

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 9.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

THE BARBAROUS BARBERESS.

I sat blushing 'n the chair,
While a miss
Tangled fingers in my hair,—
It was bliss;
Dimly soft finger-tips
Came in contact with my lips
For a kiss.
Would she razor eyes and gaze
Straight in mine?
Scrape acquaintance—would her ways
So incline?
Would she cut me if I tried
Pretty speeches which implied
Love or wine?
O, if I could make her art
All my hone;
From me never would she part
Hair alone;
She would comb to me and tell,
While she brushed the tears that fell,
Love unknown.
"Barbara"—she smiled and told
Me her name;
Then 'twas soap that made me bold—
"Do not blame
One who begs for thy hair-dress,
Who is dying to confess
All his shame."
O she cut me then and there—
She was vexed;
O her cold and cutting hair
Me perplexed;
"Such sleek impudence—I do
Think, sir, you are a sham-pool!"
Thus I was—it might be you—
Not annexed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of City Life.

DEAR SIR,—No doubt your readers would like to hear something of the Montreal "stuffs" that are here, striving hard to make their fortunes:—

Aleck Murray was seen on the Bowery last Monday night, accer-ing for Owey Geoghagan's, with a pretty good "load" on. About an hour later he was standing on the stoop, bewailing the loss of his watch and pocket-book, and telling the crowd gathered around him that he had a woman in Canada, called the "Beautiful Angel," who would send him all the "dust" he wanted as soon as he made known his loss. He has been "working" a free lunch route since.

"Pinky" (whom you have no doubt seen by this time), astonished the natives of Eleventh street by his grand "get up." He had been offered a position as Inspector of Public Dumps, but refused, because his second-hand clothes business was more profitable, he having started in that line with the (very few) old garments left behind by Johnny T—and Jack I—s.

O. B—y is going to spend the summer months at Long Branch with his dame, the only daughter of a very wealthy Chinese laundry-man. He will winter in Montreal, and "proceed" for the boys.

When "John's sleeve-button" was last seen, it expressed no desire to return to John.

CHAIR 44, UNION SQUARE.

New York, May 31, 1879.

"TUFFY."

Gibbie must stop running that Bonaventure street damsel, and settle down to business.

Charlie was in town twice last week, and where was Dutchie? Oh! where was she?

S—u drinks like a *bird* when he wins a game of euchre. We wish you luck, S.

The "Belle Eva" is distracted to think that we have compared L. A. L. (her love) with A. B.

Barney T—n ought to give it up, after the sell he got the other Sunday night. Hold up your finger, Barney.

Sue Spencer had better drop on driving around the baby she had with her last Friday. Everyone knows it is not her own.

Arthur must drop standing at that Notre Dame street cigar store, or he will hear from us again.

If Jack P—t had paid his cigar bill on Craig street he would be allowed in the house once more.

Dave, of No. 5, must give up drinking beer on Saturday afternoons, or he will hear from us later.

If John Q., the apple vendor, don't leave Jennie alone, he will hear from us. How's apples, John?

Tony Boh, from St. A—s, must discontinue his visits to Victoria street. Mind yourself, Boh.

Charley S. and the butcher boy intend bringing their trunks to 184, and are going to stay for the summer.

If Tom C. does not stop going to Victoria square in the evenings we will have to let the other girls know of it.

John McG.'s dog died last month on St. Catherine street, and is now about to leave for Quebec for a sea breeze.

Dutch Charley may be seen crawling around William G. Inspector street most any evening with a red-headed blonde.

Dave has our hearty congratulations for dispersing the mob that used to monopolize the front stoop of the hotel every evening.

John W—n, known as the long and horrible man, and wool sample peddler, has been appointed inspector of molasses cakes.

If you see Louis P. L., the windy son of an innkeeper, ask him what he paid for the tobacco pot he gave to Mr. C., of Durham street.

If Dick will bring the beer-wagon to our office, we will give him something that will draw that moustache out inside of three weeks.

"Doc" drives a horse and top-buggy now. He says he can make more "mashes," and can handle them better. Don't put on so much style, or you may have to skip the town, and that would be a big loss.

Mike A., the Griffintown grocer, ought not to be seen at a certain place on St. Antoine street any more, for Lady Tom P. swears he will tickle him. Take this hint, Mike.

Windy Mose: It is no use trying to "mash" that young lady on St. James street, or the G. T. R. conductor will mash you. You're pretty, Mose, but you ain't slick enough.

The "Big-headed Blonde," Billy F. and several other well-known sports had a grand concert on Saturday evening last. Prof. Hewitt was indisposed, and did not put in an appearance.

