

MORE "TAFFY."

Did you see Joe Bedard's collar?

Lyon wants to know if you'll "throw."

The members of the Mystic Club appear with clean-shaven faces.

Hamilton H. has returned from Boston, and Lucy has one more lover.

John W——r, the "Shark," comes up with a few spring suit "Stand off?"

Waugh and Wah Lee are no relations, although they are both in the shirt business.

John is about to lose the "sleeve-button," as it intends taking a trip to New York.

Joe Q——n has given up telling lies, and built an ice house. Bully boy, Tyrone.

When "Calumet George" gets that Government suit he will go to all the Signor's receptions.

The champion fun billiard player of Canada has given up the cue and is looking for "draw."

John McH——h had better keep away from Anne, and save the old man from using the stab awl.

Don't be getting so "fresh," Grace, for we can give you a good "setting cut" if you're looking for it.

The walking bailiff has accepted Johnny Boland's challenge, and the match will come off at an early date.

If Dan don't stay home at night the members of the society will have to lose half a day to attend a funeral.

T. S., of the laundry, is all out to have his legs insured, as they are giving away at the knees. Poor Tom!

If Tom F., the best reef tree in the world, don't quit playing tuih-rse he will wear a linen duster next winter.

George S. had better not have too much to do with the young lady from Cornwall, as she might capture him.

Bill S——k, one of the old "bums," has returned from Portland where it is said he passed a "cheekered" career.

James McK., the great milkman, as a "masher," has no equal, and in searching for females he leaves no stone unturned.

Sue is looking positively handsome since her return from Yankee town, but she talks too much with that small mouth of hers.

The Baker is very fresh, and still haunts St. M. street. Look out, my blooming youth, or we will show you up in fall next week.

J. P. and M. M. had better keep away from the gallery on Murray street, or they may get a little of boiling water on their heads.

The "Big Headed Blonds" and Fit "bilked" a cart about 2 a. m. Sunday, on College street. Set 'em up, boys, and avoid trouble.

If "Little Fox," the ex-lobemaker, don't pay less attention to the ladies and stick to his little game of poker, we will give him away.

Now that walking matches have become monotonous, it is proposed to match Windy King against Niss in six days' talk-as-you-please.

Emma, of 718½ Craig street, ought to close that big mouth of hers, now that the weather is getting warm, or she will get her teeth sunburnt.

We don't wonder that all the "crises" keep out of sight, now that Lottie Ashley has returned; she "takes the cake." That's where D. Mc. gets left. Poor boy!

I. J. L., the Englishman, had better look out for the rain and man, or he may get his jaw broken once in re. Better clean your hands, and stick to the Sheeny rag-picker.

Long John H——, otherwise Edw., at C. R. C's., had better keep his double windows in order, so as to be enabled to see that his dear Kate is "mashed" on "N. bby" J. W., who travels East. Keep your blind eyes open, John. If anything new transpires you shall hear again from us.

We would strongly advise Danish Minnie to purchase a stout cord for the purpose of tying up Bobbie. That, we think, would be the only way to keep him away from Sue.

When you are getting home early in the morning, step in and see "Black Joe" at The Sazerac. He will give you a decoction that will keep your eyes wide open all day.

Bob M. must leave the squaws alone, or he will be sure to get scalped. The Caught wags are looking after you. Beware, Bob, as we have a ready too many bald-headed men.

Windy King has returned from his American tour, and is more bellows-like than ever. During his stay in Syracuse he had the handling on the ears of the leading journals of that city.

Fred, of the N—— Wine Saloon, had better get a wife of his own and not trouble the better half of others. We have a basket ready to gather up the pieces if the old man ever tackles you.

Hugh K——y, of Duke street, had better give up boozing, for the last hoop burstled that was made for him. If he does not "drop" on himself he will have to grease his head to get his shirt on. Oh, Hugh.

Ed W.: Please light a match when going up stairs, to prevent your lady callers stumbling and disturbing the neighbors. Ted, why do you have evening receptions so often, and especially at such late hours?

Frank D. has "struck oil," he having been presented with a barrel of the burning fluid by a friend, which he intends to dispose of at the small sum of ten cents per gallon. A fortune made in a day. So Frank says.

Harry and Bob, of the Post Office, are match'd to swim from the Queen's Basin to St. Lambert's, as soon as the water is favorable. The first on the wharf is to be presented with the song entitled "I know a bank, etc."

Nathaniel P. W., the great medicine man, had better curb his inclination for married women. Should he persist in his evil ways, he may get a head put on him that will be of more benefit to him than the one he now is possessed of.

Our swell Boston cutter, the "Dr.," made a suit of clothes last week for a gentleman hailing from Jerusalem, the Holy Land. It is the first Christian suit of broadcloth that that gentleman has ever donned. He looks as sweet as Honey Dew.

Coal Oil Johnny and Big Dutch Bill, of the Rubber Factory, are going to take a farm at Lake Macannamack, and are now canvassing for the sale of wood, eggs and butter. Johnny says he can cut more wood than Bill. Send him a challenge, Bill.

We have heard of "the man with the terrible gall," but we never saw him till the other night, when Mr. Alex. Murray, of 190 St. Constant street, told our editor he ought to be engaged in some more respectable business than writing for THE CITY LIFE. Be careful, Aleck, and don't get "lashed" again, for Angèle says she will take back the new suit if you don't keep straight.

The sun is on the flower-bed.

And on the moon-ain's brow,

If you have overcoats to "hock,"

Prepare to do so now.

Magistrate—You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler?

Prisoner—Impossible, your honor; I never leave anything at the bottom of my tumbler.

Physician (who has just examined an Irishman's lungs)—There seems to be some trouble here—pneumonia, or something of that sort; have you ever expectorated blood?

Irishman—Och, yes, sir.

Physician—How long ago?

Irishman—About eight years.

Physician—Did you feel sick?

Irishman—Och, I did that!

Physician—What was the matter?

Irishman—I had a tooth pulled.