

# THE MONTREAL GLOBE

Vol. 1, No. 1}

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1879.

{Price 5 Cents.

## POETRY.

MARY ANN, MARY ANN!

I've a letter from thy sire,  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;  
And he's just as mad as fire,  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
And he says if I come nigher,  
That he'll raise me ten times higher  
Than a Montreal church spire,  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
If to win thee I aspire,  
Mary Ann!

I'm so scared I cannot slee-beep,  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
For I'm struck all of a bee-heap,  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!  
He is coming after me!  
Blood in both his eyes I see,  
Oh, wherever I shall flee-hee!  
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;  
He will make it hot for me-hee,  
Mary Ann!

When a man hasn't a red he gets blue.

How natural it is for an old "seed" to ask "What's up?"

When gamblers fail to agree they pour Hoyle upon the troubled waters.

A young man in Brooklyn boasts that he has kissed his girl 450 times in 6 hours and 3 laps, and thinks he has won the match.

A correspondent explains why he hadn't written before by saying he could not "get money enough together" to buy a postal-card.

"Take back the heart that thou gavest," as the gambler said to his pal who had passed him under the table the wrong card to fill the flush.

"With all thy false, I love thee still," murmured a young man as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth that she had sneezed into his lap.

"An old head on young shoulders" is a very trite saying, which was reversed by Old Buffer the other day, when he took the hired girl in his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Two months with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "one stew; two spoons."

"Johnny," said a sporting father, "Johnny, what have you got in your fist?" "Two pears," said Johnny. "Good hand," said the absent-minded parent, "take the pot—" Then he blushed, and pointing to a brass kettle, he added, "to your mother."

The pedestrian fever has even extended to the most secluded precincts of the family circle. We hear of several young ladies of highly respectable parents in this city who are training to walk, and nearly all of them are under two years of age.

"Paralyzed" is the last slang. It is very expressive. For instance, if you see a man sitting on his front stoop about 3 a. m. trying his best to open the door-knob with a lead-pencil, it is pretty nearly right to say that he is "paralyzed."

"What does your husband do?" asked the gas man. "He ain't doing nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, "We've only been married six weeks."

## "TAFFY."

Crawford's faro bank is run on the U-rope-in plan.

The conductor will get himself in trouble if he drinks so much I. P. at Dan's.

A new brand of cigars has been named after "the professor." Because he's a nice moke?

If the cracked watchmaker don't give up hawking at night, we will give him "dead away."

Harry Brindley is going to take off his goatee. He is afraid the moths might get into it.

The gang at "615" better be careful. The "cops" intend making a raid one of these nights.

Had Joe Kellert bathed his feet before his great walk, he might have showed Thompson a clean pair of heels.

"Take a run" over from the walking match to "The Mystic," 671 Craig street, near Bleury. The "Colonel" wants to see you.

"Did you ever see 'John's sleeve-buttons' on a drunk?" "Never." "What! never?" "Well, hardly ever." (This is new.)

Billy S. and Harry B. had better "let up" on breaking hats. If Billy was made pay for a few more he would probably "drop" on himself.

"The Major" has given up storekeeping, and gone house-keeping. Six months hence he won't be able to tell the price of maple sugar.

If Bob, the brushmaker, don't stop dealing in red herrings, sauces, etc., and attend to his legitimate business, somebody will hear of it.

Joe P. and his "ringer" are, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. Like a great many of their "pards," they are "kept" waiting.

"Piano Lou," why don't you "take a tumble," and go to work. Stanley is jealous, and will give you the "shake" if you don't behave yourself.

"Sheeny Gus" travels a long way up to Hypolite street. What does Louis say? Don't wear your boots out, Gus; you may need 'em before the fall.

How is it that the police have not interfered with the gambling which has been going on at 471 Craig street for the past two years? It is not too late yet.

If Mr. B., of St. Joseph street, will call at our office, we will give him a recipe for making a first-class oyster stew—one that will "paralyze" you.

When "Arcade," of the Globe, is not talking about cows, he is teaching his parrot how to call him away when he gets about 75 cents ahead in a poker game.

"Bowery" and "Sadie" are to have a grand walking match when the roads get good. They will start from Paquet's, and will not get back till late in the fall.

"Skeleton Ike," who accomplished the great feat of crawling up a gas pipe and coming out through the burner, has taken down his tin shingle from opposite the Ottawa Hotel, and is now associated with "The Wolf." They are always on the look-out for an honest (?) dollar.

## THE CITY LIFE;

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Censure and Criticism of the Follies of the Day.

Published by "THE CITY LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY," 574 Craig street, Montreal.

THE CITY LIFE will be published EVERY WEDNESDAY, and will contain the latest news of interest to the sporting fraternity.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impecunious correspondents are requested not to write on more than two sides of the paper.

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," 574 Craig street.

Advertisements will be inserted at 5 cents per line, each insertion.

MONTREAL, APRIL 9, 1879.

