

Liquor Case before the Recorder.

Mr. F. Larin, who keeps a first class licensed saloon and restaurant on St. Lawrence street, has been the victim of certain prosecutors, or rather persecutors lately. He was summoned before the Recorder on Wednesday to answer a charge of selling on Sunday. The informant were two constables who readily testified to the respectable character of the house. The real informer however was a neighbor named Gauthier who when placed in the box stated that he had asked the police to ascend to his back gallery so that they might keep a vigilant eye on what was going on in the defendant's premises.

His Honor told Mr. Globensky who represented the defense that it was bad policy to try to find out who the informers were, thereupon, Mr. Globensky replied that the present action had been based on lying statement and his client had a right to endeavour to find out who his traducers were. A fine was imposed.

CITY NEWS.

A MODEL POLICEMAN.—Montreal has certainly one policeman whom she can't afford to lose. His name is O'Reilly of the Water Police. He actually jumped into the mighty St. Lawrence in pursuit of one Edmond Doise, who was contravening the law by swimming in forbidden waters. With the assistance of Joe Vincent and his men the two water-dogs were brought ashore and O'Reilly had the satisfaction of arresting his man. Let O'Reilly's pay be increased.

CRIP'S WORK.—In the quiet village of St. Eugene, P. Q., lived a pretty girl of sweet sixteen named Pamela Lalonde. She loved dearly a young fellow who bears the name of Antoine Séguin. The girl's papa did not approve of his daughter's selection, so she like a spirited gazelle, took upon herself to fly with the gay Lothario to this city. The couple arrived here a few days ago and put up at the City Hotel in St. Joseph street kept by Mr. Larin. Mr. Lalonde having got on the trail of the young pair, succeeded with the aid of the police in finding his daughter and her beau and had them brought before the Recorder. His Honor wisely advised the paternal parent to let nature have its way by consenting to allow Miss Lalonde to become Madam Séguin. The old gent didn't feel at all agreeable at first; but after reflection he thought it would be best to consent to their marriage, and in this he was wise. The trio have returned to the green pasture of the classical village of St. Eugene.

A KICKER.—Charles Brunet, laborer, in a quarrel with Georgina Hudson, a fast girl, residing in Jacques Cartier street, kicked her in the face, for which manly act he had to fork over two V's.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Dr. Alonzo G. Hull yesterday took out letter of administration in the Surrogate's office on the estate of his wife, Mrs. Jane De Forrest Hull, who was recently murdered. The personal property is valued at \$6,000. Her nephews and nieces are her only living relatives.

Christine Cox says she has no sympathies and no knowledge of any movement on foot to raise money for his legal expenses or to furnish him with delicacies. Last week, however, a stranger gave him a five dollar bill. The Rev. Mr. Dickerson, the Pastor of Bethel colored Church, is reported as about to interdict the members of his congregation in Cox's behalf. The murderer seems to feel surprised at the feeling entertained against him by almost every one.

For several days past the opinion has been gaining ground in Louisville, Ky., as well as at Owenton, that the jury in the Buford murder case would not disagree. Wednesday the court room was, of course, crowded in anticipation of a verdict. When the jury went out the crowd dispersed to get a little fresh air, but after a while it became necessary for the jury to return to the court room, and the crowd of morbid horror hunters rushed in

again. Buford scarcely aroused himself until the jury came in the second time with a verdict. He then emerged from his passive appearance into a mood akin to anxiety. But this was only momentary. He almost immediately regained his nonchalance, and no one in the court room seemed so utterly indifferent as he. Judge McManama inquired, "Have you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen?" The foreman replied that they had, and said they found Buford guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed his punishment at imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for life. Buford stood the verdict as a soldier would face fire. His proud, fierce soul refused to quail before the crowd. He was taken immediately to jail, and his counsel moved for a new trial, which will doubtless be overruled. The sentiment of Kentucky approves the verdict as a just and righteous one.

Spirit of the Stage.

Irving, the great English tragedian, will not come to America this year.

Miss Marian Mordhaunt, the actress, is said to be dangerously ill at her residence in New York.

Mr. Coghlan is to be the leading actor at the Court Theatre, which Mr. Wilson Barrett opens in September.

Mlle. Van Zandt will soon appear at her Majesty's Opera, in London, in the character of Marta, her third rôle this season.

It has been stated that Salvini is under engagement to come to the United States next autumn, but the London *Figaro* denies the report.

A London journal states that Miss Emma Thursby will sail from England for America in October, and will remain three months.

