

The Illustrated Police News

AND SPORTING TIMES.

Published every SATURDAY morning at the office, No. 28 St. Vincent Street, corner of St. Therese, by PATTON, PRINCE & Co.

TERMS:—Subscription, \$1.00 per year in advance; single copies, two cents mailed free. Advertising: ten cents per line breviter first, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. Discount on contracts. Correspondence invited from secretaries of clubs and other parties.



MONTREAL, SATURDAY JULY 19, 1879.

JUST SO BROTHER GRIP.

If we recollect rightly our first issue contained an article on "Professional Humorists" and it would seem to have hit the mark if we can judge from the complimentary notices we have received from *Jester* and *Grip* whose proprietors belong to the class we referred to. The first named comic (?) paper with an extra effort managed to gasp out "*The Police News has death written on its face,*" while in the next column an obituary notice of *itself* was found. We sincerely trust that if the *POLICE NEWS* does find it convenient to die, the interesting event will not take place in that newspaper graveyard, No. 5 St. Sacrament street. As for you Dick Deadeye of Toronto, who knows but that death has his *Grip* upon you at the present. *Requiescat in pace.*

WE SPEAK OF OURSELVES.

We do not like to speak of ourselves, but it must be done. If we do not blow our own horn nobody else will do it for us, especially if we have to depend on the Montreal papers.

The outside press have generously noticed us and we naturally infer from the silence of our city contemporaries that they feel we have hurt them slightly in point of circulation. We do not claim to have a larger circulation than all the English papers in the city combined, but notwithstanding we consider our reception flattering in the extreme, having printed two editions of the last number. As will be noticed we appear this week decidedly improved in appearance having donned a new dress, and as our patronage increases so will the size and general excellence of our paper. In the near future we propose to have our engravings colored by a system recently patented in France, which cannot fail to make them attractive. To one and all who have extended the hand of welcome to the *POLICE NEWS* we make our best bow and promise great improvements hereafter.

THE RECORDER'S COURT.

As a resting place for the weary, a retreat for the hummer and a place of amusement for both, the Recorder's Court of this city is *par excellence* the popular resort. We enter the vast corridors of the City Hall and find a heterogeneous collection of mortals of both sexes. They are waiting for the triumphal march of the poor sinners who have been taken in by the myrmidons of the law. "All aboard" shouts the genial Sergeant Dreyfus, the cells are unlocked, a posse of police form a line on either side and one by one the poor wretches march over the ground they have often trod before. First comes the dilapidated female with tattered dress, and a devil-may-care look on her face. She does not need to be told the direction of the dock, it's an old story with her. Next follows the vagrant who has the night before raised a few cents wherewith to get beastly drunk and so on *ad lib.* The solemn looking procession having reached its destination the many spectators file in and take a seat, on the other side are ranged the police. Ten o'clock. "Silence, hats off" shouts Crier Nelson and presently the portly form of Recorder Sexton emerges from the door and he is soon seated on the tribunal. For two hours afterwards the assembly is convulsed or in tears over the ludicrous testimony of the witnesses, the explanation of the prisoners or the lectures of his Honor. The Court is over, the reporters silently pick up their notes and are treated, by the Recorder, with a few explanatory notes; the spectators sadly walk from the room, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." The Black Maria draws up in front of the Central Station and receives its complement for the "Hotel Payette" where they will rusticate from 10 to 30 days and enjoy the cool breezes of the St. Lawrence. Our artist M. Julien will graphically portray the scene in our next.

TIME IS UP.

Last week, the following convicts were discharged from the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary:—François Laplante, born in St. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, in for larceny since 1877; Ferdinand Vallières, of Arthabaska, same offense, in since 1876; François Vailancourt, aggravated larceny, 1875; Nap. Charbonneau, larceny, of St. Hyacinthe; Nathan Philbrick, of New Hampshire, and James McCormack, of New York State, larceny, 1877; John Ellenburgh, wounding, from Sorel, 1877; Victor Borbon, stealing, 1877; James Ray, larceny, Toronto, 1877; David Villemaire, stealing from the person, 1877; Raphael Veillette, larceny, Quebec, 1862; Edmond Busière, larceny, Sorel, 1876; Joseph Baril, Three Rivers, stealing a mare, St. Narcisse, 1876; Louis Levesque, wounding, River Ouelle, 1877; James Dunn, larceny, Montreal, 1877; John Barry, stealing from the person, Montreal; Chs. Tierney, larceny, Montreal, 1876; Isidore Maréchal, breaking and stealing, 1876; F. X. Simard, larceny, Montreal, 1876.

Of this batch Maréchal is the most celebrated. His operations at Lazarus' store, and his clever escape from the old Central Police Station will be remembered by our readers.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

The theory has been advanced and maintained that hot weather brings forth crime. We would regret if we were compelled to believe that our fair metropolis had fallen into the vortex of sin. Recent events however

would tend in that direction. We trust we have seen the last of them for some time to come and will hope for a peaceful future. Last Sunday was a day of many Casualties. First we had the news of the woman throwing herself out of a third story window and a short time afterwards came the sad news of a man throwing himself off a steamer and being drowned. The next morning the papers contained the intelligence that a man had been cut in two by a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Railway and still they come.

