

THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

Vol. I.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, 26th JULY 1879.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

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.

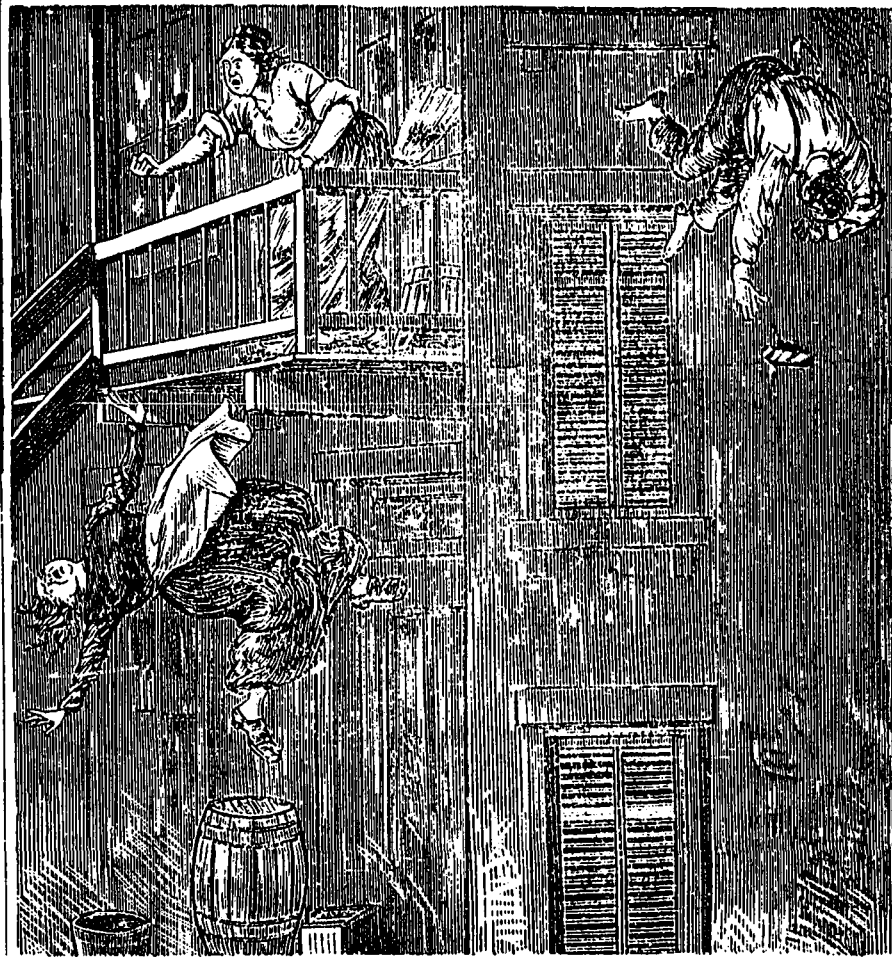
— From early morn' till dewy eve, the matron with a basket on her arm and half a dozen children stepping on her heels can be seen wending her way to the wharf to embark on the ferry and enjoy the shades of St Helen's Island.

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.

James McCaffree alias James Papes a bank robber and pickpocket, is dying of asthma at Toronto.

— 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.

The Illustrated Police News

AND SPORTING TIPS.

Published every SATURDAY morning at the office, No. 28 St. Vincent Street, corner of St. Theresa, by PATTON, PHELAN & Co.

TERMS:—Subscription, \$1.00 per year in advance; single copies, two cents mailed free. Advertising: ten cents per line brevier first, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. Discount on contracts. Correspondence invited from secretaries of clubs and other parties.



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 Laflotte, 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, oftentimes 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

the managers of this series of tests omitted one thing. They forgot to try Job by putting him in a boarding-house. If they had only thought of that he would have wilted as quickly as does the gentle squash vine in the embrace of an autumn frost. Since my arrival in this city I have stayed at several hash-mills, and will endeavor to give a few of the characteristics of each.

