

# THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 9.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

## POETRY.

### THE BARBAROUS BARBERESS.

I sat blushing 'n the chair,  
While a miss  
Tangled fingers in my hair,—  
It was bliss;  
Dimly soft finger-tips  
Came in contact with my lips  
For a kiss.  
Would she razor eyes and gaze  
Straight in mine?  
Scrape acquaintance—would her ways  
So incline?  
Would she cut me if I tried  
Pretty speeches which implied  
Love or wine?  
O, if I could make her art  
All my hone;  
From me never would she part  
Hair alone;  
She would comb to me and tell,  
While she brushed the tears that fell,  
Love unknown.  
"Barbara"—she smiled and told  
Me her name;  
Then 'twas soap that made me bold—  
"Do not blame  
One who begs for thy hair-dress,  
Who is dying to confess  
All his shame."  
O she cut me then and there—  
She was vexed;  
O her cold and cutting hair  
Me perplexed;  
"Such sleek impudence—I do  
Think, sir, you are a sham-pool!"  
Thus I was—it might be you—  
Not annexed.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of City Life.

DEAR SIR,—No doubt your readers would like to hear something of the Montreal "stuffs" that are here, striving hard to make their fortunes:—

Aleck Murray was seen on the Bowery last Monday night, accer-ing for Owey Geoghagan's, with a pretty good "load" on. About an hour later he was standing on the stoop, bewailing the loss of his watch and pocket-book, and telling the crowd gathered around him that he had a woman in Canada, called the "Beautiful Angel," who would send him all the "dust" he wanted as soon as he made known his loss. He has been "working" a free lunch route since.

"Pinky" (whom you have no doubt seen by this time), astonished the natives of Eleventh street by his grand "get up." He had been offered a position as Inspector of Public Dumps, but refused, because his second-hand clothes business was more profitable, he having started in that line with the (very few) old garments left behind by Johnny T—and Jack I—s.

O. B—y is going to spend the summer months at Long Branch with his dame, the only daughter of a very wealthy Chinese laundry-man. He will winter in Montreal, and "proceed" for the boys.

When "John's sleeve-button" was last seen, it expressed no desire to return to John.

CHAIR 44, UNION SQUARE.

New York, May 31, 1879.

## "TUFFY."

Gibbie must stop running that Bonaventure street damsel, and settle down to business.

Charlie was in town twice last week, and where was Dutchie? Oh! where was she?

S—u drinks like a *bird* when he wins a game of euchre. We wish you luck, S.

The "Belle Eva" is distracted to think that we have compared L. A. L. (her love) with A. B.

Barney T—n ought to give it up, after the sell he got the other Sunday night. Hold up your finger, Barney.

Sue Spencer had better drop on driving around the baby she had with her last Friday. Everyone knows it is not her own.

Arthur must drop standing at that Notre Dame street cigar store, or he will hear from us again.

If Jack P—t had paid his cigar bill on Craig street he would be allowed in the house once more.

Dave, of No. 5, must give up drinking beer on Saturday afternoons, or he will hear from us later.

If John Q., the apple vendor, don't leave Jennie alone, he will hear from us. How's apples, John?

Tony Boh, from St. A—s, must discontinue his visits to Victoria street. Mind yourself, Boh.

Charley S. and the butcher boy intend bringing their trunks to 184, and are going to stay for the summer.

If Tom C. does not stop going to Victoria square in the evenings we will have to let the other girls know of it.

John McG.'s dog died last month on St. Catherine street, and is now about to leave for Quebec for a sea breeze.

Dutch Charley may be seen crawling around William G. Inspector street most any evening with a red-headed blonde.

Dave has our hearty congratulations for dispersing the mob that used to monopolize the front stoop of the hotel every evening.

John W—n, known as the long and horrible man, and wool sample peddler, has been appointed inspector of molasses cakes.

If you see Louis P. L., the windy son of an innkeeper, ask him what he paid for the tobacco pot he gave to Mr. C., of Durham street.

If Dick will bring the beer-wagon to our office, we will give him something that will draw that moustache out inside of three weeks.

"Doc" drives a horse and top-buggy now. He says he can make more "mashes," and can handle them better. Don't put on so much style, or you may have to skip the town, and that would be a big loss.

Mike A., the Griffintown grocer, ought not to be seen at a certain place on St. Antoine street any more, for Lady Tom P. swears he will tickle him. Take this hint, Mike.

Windy Mose: It is no use trying to "mash" that young lady on St. James street, or the G. T. R. conductor will mash you. You're pretty, Mose, but you ain't slick enough.

The "Big-headed Blonde," Billy F. and several other well-known sports had a grand concert on Saturday evening last. Prof. Hewitt was indisposed, and did not put in an appearance.