SHATTERED HOPES.

He came into the *News* office. He was a consumptive young man, and was followed by a yellow dog with weeping eyes. He had a roll of manuscript under his arm, written on both sides, and he said he "wanted to see the editor."

"Another poet," hoarsely whispered the editor, then turning to the young man he said:

"We don't care to subscribe for your book this morning, young man."

"Book! what book? I ain't no book agent, I—"

"And our family is well supplied with sewing-machines," interrupted the editor.

"But" commenced the man with the dog as he unrolled his manuscript, "I've got a—"

"Well, we never use patent medicines," said the quillist, as he looked around for the bootjack.

"Sewing-machine agent, patent medicine vendor!" mused the young man. "Do I look like that kind of a man—Do I look like a book agent?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor. "If you're the undertaker in the next street, excuse me, but when I'm out of coffins I'll call around."

That settled him, and he passed sadly out, leaving the door open, so we saw him kick his dog down stairs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

SOUTH QUEBEC, 15TH JULY 1879

To the Editor of the *POLICE NEWS.*

Dear Sir:—Sometime ago I saw a notice in the *STAR* and other papers that it was your intention to start the "*Police News*" and was happy to meet it face to face for the first time last night. I at once congratulate you on its introduction into the St. Louis Hotel and other places here. Every line of the paper was read and found interesting. I shall willingly send you any item of interest that may occur here.

Yours &c.,

J. ELVOD.

(Editor.—Many thanks. We hope to hear from you often.)

FROM SOUTH QUEBEC.

Messrs. B. and P. went down along the booms the other evening to measure a stick of timber about the length of which each had \$3.00 at stake. They got into a boat in order to go across a space of 12 feet between two booms. After Mr. P. had won the money they turned to come back but found that the boat had drifted away, as they first thought, but it had been hauled away, in fact, by the never failing trickster Mr. D. whom they had allowed to accompany them, and who was now getting along that boom at a 2.40 gait, well knowing the consequences of a longer sojourn. Mr. B. was a good leaper (if we let himself tell it) and he would leap to the other boom and send the boat to P. He went through a general "get ready" for a big leap; every nerve was braced up and he spat on his hand, expanded his eyes &c. His heels and hands went Heaven

wards, his eyes and mouth closed tightly and he struck the water with that part of the spine where the back bone comes to (at least in this case) nothing. The last seen of him as he was going down was his toes and the tails of his coat, the latter having come completely over his head. When he came up he said nothing but looked a good deal, so much so that Mr. P. felt insecure and moved to shoal water at the end of the boom. After a dozen desperate dives for his hat our hero came out, with a good struggle, looking rather slim. Mr. D. who removed the boat, had to pay the piper at the Vic. and he paid for the stake holder and there it remains until he comes to drink it.

The Ontario Immigration Agent has reopened the Ontario Immigration Office here.

JOHN ELVOD.

July 16th 1879.

SUMMER JOTTINGS.

The relentless rays of a Summer sun pour down upon us denizens of the metropolis. We move about our business in a kind of languid, mechanical manner, gasping for breath, mopping the heated forehead with the voluminous folds of an extra-sized bandana, and just have left sufficient strength of will to seek the shady side of the street. Every cloud has its silver lining—at least, so it is supposed—and panting, overheated humanity is afforded a respite from the melting heat and inconveniences attendant upon this particular season, by making use of the facilities afforded us to escape for a day into one of the numerous pleasure resorts to be found in the vicinity. The picnic-season is now upon us with all its varied pleasures and discomforts. The rivers bear upon their placid bosoms scores of gayly-decked steamboats and barges that daily convey hundreds of pleasure-seekers from the polluted atmosphere of our city to the shady groves and cool retreats of the country. A Summer picnic is comprised generally of a conglomerate mass of extremes and its effect upon different temperaments is both marked and varied. Many who attend become placid and reflective, seek some retired nook on the boat, or crouch up in the corner of the paddle-wheel box, and are content to feed the eye upon the ever-changing panorama of Nature, and the stomach upon an ample lunch, prepared the night before in anticipation of the event. Others give themselves up to uproarious hilarity, and dance to the music of an Italian band with all the vigor of youth, in all probability performing a harder day's work than they would had they remained at home. Others feel it incumbent upon themselves to test their muscular abilities by punching heads indiscriminately upon the least provocation. Some secretly wish they were at home, others wish they were dead. The same old round of picnic festivities are indulged in—eating, drinking, flirtations and love-making. The day moves on apace, the sun casts its rays slantingly across the water, and the steamboat's head is turned toward home. The fair sex present a rather *bizarre* appearance; their hair falls in disheveled locks across the shoulders; the light Summer dresses, so stiff and starch in the morning, hang now in lank and limp folds, and weariness is depicted upon the faces so bright and cheery at the start.

The dock is reached, and the disembarkation commences; a mass of struggling humanity makes its way through narrow avenues, lined on either side by barrels, bales and ship-hawsers; lunch-baskets, fishing-poles and baby-carriages impede one's progress, and the shrill cry of the sucking babe breaks in upon the silence of the evening. A scene of confusion ensues at this point. Mrs. Courtly, who is positive of the fact that she started upon the excursion in the morning with six children, can find only five;