No. 1 was a very good place, but rather religious. They had twenty boarders, and each one belonged to a different church. The conversation was of a religious character, exclusively. When you came down stairs in the morning the first thing you would hear was:

"Well, brother, how do you feel?"
 "Oh, I thank the good Lord that he has spared me for another day." And then at meal times they used to discuss such light topics as "Who was David's father?" and "When Micah left Jehosaphat to go to Barcelona, did he stop at Jericho or at Dunkirk?" And then, at night, when you

had an unpleasant way of going through the rooms and picking up such trifles as watches, overcoats, etc., and the lady herself had a habit of demanding her pay in advance, which was unpleasant.

I am now stopping at No. 4. It is a very pleasant place, although it has its drawbacks. There is a young lady here who has about one hundred "admirers," and they serenade her every night, so that you can calculate on being woke up at 2 a. m. regular by the sweet strains of "See, my love, the Me—une is shining, and "Come feely with me." And when the serenaders subside there is an old chap in the next room whose snore will discount a fog-horn; and the landlady owns a bull-dog that has a way of tasting the boarder's legs when they come in after dark, and a brass band practices all their new pieces in the room next door; but of course these are only trifles.

Note.—We would advise you to put up at the Windsor where we are staying. (Editors.)

S. Hubbell and R. Summerhayes, defence field; W. Griffin and J. Kay, centre field; T. Hodgson and Wm. Aird, home field; J. Paton, W. Cairns and W. Blaiklock, home; F. C. A. McIndoe, field captain.

SHAMROCK.—M. Burke, goal; J. Brennan, point; Hoobin, cover point; J. Moreton and F. Lally, field; T. Butler and McGuire, centre field; T. Farmer and E. Giroux, home field; McKeown, Murphy and Lynch, home; M. O'Connell, field captain.

FIRST GAME.—Won by the Shamrocks in 28 m., Giroux putting the ball in.

SECOND GAME.—Won by the same in 2 m. 40 s. Lynch scoring game.

THIRD GAME.—Won by the Montreal in 7 m. Summerhayes throwing the fatal shot.

FOURTH GAME.—Won by the same in 7 m. Blaiklock sending it through.

FIFTH GAME.—Won by the Shamrocks in 35 m., who thus retain the championship.