It is said that Mlle. Bernhardt is studying English with night and main, and learning it rapidly. Her present ambition is to play Lady Macbeth.

Miss Nelson opens at the Haymarket Theatre about the 1st of August for a short Shakespearean season, "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" being the principal plays.

The German press unite in paying warm tribute to Miss Florence N. Copleston, a young American pianist, who has recently made her *début* in Leipzig. She will probably return to this country during the fall, and be heard in concert here.

The London opera season is almost ended, and the opera nightingales are preparing to Wales, Nilsson to Mont Dore, Campanini and Fancelli to Italy, Marie Roze to Mont Dore and Miss Kellogg to Paris. Albani will probably remain in England.

Marie Roze, in making her reappearance in London, sang the part of Pamina in "The Magic Flute." The audience was enthusiastic and evidently pleased to greet her return. She sang again on the following night to a large house, the opera being "Il Trovatore." She was supported by Fancelli as Maurizio, Galassi as the Count and Mlle. Tremolli as Azucena. The entire opera was well sustained and Mlle. Roze added to her triumphs.

Patti is going to Russia next winter, and is to receive \$5,000 a night. The statement seems incredible, but it is supported by a little story, as follows.—"When Mlle. Patti's matrimonial affairs became a trifle mixed the Czar declared that she should not sing again in St. Petersburg, and hearing of the imperial statement the lady, with an independence that is characteristic of a prime-donne, accepted the situation and declared that she would not sing in the Russian capital. In course of time, however, His Imperial Majesty became less straight-laced. Mlle. Patti is a popular prima donna, and anything that can divert the minds of Russians from the state of Russia is sought for eagerly and obtained at any cost. The lady was invited to sing on liberal terms, and declined; the terms were raised to £800 a night, and she declined again. Then £1000 was offered, and the bait was too tempting to be resisted. Signor Nicolini is also engaged."

MONTREAL BY GAS-LIGHT.

SNOKS CONTINUES ON HIS MAD CAREER—LOCKED IN THE CELLS.—(Founded on fact).

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Snooks woke up at dawn; and sitting up in his bed he gazed around the room, but failed to recognize the furniture or anything else. He tried in vain to collect his stupid thoughts and at last concluded that he was in the police cells. The idea of being locked up worked so on his brain that he determined to make sure of his situation, and, letting himself gently out of bed, he began to feel around, when lo! he came plump upon his wash-stand knocking it over and breaking the bowl and pitcher to

atoms. This was certainly a misfortune; it had the effect however of enlightening him in his awkward position. He knew he was not in the lock-up and this relieved his troubled mind. Quickly donning his clothes he descended to the street and made for the nearest gin-mill where he first took an "eye-opener," then a "pick-me-up" and lastly a "straightener." During that day he could not settle his mind to business and deferred his trip to Ottawa. At night he sallied forth with his pocket lined with the filthy lucre determined to make the acquaintance of the goddess of Venus. He chose Ontario street and soon disappeared in the door of a "blind." We cannot dwell upon the scene any longer, suffice it to say that he was turned out drunk during the night minus his watch, fifty dollars (all he had) and his new five dollar hat, which had been exchanged for a "bummer's" greasy slough.

Hardly had he gone two blocks when his serpentine motions were noticed by a vigilant "blue-bottle," who laid his hand rather gently on his shoulder and brought him to the station where he was accommodated with the soft side of a plank and a cross board for a pillow.

(To be continued.)

Another Candidate.

One of the City Hall officials found an unknown woman parading up and down the lower corridor yesterday noon, and upon his inquiring if she was looking for anybody she replied:

"I rather guess I am. I want to be janitor of the City Hall."

"But no woman can secure such a position."

"Why not?" she grimly asked.

"Why, how would a woman get along here alone among such a crowd of men? It would be very embarrassing, to say the least."

"They'd sneer at me, would they?"

"Of course they would."

"And then what would I do?"

"You could do nothing, madam."

"I couldn't, eh! After I had taken one or two of them by the necktie, like this, and jammed 'em through the wall, like this, I guess they'd shut up, wouldn't they?"

Picking up his hat, which had been jostled off by the shock and hanging to the loose ends of his collar, he replied:

"Go for the office, madame—you shall have all my influence."

— Good for "Joe"—Joe beef rendered the police good service the other day in assisting them along with his huge canine in arresting a lot of drunken wharf rats and sun fishes. That puts another feather in Joe's head gear.

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