

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 6.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

DO NOT FORGET ME!

Do not forget me!
The hours, full-freighted with a joy too deep
For words, have flown too swiftly by. Oh, keep
That joy undimmed,
And though henceforth we two should dwell apart,
Let no sad memories linger in your heart
Or cloud your brow with care.

Do not forget me!
Think of the happy days when first we met;
Their golden radiance is around us yet—
The afterglow
Of that best time, when earth and sea and skies
Revealed new glories to our wondering eyes,
Transfigured by love's power.

Do not forget me!
Go where you will you are not far from me;
My thoughts will follow you, o'er land and sea
Unceasingly.
And in the stillness of some lonely hour
Your soul and mine, by strange magnetic power,
Shall hold communion sweet.

Do not forget me!
Think of the love that patient waits for you;
Think of the heart that ever clings to you,
All trustingly.
Content, if sunshine falls around your way,
To brighten every path wherein you stray
In loneliness to dwell.

Do not forget me!
A kind remembrance is not much to ask!
Surely it will not be to hand a task
Sometimes to think
Of one for whom the world can yield no bliss
So deep, so true, so exquisite as this—
To love and care for you!

WANTED.—A situation as horse driver. Apply to Francis of Arragon.

Henry T., the green Dutchman, has frightened away all the rats from the house since he has commenced practising on the fiddle. He is going to give a concert in partnership with an organ grinder in St. Charles Borromeo street.

John S.—I, of military renown in his mind, while passing through Griffintown the other night, was attacked by Zulus. John retreated in good order to the "Point." His wounds are slight—not so his fright. Gallant John of the "Vics."

George S., the originator and perfecter of that popular instrument, the "swinette," and Hunchey D., the insurance demon, fought a duel the other night, on Notre Dame street, over a Miss O'N. No one hurt. They intend walking six days, go-as-you-please, about the middle of June, the winner to take the fair damsel.

The walking mania seems to have reached the fair ones at Point St. Charles, judging from the progress made by half a dozen "daisies" from the above locality on St. Joseph street, Wednesday evening last. From the number of rests made opposite millinery stores we should judge the walk was for hats. What say you, girls, to the charge? Too dear, eh?

Conceited Mr. James K., the straight-legged skater of the Point, or, perhaps, as well known as the Surgeon's sick horse mash-mixer, had better recede from his nonsensical remarks in print (which was clear proof that Lou's departure must have had an acrimonious effect on him towards his successful rival, because he was not invited to take part in the farewell shake), or else we will give him out entirely. Now, Jimmie, take a brother's advice.

"TAFFY."

Frank Mustard has taken tickets for the Turkish Bath.
"Cinnamon" swears vengeance against the grocery clerk.
If Pete C. don't give Nellie a rest, she will put him in "close" quarters.

Ted C. and Billy T.—r have had a falling out with their cooks—sweet old maids.
The latest scarf is called "City Life." Go and buy one at Waugh's, Place d'Armes.

Joe I. had better steer clear of the widow teacher, for the old man is steering homewards.

John S., alias "Courtney," had better give up playing bagatelle, or else he will get "bagged."

Jim S., alias "Purkey," and his "pal," Louis C., will hear from Jennie if they don't ease off on Liz.

Emma Bucktooth would like very much to see Jack at the candy shop. The Captain will be there, Jack.

Archie has got his old "pal" (Pretty Ed) back again, and they do the statue on St. James street as of old.

Tom B——n says his bearse catches all the "tricks" around St. James street. That's so, Tommy; the other fellows are jealous.

H. R——y takes nocturnal riding lessons now, at great risk to his neck. Harry, my boy, we advise you to get inside; it's safer.

Spencer's is getting to be quite a favorite resort for Pullman car porters. Sue says a little "off color" don't make any difference.

J. H. S., of Point St. Charles, is happy. He has the inside track at C——l street. Better "let up" on chewing, John, or Minnie might kick, and mamma stop the pocket-money.

Bill D——s, alias "Jim Mud," has been appointed inspector of horse-shoe nails and railroad spikes. The position may paralyze him.

