

**THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES**

Published every THURSDAY morning at the office, 8 St. Therese street, by PATTON, PHELAN & BERTHELOT.

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

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 3rd JULY 1879.

**PROSPECTUS.**

In all civilized communities the illustrated news periodical has now fully established its claims to public favor; it has, in fact, become an acknowledged necessity. In England, France, Germany, and the United States such publications representing the dark as well as the bright side of life issue from the press every week in almost countless editions, and they are eagerly sought after and devoured by hundreds of thousands of intelligent readers. Among all these illustrated journals, those devoted specially to sporting, dramatic and police news, hold an important place in public estimation.

It is generally admitted in the Dominion that the want of a new periodical describing faithfully the most important sporting, dramatic, and police events of the week, with graphic illustrations, has been long felt. To supply this urgent want, THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES is now offered to the public, the publishers promising that no trouble nor expense will be spared to make it in every way worthy of their enlightened patronage. It is their intention to give the earliest possible information of all tragical events, mysterious crimes, or fatalities transpiring throughout the Dominion and elsewhere. These events will be presented in an attractive form, and the principal actors therein will be sketched by the well known skilful artist M. Julien. Unlike some of the American publications of the kind, the utmost care will be taken to eliminate all objectionable matter from our columns.

The Sporting Department will be under the special direction of experienced writers, and care will be taken to arrive at a correct record. The sporting fraternity throughout this country are cordially invited to place themselves in communication with Messrs. Patton, Phelan & Berthelot, No. 8 St. Therese street, and whenever possible to call personally at the above address.

Correspondence upon subjects suited to this journal solicited from all parts.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted on reasonable terms.

**A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.**

Montreal has become a hot bed for crime. One follows the other in quick succession and a person would be led to suppose that the people have run mad. On Monday last, about 12 o'clock, a News reporter saw a crowd gathered at the corner of Desrivieres and St. Antoine streets, and on reaching the place saw a prematurely born child in the hands of a boy. It appears that a short time previous a carriage had drawn up and a woman had jumped out leaving the infant on the curbstone. She was a haggard looking female, dressed in black. Dr. Sheridan was called and pronounced the babe to have been six months old. It subsequently died.

**To our Readers.**

Our readers, we hope, will overlook any errors of omission or commission that may appear in the first issue of this paper, as the difficulties attending a maiden effort of this kind are legion.

**DR. HULL'S ESCAPE.**

The arrest of Christine Cox, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Hull, entirely spoiled Mr. Purdy's little game. Purdy is an ex-convict who, hearing that \$500 reward was offered by Mrs. Hull's family for the apprehension of her murderer, conceived the idea of reaching for the stamps. The story he told the police was that as he sat one night in Aqueduct Park the Doctor came to him and proposed that he should commit the deed. Of course, Purdy says he declined the job. Superintendent Walling and the two detectives who acted with him now say they placed no confidence in Purdy, and have since apologized to Dr. Hull for having cast any imputation upon him; nevertheless, the fact remains that the Doctor was closely questioned at the inquest with regard to his movements on the night of the murder with a view to elicit something to support the theory founded on Purdy's tale. Unfortunately for the Doctor, several circumstances were brought out that wore an ugly look. He was seen to pick up a pair of suspenders in the hall on the morning of the murder and thrust them furtively into his pocket; then, when questioned, he first declared that he had changed his shirt, and afterwards recollected that he had not; and last, though not least, he admitted that, contrary to his usual habit, he lighted himself to bed with a tallow candle. Now, spots of grease were found on the murdered woman's night-gown, the quality of which corresponded to the candle in question, and this would have gone hard against the Doctor had not Christine Cox also admitted that he brought a tallow candle with him from which he let fall the grease spots which might possibly have with Purdy's assistance sent an innocent man to the gallows.

**HANCOCK INTERVIEWED.**

The now famous Roger G. Hancock, late proprietor of the defunct City Life was found by our reporter yesterday in the cells at the Police Station.

"How do you do, Mr. Hancock?" says the News reporter.

"Oh! I'm very well thank you," replied Hancock.

"How about your skipping out?"

"Oh! that was not intentional. I went down to Quebec for my health and the boat was delayed by a fog. I told a friend after I got in Quebec to tell Mr. Keller to have the case postponed. It appears that he did not do so and here I am but my bail bonds will not be forfeited."

The prosecutors in this case are not anxious to push it any farther.

**CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.**

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

All literary and business communications and contributions must be addressed to the office of the paper, No. 8 St. Therese Street.

W.—Correct.  
CAPTAIN CORCORAN.—Hardly ever.  
CITY LIFE.—What about those bails?  
McPHERSON.—We wish we could but we can't.

