

THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

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For and Against Marriage.

[Those who are opposed to matrimony will read the first and third lines, then the second and fourth, and so continue through all the verses. The friends of the "institution" need make no transposition.]

The man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by his wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no peace
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given him for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female hearts appear
Truth—darling of heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne're known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in women we behold?
The falsehood that in women dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Fooled be the foolish man, I say,
Who would not yield to woman's sway;
Who changes from his singleness
Is sure of perfect happiness.

Caught on the Fly by the News Reporters.

— Following the races is sure turf fetch a man after a while.

— If you want to beat anything all hollow, beat a drum on the head of the defunct *Jester* editor.

— A man, no matter how humble he may be, immediately becomes "the observed of all observers" when he opens a copy of the *Police News* on a crowded horse car.

— Thousands canines are slaughtered here every summer. It is considered a very fine preventative of hydrophobia, not to speak of the effect it has on the bologna sausage market.

— A statistician says that the richest milk we have is that given by hornless cows. This we consider a beautiful compliment to the pump.

This is the season of the year to get off the old joke about the city girl who goes up to the cowyard fence, and, drawing the muslin dress up and about, says coyly, "Oh, cousin John! which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?"

He was a tramp. "Of what use is the casket when the jewel is gone?" he remarked, as he quaffed the contents of a half pint flask, and then shied the vessel at a cat.

Careful men estimate that a chap who takes the hired girl to the fair will pay out seven dollars, where the man who takes his own wife won't spend ten cents.

What this country really needs isn't so much reform as it is a new style of pants that won't bag in the knees.

A man may love domestic quiet and harmony enough to keep his mouth shut while his wife's relations are in the house, but when he sees one of his fine ruffled shirts on his brother-in-law, what wonder if he feels that he must go down in the cellar and shovel coal, or burst.

The financial stringency of the times was sadly indicated yesterday, in the eloquent failure of a drunken man down on Commissioners street, to borrow seventy-five cents of a hitching-post.

— On Tuesday evening an intoxicated individual named Dédoire dit Lapatte, fell into the water opposite Joe Vincent's boat house, and was rescued by Joe and his man Joseph Bonsquet, with no damage except a good ducking.

— Alexandre Langevin, the driver of "Village Girl," that died after her 20 mile trot; Joseph Provost, François Vallière and Edmond Barbeau, other drivers in the same race, gave bail on Tuesday before the Police Magistrate to answer a charge of cruelty to animals on that occasion. The accusation is preferred by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

— Did you ever have a ten pound cobble stone in the heel of your stocking? If you have you can imagine something of the enjoyment of getting a raspberry seed wedged underneath the plate of your false teeth.

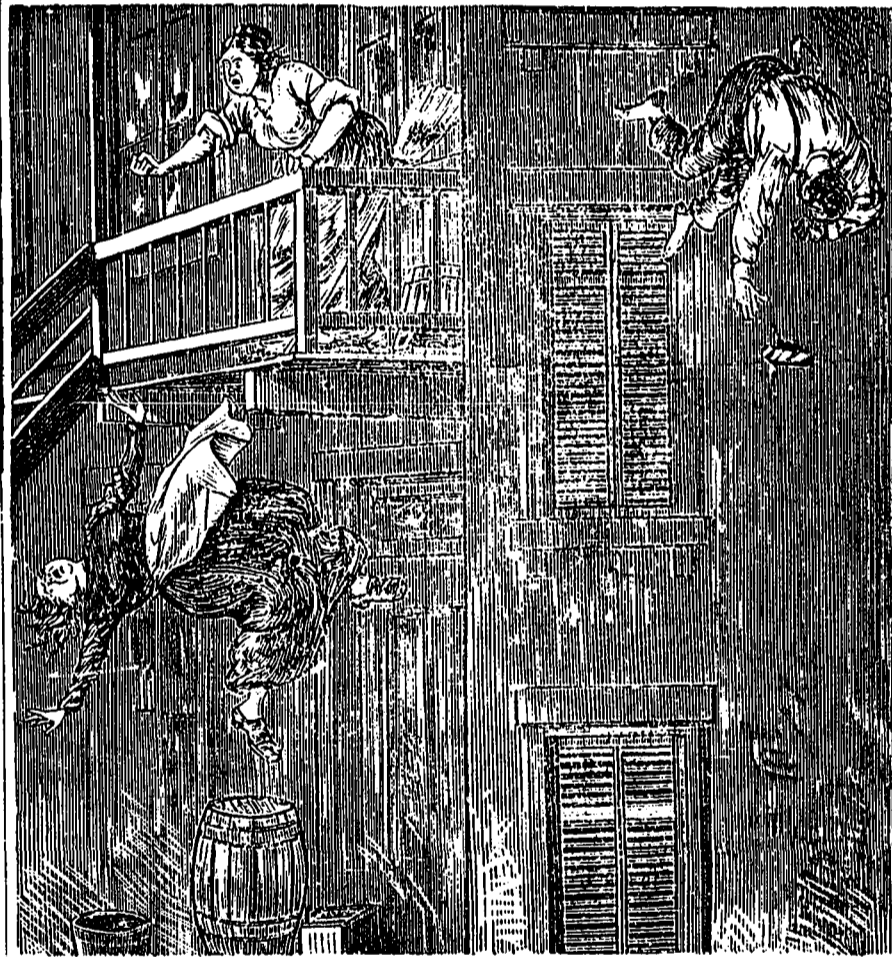
— From early morn' till dewy eve, the matron with a basket on her arm and half a dozen children stepping on her heels can be seen wending her way to the wharf to embark on the ferry and enjoy the shades of St Helen's Island.

