

MORE "TAFFY."

Ask "Pole" about the cat?

The great conundrum: "Where's Pat B——n?"

Lily is going to put a chair on the truck for Captain J. ck.

Vic. says she has made up her mind to marry the circus boy.

The Australian Warrior and Phil are rusticiating at the Capital.

Widow C. had her fortune told last week, and feels more hopeful now.

John McG. has given up body-snatching and has fallen back on the Chien d'Or.

Bob D. claims to be the champion player at "odd man stuck," W. N. included.

Florentine and Stanley both received letters from their darling Lou on Sunday.

The flaxen-haired lass was out as usual with the would-be Yankee on Saturday night.

"Pretty Nose," of Bonaventure street, and Leader are negotiating for a "trade."

Johnny B., the brass-butcher, lost half a day helping his intended mother-in-law to move.

Jack S——y need not be so funny, or perhaps he will get a little racket. Be careful, John.

Beaupré and Laura Parent have returned from Chicago, as the "graft" wasn't very good.

Fagin and the great Ricardo have opened a very extensive factory opposite our publishing house.

Paddy B. and Ned M., the "cabbies" on the Square, had better let up "bracing" the cigar store.

"Five-cent Tom" is going to the South Coast in a short time to recuperate. Can you save a life?

Pat wants to play "odd man stuck" for a new spring and fall. Who will take Pat's challenge up?

Drop into the Sazerac, 299 No're Dame street, when you are passing. Joe wants to see what you look like.

The "sleeve-button" 's gone—
Alas! poor "John."

Jim C. and P. M. won't have so much time to travel Craig street now, as the red pipes are once more on the dock.

Captain John Min. will receive the Brooklyn 13th on the 24th of May. Captain, have the Bum Gums in good order.

Barney F——y writes, saying that he is going firing on a steamer this summer. Take care, Barney, you don't get fired overboard.

We notice that Dan, the big "drummer" from Toronto, is in town. He is a heavy-weight among the daughters of Eve.

Johnny W., the fiddler, ought to keep away from Vitre street, as he might get a head on him, now that Gussie is coming hom.

The wolves at Carrol's had better look sharp, as the old man will show up oftcner, and they will have to produce once in a while.

J. K. W——n ought to settle for that marble table he broke, for Maggie is liable to give him the "grand bounce" if she hears of it.

Mac: You are making too many visits to Phillips square. Better look out, or you will get captured, and then what would Liz do? G-o-o-d e-v-e.

Tom L——n and his "chum," J. G. T——y, who sit at a window on St. James street, every afternoon, can give it up, as the "daisies" won't look up at them.

Billy Mc. still hangs around the corner grocery, and has made up friends with his Quebec girl. Look out, Billy, or the boys will take her from you again.

The great walker, who is to be seen nightly on the Main street, shadowing the fair maidens, ought to stay in the bar at least one night a week, and give somebody else a chance to go out.

Our old friend, Bob T——n, has once more returned from Portland, where, it is said, he has spent a very pleasant time. Keep straight, Bob, and shake the old mob, or you will hear from us.

Stonewall and Old Cock have formed a co-partnership, and lost \$14 at their first sitting on Sunday night. The old man kicked with both feet, but says he will give Stonewall another chance.

Chaw H——s is all right again, and will sell the hoop cheap. His head is not nearly as big as it was, but we are afraid it will begin to swell again when he gets another dividend from the sand bank.

Angèle promises to give Aleck 50 cents on the Queen's Birthday, so that he can have a good time. He ought to save what few cents he gets, till he has enough to pay Black Joe the \$3.15 he owes him.

John G——n: We think it would take all the money you can earn to support your wife in Newfoundland, without blowing it away on the old "cruisers" around town. Stick to the old woman, John.

Jim H., George P., Harry McK. and Geo. L. took a walk on Saturday evening last. It seemed strange they should waste so many matches to find those "numbers," as the moon shone bright and full. Guess the party did also.

Charlie T——r, the St. Antoine street swell, has "bilked" his tailor for another suit of clothes. His chances of running the Coursol street girl are bettered now. Go it, Charlie, and cut out the other rooster. We wish you success.

Tommy D——y, of Petit Windsor, is once more made happy, the "Common Ould" having returned from the Capital. Brace up "Dummy," and try and keep her in better shape. You better not go to New York just now. The fare is too high. Besides, the Water street gang might get on to you.

Jack and Bill, the two would-be sports, had better pay less visits to B's, on Notre Dame street, at nights, as we have our telescopic eye upon them, and will have to tell their ma. Billiards are too expensive a luxury for such raw youths. What would Tess and B. S say if we were to "blab?" It would not be a game of 30 points.

A "BREEZE" FROM THE CAPITAL.

To the Editor of City Life.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of a copy of your popular and valuable paper, and it has occurred to me that I might send you a few items about some of the "heavy sports" in the capital. I will, however, be comparatively light on them this week.

E——l, well known in Montreal, is living in a quiet, respectable locality with a Sparks street boot and shoe clerk. Rachel, in consequence, sports a new and elegant pair of No. 15's each week. Whilst the leather man is at work, some of the gang drop in at his residence, and take good care of his darling. Of course, this is kept "mum."

Joe, the newspaper bum, and the most consequential ass in the capital, manages to get sleeping accommodations at one of our mansions; but it is not known whether he sleeps on the floor or in a luxurious chamber.

Jack C—— is continually yelling "Whoa, Emma," but Em doesn't "whoa" worth a cent, and knocks the devil out of her lover. Shame on you, Jack; your *physique* (although you are the worst padded man that ever strutted) would warrant you in striking back and paralyzing that ugly, big-mouthed "crow," whom you have spoilt.

Hattie, the blonde, has two fellows, both of whom called at the same time a few nights since. Charles "put up" like a major, and the other fellow—a Jew from Montreal—presented Hattie with a magnificent brass ring. The recipient, however, fondly imagines it the genuine article.

F——, the N. P. man, visits everybody at Anglesea square, gets the wine, and doesn't pay for it.

An ex-member of the Dominion Cabinet and R. S. never sleep at the hotel. The question is asked where do they? A little bird answers, "wherever they are solid."

George F. is teaching his "Folly" how to speak the English language correctly. An arduous task, George.

A number of other wrecks will be shown up next week.

AJAX.

Ottawa, May 1, 1879.