

THE  
**Illustrated Police News**  
AND SPORTING TIMES

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879

**OUR DETERMINATION.**

In this age of enlightenment and depression, tradesmen generally adopt the rule of "quick sales and small profits;" and in the newspaper business the same system has been found to work admirably. To this end the publishers of THE NEWS have decided to reduce the price from two cents to one, in the hopes of doubling its already large circulation. The advantages of this action to advertisers cannot be overlooked, as THE NEWS will thus become the best medium in that direction in this city. It must be understood that it takes considerable time for a new journalistic venture to become a success financially, but the proprietors are extremely gratified with their present prospects and should they continue proportionately, they will in a short time issue two editions each week.

**SCENE IN NOTRE DAME CHURCH.**

A citizen of the American Republic of an imposing mien enters and modestly take a back seat. He is observed by a practical joker who never misses an opportunity to play one and motioning to the collector as he passes with the plate, he in-

forms him that the stranger is a distinguished American judge, and should be shown to the pew reserved for those high officials. The collector walks up to the Yankee and informs him that there is a pew at the disposal of distinguished personages and the stranger nothing loth follows him to it. Our American friend with characteristic nonchalance proceeds to make himself at home by assuming a free and easy posture. Presently Ald. Genereux, who is one of the churchwardens, catches a glimpse of the supposed judge, and enquires of the principal sexton how it came to pass that the judge's pew is occupied by that man. "Why, replies the uniformed official "He is an American judge of the Supreme Court, and is certainly entitled to the courtesy extended to persons in his position."

"Not much" observed the worthy City Father. "He is a Yankee coal oil pedlar who has been trying to sell some of his fluid to me for the last few days."

"Suppose" continued the fat alderman, "suppose for a minute that four or five of our judges had attended service to-day, how could you have accomodated them with seats in that pew when it can hold only four?"

"I never saw so many judges in church at one time" answered the experienced sexton.

**OUR TRAMP'S NOTE BOOK.**

The "Canard" excursion to Quebec tomorrow, (Saturday), promises to be a most successful affair.

Dr. Duchesneau's dog is dead; it shuffled off this mortal coil on the same day that Ex-Lieut. Gov. Letellier's canine departed.

Advertisers say that they receive more value for their money in THE NEWS than in any other paper. This is owing to our large circulation.

How do the numberless individuals who daily hang around the Police Courts find a means for maintenance, is the query.

Tuesday evening the classic precincts of Victoria Square was the scene of a rough and tumble fight between four viragos. There was considerable hair pulling, much cursing and a number of torn dresses. No policemen in sight.

When a professor, a newspaper reporter, and a bear go up together in a baloon, and any accident occurs by reason of which it becomes necessary to lighten the machine, we think the professor should be thrown overboard first, and the reporter next, in the humane endeavor to save the bear.

On tuesday evening last as a young gentleman was ascending the steps in rear of the new City Hall he was accosted by a gang of five rowdies one of whom caught him by the throat. Fortunately he had a dagger cane and the ruffians noticing the glistening steel as it was drawn from the socket beat a hasty retreat. This under the shadow of the Police office. The Champs de Mars is infested nightly by

the most disreputable characters and the guardians of the peace should be on the alert.

An old lady, evidently from the Country stopped in front of the place where the Zulu (?) is being exhibited and noticing the immense figure on Canvass, remarked to the man with the "Texas Jack" hat and killing moustache, who sits in front and bawls out "Now here's your untamed Zulu." "Say, Sir, sure that man isn't as big as that, ye can't put that off on me." Sombbrero didn't reply but kept on tapping the Canvass, while the boy inside turned the hand organ and the giant exhibited his manly form.

A New York paper says:

"A Montrealer has made his fortune by renting houses for immoral purposes, owning property in every ward in the city but two. He is at present contesting an assessment for taxes where a light valuation was made by the city on the ground that he exaoted exorbitant rents from his tenants and that his ownership depreciated the value of his neighbors' holdings. This is the same worthy citizen who, according to a court, cannot be libelled, no matter what is said of him."

Every person will recognize the estimable citizen. There are others that may be shown up later on.

"Has dere been a tall cullud woman heah dis morning?" inquired an excited looking negro, as he entered the station.

"Haven't seen any," answered the sergeant.

"Hasn't been no woman here to get her husband took up for hittin' her wid a table leg?"

"Guess not haven't seen her, though she may drop in at any time."

"Yes, she may" mused the negro, as he buttoned up his coat, "and I guess I'll juss step over into de States and wait furdur developers."

Several gentlemen whose wives are still out of town, have formed an organization known as the Free and Independant Widower's Bean Eating League. They claim that they are entitled to some little amusement so long as it is perfectly harmless.

Those poor police clerks are a persecuted set of young men; we feel for them. Even if they do "knock down" a few dollars now and then and treat the rich better than the poor, is it any reason why an enterprising evening contemporary should devote a column article to their frailties? Where is the new reporter who has attempted to fathom the mysteries of the Police Court, and gained but little information from the urbane officials, but who will concur with us in our sympathy.

But to be serious; there is a different system needed in the Police Court. There should be a Chief clerk not only in name but in authority, and where could we point to a better example than the well conducted Recorder's Court office where every man is treated alike and where bribes are unknown? The affairs of this Court are run like clock work and could be adopted with much advantage by the tribunal over the way. A little change please and relieve a long suffering public.

Mr. Hugh Graham, proprietor of the "Star" and Mr. H. Balch, a reporter, gave bail on Thursday, to appear on Thursday next, at two o'clock, to answer a charge of Criminal libel, preferred by Edward Mc.Mahon, a distant relative of ex-President Mc.Mahon of the French Republic, at present a clerk in the Police Court. Mc.Mahon considers his character injured by an article in the "Star."

Montreal reporters get princely salaries, some as high as \$4 a week. They are thus enable to drive fast horses, dine at the club and have a good time generally. Newspapers publishers should take a note of this and cut down the knights of the quill.

Théophile Bissonnette and two of his pals entered the residence of Alphonse Menard, 338 Richmond Street, last week, and after ransacking the premises they prepared to take their departure with the plunder, which consisted of Menard's watch and various other articles. Bissonnette having got a glimpse at the pretty wife of Menard, lingered behind and approaching the bed where she laid beside her lord, impressed a forbidden kiss on her lips. She awoke and was almost sickened unto death by the gin polluted breath of the burglar. She nudged her slumbering husband in the ribs which soon relieved him from Murphy's embrace, and having explained to him what had transpired, he jumped to his feet and succeeded in capturing the thief whom he handed over to the police.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

Correspondence on all subjects solicited. Parties sending contributions should give their real name, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Montreal, July 30th 1879.

To the Editor of the News.

Another of those "Professor" Hewitt concerts have come and gone. Like all others it proved a fizzle, and as you say in your last "we hope it will be the end of them." In New York the Count Johannes is a man after the fashion of our Professor but has some talent, while I do not think Professor Hewitt can make any particular claim to any. The next time the "boys" get up a Prof. Hewitt Concert, please show them up.

Yours,

ANTI-HEWITT.

(Editor's note.) We do not see what right you have to disparage Prof. Hewitt's talent. We have attended a number of his classical concerts, and have been struck forcibly (not with a cabbage as you may surmise,) but with the extraordinary power of the Professor's voice. You will therefore excuse us for taking the liberty of scoring out your remark that "the Professor's singing resembles the braying of a mule and his playing the sounds of a broken down hand organ." We cannot in justice to the "great tenor" allow such a critioizm to appear in our columns. Now that we have taken the Professor under our editorial wing we will see that he is not made the tool of designing young men.