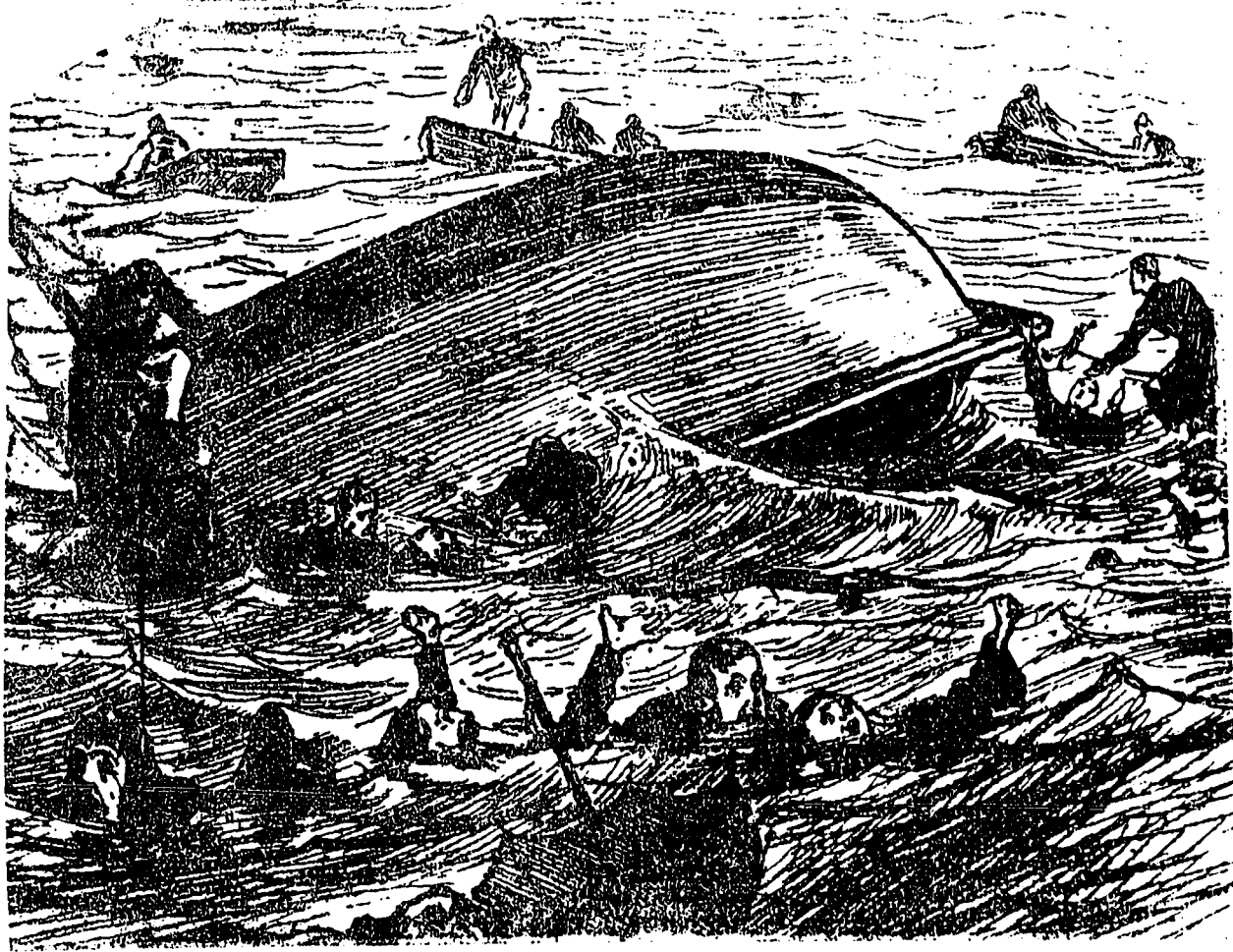
CRICKET.—The cricket match played last week in this city between the Canadians and Old Countrymen resulted in a score of 74 for the former to 58. J. Grant of the Canadian team knocked up 18; while J. W. Holmes, for the old-countrymen scored 32.

SHOOTING.—Col. Gibson of the Canadian team at Wimbledon, won the Prince of Wales prize, £100 and badge, with a score of 94.

"THE BOSTON LACROSSE CLUB" is the name of a new organisation started in Boston principally by former Montrealers. They began practicing last week. Mr. J. O. Clancy, formerly of the Victorias of this city is the President, and Mr. A. S. Robertson, formerly of the Athletics of Montreal is Secretary.

—The British defeated the Canadians in the match for the Kolapone challenge at Wimbledon.

The Shamrock and Montreal Lacrosse clubs are likely to play another match soon.



Upsetting of a pleasure Yacht. Eight lives lost. (See 2d. page.)

would go to bed and just be sinking into slumber, some idiot who had been out to a revival, would come into the next room and strike up "Hold the Fort," and some old cock in the room on the other side would join in, and thus make night hideous.

No. 2 might properly be called the "sentimental" boarding house. Young ladies and clerks predominated there. If you chanced to sit down in the parlor to read a few moments in would come Miss Angelina Sweet and Mr. George Fitzdobbins. She would take her seat at the creaky old piano, and warble, in a voice between a shriek and a yell, "Am I not fondly thine own," until you sought refuge in the nearest saloon; and then when you came home drunk they would say, "Oh, the horrid brute." At the table the conversation was about like this:

Young Lady—"George, did you observe how brightly shone the silver moon last eve?"

Dry-goods Clerks—"Yes, dearest, 'twas divine."

2d Young Lady—"Ah, 'tis so sweet to ramble in the soft moonlight!"

