

THE CITY LIFE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1879.

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POETRY.

EXCLAMATORY!

At church I sat within her pew—
O, Pew!
But there I heard
No pious word,
I saw alone her eye of blue.
I saw her bow her head so gracious—
O, Gracious!
The choir sang,
The organ rang,
And seemed to fill the building spacious.
I could not hear the Gospel law—
O, Law!
My future bride
Was by my side—
I found all else a mighty flaw.
And when pealed forth the organ's thunder—
O, Thunder!
I fixed my eyes,
In mute surprise,
On her whose beauty was a wonder.
To me that maiden was most dear—
O, Dear!
And she was mine—
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.
Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
O, Bless me!
Before she came
My life was tame;
My rarest joys could but oppress me.
The service done, we sought the shore—
O, Shore!
And there we walked,
And sadly talked—
More sadly talked than e'er before.
I thought she was the type of goodness—
O, Goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words, whose very tones were rudeness.
We strayed beyond the tide-mill's dam—
O, Dam!
She jilted me;
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham.

Is it the correct thing for a gentleman to wipe his false teeth with his bandana on Notre Dame street?

If any more foundlings are deposited on the steps of a certain church in this city, people will be inclined to suspect sundry bachelors connected therewith.

"I am a miserable bachelor named Somerset. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

As there is much regret felt among the fair sex at Point St. Charles, on account of the skating season being over, some kind-hearted individual has expressed his intention of opening a rink for roller-skating. The rink will be under the general superintendence of Bill D—y and Jim P—e, both well known in skating circles. "Jim" will give an exhibition each evening, and judging from the style in which he used to sling those pipe-shanks of his when on ice, we have no doubt he will create a decided sensation when he goes "rolling" round. Success to the enterprise.

"TAFFY."

The boys go to Waugh's to get "braced" up.
"Buster" is working his nails every day, as usual.
The cock-fighters take umbrage at the *Star*. Verily, it is a "Savage" sport.
Eat cucumbers, Thompson, before you start. They will make you go double quick.
"Skeleton Ike" has entered for the great crawling match next week, and is now training.
"Lock and Rye" is what a bystander observed when a drunken man got struck with a stone.
"Long George," the D. N. F., ought to leave the sparrows alone, as D. B. is watching him.
Francis of Arragon ought to give that piano a rest, and buy a hand-organ. He could learn to play it quicker.
Johnny Boland is open to run any man in the city 100 miles for \$2,000 a side. Here is a chance for somebody.
The charming Cassie has returned from Boston. She is elegantly attired, but does not look so well as formerly.
"Charley Ross" is mourning in sackcloth and ashes, because "Rosa" has "shook" him, and "mashed" the high-toned Willie.
"We will gather by the River" is the song of Joe Beef's Bums, who stand at the revetment wall waiting for the ice to "shove."
If you want to see a small man with a big collar, go to the corner of Craig and Sanguinet streets any Sunday morning. Take it off, P. C.
Pat had better give up the thought of running around the mountain with J. B., as he would never get past the White House. Give it up, Pat.
Jack Flanagan is matched with a paper man for a six days' walking contest, go as you please, the paper man to be "blown" five days in advance.
A girl who rode from Hochelaga to the Tanneries in a crowded horse-car, sitting on a young man's knee, says she made the entire distance in one lap.
Barney F—y is practicing hard for the next walking match. He can do his mile now in 15 minutes and 25 seconds, with hard-wood shoes, laced up the sole.
Sue, of "94," has been trying to win Bob from the graceful Danish Minnie at 79, but Bob won't have it. He claims that Minnie is a lady, and don't carry tools.
Joe P. said it was a *system*; "Skeleton Ike" said it was *memory*; and the "main guy" said he would "give it away" for \$20; but Joe said the times were too hard.
Sam, the scalper, is learning a new step at Hazazer's, so that he can march to the music on the 24th May. "Go vay sum de vindow, and led de tobacco see de customers."
We are pleased to hear that "Mr. Foster" has given the gang the "dead shake," and now spends his evenings in the "kid factory." That's right, Jim: the whole party are "snags" of the worst kind. "Lamp" them, Jim!
Long-nosed Jack, who plays the three-bail game, has dissolved partnership with Stonewall Jackson. Jack claimed that Stonewall was too extravagant, having bought a new necktie, which the profits wouldn't stand. Jack is now studying law, and will graduate in a short time. He sleeps with the Civil Code under his pillow every night.