

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.

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

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," 574 Craig street.

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

MONTREAL, APRIL 9, 1879.

TO OUR READERS.

WE have done all that virtue could do to procure for ourselves a legitimate birth, and you now have the result of our labor. If there is anything offensive in our make-up, the sporting classes, to whom we now speak, and in whose interest we appear, must generously correct us. We thrust out our head after much urging, and it only remains with "the boys" to decide whether they want any more of us. To have gone thus far, we have been compelled to hypothecate our diamonds—the only relics we possessed of past greatness—thus leaving our immaculate shirt bosoms without brilliancy or ornament; but, thank Heaven, we still have the "gum shoes" and Ulster, both of which cover great space, and will stimulate us in our enterprise. Although in such destitute circumstances, we seek neither charity nor favor, and will spurn any attempt at bribery or corruption. We, therefore, warn our patrons not to tamper with any members of our staff, who, unlike the demon Asmodeus, will not confine their investigations merely to the domestic broils of social life, but will be seen on the shady side of our leading thoroughfares, fearlessly inquisitive and recklessly gay. The splenetic, the sore-headed and the uncharitable, of either sex, must not attempt to secretly stab their enemies through our columns; we will not be used as a channel to gratify personal spite. The facetious and witty, however, may find their "illiterate" productions of interesting news decently corrected, and typographically displayed, for the benefit of our indulgent readers and the morbid public. [At this juncture our editor fainted, was carried out for a "booze," and was sent home "paralyzed." Oh! fortunate man.]

MISS MORAHAN beat Joe Kellert in a twenty-five mile walk, at Perry's Hall, on Saturday evening, Joe having given her a start of two miles.

WE would advise all managers of walking matches to keep "Skeleton Ike" on the judges' stand. He will give considerable "tone" to the surroundings.

THE Campana-Tinnuchi six days' walking match began at midnight on Sunday in Perry's Hall, and promises to be a great success. The hall will no doubt be crowded nightly towards the end of the week.

THE official score of the walking match is received every half hour at "The Mystic," 671 Craig street.

WE have much pleasure in stating that we have secured the services of "Night Hawk," a well-known "rounder," who will, each week in future, furnish our readers with a graphic description of his rambles through the city.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "BUM-BOARDERS."

TO THE EDITOR OF CITY LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—As the "kids" are getting pretty "loud," and the town has not had a genuine "turning over" for some time, I will deal a few "blasts" to the most prominent of the "Bum-Boarders," who infest a certain neighborhood on St. Joseph street, daily, with their obnoxious presence, amongst whom we are sorry to see such talented young artists as Bill Mc. and B., the would-be vocalists, who waste their time, when it might be used to a better advantage. Brace up, you big "duffers," and strike the stage, for the scruff of the town is upon it. There is also Tom B.; I don't want to be hard on him, but I think the best thing he can do is to play the "coal cart" again, and "shake" the "boarders." "Guffle-Eye" Tom T., the would-be "masher," better don the overalls, and take the hammer and chisel once more. He ought to be ashamed to be playing the "corner statue," with his spring "benjamin" and his father's boots on. I wonder if "Shorty" McG. could not find something more profitable than wearing his boots out upon that walking track. I think the old man might give John a job in the coal yard. Now, I will let up on the "Boarders" for this week, but they may expect to hear from me again if this is not a warning. Let them look out for the

BOY ON THE ROOF.

Montreal, April 3, 1879.

Some men who can walk a match at one time can't walk a crack at other times.

It seems rather odd to see two men playing seven-up for a dinner that is to be eight-up.

"This," said Augustus, as Angelina sat in his lap, sweetly singing, "this is a matin-knee performance."

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbens, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

There was a young girl named Laporte,
Whom a lover for three years did court
Till she said: "This must stop;
If to-night you don't pop
You'd better do like Tinnuchi and 'Sport.'"

People make too much fuss altogether over these athletic exhibitions. O'Leary didn't walk so far by seven miles as a weak woman from the country did while trying to match the shade of a ribbon.

WANTED.—Twenty young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upper works to fill a barber's cushion, down to the little carrot-headed "bum," to stand on the stoop of the American House every evening, and insult passers-by. References required. The old crowd have taken up their quarters at the corner of Notre Dame and McGill streets.

There was a young walkist named "Joe,"
Who thought he was big on the "go,"
But the son of a hatter
Soon settled the matter—
The "Sheeny" with him had no show.