THE CITY LIFE;

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," P. O. Box 294.

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

MONTREAL, JUNE 4, 1879.

TO OUR READERS.

Some time during last evening a miscraent entered our sanctum and placed a torpedo under the chair of the Editor-in-chief. He is supposed to be landed somewhere near Bugaroo. Our readers will, therefore, understand the absence of an editorial to-day.

Cheap Jack, the "old wry" man, hadn't oughter sling on such style with that Bonaventure street *she-val*, or Lachine will howl—Whoa, Emmar!

Cheeky Fred B——n, the Ottawa bilk, who carried his office round in his hat, has got a corner on Horsey Jim. Look out for the blonde, Jim, or he will get the "bulge" on you. If Fred wants *annie moy*, we can accommodate him.

Harry, the *Fau-cy* driver, had better not show off so much around the Windsor block. The mare is good enough, but the exhibition behind it is not so pleasing. Don't be reckless, Harry, or there is a fair chance of your becoming nothing but a dead *kat-tie* after all.

Grocer Bob had better be careful how he talks about the editors of THE CITY LIFE, or they may put a tin ear on him instead of him putting one on them, if his name should appear in the paper. Now, Bob, just keep cool, and prepare yourself for the coming examination, and drop your coon hunting.

Willie S. (lately arrived) has made a brilliant conquest (in his mind), and, as a result, is trusted with the diamond ring, which he sports on his necktie. Better let up on Clara, and prove not deceitful to the old flame, A. B. Put this motto into practice: "Render unto Bushy the things which are Bushy's."

If the boys at the Wellington street crossing do not take a drop on themselves, and let up instantaneous on that corner grocery (?) lately opened under the superintendence of "Our Teen," they will see themselves taking a prominent place in our columns next week. Boys, take warning while yet there is time. We are in earnest.

Willie says that as he did not succeed in getting on the Northwest mounted police, and as his friends hear of all his rackets through THE CITY LIFE, he has decided to go West and shovel fog. The pot wrestlers of St. Catherine street say they will present him with a leather medal before he starts, also a letter of recommendation to the squaws.

Loa, strayed or stolen, from the village of St. Hyacinthe, a fat-headed Frenchman, answering to the name of George, who is supposed to have gone "off his chump," owing to the success attending his great invention. He was last seen wandering in the vicinity of the American House, doing "the statue." Whoever returns the above object will receive 40 lbs. of fog, put up in 2 lb. packages.

If Tony Joe T. don't stop the widow from coming to town and speculating, he shall hear from us next week, as somebody is going to send word to New York.

Villikins and his double-yolked had E. G. G., of "military" renown, had better look out for squalls. It would be *barber-ous* to say more; but Micawber will know what we mean.

If Bill M——l looked less like an owl, and more like a Cabinet Minister, he might get along better with the "widdier what has the stamps." We hope he will govern himself 'cordingly.

Champagne Charley, of St. Sacrament street, should let up on the lunch room beauty, or he'll get walked into in lively style. Be a quit this Heid and Sieck business, while you can pay the Piper, Chawles.

The boys at the East End ought to get up a raffle, and buy Dick D——n a new water-proof coat, as the one he has is looking rather seedy. His nose is beginning to turn pale again. What's the matter, Dick?

Pat M., from Quebec, displayed quite a passion for flowers, especially Lily's, while in our city. He would have liked to remain over, but thought it might interfere with his chance of entering heaven this summer.

Frank, the school master, had better not be seen kissing any more women at the corner of Dorchester and St. Dominique streets, or else he will hear from one of his old scholars. Frank: Do you know who that was you kissed?

We would advise Dan, of the tobacco factory, to not insult young ladies coming from church on Bleury street, or his grandfather's old hat will get a smashing. Dan: Keep in the East End on Sunday nights, and save the old relic.

Freddy paid a visit to the St. Elizabeth street blonde last Friday night, knocked one of her teeth down her throat, and had to pay a Notre Dame street dentist \$10 to make matters all right. That was better, Freddy, than paying the above amount to the Recorder.

Joe L——n, alias the "Psalm singer," was highly complimented when he sang the national anthem in the sugar refinery, on the occasion of the Vice-Kegal visit. Joe is possessed of what we would term a very refined voice for calling home hens to roost.

A. L. writes us to say that she has given up "Slicky" (not on her own account, however), and that she thinks she will live in private for some time. We may add that "Slicky" ought to know better than eat ice cream in a pastry shop with his hat on, when his girl is with him.

If B——r, the would-be great actor and songster of St. Dominique street, would stay home in the evenings, instead of wearing out shoe leather promeneading the Main street, he would be better able to pay his debts. Pay up B. and call for the goods you ordered, or K. will go back on you.

