

THE CITY LION.

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POETRY.

GRACIA.

Nay, nay, Antonio—thou shalt not blame her.
My Gracia, who hath so deserved me.
Thou art my friend; but, if thou should'st defame her,
I would not hesitate to challenge thee!

O! I have loved, Antonio—loved so madly—
This radiant creature whom I called my own!
Canst thou divine the woe of sitting sally
With phantom guests of joys forever flown?

"Curse and forget her?" So I might another
One not so bounteous-natured, or so fair;
But she, Antonio—she was like no other;
I curse her not, because she was so rare.

She was made out of laughter and sweet kisses;
Not blood, but sunshine, through her fine veins ran;
Her soul quilled over with its wealth of blisses;
She was too great for loving but a man.

None but a god could keep so rare a creature;
I blame her not for her incontinancy.
When I recall each radiant smile, each feature,
I wonder she so long was true to me.

Call her not false and fickle. I, who love her,
Do hold her not unlike the royal Sun,
That, all unmade, rooms all kingdoms over
And lights all worlds, but lingers not with one.

If she were less a goddess, more a woman,
And so had dallied for a time with me,
Another had left me—I, who am but human,
Would slay her, and her newer love, maybe.

But, knowing she seeks Apollo, or another
Of these lost gods, and seeks him all in vain,
And has loved me as well as any other
Of her men-loves—why, I can bear my pain.

How is it that a hot furnace is always cooled?

Fair one, if you don't want some fellow to steal your heart, you must steel it yourself.

A German proverb says: "Man is what he eats," which in German makes him just the cheese.

"Our First Baby" is the title of a new book. It is bound in wisdom, of course, and has a weak back.

Ninety per cent. of the pulp of an orange is water. This explains why stepping on the skin brings to mind a clam.

He came in late the other night, and was rolling into bed when his wife woke up and said: "Don't forget your nightcap, dear." "No—a—hah! two nightcaps altho!"

Governess (pleasurously explaining the word enough)—"Now, suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, all the sweet cake she cares for; what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)—"Kittens!"

"TAFFY."

The firemen get their hose at Waugh's
Driving at a 2.40 gait is all very well; but—ask the Kurne'.
Tony James S—e has tinned Quaker. He is letting his beard grow.

"Cinnamon Jim" better look out, or the grocery clerk will get the best of him.

Tom O'H., one of the "photos" has been promised a job as book-keeper on a milk-waggon.

Some of our detectives are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it? They never catch anything.

James L. had better stop going to Dorchester street, or else some one will give him away—one that knows his doings.

T. M., the billiard referee, is trying to get his work in on some lacrosse club. Tom: All the "clubs" have got on to you.

Dan H., Harry M. and Long John walked from McGill street to Hochelaga the other day, and had to take the cars to get back.

Sonny John Thomas, Jack E. and Bud, the great poker players, have bought a case of matches, and are a right for the summer.

Dandy John, who deals out snide cigars on St. Joseph street, had a great time at St. Cuneonde on Monday night. How's the purp, John?

J. S—h, the roper ker at the East End, better "shake" the mansion immediately, or P. McG. will give him a "breeze" about the raffle.

Slew-foot Lottie intends wearing a fur cap all summer, to make up for the straw hat she wore last winter. Nothing like a change. Call again, professor.

Pretty Johnny N—e, alias Commodore Nutt, has made another grand "mash" on a fair *divorcelle* of the West End. Go in, John, "there's millions in it."

A dog at St. Jean Baptiste village tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours on Monday last. He made 347 laps, and tipped over the dish.

If Black Valentine and Clara, of "485," don't stop drinking whisky and being so charitable they will both soon be in the poor house. So say Long Toe.

Mac, the letter carrier, needn't have been riled about Sonny walking off with Abby, the flaxen-haired lass, although he had her in hand. Sonny would thump him about as quick as he would say "good even."

The gentleman that kissed the young lady in the front room up stairs in the American House the other evening had better see that the curtains are first drawn, and not give the opposite an opportunity of admiring the operation.

Will Pat M., of 117, take a little more time to wash his face and comb his hair in the morning, instead of waiting for Mary at the corner? John B., of 17, better take this hint, too, or Mamie will give him up, and he will grow poor and dirty.

The old Liverpool and Manchester Wolf is matched with Old Cuck for a two mile walk, go as you please. Old Cuck will wear his high hat on the occasion, and the Wolf those checked pants, on which a game of checkers will be played while he is resting. Long-nosed Jack feels confident that the old man will win.