2d Clerk (with a tender glance)—"Especially with her whom you adore."

At No. 3 we had neither sentiment nor religion, but the landlady's son

THE YACHTING DISASTER.

It is due to our patrons to say that the cut on this page was not designed by our own artists but was executed by a party who undertook the work having promised more than he could accomplish. In the future our readers can depend upon the best talent that can be procured.

SPORTING.

The great event of last week in sporting circles in this city was the Lacrosse match for the championship of the world played between the Montreal Club and the champions, the famous Shamrock Club who lately beat the Torontos taking three games out of four. The match was played on the splendid grounds of the Shamrocks and was witnessed by an immense crowd.

W. Wilson and John Stevenson acted as umpires for the Montreal, and J. E. Bryson of the Athletics and Baben of of the Emmets did a like service for the Shamrocks. The referee chosen was L. G. Barney. The teams were composed as follows:—

MONTREAL.—W. Kay, goal; Crosbie, point; W. Hubbell, cover point; G.

Quiting.—James Dobson, of Galt, Ont. the present holder of the gold medal, played at Galt last week, with Walter J. Reid, of Ayr, for the championship of the Dominion and won by one point. Score 61 to 60.

BASE BALL.—The Firefly and Quickstep clubs of this city played a game Saturday last, which resulted in an easy victory for the former. Score 30 to 12.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Taylor of Vermont, beat Ross of Canada in a 15 mile run at the New York Rink, N. J. Time of winner 1 hour, 39 m.

The entries for the great three-year-old races of 1881 show numerous American nominations. P. Lorillard has nominated six horses; J. R. Keene, five; M. H. Sandford, two, for the Derby. Entries for the St. Leger are almost identical with the Derby. Seven American fillies have been nominated for the Oaks.

CHALLENGE.—A rowing match, three miles, with turn for either \$500 or \$1000 has been arranged between Wallace Ross of St. John N. B. and Smith of Halifax, to take place on Bedford Basin, either on the 19th or 26th prox.

—A four mile sculling match with a turn for the championship of Quebec city, came off on the St. Charles river on Thursday between Robert Winfield and George Turner. The latter won easily. Winfield steering and rowing wildly. Time 29 m. 30 sec.

—The Ottawa Rifles went into camp on the 24th inst.

A match has been arranged between "Frenchy" A. Johnson, of Boston, and James Dempsey, of Geneva, for a sculling race, three miles—one and a half miles and return—to take place on Seneca Lake, at Geneva, about the middle of August. Mr. George Clark, who is to act as Frenchy's backer, returned to New York from Geneva Wednesday, and reports the arrangements completed. The men will row for \$500 a side.

Dempsey is Courtney's old competitor and is confident of success. Frenchy is at Eusnore and will spend the summer at that point. He is in daily practice and in good condition. He avers that he will never row another race weighing less than 170 pounds. Frenchy is determined to profit by his experience in the race with Riley, when he weighed only 150 pounds.

Liquor Case before the Recorder.

Mr. F. Larin, who keeps a first class licensed saloon and restaurant on St. Lawrence street, has been the victim of certain prosecutors, or rather persecutors lately. He was summoned before the Recorder on Wednesday to answer a charge of selling on Sunday. The informant were two constables who readily testified to the respectable character of the house. The real informer however was a neighbor named Gauthier who when placed in the box stated that he had asked the police to ascend to his back gallery so that they might keep a vigilant eye on what was going on in the defendant's premises.

His Honor told Mr. Globensky who represented the defense that it was bad policy to try to find out who the informers were, thereupon, Mr. Globensky replied that the present action had been based on lying statement and his client had a right to endeavour to find out who his traducers were. A fine was imposed.

CITY NEWS.

A MODEL POLICEMAN.—Montreal has certainly one policeman whom she can't afford to lose. His name is O'Reilly of the Water Police. He actually jumped into the mighty St. Lawrence in pursuit of one Edmond Doise, who was contravening the law by swimming in forbidden waters. With the assistance of Joe Vincent and his men the two water-dogs were brought ashore and O'Reilly had the satisfaction of arresting his man. Let O'Reilly's pay be increased.

