

The Illustrated Police News

AND SPORTING TIPS.

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY JULY 26, 1879.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

To ensure regularity in the delivery of the Police News at a distance, subscribers are requested to forward their yearly or half-yearly subscriptions without delay. Tidal trip: 50 cents for six months.

CRIME.

In conversation with prominent citizens and public officials we have found that there is a general impression that the police force of this city is altogether inadequate to suppress the crime which seems to overrun the metropolis at present, and that the system of punishment now in force is not preventative to those who commit the deed. To the majority of the criminals who daily figure in our courts of justice a sojourn in the common jail or penitentiary is as a holiday at the expense of the city and country and the sooner a more stringent punishment is meted out to evil doers the better for society in general. It is admitted that the police force is well organized and skilfully managed but at the same time a few more men added on would be satisfactory to all parties concerned and the additional costs would be a mere bagatelle compared with the good work which would be accomplished. Let's have no retrenchment in police circles.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

One half of the cut on the first page represent a farm hand, in the employ of Mr. Irvine, Lower Lachine Road, named Robert D. Jones, falling from the third story window of his boarding house in Centre street, Point St. Charles, last Sunday while drunk. The injuries sustained were a fracture of four ribs and several severe contusions. That there is a god for drunkards is clearly proved in this instance. He now lies in the General Hospital doing as well as can be expected.

The other half shows what whisky will accomplish. Exilda Villeneuve, wife of Joseph Ouellette and Delima Dumont, wife of E. X. Beauvais, reside at 73 in that notorious street called St. Phillip. Last Saturday they got outside of too much "kill-soldier" and during the animated discussion that followed between them, Exilda threw Delima from the gallery to the yard a distance of eighteen feet, breaking both her arms. The victim is in the General Hospital and Exilda is at

Payette's summer resort awaiting examination.

The illustration on our third page gives a graphic and truthful picture of the lamentable yacht disaster at Pointe-aux-Trembles, 21 miles above Quebec, on Friday the 18th instant. The pleasure party on board consisted of the following ladies and gentlemen: The owner of the unfortunate craft, Octave Delisle, Alphonse Delisle, his wife, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Garneau, late Sergeant-at-Arms of the Provincial Parliament, Jean Larue, Miss Emily Larue, Louis Lefebvre, Louis Gauvin, Xavier Garneau, Ferdinand Blais, Dr. Ernest Delisle, Miss Elmina Matte, M. Gauvreau, and one or two others.

While sailing in the middle of the St. Lawrence a sudden squall struck the sail and amid the shrieks of the ladies the yacht keeled over throwing the occupants into the hungry waves. A steamer and several small boats put out to render assistance and succeeded in rescuing seven out of fifteen.

The names of the dead are: Mrs. Octave Delisle, wife of the owner of the yacht; Miss Emily Larue, aged 21, a wealthy young lady, daughter of the Seigneur of Pointe-aux-Trembles and a distant relative of Lieut.-Governor Letellier, of Quebec; Louis Lefebvre, 40 years of age, Principal of the Academy at Pointe-aux-Trembles, where he leaves a widow and four children, and his son, a lad of fourteen; Louis Gaven, aged 40, married; Xavier Garneau, unmarried, aged 29, master blacksmith; Fred. Blais, aged 26, unmarried, sailing master of the yacht; Dr. Ernest Delisle, aged 32, village physician, who leaves a widow and two children. The body of Lefebvre was recovered floating on the water. The body of Mrs. Gosselin and several of the others have been recovered. The gloom that spread over the quiet little village of Pointe-aux-Trembles and neighborhood will not be dispelled for many a long day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. Parties sending contributions should give their real name, not for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

OTTAWA, July 21st, 1879.

Messrs. Patton, Phelan & Co.,
28 St. Vincent Street.

GENTLEMEN.—I have received No. 3 of the POLICE NEWS and must congratulate you on the improved appearance of your paper. I have noticed many persons reading it and can assure you that all speak highly of the contents. Such a paper should be a success in Canada and I must wish you great prosperity.

Yours truly,

(Ed. Thanks. Would be glad to hear from you once in a while.)

Too Late for the Boat.

Many ludicrous scenes are witnessed on the wharf as the excursion steamer swings out leaving those who are late behind. The other day a woman who arrived at the dock just as the boat had a start of ten feet, didn't comprehend the situation for a moment. She didn't know but that boats had a habit of starting off and backing up to keep the machinery from getting rusty. When she realized that she was being left, she jabbed a man in the back with her elbow, knocked a hat off with her parasol, and squealed at the top of her voice:

"Hold on there you haven't got me."
"Make a jump" screamed one boy.

The Great English Tenor.

SCENE,—PERRY'S HALL—TIME, 8 O'CLOCK

Enter a large number of sports with rubber overcoats and slouch hats.