Mr. C——l, the finest milkman in the land (of Point St. Charles), has almost wasted away to his boots, since himself and his love attended that ball. The poor fellow had company going, but none returning, as she was escorted home by another gentleman. We sympathize with you; but really you are too slow.

The twins of "Goat Village"—"Anti-fat" and "Dunnowho"—attempt the grand "mash" nightly. Our genial friend, of "real pleasant" notoriety, ought not to stoop to such vulgar ideas. Take a timely warning and switch off onto the main line, as your present position is but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

HOT TURN-OVERS.

Nellie: How is Dennie?

Walter D—n: Look out for next week's paper. We advise you in time.

"Pole" spread himself greatly at the ball (?) on Monday night with a French onion-eater.

The Ottawa street grocer has imported two fine billy goats, and the boys are getting fat on the milk.

Murty M—y still prowls around St. Joseph street, looking for graft, but "Chaw" is on his track, and it is no use.

Art., alias "Texas Jack," says the cook on Mount St. Mary keeps a fine pantry. Poor fellow; he needs a good feed.

R. R. M. should not be seen on Wolfe street at such late hours as he was last week, or the Night Hawk will swoop down on him.

Mike McG., the hog inspector, had better not be seen loafing around the church door so often. It does not look well, Mike.

Little All Right, from the Ancient Capital, on his recent visit here fell across a great curiosity. He'll tell you all about it himself.

If John B., the dauber, of Richmond street, pays any more visits to Chenneville street, we will have to put somebody on his track.

Nelly Bly has given up chewing snuff, and has a new suit. She walked all the way to Point St. Charles with her lover last week.

D. C., the sandy-haired beer driver, got bested last week again out of a good customer. Have you found your whip yet, Dimmie?

Billy R—d should pay more attention to that young lady on Wolfe street, or the doctor will get solid again. Steer clear, Billy.

The big slouchy grocer, not a mile from the market, and his dear friend, A. B., are getting too fresh lately. Attend to business, boys.

On dit that Billy P., alias the "Reverend," is going as a missionary to the Zulus, after the war. Is the candy girl going, too?

R. M. G. is about to retire from the clothing business, and enter into the stove line with his father-in-law. Success to the enterprising Bob.

Bill, the blonde fireman, should not give himself away, waiting for that little dame every noon on Vitre street. She don't want you, Bill.

H. H. B. is about to retire from bookkeeping and take to temperance travelling. We hope, B., you will not follow the footsteps of Rine.

A grand beer-drinking tournament is to take place at Martin O'L.'s on Monday next, a full account of which will be given to our readers.

Charley B., the ex-fire-eater, had better call around and "pony" up his score at "Comical Jack's," or he will receive a little racket at the cottage.

Charley and Freddy could not get the rooms on Notre Dame street, as expected, and are about to take up their quarters on St. Vincent street.

If J. H. Q., the silver-tongued ticket agent, does not keep away from St. George street, we will give him away. How are scalp tickets, Jack?

O'B., the petty messenger of the Windsor, ought to take down his double windows, as the weather is getting fine and warm. How is the purp, O'B.

Jim S—n swears by his bottles that his white bull can beat Jim F—n's dog "Buster." Jim says he can't, but D. C. swears by his barrels that he can.

We would advise J. D—n, of the G. B., to get a coat or two of varnish put on his nose; it has a lovely color now, and it would be a pity if it would fade.

O. D. should return the bloodstone ring he got from a young lady to its owner, or he may be given away badly in a certain quarter.

Annie, of Mrs. W.'s, should keep her engagements with W. L. in future, or he might shake her. Billy says it is not fair to be playing with Eddie. Beware, Eddie.

Johnny R—n, of the East End, is getting very high-toned. He quit the red coats and joined the black coats and silk hats. Johnny says there is nothing like style.

The next time Johnny M—e and J. K—y lend their presence at a dance we would advise them not to get on a "booze"; if they do, our Observer will give them a breeze.

English Digby, better known as the "Kingston masher," better let up flirting with Mag P—s, or else the girl that hung him up for the note will hear of it. Beware, Digby.

Claw-footed Jim gave a grand spree last Friday night. Jim says it was a failure, as the boys did not patronize the bar. Jim: those parties are played out; better tackle poker.

E. D—n took the people by surprise by appearing in St. Joseph street in a new suit of pea-green on Sunday last. Does the butcher know you got it, Ned? If not, look out for squalls.

