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SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The following parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is based upon the statement made by Dr. Guthrie that, at a large religious meeting he once attended, he actually counted six hundred people asleep:

O'er their devoted heads
While the law thunder'd,
Smugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred.
Great was the preacher's theme;
Serow'd on was all the storm;
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

Terrors to the right of them,
Terrors to the left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Holl itself plundered
Of its most awful things,
Weak-minded preacher flings
At the dumbfounder'd.
Boldly he spoke and well;
All on deaf ears it fell:
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thunder'd;
For crying—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell,
Snored the six hundred.

Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit feel
Shaken and thunder'd—
Called them the church's toes;
Threatened with endless woes,
Faintly the answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

Sermon of near an hour
Too much for human power;
Prayers, too, made to match
(Extemporaneous batch),
Woefully blunder'd;
With a service of music
Fit to turn every pew sick—
Should it be wonder'd?
Churches that will not move
Out of the ancient groove
Through which they have flounder'd,
If they would lug behind,
Still must expect to find
Hearers of such kind
As the six hundred.

A FIENDISH MURDER.

The most Atrocious Crime that Montreal has ever had committed.

Search the records of Montreal, in fact, those of any city except Paris, and we will not find a parallel case to the murder committed on Friday last. That

SO FIENDISH AN ACT

could be perpetrated in our midst surpasses comprehension, and it would be vain to moralize. We, as citizens of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, naturally feel a pride in our city, but the events which have transpired lately cause the blush to come to our cheeks, and New York and Chicago look on, and the verdict is, "Well, we can't hold a candle to them." There is an opinion that in the heated term there are more crimes committed and arrests for drunkenness than at any other period. This theory is justified by the events of recent days. Griffintown has been quiet for a year back, but now it comes to the fore in being the scene in which was enacted one of the most fiendish and

BRUTAL MURDERS

which has occurred here. And what are the facts in the case?



THE HEAD OF MARY GALLAGHER AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE TUB.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

A man named Flanagan gets on a spree, and in the course of his perambulations he meets a street walker Mary Gallagher, and the natural proposition is "Come into this hotel." Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning the couple reach 242 William street and knock at the door. Mrs. Jacob Meyer lets the parties in without, however, the customary fee. She says to her husband, "All right, Jacob, you

GO RIGHT AWAY,

and Jacob went. Jacob understood how things were going, but he did not think that they would assume such serious proportions. Flanagan, the man who accompanied the murdered woman sent out for the whiskey; it did not take long for the ardent spirits to navigate through the veins and

DISTURB THE EQUANIMITY

of the three occupants of the rooms.

According to the evidence, Flanagan went to bed with Mrs. Meyer, and the result was that the murdered woman became jealous and attempted to force an entrance into the bed-room. This fired the naturally passionate temper of Mrs. Meyer, and she leaped from the bed and dealt her rival a blow which rendered her insensible. Now comes the

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

Not content with taking the life, the tigress proceeds to cut off the head of her victim, which must have occupied considerable time, as the instrument was dull. We can picture the infuriated woman hacking away, dealing blow upon blow until the head is severed from the body, and is thrown into a tub. Blows are dealt and the body becomes fearfully mangled.

Flanagan, it is presumed, at this moment awakes, and seeing the dead body of his paramour, he flees from the scene. This must have occurred

at eleven o'clock or thereabouts, as Meyers testifies that he went home to dinner at twelve and saw the dead body on the floor and his wife asleep. He being a half idiot did not realize the extent of the horrible affair, and quietly sits down and eats his dinner. The coolness of this act is unparalleled; it testifies to the worst condition of depravity of the age. After Meyer had eaten his dinner, his wife arises and views the result of her fury. She, to some extent, realizes the position she is placed in and hopes to conceal her crime by hiding the poor victim. To better further her purpose she attempts to

CUT OFF THE LEG

but finds that the hatchet is too blunt. Her purpose has been to cut the body up and bury it piecemeal during the night. How the afternoon was paced may be left to the imagination, and we come to the evening and the hour when the murderess puts her head out of the window and shouts "Murder." A young man rushes up and is stupefied with the sight that meets his gaze. In a moment the officers of the law are notified and the whole neighborhood is in a state of excitement. Threats of lynching the woman are made, and at one time it looks as if they would be carried out. A News reporter and special artist reach the house shortly after the horrible discovery, and the latter proceeds to take a sketch of the scene which he has graphically portrayed, as will be seen. We pass over the details of the inquest which developed only what we have already stated, and come to the interview with our reporter of the three parties under arrest, Mrs. Meyer, Jacob Meyer and Michael Flanagan. The murderess is seated in her cell and has not quite recovered from her drunken orgies; she gives an incoherent statement of the affray and blames Flanagan for having committed the deed. This, however, is futile as her clothes were covered with blood, and Flanagan did

not have the least on his. The woman talks unconsciously of the most atrocious of crimes, and when questioned as to her idea of being hanged she replies: "I don't care a d—n." Flanagan is evidently innocent of participation, and Meyer probably was not in the house at the time. In a very short time one of the most fiendish murderesses of the age will swing from a scaffold.

THE QUENNEVILLE MURDER.

The detective officers of Montreal have been much abused, because they have not so far arrested the murders of Quenneville. When a crime is enveloped in so much mystery the surest way of proceeding is to arrest all persons on whom the slightest suspicion of complicity may rest. In France, for instance, when a serious crime is committed, the police apprehend as many persons as they may think necessary, and the chances are that in nine cases out of ten, the guilty party is arrested. In Canada if the police happen to arrest the wrong person, an action for false arrest may be instituted; and, as in the case of Coyle vs. the late Chief of Police, *et al.*, judgment may be rendered against the defendants, who for doing what they thought was in the interest of justice, are compelled to pay damages and the costs of the suit which may amount to a very considerable sum. There is another matter connected with our detective force which may with propriety be placed before our readers, and that is the fact that too small pay is given them, and too little credit. In other cities the force has a secret service fund from which the detectives draw what money is necessary for current expenses *ie.* when they are detailed for special duty and in order to ferret out a crime are compelled to enter the retreats of those suspected, and they ingratiate themselves into the good graces of the companions by the means of a treat or two. In Montreal it is different, the detective has to spend his own money. If he wants an agent (as we might call those who assist detectives in other cities) he has to pay him a certain fee. Now in order to render our detective force efficient, it needs to be placed under commissioners, who understand the wants of force. They should not be subjected to the caprices of our "City Fathers" who generally have no knowledge of the requirements of the service.

HE COULDN'T DRINK WINE.

THAT was a noble youth of Hamilton who, on being urged to take a glass of wine at the table of a famous statesman, in Ottawa, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine!" echoed the statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine!" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed: "I never drink wine, but (here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer) if you've got a little good old rye whisky, I don't mind taking a snifter."

—The latest freak in fashion is the pullback night-gown. Bustles on undershirts are not popular.