamma does not know of his intentions.

Jimmy B. is kicking about not making any money on the 24th. Don't you believe it, Tom, as he showed us a wallet big enough to buy a block of houses. Look out for him, Tom; he is awake all the time.

Mort——'s col'ar is blown off again. This is the second time he has had this misfortune; the third time will be ruff. You had better rusticate for a while, now that all the "spons" are gone; all in one night.

Ned C——c and the beautiful French female lady have dissolved partnership. Poor Ned! We may as well mention that Ned says he can freesco the side of a fence as good as any man wearing small sixpens.

Mark L., alias "General Lafayette," is no more allowed within the sacred (?) precincts of No. 3, as Fred kicked about the last racket, and bounced him. Kick again, Fred; lots of room. Put them all out this time.

Bill O'L——y, the talking machine, better known as the kitchen-wolloper, has given up the "budge," and is now very busy with Mary Ann, all the same. She knows he is no bookkeeper, and that he is only a storeman of the worst type.