CRIP'S WORK. In the quiet village of St. Eugene, P. Q., lived a pretty girl of sweet sixteen named Pamela Lalonde. She loved dearly a young fellow who bears the name of Antoine Séguin. The girl's papa did not approve of his daughter's selection, so she like a spirited gazelle, took upon herself to fly with the gay Lothario to this city. The couple arrived here a few days ago and put up at the City Hotel in St. Joseph street kept by Mr. Larin. Mr. Lalonde having got on the trail of the young pair, succeeded with the aid of the police in finding his daughter and her beau and had them brought before the Recorder. His Honor wisely advised the paternal parent to let nature have its way by consenting to allow Miss Lalonde to become Madam Séguin. The old gent didn't feel at all agreeable at first; but after reflection he thought it would be best to consent to their marriage, and in this he was wise. The trio have returned to the green pasture of the classical village of St. Eugene.

A KICKER.—Charles Brunet, laborer, in a quarrel with Georgina Hudson, a fast girl, residing in Jacques Cartier street, kicked her in the face, for which manly act he had to fork over two V's.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Dr. Alonzo G. Hall yesterday took out letter of administration in the Surrogate's office on the estate of his wife, Mrs. Jane De Forrest Hull, who was recently murdered. The personal property is valued at \$6,000. Her nephews and nieces are her only living relatives.

Christine Cox says she has no sympathies and no knowledge of any movement on foot to raise money for his legal expenses or to furnish him with delicacies. Last week, however, a stranger gave him a five dollar bill. The Rev. Mr. Dickerson, the Pastor of Bethel colored Church, is reported as about to intercede the members of his congregation in Cox's behalf. The murderer seems to feel surprised at the feeling entertained against him by almost every one.

For several days past the opinion has been gaining ground in Louisville, Ky., as well as at Owenton, that the jury in the Buford murder case would not disagree. Wednesday the court room was, of course, crowded in anticipation of a verdict. When the jury went out the crowd dispersed to get a little fresh air, but after a while it became necessary for the jury to return to the court room, and the crowd of morbid horror hunters rushed in

again. Buford scarcely aroused himself until the jury came in the second time with a verdict. He then emerged from his passive appearance into a mood akin to anxiety. But this was only momentary. He almost immediately regained his nonchalance, and no one in the court room seemed so utterly indifferent as he. Judge McManama inquired, "Have you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen?" The foreman replied that they had, and said they found Buford guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed his punishment at imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for life. Buford stood the verdict as a soldier would face fire. His proud, fierce soul refused to quail before the crowd. He was taken immediately to jail, and his counsel moved for a new trial, which will doubtless be overruled. The sentiment of Kentucky approves the verdict as a just and righteous one.

Spirit of the Stage.

Irving, the great English tragedian, will not come to America this year.

Miss Marian Mordhaunt, the actress, is said to be dangerously ill at her residence in New York.

Mr. Coghlan is to be the leading actor at the Court Theatre, which Mr. Wilson Barrett opens in September.

Mlle. Van Zandt will soon appear at her Majesty's Opera, in London, in the character of Marta, her third rôle this season.

It has been stated that Salvini is under engagement to come to the United States next autumn, but the London *Figaro* denies the report.

A London journal states that Miss Emma Thursby will sail from England for America in October, and will remain three months.

It is said that Mlle. Bernhardt is studying English with night and main, and learning it rapidly. Her present ambition is to play Lady Macbeth.

Miss Nelson opens at the Haymarket Theatre about the 1st of August for a short Shakespearean season, "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" being the principal plays.

The German press unite in paying warm tribute to Miss Florence N. Copleston, a young American pianist, who has recently made her *début* in Leipzig. She will probably return to this country during the fall, and be heard in concert here.