### TO OUR READERS.

WE have done all that virtue could do to procure for ourselves a legitimate birth, and you now have the result of our labor. If there is anything offensive in our make-up, the sporting classes, to whom we now speak, and in whose interest we appear, must generously correct us. We thrust out our head after much urging, and it only remains with "the boys" to decide whether they want any more of us. To have gone thus far, we have been compelled to hypothecate our diamonds—the only relics we possessed of past greatness—thus leaving our immaculate shirt bosoms without brilliancy or ornament; but, thank Heaven, we still have the "gum shoes" and Ulster, both of which cover great space, and will stimulate us in our enterprise. Although in such destitute circumstances, we seek neither charity nor favor, and will spurn any attempt at bribery or corruption. We, therefore, warn our patrons not to tamper with any members of our staff, who, unlike the demon Asmodeus, will not confine their investigations merely to the domestic broils of social life, but will be seen on the shady side of our leading thoroughfares, fearlessly inquisitive and recklessly gay. The splenetic, the sore-headed and the uncharitable, of either sex, must not attempt to secretly stab their enemies through our columns; we will not be used as a channel to gratify personal spite. The facetious and witty, however, may find their "illiterate" productions of interesting news decently corrected, and typographically displayed, for the benefit of our indulgent readers and the morbid public. [At this juncture our editor fainted, was carried out for a "booze," and was sent home "paralyzed." Oh! fortunate man.]

MISS MORAHAN beat Joe Kellert in a twenty-five mile walk, at Perry's Hall, on Saturday evening, Joe having given her a start of two miles.

WE would advise all managers of walking matches to keep "Skeleton Ike" on the judges' stand. He will give considerable "tone" to the surroundings.

THE Campana-Tinnuchi six days' walking match began at midnight on Sunday in Perry's Hall, and promises to be a great success. The hall will no doubt be crowded nightly towards the end of the week.

THE official score of the walking match is received every half hour at "The Mystic," 671 Craig street.

WE have much pleasure in stating that we have secured the services of "Night Hawk," a well-known "rounder," who will, each week in future, furnish our readers with a graphic description of his rambles through the city.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### THE "BUM-BOARDERS."

TO THE EDITOR OF CITY LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—As the "kids" are getting pretty "loud," and the town has not had a genuine "turning over" for some time, I will deal a few "blasts" to the most prominent of the "Bum-Boarders," who infest a certain neighborhood on St. Joseph street, daily, with their obnoxious presence, amongst whom we are sorry to see such talented young artists as Bill Mc. and B., the would-be vocalists, who waste their time, when it might be used to a better advantage. Brace up, you big "duffers," and strike the stage, for the scruff of the town is upon it. There is also Tom B.; I don't want to be hard on him, but I think the best thing he can do is to play the "coal cart" again, and "shake" the "boarders." "Guffle-Eye" Tom T., the would-be "masher," better don the overalls, and take the hammer and chisel once more. He ought to be ashamed to be playing the "corner statue," with his spring "benjamin" and his father's boots on. I wonder if "Shorty" McG. could not find something more profitable than wearing his boots out upon that walking track. I think the old man might give John a job in the coal yard. Now, I will let up on the "Boarders" for this week, but they may expect to hear from me again if this is not a warning. Let them look out for the

BOY ON THE ROOF.

Montreal, April 3, 1879.

Some men who can walk a match at one time can't walk a crack at other times.

It seems rather odd to see two men playing seven-up for a dinner that is to be eight-up.

"This," said Augustus, as Angelina sat in his lap, sweetly singing, "this is a matin-knee performance."

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbens, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

There was a young girl named Laporte,  
Whom a lover for three years did court  
Till she said: "This must stop;  
If to-night you don't pop  
You'd better do like Tinnuchi and 'Sport.'"

People make too much fuss altogether over these athletic exhibitions. O'Leary didn't walk so far by seven miles as a weak woman from the country did while trying to match the shade of a ribbon.

WANTED.—Twenty young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upper works to fill a barber's cushion, down to the little carrot-headed "bum," to stand on the stoop of the American House every evening, and insult passers-by. References required. The old crowd have taken up their quarters at the corner of Notre Dame and McGill streets.

There was a young walkist named "Joe,"  
Who thought he was big on the "go,"  
But the son of a hatter  
Soon settled the matter—  
The "Sheeny" with him had no show.

## MORE "TAFFY."

"Buster" is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next troupe of blondes.

"Windy Mose," of the Ottawa, better not blow so much, or the Upper Canada steamers will have to use sails next summer. Mose is also known as "The Telephone."

If you can't walk on a track, go to "John's," on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Gabriel streets, and "take a walk" around a billiard table. It will do you good.

"Tony Jim" is in mourning. Marie Louise has gone West. On Sunday nights Jim sings "The Old Home (102) Ain't Like It Used To Be." Cheer up, Jim.

Johnny O'H., the "star grinner," and "Lightning Bill" are waiting for Government sits. They will probably get them on a block, with a hammer thrown in.

"Louis" Rosario's fingers are fast filling out, as he gets very little practice with the "pasteboards," and it takes money to buy sandpaper. "Alas! poor Yorick."

Joe Murvin left town in disgust. What little "dust" he had he "blew in" at Crawford's. Don't be disheartened Joe. Sue may have a note when you strike town again.