J. H.—This correspondent sends us a long article in "blank" verse on the weather, wherein Vennor is handled without mittens. And so is the English language and the simple rules of orthography. But this is not the worst of it. We could calmly consign it to the waste basket and heave a sigh were it not for the fact that his request for us to "correct any mistakes," made us "heave" something else. There is only one way to "correct" the mistakes abounding in your "pome," and that is to burn it, buy new paper, take a new subject, and write it properly.

HARDLY.—We suspect you have made a mistake. We cannot believe that at the celebrated Philadelphia hotel you could by any chance find a cooked cockroach in your food, although, if it was cooked it was better served so than raw. But you must be mistaken. The creature was undoubtedly a snipe or reed bird, and as you were likely out pretty late the night before, your vision might not have been the keenest. Oh, yes, it must have been a snipe, or something of that kind, and no cockroach.

JOHN N.—"Have you room for my sketch?" No, not in the paper.

**A Dog savagely Bites a little Girl.**

A dog belonging to Mrs Tuggey, of City Councillors street, who is at present sejourning in Cacouna, went to the residence of Mr James M. Taylor, and on Mr Taylor's little daughter Annie, three years of age, petting him on the back, sprang at her and caught her face in his capacious jaws, inflicting a wound which will disfigure her for life. Louise De Beaumont, eight years old, was especially brave in rescuing the unfortunate child, who, we are glad to say, is doing well.

**SPORTING NOTES.**

**PIGION SHOOTING.**—The match between Pepin and Bonneville, of Montreal, vs. Desautels and Barrett, of Laprairie, on Tuesday at Lepine Park, resulted as follows: Pepin 15; Bonneville 15; total, 30. Desautel 12; Barrett 13; total, 25. A Bayard of the Montreal team and Senecal, of the Laprairie team, were taken part in the contest, but were conspicuous by their absence. After the match Bonneville and Desautel arranged to shoot 30 birds double rise for \$70 aside, to take place within fifteen days.

**LACROSSE.**—The match played at Cornwall between Montreal and Cornwall Clubs was won by the former by 3 to 1 on Dominion Day.

On the same day the Shamrocks beat the Caughnawagas three straight games on the ground of the Shamrocks. The play was good practice for the Shamrocks preparatory to their contest with the Torontos on Saturday next.

The Independents of this City, on the National Holiday, played a match in Valleyfield with the Valleyfield Club and took the two first games. The third was interrupted by Mr. McPherson, of the Valleyfield, breaking his leg while checking. The match was given to the Montrealers.

The championship of Central Canada was played for by the Belleville and Kingston Clubs on Dominion day. The former won.

The Montreal Lacrosse Club defeated the St. Regis Indians on Saturday last, taking three straight games. W. Aird took the first two and Cousins the third game.

**CRICKET.**—St. John vs. Halifax. The former scored St. inning, 50; Halifax, 41; 2nd inning St. John, 130; Halifax.

The St. John (Que.) played the Longueuil Club on the 1st inst. at St. John. The St. John took the victory by 35 points.

**AQUATICS.**—The sculling match for \$500 a side between Warren Smith, of Halifax, N. S., and Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, came off at Silver Lake on the 1st inst. The former won. The contest is regarded in a suspicious light by the sporting men.

They of Ottawa has been challenged by Freeman Daniels, of Prescott, to row for the championship of the Rideau.

A telegram from Newcastle-on-Tyne informed us that Hanlan and Elliott were on the night of the 25th of June presented with medals at the Theatre Royal. Elliott said if he won the Royal match he would go to America and row Courtney, and if he won, he would meet Hanlan in American waters and hopes to bring the cup back to England. This reads well, but his chances of catching crabs will be good.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The 100 mile walking match between Brown and Thurlow, of Toronto, was won by Thurlow. Brown given out when he had covered 82 miles and 3 laps.

**TURF.**—The proprietors of the celebrated stallion *Ben Morrill* have more than one deceived the public, by advertising his appearance on the turf. Three or four hundred of horse-flesh amateurs assembled Tuesday afternoon at Lepine's Park to witness the test of *Ben Morrill* trotting against time, and trying to do better than 2-28. For some reason or other the trotter did not file an appearance to the disgust of all present. A word of explanation from Messrs Bourdeau & Barbeau would come in time.

**EXCURSION.**—The third annual excursion of the *Canada* takes place to Quebec on the 2nd August. The steamer "Canada" has been chartered for the trip. Great fun is anticipated.

**QUICK TIME.**—The fastest time made by Weston in his recent six days 550 mile contest for the Astley belt, was in his 536th mile done in 7 min. and 37 sec. He, Brown and Rowell, are going to New-York.