The London opera season is almost ended, and the opera nightingales are preparing to Wales, Nilsson to Mont Dore, Campanini and Fancelli to Italy, Marie Roze to Mont Dore and Miss Kellogg to Paris. Albani will probably remain in England.

Marie Roze, in making her reappearance in London, sang the part of Pamina in "The Magic Flute." The audience was enthusiastic and evidently pleased to greet her return. She sang again on the following night to a large house, the opera being "Il Trovatore." She was supported by Fancelli as Maurizio, Galassi as the Count and Mlle. Tremolli as Azucena. The entire opera was well sustained and Mlle. Roze added to her triumphs.

Patti is going to Russia next winter, and is to receive \$5,000 a night. The statement seems incredible, but it is supported by a little story, as follows.—"When Mlle. Patti's matrimonial affairs became a trifle mixed the Czar declared that she should not sing again in St. Petersburg, and hearing of the imperial statement the lady, with an independence that is characteristic of a prime-donne, accepted the situation and declared that she would not sing in the Russian capital. In course of time, however, His Imperial Majesty became less straight-laced. Mlle. Patti is a popular prima donna, and anything that can divert the minds of Russians from the state of Russia is sought for eagerly and obtained at any cost. The lady was invited to sing on liberal terms, and declined; the terms were raised to £800 a night, and she declined again. Then £1000 was offered, and the bait was too tempting to be resisted. Signor Nicolini is also engaged."

MONTREAL BY GAS-LIGHT.

SNOKS CONTINUES ON HIS MAD CAREER—LOCKED IN THE CELLS.—(Founded on fact).

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Snooks woke up at dawn; and sitting up in his bed he gazed around the room, but failed to recognize the furniture or anything else. He tried in vain to collect his stupid thoughts and at last concluded that he was in the police cells. The idea of being locked up worked so on his brain that he determined to make sure of his situation, and, letting himself gently out of bed, he began to feel around, when lo! he came plump upon his wash-stand knocking it over and breaking the bowl and pitcher to

atoms. This was certainly a misfortune; it had the effect however of enlightening him in his awkward position. He knew he was not in the lock-up and this relieved his troubled mind. Quickly donning his clothes he descended to the street and made for the nearest gin-mill where he first took an "eye-opener," then a "pick-me-up" and lastly a "straightener." During that day he could not settle his mind to business and deferred his trip to Ottawa. At night he sallied forth with his pocket lined with the filthy lucre determined to make the acquaintance of the goddess of Venus. He chose Ontario street and soon disappeared in the door of a "blind." We cannot dwell upon the scene any longer, suffice it to say that he was turned out drunk during the night minus his watch, fifty dollars (all he had) and his new five dollar hat, which had been exchanged for a "bummer's" greasy slough.

Hardly had he gone two blocks when his serpentine motions were noticed by a vigilant "blue-bottle," who laid his hand rather gently on his shoulder and brought him to the station where he was accommodated with the soft side of a plank and a cross board for a pillow.

(To be continued.)

Another Candidate.

One of the City Hall officials found an unknown woman parading up and down the lower corridor yesterday noon, and upon his inquiring if she was looking for anybody she replied:

"I rather guess I am. I want to be janitor of the City Hall."

"But no woman can secure such a position."

"Why not?" she grimly asked.

"Why, how would a woman get along here alone among such a crowd of men? It would be very embarrassing, to say the least."

"They'd sneer at me, would they?"

"Of course they would."

"And then what would I do?"

"You could do nothing, madam."

"I couldn't, eh! After I had taken one or two of them by the necktie, like this, and jammed 'em through the wall, like this, I guess they'd shut up, wouldn't they?"

Picking up his hat, which had been jostled off by the shock and hanging to the loose ends of his collar, he replied:

"Go for the office, madame—you shall have all my influence."

— Good for "Joe"—Joe beef rendered the police good service the other day in assisting them along with his huge canine in arresting a lot of drunken wharf rats and sun fishes. That puts another feather in Joe's head gear.

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