

# THE ILLUSTRATED POLITICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

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PRICE TWO CENTS.

## The Sweetheart of the Period.

I WHISPERED in my darling's ear :  
"Sweet, do you love me yet?"  
She flushed, then came in accents clear  
The soft reply, "You bet!"

"Oh, I could die for you?" I cried,  
"My charming, winsome elf!"  
She lifted up her eyes, and sighed:  
"I know how 'tis myself!"

"My dar—" "Oh, hush for goodness"  
[sake!]  
She cried, "or pa will hear ;  
And such a fuss and row he'll make,  
"You'll walk off on your ear!"

He waited breathless till a creak  
Was heard up overhead :  
"There, now," said she, "'twill do to speak—  
He's in his little bed."

She nestled closely at my side,  
With most confiding manner.  
Said I, "I want you for my bride."  
Said she, "That's what ails Hanner!"

I clasped her to my throbbing breast—  
My heart o'erflowed with joy.  
She sighed, her cheek to mine close pressed :  
"You are a brick, my boy!"

I told her she was sweet and fair  
As angels in the sky.  
She said, "Don't flatter, sir—take care!  
That's all in my eye!"

I said she was the queen of girls—  
The fairest ever born.  
She laughed, and shook her sunny curls.  
"I am? Yes, in a horn!"

I whispered, bending down my head :  
"Your lips are like a cherry."  
She took my meaning, laughed, and said :  
"Well, I'm your huckleberry!"

The clock struck twelve while thus we sat  
Breathing the old, old story.  
"No, no!" she said—"don't get your hat;  
We're all hunkydory!"

## CAUGHT ON THE FLY BY THE NEWS REPORTERS.

—Juno how hot it is.

—The *Jester* has gone up, vanished, skip-  
ped, fled, departed to the land of shades again.

—Shirts and veal outlets can be purchased  
very cheap now.

—You can understand how "plodding  
industry wins wealth" when you see a day  
laborer striking with a pick-axe at the same  
hole for half an hour.

—McDonnell's news depot, 138 St. James  
street, opposite St. Lawrence Hall, is the  
central agency for the *Police News*. News-  
boys can be supplied there on the same terms  
as at our office.

—A pious father entered a saloon with a  
horsewhip one night last week, and found  
his son playing euchre. He tanned the  
young man's jacket and sent him home, and  
then sat down and finished the game him-  
self.

—A majority of the murderers who are  
hanged now-a-days believe that after the drop  
the next act in the drama will represent them  
sitting on the illuminated edge of a thunder  
cloud singing Hallelujah.

—It is now a number of years since our  
gallant firemen enjoyed a picnic. They feel  
that those who could move in the matter  
should do so at once. Their last picnic which  
was held on the Island was a success and a  
signal having been arranged in case of fire  
the city's safety was guaranteed. Try it again.

—Our American cousins are flocking to  
Montreal in large numbers as is evinced by  
the full registers of the hotels. The boats  
from the West generally have their full com-  
plement of tourists and the popularity of our  
noble St. Lawrence and the metropolis does  
not wane.

—In front of the Court House the other  
day we watched a novel way of eating ice  
cream. Along comes a little girl, hands a  
cent to the old woman who keeps the stand  
and the latter takes her solitary spoon and  
proceeds to fill the dish, after the accomplish-  
ment of which she licks the spoon. The little  
girl takes the latter and stirs up the cream  
and she also gives it a lick. Now comes a  
young man who is served with cream and  
the solitary spoon undergoes another licking  
and so on *ad lib*.

## A Harmless Revolver.

HOW A BAD SCARE ORIGINATED.

On the 12th July the *Post* published an  
elaborate account of a case of revolver firing  
which was said to have occurred in Bleury  
street on the evening of the 11th. According  
to this account a street car was going down  
Bleury street about 9 o'clock, when some-  
body standing on the platform of the car  
heard a report, and, at the same time, saw  
three young men standing on the side-walk,  
one of whom held in his hand a shining ob-  
ject which was supposed to be the revolver  
from which the shot had been fired. The  
three young men then went away. The per-  
son standing on the platform, on looking at  
his feet, saw the mark of a pistol bullet on



Two of our gallant firemen, T. H. Hogan and Wm. Stewart, of No. 3 station, jumping from a ladder in consequence of the fall of Kirkpatrick's cooerage, corner of Prince and Ottawa streets falling in on Thursday morning. They had a miraculous escape from death only having received a few injuries.

—We welcome to our exchange list The  
Toronto Weekly *Graphic* formerly the *Gos-  
siper*. This journal was always bright and  
newsy and under its new name will doubtless  
retain its popularity.

