

# THE CITY LIFE;

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Censure and Criticism of the Follies of the Day.

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THE CITY LIFE will be published EVERY WEDNESDAY, and will contain the latest news of interest to the sporting fraternity.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impersonal correspondents are requested not to write on more than two sides of the paper.

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," P. O. Box 294.

Advertisements will be inserted at 5 cents per line, each insertion.

MONTREAL, JUNE 4, 1879.

## TO OUR READERS.

Some time during last evening a miscraent entered our sanctum and placed a torpedo under the chair of the Editor-in-chief. He is supposed to be landed somewhere near Bugaroo. Our readers will, therefore, understand the absence of an editorial to-day.

Cheap Jack, the "old wry" man, hadn't oughter sling on such style with that Bonaventure street *she-val*, or Lachine will howl—Whoa, Emmar!

Cheeky Fred B——n, the Ottawa bilk, who carried his office round in his hat, has got a corner on Horsey Jim. Look out for the blonde, Jim, or he will get the "bulge" on you. If Fred wants *annie moy*, we can accommodate him.

Harry, the *Fau-cy* driver, had better not show off so much around the Windsor block. The mare is good enough, but the exhibition behind it is not so pleasing. Don't be reckless, Harry, or there is a fair chance of your becoming nothing but a dead *kat-tie* after all.

Grocer Bob had better be careful how he talks about the editors of THE CITY LIFE, or they may put a tin ear on him instead of him putting one on them, if his name should appear in the paper. Now, Bob, just keep cool, and prepare yourself for the coming examination, and drop your coon hunting.

Willie S. (lately arrived) has made a brilliant conquest (in his mind), and, as a result, is trusted with the diamond ring, which he sports on his necktie. Better let up on Clara, and prove not deceitful to the old flame, A. B. Put this motto into practice: "Render unto Bushy the things which are Bushy's."

If the boys at the Wellington street crossing do not take a drop on themselves, and let up instantaneous on that corner grocery (?) lately opened under the superintendence of "Our Teen," they will see themselves taking a prominent place in our columns next week. Boys, take warning while yet there is time. We are in earnest.

Willie says that as he did not succeed in getting on the Northwest mounted police, and as his friends hear of all his rackets through THE CITY LIFE, he has decided to go West and shovel fog. The pot wrestlers of St. Catherine street say they will present him with a leather medal before he starts, also a letter of recommendation to the squaws.

Loa, strayed or stolen, from the village of St. Hyacinthe, a fat-headed Frenchman, answering to the name of George, who is supposed to have gone "off his chump," owing to the success attending his great invention. He was last seen wandering in the vicinity of the American House, doing "the statue." Whoever returns the above object will receive 40 lbs. of fog, put up in 2 lb. packages.

If Tony Joe T. don't stop the widow from coming to town and speculating, he shall hear from us next week, as somebody is going to send word to New York.

Villikins and his double-yolked had E. G. G., of "military" renown, had better look out for squalls. It would be *barber-ous* to say more; but Micawber will know what we mean.

If Bill M——l looked less like an owl, and more like a Cabinet Minister, he might get along better with the "widdler what has the stamps." We hope he will govern himself 'cordingly.

Champagne Charley, of St. Sacrament street, should let up on the lunch room beauty, or he'll get walked into in lively style. Be a quit this Heid and Sieck business, while you can pay the Piper, Chawles.

The boys at the East End ought to get up a raffle, and buy Dick D——n a new water-proof coat, as the one he has is looking rather seedy. His nose is beginning to turn pale again. What's the matter, Dick?

Pat M., from Quebec, displayed quite a passion for flowers, especially Lily's, while in our city. He would have liked to remain over, but thought it might interfere with his chance of entering heaven this summer.

Frank, the school master, had better not be seen kissing any more women at the corner of Dorchester and St. Dominique streets, or else he will hear from one of his old scholars. Frank: Do you know who that was you kissed?

We would advise Dan, of the tobacco factory, to not insult young ladies coming from church on Bleury street, or his grandfather's old hat will get a smashing. Dan: Keep in the East End on Sunday nights, and save the old relic.

Freddy paid a visit to the St. Elizabeth street blonde last Friday night, knocked one of her teeth down her throat, and had to pay a Notre Dame street dentist \$10 to make matters all right. That was better, Freddy, than paying the above amount to the Recorder.

Joe L——n, alias the "Psalm singer," was highly complimented when he sang the national anthem in the sugar refinery, on the occasion of the Vice-Kegal visit. Joe is possessed of what we would term a very refined voice for calling home hens to roost.

A. L. writes us to say that she has given up "Slicky" (not on her own account, however), and that she thinks she will live in private for some time. We may add that "Slicky" ought to know better than eat ice cream in a pastry shop with his hat on, when his girl is with him.

If B——r, the would-be great actor and songster of St. Dominique street, would stay home in the evenings, instead of wearing out shoe leather promeneading the Main street, he would be better able to pay his debts. Pay up B. and call for the goods you ordered, or K. will go back on you.

Mr. C——l, the finest milkman in the land (of Point St. Charles), has almost wasted away to his boots, since himself and his love attended that ball. The poor fellow had company going, but none returning, as she was escorted home by another gentleman. We sympathize with you; but really you are too slow.

The twins of "Goat Village"—"Anti-fat" and "Dunnowho"—attempt the grand "mash" nightly. Our genial friend, of "real pleasant" notoriety, ought not to stoop to such vulgar ideas. Take a timely warning and switch off onto the main line, as your present position is but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.