

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 8.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

TRULY HUBAL.

'Twas evening, and the village chimnes
Most beautifully chime;
The graceful cow and warlike calf
Unanimous lited home;
The bleating sheep in chorus blote;
The squealling piggies squole—
The *tout ensemble* being quite
Bucolic as a whole.

Two lovers, happy, hand-in-hand
Stole stilly to the stile;
The crickets cricked; the owlets 'owled;
Bats beat about the while;
The katydidks in unison
Together katydode;
The whippoorwill set up their cry
And ominously crode.

The genial skeeter hummed his hymn,
And hate his baneful bite;
She tried to say a tender poem,
But could not say it quite;
And, when he gope a mighty gape,
She smole a sickly smile;
There was not (for the sake of rhyme)
A mole within a mile.

She heaved a mighty, deep-drawn sigh,
And he in answer sighed;
And round her taper, shrinking waist
His manly coat-sleeve glide.
Then, while the distant curfew-peal
Lugubriously pole,
She drew a pickled onion forth,
And enily ate it whole.

M. F—s, the would-be vocalists, had better let up on that piano, get his pants paddled, and set off again, because Fred says its getting too thin.

If French Charlie, the laker's stable-boy, does not keep away from Cass's, the butcher's daughter shall hear of it. Be more careful of your money, Charlie.

T. D—u has left worms since it was rumored that the old man would soon be home. He had better stay away from the cottage and the blonde, or Charley M—I will put a head on him.

Joe Niemckan left last evening for Three Rivers, where he has opened the St. James Hotel. He was sorry to leave so many "beats" behind, but he couldn't take them with him. *Au revoir*, Joe.

Good news has arrived for Dutchie and Georgie. Charley and Freshy, late of sweet 64, are about to take up their quarters in Notre Dame street. The number we will give in our edition of next week.

Mr. A—y, alias "helle of the hall," has again returned to his fair-haired blonde. They looked remarkably well as they walked into St. James street Church last Sunday evening. Maggie, of 265, will, no doubt, feel the loss severely.

Sam, the celebrated copper cigar maker, better known as the "Russian Bear," has, owing to the depression of trade, resolved to make no more cigars, but to devote himself to the ennobling business of fertilizing. We wish him luck, and hope he will find many gold mines.

COMMUNICATIONS.

NOTES FROM THE POINT.

Mary has given Albert the "shake."

James M— and the strawberry blonde are going to the Wheel-house on Sunday afternoon.

Joe L—n, the refined man, better be careful of his new hat, as some of the ladies are in love with it (not himself).

John C—n, the "bold soldier boy," was out on furlough the other evening, and tried hard to make a "mash," but as usual, got left.

If Willie M. allows himself to be seen any more on Forfar street with that other young lady, he will most assuredly get the "grand bounce" from Miss C.

WANTED.—A man who can run a 100 yards dash with Jack M., of St. Gabriel Market. The prize will be a "booze" for both, if Jack is defeated.

Joe L—n, makes his usual tour of the Point every evening, in search of "some one to love," but has not captured anything as yet. They all say he is too fresh. Alas! poor Joe.

Edward H., the horse-shoe heater, of Farm street, has been duly appointed Bandmaster to the Tin-whistle Brigade of Centre street. They couldn't select a more worthy man than Ned.

The gents who make it a practice of hanging around the War Office, Centre street, ought to have more manners, and leave ladies pass quietly. Our correspondent has his eye on them.

Bill B—e, the iron-piler, says he will pay as many visits to the charming widow as he pleases. That's right, Bill; we will prepare another "bouquet" for you. But what about that portemonnaie?

Jack D—y, H—n, P—r and S—y, the great fishing quartet, went on a glorious excursion Saturday, and returned Monday with a string of curiosities, which they intend sending to the New York Aquarium.

J. R. G., the St. Joseph street plumber, thought he was doing a big business when he came over here, thinking to capture G. A., but soon found out his mistake, for R. L. C. (O, that's the boss singer) soon cut him out.

Mike R., of Grand Trunk street, has lately been instructed in military drill by Paddy K., and now wants a commission to go to the Cape to fight the Zulus. Take care, Mike; you'll be more likely to get a breeze from us than a commission.

James G—e had his umbrella destroyed by a spark from an engine while dead-heading a ride on the G. T. R. mixed train from the Point to St. Lambert's. Jemmy, you will have to keep away from the Gregory House. Look out for James C—'s special.

A 200 yards hurdle race will come off on Saturday next, on Centre street, between two noted runners—Tony D—y and C—l, the bad milkman. Ned G. has been appointed referee for the occasion. A large concourse of people is expected to witness the contest.

A correspondent writes: "If R. A. D. does not look out for M. T., she will give him the g. b. for C. K., who looks so charming with his new grey suit. I do not see where M. T.'s eyes are to go with that G. T. R. quill-driver. I think I might cut him out of the star of Lomas's skating rink."