

## SOFT JOBS.

We have another little Soft Job on hand. We mean the so called Trinity House a useless institution the master Bummer. Old vitality Sit with his interesting family drawing two hundred pounds per year, for to make his appearance twice a week, for an hour each day. He certainly is a nice specimen. He and his like have to be provided for no matter at whose expense. The most useless old, bummer have the nice little billets to keep up their respectability and horses on the Cape. If they only knew how much respect thy command they would be surprisid at the small opinion held of them. Drawing a salary to do nothing. He has visited Europe Asia Africa and America and is posted on every subject from an Arabian horse to a caughtewaga Indian scalps. Vitality, we know how much you know that is very little. You deal about fat pork but would be very sorry to have your appetite. A glutton is a poor production of God's creation. Not much thought about but still has to be tolerated. We have nothing to say to the other employers of the Trinity business as they are respectable business men and do something for their pay but we hate incapable old loafers. The Quebec Fire Assurance also affords, a place to sit and sleeps during the winter the company furnish good wood, and certainly the clerks get the advantage of your company.

A little too much as they imagine. But you don't mind as long as it suits your own selfish self, Old Vitality give us a rest you know just what other people have forgotten. Your century is past you have lived in a past age and it is too late for you to try to go ahead of W. F. or any other man.

The partridge is a nice game of little bird but our Peter st. partridge is not a very pleasant bird to play with. Mind your pockets as far as a good shave is concerned. It must be a good biz as we have so many getting fat on it how much for the eggs who does the marketing is the question asked by your neighbor who has not got the cheek to fight a habitant for 2 coppers.

Don't be mean,  
Plumpy bird.

A Tuckahoe woman has received \$500 for a husband who was scattered around by a train of cars, and as Tuckahoe husbands run it wasn't such a bad bargain.

The wheels of a hack passed over the neck of a man two weeks ago, and he has had a hack-ing cough ever since.

## WANTED A "TINKUP."

Recently a dejected-looking man, with the appearance of one who was making desperate efforts to appear unconcerned, stepped into a prominent and fashionable dry-goods establishment up-town.

Scorning the proffered stool, he braced himself firmly against the counter, and looking the polite and attentive clerk fixedly in the eye, broke the impressive silence by abruptly demanding:

"Gimme tinkup!"

"We do not keep them, sir," smilingly replied the affable clerk, and the glare of suspicion with which that man regarded him was sufficient to chill the blood of a snake.

"Dunkeep tinkups?" he asked, quietly and distrustfully.

"No, sir," replied the clerk, "we have no tinkups. This is a dry-goods store. You will find the tin-store further up the street."

"Few donkeep, notincups—watch-keep?" demanded the man, imperiously.

"We have granadines, calicos, baröges, grosgrain ribbons, tarlatan, velvets, moire-antique, empress cloth, pongee and Japanese silk—"

"Shut her off!" ejaculated the man. "Puttit up? puttit up!"

He turned away with a dignified gesture and walked away with stately, though uncertain, strides, and dived into the Plunder store, where he startled the proprietor by the same urgent demand for the "tinkup," and he was finally piloted into Kant & Kriechbaum's, where he bought his 'tinkup,' which he fell down on before he got to the Barret House corder, smashing it flat as a pis-pan.

He was helped into his wagon, and as he drove away, the law the citizens saw of him he was holding the flattened tin-cup before him, examining it.

Theres a man in this City,  
That's acquired some fame  
By trade a shoe-maker  
And Cahill's is name.

With Kewan in Champlain  
He used to reside  
Who's shops was convenient  
To charley Gilbride

That trade being too hard  
For this Gentleman (Cute)  
Thro' political friends  
He got a Custom House suit

For six months he wore it  
And then did resign  
And now he's bookeeping  
For Mr. Lemoine.

## A PULL BACK.

A little Pullback sought one day  
The gates of Paradise;  
St. Peter wiped his spectacles  
And rubbed his ancient eyes.

And throngs of female angels came  
With curious gaze the while,  
Intent as ladies always are,  
To see the latest style.

The Saint put on his glasses then—  
An observation took;  
"What! What!" he said, "this traverses  
The laws of mustn't look."

"Tied back in front! Piled up behind!  
"I will never do, I fear!  
The thing is too ridiculous—  
You can not enter here."

What did she do? My curious friend,  
She got behind a tree;  
And in a jiffy she was dressed,  
As angels ought to be.

St. Peter kissed her then, and said:  
"Pass in, my little dear;  
But mind, you mustn't introduce  
Such naughty fashions here."

## SHADE OF BYRON BEHOLD THIS!

We learn by the London Gazette that we own in Quebec a bona fide Don Juan all alive and kicking. He used to sign J. P. after his name and was proud of it, but now he will back in the sunshine of Don Juan Lairds, cousin to Don Juan Maisie. Ye consuls of Peter street hide yourself in youdens when he passes by.

Frchette.

We understand that there is a female cackling club to be organized in the Cove this week all female cacklers are requested to send their names in immediately to—

SAM BÜTLER,  
Bateau-man.

There will also be formed a sister club of Cacklers for St. Lewis Ward the Ladies of that quarter are requested to forward their names to

JACK MARTIN,  
Garter.

Billy Ferinas has been appointed our agent in Pensacola.