—In the Recorders Court on Tuesday last,  
a member of the *demi-monde* was in the pris-  
oners box for keeping a house of ill-fame,  
and commenced pleading her own case. His  
Honor told her to get a lawyer and she cried  
out "there are six of them there." At last  
one got up and consulted with the prisoner.  
"How much do you want," says she, "\$2," he  
replied; "too much" said the unfortunate,  
"one dollar then," said the lawyer, "I'll  
give you seventy-five cents." "I'll take it"  
replied the disciple of Coke, and thereupon  
pleaded her case for three quarters of an  
hour. She got two months. Her companion  
who was guilty of the same offence was only  
sent down for one month.

—The well known trotter "Village Girl"  
the property of Mr. Melville Smith, after a  
twenty mile trot at Lepine Park, on Thurs-  
day died.

the dash board of the car. No doubt such is  
the very circumstantial account as given in  
the *Post*, and at first sight, there would ap-  
pear to be no mistake about the fact of a pis-  
tol having been fired; yet the whole account  
is founded on a misconception. We now give  
the true version of the affair as it really oc-  
curred which is as follows:

On the evening of the 11th at five minutes  
past nine o'clock the writer happened to stop  
a moment in front of the church of the Gesu  
to listen to the music, when a street car pass-  
ed up towards St. Catherine street. The car  
had just passed the church when a loud ex-  
plosion took place immediately under the car.  
The report was louder than that of a revolv-  
er; in fact it was louder than the report of  
a shot-gun. A large volume of smoke was  
seen to rise from under the car, and as the  
car continued on its way for some distance,  
the smoke travelled with it, still rising from  
under it as if the car was on fire. Presently  
the car stopped and the conductor, greatly  
alarmed, ran up to your informant who was  
the only person standing on the sidewalk at  
the time.

"What could that have been at all?" asked  
the conductor.

"A torpedo,"  
"And what in the world is a torpedo?"  
"Why" replied your informant "its one  
of those percussion "crackers" they some-  
times put on railroad tracks to fire off salutes  
in honor of the governor's arrival. Did you  
never hear them?"  
"No, I never did" replied the conductor"  
but they must be very dangerous and might  
have caused an accident, particularly if I  
had been going on a down grade."  
"Probably it was put there by some mis-  
chievous boys."  
"I'd like to get hold of them," said the  
conductor as he jumped on board "I'd teach  
them boys a lesson, you bet!"  
And thus is another revolver story dissi-  
pated.

## HOW A HACKMAN GOT A FARE.

A tall, portly, dignified citizen well known  
in Ottawa, arrived in Montreal the other day,  
and having no baggage but a light traveling  
satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals  
of the hackmen as he emerged from the Bo-  
naventure station.  
"American House-se, A-m-e-r-i-can."  
Ottawa stalked right on without a word.  
Another knight of the whip charged down  
upon him.  
"Say Ottawa hotel! Say hotel coach? This  
way for the Ottawa!"  
No response from the passenger, and not a  
muscle moved at this appeal. Then there  
was a snarl of half a dozen.  
"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride  
up?"  
"Winsur House! Whose going up to the  
Winsur?"  
"St. Lawrence Hall, sir?"  
"American House?"—"Albion Hotel!"  
"Right down McGill!"—"Ere you are, ker-  
ridge, sir?"  
The traveler looked up like a ten-pit  
among vinegar cruets, and with a face as  
placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and si-  
lently moving away from the crowd of jar-  
vies, who looked after him, with something  
like amazement, when a sudden thought  
seemed to strike one, who running after  
him, seized hold of the handles of his travel-  
ing bag—  
"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir? Going  
right up."  
"This was too much. Dignity relaxed into  
a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down  
town hotel.

## GRANDILOQUENT SUCCESS.

"Margaret Graham, why is this thus?"  
asked his Honor the Recorder as an aged  
woman stood at the bar.  
"I couldn't help it, sir," she sadly said,  
folding her hands and dropping her eyes.  
"I see gray hairs, wrinkles of age, and  
signs that you are slowly drifting into the  
grave," he continued, "and yet you get  
drunk and burrah, and rouse the neighbors  
from their beds."  
"Please, sir, it was a small drunk," she  
explained.  
"And yet you have been here before, and  
I have let mercy overpower justice. I am  
ashamed, Margaret, to think that, in this  
nineteenth century of civilization, a woman  
forty-four years old, should be brought in  
here charged with drunkenness."  
"I will do better, sir."  
"I hope so, Margaret; I hope you will  
dash the cup from you, and take a solemn  
vow never to drink anything stronger than  
water after this."  
"I will, sir."  
"And, though the bloom of youth may  
not return to your faded cheek, you will feel  
young again in spirit, and life will seem to  
you like a grand picnic on St. Helen's Island,  
with frosted cake piled up ten feet high. One  
further remark, and I am done—I shall send  
you up for thirty days."