

## MORE "TAFFY."

Did you see Terry to-day? He looks "immense."

Wally has struck for higher wages, and has gone a brokering.

Drop the fisherman's daughter, Willie H. Windy Alex. has his eye on you.

Jack McL., of canine fame, is advised to "kennel" his matrimonial ideas.

Johnny G., you quiet shaver. "Still water runs deep." Have you found bottom yet.

Fred, the "kicker," from Bath, has bounced some of the reporters of THE CITY LIFE.

Polly's beau says if she goes back to Hingland it will be all right. Go back, Polly.

Jack B——n, of Young street, had better not get too fresh, or we will give him a little racket.

Handsome Oscar has made up with Bridget, and they are apparently as happy as two turtle doves.

Walter E——s ought to give up putting locks on bedroom doors, or his old folks will have to hear of him.

G. S., of the bindery, and his celebrated horse, Stumpy Joe, no doubt will make a grand show on the 24th.

"His Nibs" may be seen around again, as salty as ever. He had his door plate stolen during his absence.

Barney G——n, the giraffe, is going to the seaside this summer, and will probably call at Clatham on his way.

Jack B., the East End blower, has sent a challenge to Johnny K. for a six days' talking match—talk-as-you-please.

Aimée is anxiously awaiting Harry Mac's return (?) from Belleville. Lottie K. has been giving her a breeze about Net.

Jack, the "Australian Warrior," has returned, and many's the "mash" he and "Tony Jim" made on Saturday afternoon.

Henri B——r's feet have been troubling him lately. Is it the tight new patent leathers? Or do you want a bath ticket, Henri?

L. A. L., the pedant bookkeeper, and A. B., the "windy" Customs officer, are about to keep a nursery of two or three kinds of roses.

W. D——y started on a tramp to Boston, and got as far as Ogdensburg, when he came home again. He was crying for his ma.

H. D——u, the swell dough slinger on St. Joseph street, had better give up hunting for worms. The old man will soon be home.

The flaxen-haired lass "loomed up" very nicely at Tim's reception on Friday last. Do you think she is really "mashed" on T. D.?

A little flat-footed Johnny, the blonde, says he never joined the Fat Men's Club, and, as Johnny is the pet of the ladies, we cheerfully apologize.

Our blooming friend, "Baker," takes exceptions to our tender little sheet, but still continues to visit St. Maurice street. Look out, brave boy.

John F., alias "Buckley," may as well give up visiting Hearnine street, or he will not be able to turn out on the 24th, as the old man is around again.

Tommy H——s, the little dandy, alias "Our Musical Gem," has just finished a course of two weeks' training, and can now be engaged at \$2.50 per song.

If you ask George S. A., of the Express, what time the Berther boat leaves, he will probably show you *that bouquet*. Better luck next time, George.

Ching Chang Chinese George, alias Windy George, may be interviewed any evening, on St. Catherine street, regarding the kid glove company of the Vics.

It would be well for Peter McC., alias "Tall Hair," to keep his capacious cavern shut, or else he will get his inside burnt out, as the warm weather is approaching.

A. H. W. and his fair innamorata (the Centre street blonde) seem to enjoy very much their long walks on the Lower Lachine Road; but *it is about time* he said the word.

H. T——m, the "nob," who wears the piece of plate glass in his eye, departed for Lachine the other day. Ho! Ye men of Caughnawaga, look out for your squaws.

We are informed that Bob H. has secured an engagement under Sitting Bull, and is at present actively drilling a company of squaws for the 24th. Is it so, Captain B.?

W. C. T.: Be careful; that young lady from Brockville is in a towering rage.

"Waugh" told a customer the other day that he never sold a common shit. The customer being rather astonished, said: "Waugh-t, never?" Well—you know the rest.

Joe Riendeau, at the "Zazercac," 299 Notre Dame street, deals out the finest cocktails in the city. We know what we're talking about, for we've been there ourselves.

T. O'H——e, the celebrated kitchen rounder, should not undertake to carry any more pigs-foot jelly in his pockets until he has them tin-lined, as he in my spoil his new suit.

Bill (Jeff) D——s, late taffy maker, is very often seen intoxicated lately, as living on the European plan has greatly increased his pocket-money. Jeff: What's the price of cheese?

Handsome Ed., the blonde, is back again, with a new suit and plug. Look out for the "boss bilker," or he will make some of you look *blue*, and will give *sauce* in the bargain.

It is not true that Patricio Callarico fell on the butcher's hook. He got ruptured on the hydrant at the door of the Orange Hall, 81 St. James street, on his way to the "Jolical" Survey.

The mid-day prowler, John, who wears a suit a shade lighter in color than the tuft of hair on his upper lip, had better let honest working girls alone, or a meat-axe may fall on him.

Johnnie P. cannot be very lonely, as he still runs the St. Martin street team, but he should quit trying to "mash" the Chaboillez square blonde (?) on his way out. Liz is watching him.

If J. H——n, of Rock and Rye notoriety, and "pals," will persist in being so fresh in broad daylight, the "Boy on the Roof" will give them dead away in our next issue. Look out, Ned.

The party who "collared" George P.'s red silk "wipe" at the walking match on Saturday evening last is known to us, and we will give his name in full next week if he does not return it.

Old Fred, the soft-cigar maker, got his hair dyed a couple of weeks ago. He says he would now be able to see his washwoman, if Sam would only give him a box of O. K.'s to raise the wind.

Benny H——s is getting to be very funny of late, and is trying to "mash" all the girls on St. Joseph street. Keep better hours, Benny, or we will put the "Boy on the Roof" on your track.

We have received a letter from Jim F——n, Ottawa street, the Griffintown grocer, with a picture of his dog "Buster." Please call at our office, Jim, the fighting editor wants to see you privately.

Long Pete D., alias "Old Jane's Bouncer," had an invitation to the grand opening in the new house, but Pete was afraid he might be called on to put up the wine, and weakened. Shame on you, Pete.

Pete, the fat bartender on St. Joseph street, has left his measure for a five foot hoop, also for an iron band for his head. The lager beer season having arrived, it has a great tendency towards swelling.

T. M——s, the "dauler," is requested once more to settle for those tickets of the E. L. C. If he refuses, the consequence may be very serious. Come, Tommy, have a little style about you, and square up.

Ned H——y, alias the "Windy Orator," has been entered for a twenty-four hour talking match. Judging from Ned's superior abilities as a talking machine, there is no doubt but that he will come out a winner.

We notice that our friend Orson A., the sculler, and the Duchess of Point St. Charles has renewed their acquaintance, and are likely to consummate matrimonial bliss during the heated months. Stick to him, Maggie.

A great prize fight is announced to take place shortly, between the two well-known rounders, "Lightning Bill" and Jack M——s. "Cinnamon" is to handle Bill, and "Chauncey" will do the honors for Jack. "Pole" is to be referee.

Mike H——s, the bad Yankee, claims to have had a good time down in Portland last winter. He says he beat all the gin shops, and will do the same here. Get the seat of your pants stuffed before you start, Mike; all the gin slingers here say you are no good.

*On dit* that the would-be high-toned Willie, who lives on St. Mark street, is about to leave the city, and try his prospects as a potato peeler on board the Lake Superior. He wishes his friends to consider him as a middy of the first water, and not to look down on him as in the past, during his days of luxuries, as a dead beat and a tobacco twister.