

THE CITY LIFE:

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the exposure and criticism of the follies of the Day.

Published by "THE CITY LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY," 371 Craig Street, Montreal.

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impassioned 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.

MONTRÉAL, APRIL 30, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to hold over several communications till next week, among others a letter from Ottawa.

PROGRESSIVE MEDICINE!

We deny the truth of this maxim when applied to modern vices, and maintain that it is far better, in a remedial sense, to suffer acute agony for a short time than to endure permanent and dangerous suffering. We do not, of course, approve of the wisdom that prompts undue violence as a corrective measure, nor compliment the intellect that indulges in even disguised or vulgar obscenity; neither can we admire that species of morality in man which induces him to assume the angelic in exterior manners, while interiorly he more than emulates the brute in vile intercourse with his fellow beings. In our last issue we touched a question so repugnant in character that we recoiled as we approached it; and were it not owing to the earnest solicitation of our readers, many of whose children are being physically ruined, we should never have renewed the bestial discussion, nor sought to provoke so offensive a controversy. This monstrous and vicious habit, however, seems to be so terribly on the increase, that it is high time to become alarmed and to devise some means by which we can impede, if possible, its continued progress. To successfully accomplish this purpose, we must first tear off the mask, and let those human monsters stand before the community in all their hideous and repulsive deformity. If we cannot exterminate them by law, we must mangle them by exposure. The apparently exemplary characters to whom we referred last week are only a small fragment of this army of vampires, who, with knightly vigilance, never lose an opportunity to decy within their laws the young, unsophisticated and healthy victims there initiated in the practice of accursed and demoralizing habits. The lad, in his natural simplicity, being once introduced, continues to frequent these bothsome haunts, where the civilized cannibal awaits him, until he finds, through frequent indulgence, his constitution undermined, his intellect impaired, and the laws of nature rebelling against such unnatural and persistent transgression. The parents eventually observe the wasting and emaciated cheek of their child, his enervated body and listless manner; they interrogate him as to the cause; but, beyond evasive answers, can elicit no intelligence. The victim now keenly realizes the enormity of disgraceful guilt in which he is steeped, and permits modesty to intervene to prevent the possibility of disclosure. He is taught to make the sacrament of matrimony a subject for boisterous ridicule, and to sneer at the dictates of human love and the inclinations of natural passion. In a later issue we will designate more exactly the members of this large tribe of depraved humanity, and we shall do so prepared to resist, by proof, any legal measures that their combined strength may adopt to muzzle, gag, harass or suppress. Our readers need not stand aghast when we say that these destructive mortals are about 1,200 strong in this city alone, and in receipt of reinforcements annually.

Ladies' saques—jilted lovers.

The beer-drinker wants bigger measures and not more.

The degree of dullness is about to be conferred on the thermometer.

The Rev. Boston Murray is of the opinion that whipping makes a child lie—so it does on its face.

When a man who imagines he is injured calls to see us, the editor says: "Give the caller my compliments, and tell him I am sorry to say I have not been at the office all day."

A story is told to the effect that a young man left off smoking, and in five years was worth \$10,000. A newspaper spoils the moral of it, however, by needlessly adding that the money was left him by an uncle.

There will be an ice cream garden for the boys, in connection with the Keller Skating Rink about to be started at Point St. Charles. The ice cream, flavored with a little "Taffy" from THE CITY LIFE, would be very refreshing. "What d'ye say, boys?"

There's one thing, boys, that you must shun

If you would win your suit;

We know; for we've been there ourselves—

It is the old man's boot.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Newwater has been appointed permanently to the position of Guardian of the Post Office lobby, and engaged to him on his appointment, as he has been doing police duty in the lobby with a major of "military renown" and would be Chief of Police for some time past—voluntary and without pay.

Attention has been called to a bookkeeper in a furniture store, on Craig street, who is said to have fallen in love with a cook in an uptown boarding house, but he says the poor little thing is so lonely that he thinks it a charity to take her out for a stroll occasionally.

Protestants on St. Antoine street, on Sunday last, were somewhat surprised at the antics of half a dozen prominent young men, who undertook a head and toe walk to the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds. We for fear giving their names on account of their families.

On the return of Jeremiah DeBle from Europe, in June, he will be awaited on by his old "papa's," who will welcome him back, and present him his old seat on the Arabian Desert. In the evening they dine at the Windmill. Full particulars will be given in our next number.

It is currently reported that K——ings, the ex-dry goods man and poker player, has now started in the whisky business, and given up his other avocations for the greater part of which the boys are duly thankful, now having enough left from their pocket-money to get a spare meal when necessary.

In the late walking match,

Where both started from scratch—

A Yankee and Englishman together;

The latter gave out

When the crowd, with a shout,

Asked the many returned to their "cather."

Some of our Grand old patron express them selves astonished at an event which transpired a few evenings ago in a certain Palace on the hill, but as matters of this kind occur every day—at least lately—we are amazed that such a farce should be created over an event at once trivial and permanent. As the Farmer said to his wife when she objected to his undertaking what she considered a too difficult job: "Give the old man a chance."