James Tighe, the partner of J. P. Kearney now in the Penitentiary for a felony, has been released from jail after serving two months out of three for complicity in Kearney's crime. Mr. F. J. Keller is to be credited with having obtained the clemency of the Governor in Council.

— Four new companies will be added to the 65th Rifles by the 1st September next, making the battalion ten companies strong.

— The non-commissioned officers gave a successful ball last Monday at Valade's Hotel, which was attended by over three hundred persons.

How good would man be if those magnanimous feelings could be concentrated permanently in a boy's breast, which he feels for humanity and everything else, after his father has given him some money to go to a minstrel show.



Exilda Villeneuve throwing Délima Dumont off a gallery during a drunken quarrel. (See 2d. page.)

Terrible fall of R. D. Jones from a third story window while intoxicated. (See 2d. page.)

— The *Star* with commendable enterprise had telegraphic communication with the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds on the day of the championship match, and published a full account of the exciting game five minutes after its completion.

— This is the season of the year when the cucumber plant rears its proud head above the soil of the garden, and when every newspaper man who vents some object on which to bent his malice, takes up his pencil and writes. "The undertakers haven't been in such good humor for years. Reason why—the crop is unprecedented."

— A mad dog was killed the other day near St. Peter street by a modern David, who threw a peach at him that he had grabbed from one of the fruit stands.

When we were light-hearted, happy boys, these were the kind of days that we loved to go chestnutting, after which we went home with our clothes torn, our feet wet, our breath damp and cold, and our stomachs empty, and got whaled half to death.

— Col. Crawford commanding the 5th Fusiliers is opposed to the proposed visit to New York. We thanks the "13th" for their kind invitation, but thinks the expense which would have to be incurred too great for the resources of the battalion.

Try to raise the wind ye gallant 5th.

Last Tuesday night one of our most reputable citizens happened to be leaning against a telegraph pole on Notre Dame street, enjoying a cigar, and the prospect of his party's victory, when a fine looking young fellow, considerably more than slightly under the influence of the rosy, approached him with unsteady gait. Balancing himself with considerable difficulty, and pointing to the pole, he asked: "Bes' fren' yer got in er world, ole man?"

"Oh, yes," was the evasive reply.

"All right, been er myself, ole man," and seemingly satisfied, he began to untangle his way homeward.

— Detective Murphy says that it is a delusion to suppose that because the police reports show an apparent decrease in the number of prisoners, offenses of a minor character are diminishing in our midst. The fact is the police have received instruction not to arrest persons for drunkenness or for trifling offenses, unless the offenders are a real public nuisance, as every person committed to jail costs the city 25 cents a day.

SNIFFLES' SPREE.

Sniffles brought his two weeks' spree to a close the other night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner attracted his attention. Rising on his elbow, he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes, he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife, he asked, hoarsely:

"Mirany, what is that?"

"What is what, Likey?"

Sniffles' name is Lycurgus, and his wife calls him Likey for short and sweet.

"Why, that—that—thing in the corner," said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand that shook like a politician's.

"Likey, dear, I see nothing," said the woman.

"What! You don't see it?" he shrieked.

"Then I've got 'em. Oh! Heavens! Bring me the Bible, Miranda—bring it quick! Here—here, on this sacred book, I swear never to touch a drop of whisky. If I break my vow, may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth, and—"

Here, catching another glimpse of the terrible object, he clutched his wife, and begged in piteous tones:

"Don't leave me—don't leave your Likey," and burying his face in the folds of her dress, he sobbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep. Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake, and threw it into the stove.

HIS LODGE.

It got so at last that his wife began to wonder what business "the lodge" had on hand that it should meet four or five times per week. He was out four nights a week until eleven o'clock, and he came home with redness in his eyes, and his step was unsteady as he passed down the hall. He said "the lodge" business was mighty hard on the muscles, and that candidates were coming in by the hundreds. One night he groaned out in his sleep and talked of "the right lower," and yelled out "spades!" and the wife wondered still more. The other evening she took a position where she could see who went up stairs into the lodge room. Her husband passed by and entered a place where rows of bottles adorn the shelves, and coffee and spice stand in a saucer on the counter to purify the breath. When she went in he was one of four at a table. Each one of the four was looking at the pictures on some cards held in his hand.

"So this is the lodge, is it?" she inquired, as she stood before him.

He was caught, and he resolved to make a clean breast of it. He laid his cards down, rose up, and gave her his arm, and said:

"I won't lie to you, Mary. This is not the lodge room—this is where we stop for a minute to beat the blasted enemies of our craft out of their surplus greenbacks! When I come home to night, Mary, I'll bring that shawl you spoke of!"

The regularity with which that man now hangs around home every evening in the week is astonishing.

MRS. GHIDONE & Co. have opened an elegant Establishment at No. 41, St. Lambert Hill, where choice Liquors and Cigars, French Wines, &c. may be enjoyed. Call around.