

THE CITY LIFE.

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Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

DO NOT FORGET ME!

Do not forget me!
The hours, full-freighted with a joy too deep
For words, have flown too swiftly by. Oh, keep
That joy undimmed,
And though henceforth we two should dwell apart,
Let no sad memories linger in your heart
Or cloud your brow with care.

Do not forget me!
Think of the happy days when first we met;
Their golden radiance is around us yet—
The afterglow
Of that best time, when earth and sea and skies
Revealed new glories to our wondering eyes,
Transfigured by love's power.

Do not forget me!
Go where you will you are not far from me;
My thoughts will follow you, o'er land and sea
Unceasingly.
And in the stillness of some lonely hour
Your soul and mine, by strange magnetic power,
Shall hold communion sweet.

Do not forget me!
Think of the love that patient waits for you;
Think of the heart that ever clings to you,
All trustingly.
Content, if sunshine falls around your way,
To brighten every path wherein you stray
In loneliness to dwell.

Do not forget me!
A kind remembrance is not much to ask!
Surely it will not be to hind a task
Sometimes to think
Of one for whom the world can yield no bliss
So deep, so true, so exquisite as this—
To love and care for you!

WANTED.—A situation as horse driver. Apply to Francis of Arragon.

Henry T., the green Dutchman, has frightened away all the rats from the house since he has commenced practising on the fiddle. He is going to give a concert in partnership with an organ grinder in St. Charles Borromeo street.

John S.—I, of military renown in his mind, while passing through Griffintown the other night, was attacked by Zulus. John retreated in good order to the "Point." His wounds are slight—not so his fright. Gallant John of the "Vics."

George S., the originator and perfecter of that popular instrument, the "swinette," and Hunchey D., the insurance demon, fought a duel the other night, on Notre Dame street, over a Miss O'S. No one hurt. They intend walking six days, go-as-you-please, about the middle of June, the winner to take the fair damsel.

The walking mania seems to have reached the fair ones at Point St. Charles, judging from the progress made by half a dozen "daisies" from the above locality on St. Joseph street, Wednesday evening last. From the number of rests made opposite millinery stores we should judge the walk was for hats. What say you, girls, to the charge? Too dear, eh?

Conceited Mr. James K., the straight-legged skater of the Point, or, perhaps, as well known as the Surgeon's sick horse mash-mixer, had better recede from his nonsensical remarks in print (which was clear proof that Lou's departure must have had an acrimonious effect on him towards his successful rival, because he was not invited to take part in the farewell shake), or else we will give him out entirely. Now, Jimmie, take a brother's advice.

"TAFFY."

Frank Mustard has taken tickets for the Turkish Bath.
"Cinnamon" swears vengeance against the grocery clerk.
If Pete C. don't give Nellie a rest, she will put him in "close" quarters.

Ted C. and Billy T.—r have had a falling out with their cooks—sweet old maids.

The latest scarf is called "City Life." Go and buy one at Waugh's, Place d'Armes.

Joe I. had better steer clear of the widow teacher, for the old man is steering homewards.

John S., alias "Courtney," had better give up playing bagatelle, or else he will get "bagged."

Jim S., alias "Purkey," and his "pal," Louis C., will hear from Jennie if they don't ease off on Liz.

Emma Bucktooth would like very much to see Jack at the candy shop. The Captain will be there, Jack.

Archie has got his old "pal" (Pretty Ed) back again, and they do the statue on St. James street as of old.

Tom B——n says his bearse catches all the "tricks" around St. James street. That's so, Tommy; the other fellows are jealous.

H. R——y takes nocturnal riding lessons now, at great risk to his neck. Harry, my boy, we advise you to get inside; it's safer.

Spencer's is getting to be quite a favorite resort for Pullman car porters. Sue says a little "off color" don't make any difference.

J. H. S., of Point St. Charles, is happy. He has the inside track at C——l street. Better "let up" on chewing, John, or Minnie might kick, and mamma stop the pocket-money.

Bill D——s, alias "Jim Mud," has been appointed inspector of horse-shoe nails and railroad spikes. The position may paralyze him.

Long George had better mind himself, after catching the first potato bug of the season, as D. B., which means Douglass, has his eye on him.

The velvet-coat man who travels between the Richelieu and Canada hotels, had better sell out, pay his bill at St. Dominique street, and then go West.

Windy Alex. G., the would-be "ell of a masher," and his trick-eye sugarstick friend, better take a drop on Kent street, or we will have to give him a stronger deal.

It is about time that Jim W——h, the bum pugilist, had given up scuffling. He is apt to get left if he don't pay more attention to the Portland heiress. Take a tumble, Jim.

John Slattery, called the Griffintown politician, is about to retire from business. He is now being freely congratulated upon his late appointment to turn Wellington bridge.

Fred W., better known as Sir Peter Coates, has been appointed "sprint runner to H.R.H. Princess Louise," since which event he has been exceedingly cool with his friends, the A's.

Mary has moved from Roy lane to Charles Borromeo street. Johnny O.B. kicked last Sunday because the boys would not pay 50 cents a bottle. Go it, John; you'll be a thoroughbred yet.

Look out, Lucy (79), that Zoticque don't drop in when "Petit Cou" is around, for the barber will be snatched bald-headed, and all the hair restoratives in the world will fail to make the capillary substance vegetate again.

Shorty McG., alias "Little Sport," has lost his old "pard," T. P. M., and now consoles himself by walking to Atwater avenue most every evening with a young lady from St. Catherine street. If the maiden in D——e house ever finds it out, you are lost forever.