"Windy King" is now peddling on the road between Syracuse and Rochester. He has a new "racket," and promises to surprise the Montreal "news butchers" when he gets back.

"Chauncey" is said to have got a good "tumping" lately in Roy lane. He went down to "move the house," but they wouldn't have it that way. Keep quiet. Don't be talkin'.

"Always bow to royalty" is what the "blokes" say. That's what "Ten-Cent Joe" did the other night. He bowed to three queens, and it cost him \$7. All he had was two pair.

Johnny O'B. saved up for two weeks to buy his girl in Roy lane a pair of boots. He was "fresh" enough to show them to the boys, who gave him the laugh. Hold on to the chain, John.

"Frogan" had to wear blinkers for a week after "Slug 7" put the head on him. He don't issue any more orders now, and says he will never be chairman again. We hope he won't, for his own sake.

G. W. L., E. S., W. L. and J. D. paid a visit to the east end on Monday evening last, with a view to purchasing some beer. As the party tried to settle with coppers, the boss of the hotel threatens to "Sue" them.

"Fred," alias "The Boston Shark," has been playing casino a good deal of late in "184," and is trying hard to capture Vic. How about that cook? Let up, Fred, or that butcher will destroy you with his meat-axe.

"Chaw" Brady and his tin-whistle band serenaded some of his friends last week. The club still meets at "Fletcher's Field." John P.'s horn is on the increase, and the H—y Boy is still sponging on "Chuck."

"Jim," the basso profundo, got a "laying out" in Dickie's a few nights ago. It is said that "Piano Lou" walked all over Jim's neck, and made him holler like a bull. Phil. would sooner have them both stay at "79," where they spend all their money (!)

John, the "Swell of the Day," has made a "mash" on Dickie, but has to take a back seat when Charley, the Boston "drummer," comes around. John is very stylish, and a good conversationalist, but we cannot disguise the fact that Charley "takes the cake."

"Fresh Sam," the "Sheeny," rag-picker to Her Majesty, was taking too much interest in the Thompson-Kellert walking match when the old man "blew his leather." Sam is said to be the only amateur in the city who can keep track of a walking match without the aid of a net. The old man don't sing "She's a Daisy" any more. He has changed it to "I'll go crazy."

Tom Deery, the "chicken butcher," still refreshes himself at the Petit Windsor. He has a beautiful black pony, which he bought at Tattersall's for \$1.75, and last week borrowed one of Flanagan's cutters, and invited Miss Windsor for a drive, but she declined, and Tommy had to go alone. The fiery animal ran away, smashing the cutter, and severely injuring Tom, who is, however, all right again. Tom says the horse was "full."

The tall and graceful "James," accompanied by the smiling "Chawles," invited a couple of young ladies to supper on Sunday evening last. The ladies were directed to arrange their toilets in 45 minutes, at which time the gents were to return and escort them to the Windsor (?). In the meantime it occurred to James and his friend that "that party would not sleep," hence their failure to put in an appearance.

## A YOUNG WOMAN AND HER DIARY.

A curious case occurred in a small Pennsylvania town a few days ago. A young lady—dashing, pretty, charming, and decidedly the belle of the village—lived, loved (presumably at least), and kept her diary. She kept it too, with that faithfulness and accuracy which young ladies of the period love to assume. She dealt with her dates, and facts, and names with unsparing hands, and dissected her own feelings with the artless enthusiasm of her age and sex, and a devotion to detail which comes only to the true artist. One day she lost this diary, and it was picked up by some one else, and its contents made the text of a village uproar. Amaryllis had kept her book too faithfully for the comfort of many. "Went riding with Mr. Peterkin," said she on a certain day, "and had such a nice time; he hugged and kissed me all the time." Mr. Peterkin, it seems, was the leader of the church-choir of the village, a highly-respected young man, with a wife and several children. Another day she wrote: "Mr. Judkins came home with me from prayer-meeting, and hugged me for half an hour at the front gate." Ah, Amaryllis! you should have thought, before confiding the name of Judkins to paper, of his gentle, confiding fiancée on the next square but one, who was waiting for him in her cozy parlor! Then, again, on another day: "Went with Mr. Henthorne to the ice-cream saloon, and talked about our choir-meetings. After we got home I sat in his lap, and he hugged and kissed me till 11 o'clock. Turned down the light real low." Mr. Henthorne, it must be recorded, was an amiable music teacher just recently arrived, and engaged in the rather perilous enterprise of supporting a wife and several children by his fiddle-strings. Once more she noted the fact that "Mr. Hadlock took me out riding, and hugged me till I screamed, and told me if I wouldn't run away with him and marry him he would kill himself." Mr. Hadlock, it seems, was a demure bachelor, an elder of the church, and was at that moment engaged to a woman with five children, who owned a farm adjoining the town. And so this reckless, truth-telling diary went on through all its pages, dealing with the best citizens of the town, and their hugging and kissing, until the wonder is how Amaryllis could stand it all. But the vitality of the young woman of the period is something wonderful, and the truth of her diary could hardly be disputed. The result was, that it set the town by the ears, and it has not yet recovered, and will not recover until she is fairly married off.

LOOK OUT

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IN

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