

THE CITY LIFE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

THE MAD PUNSTER.

A cingle Barren loved aye made,
And woo'd her hart by Knight and Dey;
But when knee begged she'd marry hymn
The crewel bell responded neigh.

Now at her feet Inn voin he side
And tolled her of phis onst pane;
A lass, his mown touched not her sole—
His ev'ry grown was awl in vane!

"Owe, bee my bride, my deer, I pray,
And here my aize before eye dye—
O castle me not in scorn a weight—
Yew are the apple of my I!"

She herd and new he truly spoke—
He was of noble berth, and bread
Too lofty mean and hie renown—
The air to grate estates 't was said.

"Ewe wood do better, sir," she baid,
"Two court some mother girl I wean—
Ewer not mee style—alsie never ahare
The thrown domestic as your quean!"

"Tis dun, O fare but Scilly won,
Iste waist no father aize on the?"
Off to the nearest port he flue
And through himself into the see.

Little Jimmy, the "Fop," peregrinated East on the Sabbath, and tumbled into a cask of gin. The gin will be sold at auction as damaged goods.

The "Big Four," who took the drive to Lachine, Sunday afternoon, must have got badly mixed up, as they insisted on having the carter run the Rapids.

Lost.—On Saturday night, the contents of a wallet, amounting to about \$25. The finder will be handsomely rewarded (in a horn) by returning it to "Skeleton Ike." No questions asked.

On dit that J. B. L.—e will shortly publish his celebrated song, entitled: "The day I played Handball," if it should not cost too much. Success to the enterprise, John.

B—h, the swell "hustler" and military attachée, who generally makes a grand stand and dinner (free) when the Canadian heroes prance forth in martial array, better mind his Bacon, or he will be left out of the fry of dead-heads when the Brooklynites feed at the Windsor.

The claw-footed Sheeny, General S., has given up the jewelry business, on account of the depression in trade, and can be seen every evening on German street playing muggins. He is going to rest for a short time, and will have the kidneys extracted from his feet before the 24th May.

New Firm.—We are glad to hear that Mr. Louis P., the "windy" son of one of our innkeepers, has given up bookkeeping and entered into partnership with his father's cash-box. We congratulate him in his new enterprise, and hope that fortune will pursue him as far as Miss Exilda.

Now that the grounds at the Wheel House are open for perambulation, it is to be hoped that our dashing young sports from town will "ease up" a little and give the boys at the Point a chance, or, if not, some of them may have to be "wheeled" to their homes, and consequently necessitate the writing of an obituary notice.

"TAFFY."

"Frogan" is off again.
Did you ever see a "Sturgeon" tackle a "Pike."
Which is the solid man—Butter Mike or Little Mike?
There is a talking machine for sale at 168 Wellington street.
Nelly Bly says she is going to swear off drinking and chewing snuff.

Pat L. is again on the walk. Be careful, Pat, we have our eye on you.

"Fortune-telling" is all the rage just now, especially among the widows.

The only way to arrest a bad cold is to swallow one of our lightning detectives.

If Pat Wh—n don't stop towing girls up St. Joseph street, Nell will hear of it.

Give up the blonde at Point St. Charles, Frank, or Mist R. will not wait for you.

If Larry E. don't give up blowing the flute, there will be nothing left of him but his boots.

Since Gus has taken off his sideboards, the "Biscuit Shooter" is more "mashed" than ever.

Tom B—n says his carriage is not a hearse, but the best in the city. Go down and see it, boys.

If Jack G., of St. Mary street, don't let the fisherman's daughter alone, Alex. will put a head on him.

Prof. C—n, the champion (?) billiardist, ought to keep his ar's ice until it is asked for, otherwise we will split on him.

Joe D—c—y has purchased a Greeley hat, and intends to astonish the inhabitants of St. Joseph street shortly.

Chauncy, alias King Carrot, has shook the old trade, and intends tending bar on the wharf—"Glasgow sugarsticks."

The physician who is in the habit of writing anonymous letters had better let up on himself, or we will give him away bad.

Since I a Fortune has failed, Buffalo Bill has been looking rather disheartened. Don't despair Buffalo, the Liberal cause is good.

Frank has returned from England, weighing some thirty pounds heavier—not bone. He may be seen nightly around his old haunts.

Fred: If you would not crow so much, the boys would think more of you. If you do not put them out, you will never have peace.

J. W., of Bonaparte street, better give up spending his Sunday nights on McGill street, for that headache racket won't work any more.

We are glad to see that George S. has let up on the Cornwall daisy. Quite right, my boy. We will not let Nell know anything about it.

Peter W—h is sporting the silk handkerchief that he found on the sleeping child's face in Portland. You ought to be ashamed, you big duffer.

Danish Minnie is tired of getting old dresses made over, and is praying for good times. She says she lost her old lover on account of THE CITY LIFE.

Theophile V—e, the dizzy bookkeeper at one of our hotels, ought to drop on himself and look for a permanent situation, and not be living on the old man.

Tom H., the bad Yankee from Portland, is a heat of the first water, and saloon-keepers better make him put down the sugar before they give him any "booze."