**SADDENING REMINISCENCE**

The other day a dreamy young post of Quebec sat down with a bundle of old letters in stained envelopes with faded addresses, to write a sad requiem over the days that are dead. He began:

"Though ye waken and thoughts as I sit here alone,  
I will carefully lay you away.

For, better the shadows of years that are gone,  
Than the cold, gerish light of to-day."  
And when he got that far he opened one of the letters for a little inspiration, and read:  
"Sir, your bill for drinks at This bar is \$17.85, an has been runnin 8 months an if not paid this evenin will present the same to your onered father for payment. Resp. Abel Gingsling."

And then he sighed and laid away the letters, and didn't feel like finishing the requim that day.

**THE HISTORY OF A TRAMP.**

HOW HE EXPLAINED HIS POSITION TO OUR REPORTER AND HOW HE WAS OUT WITTED.

He shuffled into the Central Station last evening. He was a tramp—there was no mistake about that. His whole raiment, from his dirty blue cotton shirt to his tattered trowsers and gaping shoes, looked as though they had been shed by a last year's scarecrow. The rolling prairie of dirt and chronic woefulness that constituted his face was relieved by a rubicund nose, which stood guard over a mouth able to spin an Alabama watermelon without a wink of the bleared optics above.

He approached our reporter as though death was leading him by one ear and the prince of darkness by the other, and in the voice of a man about to be hung, he murmured:

"My friend I want you to do me a favor. I haven't drank anything but a glass of cider in a week, and I have not had anything to eat to-day, and I have been trying to get work, but can't, and a man down to the railroad said he would give me a place to sleep, and if you could only let me have a few pennies to get some crackers, for I think I am starving and can't hold out any longer."

Our reporter remarked that it was pretty hard for a man to starve, but that the hunger of the tramp was generally for whisky, and not for bread; and that only two days ago he lent a man thirty cents to buy an overcoat, and the ungrateful wretch had gone off and bought an overdose of gin, necessitating some overwork by a police man and an overture by the Recorder in the morning. The suspicion of the tramp's truthfulness involved in this facetiousness completely overcame him, and he burst into a flood of tears.

At last, moved by his appeals, our reporter forgot that the man before him was a healthy-looking man for a wretch in the last agonies of starvation, and felt around in his pockets for any stray change that might have come out of the last picnic unscathed. After much searching a solitary silver quarter was discovered, which he handed to the tramp with the secret satisfaction that the latter was unconsciously receiving but twenty-three cents and a half in scrip, owing to the present ruinous depreciation of silver.

To the tramp, however, it was twenty-five cents, and, gratefully bowing his thanks, and amid another flood of tears, and promises that he would immediately go and buy bread, he shuffled into the street. His slipshod footsteps would have dreamily died away in the distance had they not suddenly stopped in what struck our reporter as being suspiciously close proximity to a saloon.

To lay the conclusion to which we had come, that the "greatest of these is charity" on the table, pending inquiry, we hastened to the door, but the line of gas-lamps revealed no tramp hurrying breadward. Spurred by an increasing suspicion, our reporter hurried to the nearest place where the bibulous do congregate, glided stealthily in, and—lost all faith in human nature.

There upon the bar lay that depreciated silver. Leaning familiarly against the bar was that demon of ingratitude with a decanter of bourbon in his right hand and a five-fingered drink in the other.

Burgess was just reaching out for the quarter when he beheld with amazement the size of the drink the tramp was transferring to his capacious maw. Visions of financial ruin struck him dumb for a moment, but recovering his presence of mind, he exclaimed: "I say, my friend, there's a fly in that whisky."

"Is there?" said the tramp, lowering the glass.

"Yes," remarked Burgess, as he seized a spoon and reached out for the whisky; "let me get it out for you."

Just as Burgess got possession of the whisky our reporter seized the quarter, with the remark that he guessed he would take it back, as he had given had to this fellow to buy bread, not to purchase whisky by the wholesale.

"Well," added Burgess, "if that is the case I'll take back the whisky," and back it went into the decanter.

A look of amazement and disgust combined settled upon the countenance of the tramp, and turning reluctantly upon his heel he shuffled out of the saloon, murmuring sadly and reproachfully:

"Only a smell—only a smell."

—Yesterday morning one of our reporters showed to Catherine McCarthy, the friend of the murdered woman, Mary Gallagher, the proof sheets of this paper which contained her picture, and she immediately recognized the features as being correct.

—James Virtue has for the past nineteen years been favorably known in this city as a bottler of Dow's sand porter, ales and of apple cider. His address is 19 Aylmer street.