

## THE CITY LIFE;

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

Published by the Editor and Proprietor, at No. 142 St. Joseph street, Montreal.

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, MAY 14, 1879.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of communications are held over till next week.

QUEBEC.—We have received several letters, but have no room for them this week. In our next issue we will give a racket to the whole gang—"Windy Jim," "Ginger," Harry, the mail conductor, Tom McC., Phillips, Tom Malone, Frank, etc., etc.

### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

How can so delicate a question be discussed in a Christian community without giving serious offense to the morals of its people? And yet how can so sanctified a people create, encourage and support in their very midst the gaudy victims of so perverted a nature? This social cancer has, it is well known, attracted the attention of some of the ablest minds in our legislative assemblies in this and other countries, and excited the ingenuity of those reasonably believed to be most proficient in the production of an antidote. But neither the rigidity of laws, nor the efficacy of instruction, has in any way succeeded in ameliorating the condition of debased effeminacy, nor of precluding the possibility of its continual increase and growth. The reasons for this sublime failure at reformation may lie in the fact that the very men who would to-day, in their simulation of morality, most carefully avoid in public the courtesan's approach, display the most lavish profligality in their secret attempts to revel in the pleasures of illicit love, or loll in the arms of faded beauty—persons who, while zealously preaching chastity to the masses, move in the stillness of the night away from their own innocent families, to seek stealthily access to the chamber of the unfortunate harlot. Once admitted, he hesitates not to eulogize her pretended charms, so that she may the more willingly surrender herself, for a miserable pittance, to his savage embrace and lustful caresses. How can society hope to see this crying evil diminished, and the outcast brought back to a life of decency and rectitude, while such vile practices are in vogue and such hypocrisy indulged in by these social monsters whom we are led to believe sincerely inculcate the principles of virtue by precept and example? To the maiden balancing on the pivot of doubt, and hesitating between honor and infamy, we would say turn a deaf ear to the deceitful whisperings of the professional seducer, who would first ruin, and then desert you. Let not the glitter of a giddy life fascinate you for a moment, since it is the painful experience of all women of the town to discover how reluctantly and grudgingly are paid the wages of prostitution, and that the amorous leer of man is simply indicative of his desire to ensnare new victims in his tangled web.

### RECTUS IN CURIA.

WE the more fully realize with the flow of time the delicate and onerous task to which we have been assigned, and discover that the magnitude of our labor only increases with the rapidity of our progress. We also find ourselves in what may be metaphorically termed the mid-ocean of journalism—one moment careening pleasantly on the placid and silvery su face of public opinion, and at another tossing recklessly on its turbulent and indignant wave. Were it possible for any of our generous readers to witness the shower of epistolary communications incessantly falling upon our bewildered head, and reflective of the malevolent spirit of human nature, they would graciously pardon the accidental publication of any items tending to give serious offense or to work irreparable injury. Hundreds of persons referred to in our columns we have never seen, and innumerable are the "hits" the application of which we ourselves can neither understand nor explain. We trust, therefore, that any of our devoted patrons who have real or imaginary grounds to feel aggrieved will not charge us with being the intentional authors of their discomfiture; they should look among their own circle of acquaintances, where the real culprit is sure to exist, and, on the principle of *lex talionis*, return the compliment with interest compound. We have no personal grudges to satisfy—no malicious desires to appease; but, on the contrary, exercise the utmost caution and diligence in expunging from all contributions such matter contained therein as might be hurtful to persons engaged in reputable pursuits, or obnoxious to the morals of polite society. Had we the power to control our own destiny, we might have selected some more financially profitable field in the world of literature, in which, however, we could never have attained such honorable distinction among the moralists of the age.

Powers, the notorious Western "Kat," beat his way into the Thompson-Boyle walking match, by representing himself as a member of the *Gazette* staff. Doorkeepers look out for him.

We found the card of Laura Desjardins on our table the other day. Laura had evidently been sneaking about the sanctum in our absence. But we didn't miss anything, and therefore shall not have her arrested—but what the devil does Laura want of us, anyway?

If the four bloods are seen on the top of the St. Catherine street car again next Sunday afternoon we will have to publish their names in full. We wonder that "little" Freddy and "Tony" Phil would do such a thing, but we don't wonder at Ned and Mac, as they have check enough for anything.

Athlete Cookie, the prominent young law student, and Feather-bed a bird of the same feather, had better pay for the shirts, gloves, white ties, etc., that they purchased from a certain gent's furnishing merchant, not a mile from their office, or they will hear from us later. Settle up, boys, or you won't get on the first twelve this year.

Long John was, as usual, "on hand" at St. Ann's, after church, Sunday, and was again privileged to the extent of being allowed to see his past sweetness home. John, if your grit was at all in comparison with the length of your legs, you would have "let up" on that business long ago. You know you are not tolerated while the lacrosse scribe is in the vicinity.

Ab. H—s, better known as "shy the board," may be seen of an evening wandering along St. Antoine street, and as he approaches a certain number he pauses. No wonder you do so, Ab., for many an hour you spent there, "fooling on de paper," to secure the sum of five or ten cents, which, on the following evening, you would invest in candy for dear Rosa. Give up "de paper," Ab., and take to kicking.

"LARD'S DOWN!"—Since W. E. D. has given up speculating in lard, he has tackled draw-poker, but we are afraid he will never build a fortune at that either, the foundation having cost him \$35 the other evening before he got to the wall. Would it not be cheaper, Willie, to spend your evening with the grass widow and her sister? Of course, you would have to buy some *latrine* and apples, but just think how many years it would take you to use up \$35 worth, at the rate you now buy.