Joe H., of St. Antoine street, late professor of music, has given up teaching, and intends either to join the "Glue Brothers," the world-renowned acrobats, or start a harness shop. *I love you me.*

Voilà le "mouilleur d'Indienne" du Magasin Rouge très-jaloux, il va tout simplement avertir les commis de ne plus regarder certaines denoiseselles qu'il sert.

Mickey M—y, the pugilist, has been awarded the contract of mashing all the cockroaches in Richardson street. From his late training we may expect from him a good job, with quick despatch.

Willie K—n, the organ blower, says he won't mind importing a wife now from the old country. The N. P. has imposed too heavy a duty on such freight, Willie. You are a man of sense (in our mind.)

Johnny K—g, alias the "Beautiful Warbler," has been engaged by a prominent saloon keeper of Craig street to sing his latest melodies: "Tell me darling," and "Whisper softly, mother is dying."

Frank N—n, the would-be sculler, should pay more attention to his boat, and not scull so many schooners (of beer). We will have to match you against some of the warriors, Frank, if you are not very careful.

If A. B., of William street, the "belle of the party," does not stop bringing young men to that house on Aylmer street, they will begin to think you are a nurse. Don't try to put on style; it don't suit you.

If Davie, alias "Scotchie," alias "give a mon a chance," continues to be so familiar with the girls in the Wellington street cigar factory, the Point St. Charles "blonde" (in your mind) will come to hear of it.

Jim S—s is about to get a head put on him—one with a patent reversible neck, so he can turn around and "gape" at young ladies on Notre Dame street, without stopping walking so "awfully" fascinating, you know.

"Shorty" M—s, the chronic "kicker," was terribly exercised about the little blast he got last week. Tell us about the grand opening at "Pole's" on Friday, Jack. Poor little terrier; why don't you go and give yourself up?

I—s L—s, the Russian (in a hog's eye), had better keep off Mansfield and St. Dominique streets, or perhaps the would-be husband may come down upon him in an unexpected moment, and then where would our "Russian Hero" be? Look out, L., he may dance all over you.

OUR OTTAWA COLUMN.

We had no space for the following items in our edition of last week, but hope they may still prove interesting to our subscribers at the Capital:—

Handsome Jack, the "Sawyer Boy," had better keep away from Lottie, or we will tell his mamma.

We advise the "Brewer" to stay at home and leave 133 alone, or we will tell somebody. Shame, Jimmie.

Patsy B. is advised to "watch" himself when he goes to Montreal again. The "chain" is waiting for him.

By St. George, "Bob," Bessie, of St. Dominique street, is going to have your life if you don't return that stick. No Ottawa gongers here.

"The Peerless Bob" was, as usual, lost; he could not come his gum game—"hard up." He is trying to plead the "lost Charlie." Stay at home, or we will tell Minnie.

The two orphans, Jack E. and Jim L., fought hard for the woman in black at the Ottawa Hotel. Jack won her. Alas! poor Jim got left. We have written Jennie and Martha.

Jennie Bates has been in telegraphic communication with Dutch Minnie here for the past week. Jim L.—e had better keep his head level, or he will be "caught on the string."

Bob C—g, the calico stuffer, looked immense in his new suit on the Queen's Birthday; so the girls said. How about your "pals," Bob? You should be more industrious.

Xavier, the "pretty boy," travelled on the European plan. Did not catch worth a cent. He was a little too *short*. It would have been better if he had stopped at home with his Rachael.

James P., the pasteboard man, better known as "Gabby Jim," was blown down here on the 24th. When you come again, Jim, bring your gun along, and leave your mouth behind, "on guard."

Charley K—h, the hash-slinger, did not work that "little thing" worth a cent here. The next time you come down, Charley, ask mamma to double your allowance; she may do it. Minnie says you must.

Our brother boy, Willie, sponged as usual on the boys at the Richelieu Hotel. He is graceful and winning, but with all his good qualities he could not borrow; we know him of old. I. O. U. Willie, come and see me.

Bob, the Ottawa "stamp pitcher," was down here again. The boys kept in close proximity to him, but Bobby kept wide awake, and gave them all they could take, but not the kind of "stamps" they wanted.

Jim K—h, the "walking blister," has not been seen on the streets of Ottawa within the last few days. He must have fallen in love with some spinster unknown to us. Go it, Jim, we'll subscribe to the cake, but how about the "schwarce," Jim.

Billy C—r, the Ottawa "paper masher," writes us that he is going to reform for a short period. He intends coming down again in the fall, and is saving his money for the occasion. Billy has "sworn off" gin drinking, and will evidently try hard to scrape up enough money to settle those little accounts he left unpaid here.

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CUFFS,

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