

MORE "TAFFY."

Beck is going to get a woollen leg for his horse.

Fogarty's Yankee swell had better see that she has not too many admirers.

Johnson Mell—e has joined the gymnasium, and is learning to stand on his head.

Stotta, the professional tea merchant, is in love with the little St. Joseph street blonde.

Dutchie (79), had better be careful. Her old lover, Charlie P., will soon be around again.

The velvet-coat man has traded off with Pete, at the Canada, for a vest. How do you feel, eh?

If the lager that Harry B. is peddling is as "fresh" as himself nobody will find fault with it.

There is a hawk and a couple of planks lying in Ann street. They would make a good scaffold, Fred.

If F. W. A. don't stop corresponding with Liz, on the Lower Lachine Road, James A. A. is sure to hear of it.

D M—r is going to give up that bedroom sett, as the boys are getting tired of it. When is the wedding?

Mike: Nelly says you and your friends should not pay so many visits to Peltier's at such unseasonable hours.

Dummy, the chicken-butcher, says he has shook the "common old," and was on a great racket Sunday night.

B—k, the straw man, says he has not had a drink for four weeks. "Believe me, Mr. Mc.; Believe me."

NOTICE.—All tickets for the levee at Jane's are to be initialed by "Shacknasty Pete," formerly "Jane's bouncer."

We advise Tooke's girls to give no more hops, if they can't produce enough grub for the bloods. Brace up, Mag.

"Little Fox" need not "kick" so much at what we said about him, for if we ever open out on him he will go crazy.

The Devere Brothers are getting sick of walking to Panet street twice a week. How she loves to give them "tiffey."

Will "Von," the fat butcher, be kind enough to remove the stone fence, and allow the sparrows to cross the field?

Our Mr. B. went to Boston; tired of spring lamb he wanted a change—spring chickens and strawberries, "by jove."

The two nurserymen mentioned in our last issue have dissolved partnership. Mr. L. A. L. will continue the business.

Handsome Ned, the blonde, is down in the mouth. "Bilking" is played out since the THE CITY LIFE gave him away.

If Jerry R—y, alias "Budd Doble," don't let up on that little girl on Jacques Cartier street, he will hear from us again.

Rody D: Beware of the widow in Shannon street, or you will be a fit subject for Longue Pointe before the summer is over.

Get your liquors and cigars at "The Zaccrac," 209 Notre Dame street, where you will meet good company, and be well treated.

We notice that Jack L., the genial "drummer," has returned from the East. Well, Jack, what about the seaside flirting this summer?

Tommy K, the William street tenor, is about to give a grand open air concert on the Haymarket. It will, no doubt, be a success.

Bill B—e, alias the "Bonquet Winner," had better return Mrs. Mud's purse; if not, he may find himself some fine morning in durance vile.

A. S. says that F. M—ll and F. W—n need no waste any more paper about him, as he does not care a straw about either of them.

If Pat H—n, of Griffintown, wouldn't frequent St. Joseph street with his mouth open, catching mosquitoes, he might grow a little fatter.

Freddy and Charlie have removed from 64. The landlord did not want any more concerts to take place in that building. Nice 64! Sweet 64!

Bill will have to fix the table after this week's CITY LIFE appears.

If Johnny McG—h, alias "Talking Machine," would have less to say, the girls would think more about him. They say he is too much of a "chaw."

M. K—y challenges any man in town to a beer-drinking match. From our own personal knowledge, we have not the least doubt but that Mike will win.

Sam G—d looks immense since he got his Government suit of clothes. Take good care of them, and don't get on a racket, or you may require a new suit.

It would be well for Harry B—d to stop throwing his "lappers" on Dolly, at Mrs. G—r's, or else the great medicine man, N. P. W., will break him in two.

We cannot imagine why Joe S—t is so foolish as to buy boots for his lady, as he knows very well she will "shake" him again the coming fall as she did last.

Larry F—n came pretty near disgracing himself the other night. The runner swears that he'll paralyze you the next time you try that mean kicking game. Stop it!

Jim R., of the Metropolitan, ought to get further back in the store when he gets his arms around a young lady's waist. It looks bad, Jim. Beware of D—n.

Nell P. has lost her darling "Bert;" he has gone to New York to look for the "sleeve button." Don't place any confidence in him, Nell, for he is a terrible "masher."

"Three-ball Jake" ought to be ashamed of himself. What was Big Frank doing in the shop the other night? We will have to send a copy of the paper on to New York.

"By dang" it was a shame to put a stove on the trap door, and keep John C—y in the cellar when he went to get a bottle of ginger wine the other night. "Mush-t-a-be!"

Lady Tom, the celebrated clothier, has given up p'aying poker, and is dabbling in stocks with his "pal," W. E. D. How did you like Tim at Lachine? Too many cards, Tom?

Johnny Mc—e, commonly known as "Slicky," has made up with his girl again, and they now do Dorchester street, by Atwater avenue. She ought to drop him, and take Mac.

The long legged and justly celebrated ballot-box stuffer has made up with Crawford, and may be found there at all hours. He don't need to go to New York any more to get a game.

Willie G., of St. Catherine street, the great ladies man (in his mind), was seen with a pot wrestler the other night. He had better be careful, or his lady friends will give him the go-by.

Johnny K—y says he can take the St. M. street blonde away from Mike F—y, but Mike is apparently the best man there. He says there is no one in this town able to spoil him.

Louis C. and his pal, J. S., took a drive around the mountain last Sunday. They found the roads very narrow. Too much hop juice was the cause of the roads being in this condition. Stop at home, boys.

Sam J—n, of O—e street, intends leaving for New York, early in June, to compete with Gus Sutherland, of that city, in a grand talking match, talk-as-you-please. Go it, Sammy; we'll hold your bonnet.

Since Joe I—n joined the sugar factory brigade he has ordered a refined suit of clothes from a well-known tailor on St. Joseph street. Beware of the real man, Joe, he may be tempted to chisel you ere you get his daughter.

"Stonewall Jackson" and "Reddy, the Blacksmith," went on an excursion to St. Vincent de Paul on Sunday, and had a first rate time, having bought a loaf of bread and box of sardines for lunch. Extravagant mortals!

Frank D—, of the "K. B. L.," says he will have nothing to do with P. T—y, if he kisses another colored wench while in his company. Good enough, Frank, but what about that little affair at Panet and Craig streets?

What do you think will become of you, Johnny O'B., if you persist in walking the public streets in broad daylight with that old "crow." Give it up, John, or we will paralyze you. You are a disgrace to the society of which you are a member.