1st. Sport.—Sing hey the gallant Hewitt is the star.

2nd. Sport.—Sing hey a truthful man you are.

Manager.—He cometh not you said,
Oh, I'm weary a weary
Methinks my friends
He may be beery.

Boy in Gallery.—Heed ye my jolly hums! Look not upon the turnip when it is young, but gaze upon this full bloom cabbage. Prepared we are for the grand reception of the Professor.

Manager.—Be wise in your time brave youth—Shie not that rose at the English tenor when he is in the meridian of his glory; await the climax.

Boy.—Be still sad heart pocket thy exuberance.

TIME 9 O'CLOCK.

Sports are impatient.—The Tenor does not tyle an appearance. A great hubbub ensues.

Manager.—Strive to be calm. The gallant Professor will not fail us. (aside) I've got the nickels anyway.

The stage is invaded by the mob who indulge in sundry speeches and songs, after which the lights are turned out and another of those celebrated concerts is brought to a close. The great English tenor displayed more gumption this time than he has yet been noted for and it is supposed, hoped at least, that as there is an end to all things the "Professor Hewitt Concerts" will be buried in oblivion.

The late Champion Lacrosse Match.

All positions that impose upon the holder thereof the duty of finally and irrevocably deciding a question at issue between two contending parties, are to say the least, oftimes very unsatisfactory. This proved to be true in the last Lacrosse championship match between the Shamrocks and the Montreal clubs. Mr. Barney was asked at the eleventh hour to act as referee by two members from each club. He accepted the position on the following conditions which were readily accepted.

"Gentlemen, if I accept the position, it is on the condition that in case the umpires shall disagree about a game and I do not see the ball go through, I shall order the ball faced, and will let the game go on as before."

Mr. Barney scorns the insinuation that he had money laid on the game, and if possible will make his accusers prove their statements.

Romance.

One of the three or four passengers on a city railway car yesterday was a young lady, and all at once she asked the driver's permission to take the lines.

"It would be so awful romantic, you know, for me to write to ma that I had driven a street car," she added, as he hesitated.

He passed the lines over, and for a few rods all went well. Then a sudden pull on a rein at the wrong moment sent the car off the rails.

"How nice—how romantic!" cried the young lady, as she was jostled around.

"Gimme them lines!" growled the driver, as he reached out. "This may be a mighty romantic thing for you, but when I get down town four minutes behind time it will take a ton of hard lying to make the timer believe I struck a load of hay and went off the track."

Another erring Girl.

Yesterday, Mr. Dugas was placed under the painful necessity of sending a pretty but fallen girl, named Celina Rochon, to the Female Prison for four months. She had left her father's roof to lead a life of prostitution. Detective Richer found her in "Black Angel's" house in St. Constant street. The father—a respectable old man from the rural districts—tried all he could to induce her to return home, but she refused point blank, preferring incarceration to the comforts of "home sweet home." She is only 19 years of age. Such is life.

THE MULE.

BY MARTIN F. T.—PP—R.

Who hath seen a mule die?
Hath the vision of man encompassed
one upon his legs, and about to keel over?

Nixy, my boy, for the mule is immortal!

He liveth a thousand years, and then
braceth up, and taketh a fresh
hold for twenty thousand.

Such is the vastness, the grandeur,
the greatness of the animile. He
is a big thing!

Why is he a thing that is big?
Thou fool, go to the ant and consider!
He is big because he is not little, and
Brightness differeth from littleness
even as the flea differeth from the
barn-door.

Be wise, O man. Pad out thy skull
with knowledge, and learn wisdom
of me, the poet of the obvious.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY.—Detective Murphy was informed by one of the leading physicians in Montreal, the other day, that never in the course of his extensive experience has the city been in so healthy a state. "No little disease is there," added the doctor, "that our occupation is gone; and we might, to use a vulgar expression, sell out, and drive a second hand hearse."

The doctor may be right but what or where would he drive the hearse to if he can't get a corpse unless to kill time perhaps. Verily it is hard to please everybody.

VARIETIES.

—A volume that will bring tears to the eyes—a volume of smoke.

—The Maritime Register is not a Society paper.—The marry time is none of its business.

—A happy mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

—A temperance pledge — pawning the Society's banner.

—"When the festive fly,
"So airy and spry,
"Concludes he no longer can
[flutter,

"He buzzes around
"With wonderful sound,
"And buries himself in the butter"

The Aesthetics of Hash-House.

A DOLEFUL WAIL.

DEAR NEWS:—Probably you have heard of a gentleman named Job, who used to roam around on earth several years ago, and who submitted to a series of practical tests, calculated to try the strength of his constitution, etc. You will remember, too, that he came out first best, and beat the devil all hollow. Now it seems to me that