Long George had better mind himself, after catching the first potato bug of the season, as D. B., which means Douglass, has his eye on him.

The velvet-coat man who travels between the Richelieu and Canada hotels, had better sell out, pay his bill at St. Dominique street, and then go West.

Windy Alex. G., the would-be "ell of a masher," and his trick-eye sugarstick friend, better take a drop on Kent street, or we will have to give him a stronger deal.

It is about time that Jim W——h, the bum pugilist, had given up scuffling. He is apt to get left if he don't pay more attention to the Portland heiress. Take a tumble, Jim.

John Slattery, called the Griffintown politician, is about to retire from business. He is now being freely congratulated upon his late appointment to turn Wellington bridge.

Fred W., better known as Sir Peter Coates, has been appointed "sprint runner to H.R.H. Princess Louise," since which event he has been exceedingly cool with his friends, the A's.

Mary has moved from Roy lane to Charles Borromeo street. Johnny O'B. kicked last Sunday because the boys would not pay 50 cents a bottle. Go it, John; you'll be a thoroughbred yet.

Look out, Lucy (79), that Zoticque don't drop in when "Petit Cou" is around, for the barber will be snatched bald-headed, and all the hair restoratives in the world will fail to make the capillary substance vegetate again.

Shorty McG., alias "Little Sport," has lost his old "pard," T. P. M., and now consoles himself by walking to Atwater avenue most every evening with a young lady from St. Catherine street. If the maiden in D——e house ever finds it out, you are lost forever.

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.

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

MONTREAL, MAY 14, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A number of communications are held over till next week.

QUEBEC.—We have received several letters, but have no room for them this week. In our next issue we will give a racket to the whole gang—"Windy Jim," "Ginger," Harry, the mail conductor, Tom McC., Phillips, Tom Malone, Frank, etc., etc.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

How can so delicate a question be discussed in a Christian community without giving serious offense to the morals of its people? And yet how can so sanctified a people create, encourage and support in their very midst the gaudy victims of so perverted a nature? This social cancer has, it is well known, attracted the attention of some of the ablest minds in our legislative assemblies in this and other countries, and excited the ingenuity of those reasonably believed to be most proficient in the production of an antidote. But neither the rigidity of laws, nor the efficacy of instruction, has in any way succeeded in ameliorating the condition of debased effeminacy, nor of precluding the possibility of its continual increase and growth. The reasons for this sublime failure at reformation may lie in the fact that the very men who would to-day, in their simulation of morality, most carefully avoid in public the courtesan's approach, display the most lavish profligality in their secret attempts to revel in the pleasures of illicit love, or loll in the arms of faded beauty—persons who, while zealously preaching chastity to the masses, move in the stillness of the night away from their own innocent families, to seek stealthily access to the chamber of the unfortunate harlot. Once admitted, he hesitates not to eulogize her pretended charms, so that she may the more willingly surrender herself, for a miserable pittance, to his savage embrace and lustful caresses. How can society hope to see this crying evil diminished, and the outcast brought back to a life of decency and rectitude, while such vile practices are in vogue and such hypocrisy indulged in by these social monsters whom we are led to believe sincerely inculcate the principles of virtue by precept and example? To the maiden balancing on the pivot of doubt, and hesitating between honor and infamy, we would say turn a deaf ear to the deceitful whisperings of the professional seducer, who would first ruin, and then desert you. Let not the glitter of a giddy life fascinate you for a moment, since it is the painful experience of all women of the town to discover how reluctantly and grudgingly are paid the wages of prostitution, and that the amorous leer of man is simply indicative of his desire to ensnare new victims in his tangled web.

RECTUS IN CURIA.

WE the more fully realize with the flow of time the delicate and onerous task to which we have been assigned, and discover that the magnitude of our labor only increases with the rapidity of our progress. We also find ourselves in what may be metaphorically termed the mid-ocean of journalism—one moment careening pleasantly on the placid and silvery surface of public opinion, and at another tossing recklessly on its turbulent and indignant wave. Were it possible for any of our generous readers to witness the shower of epistolary communications incessantly falling upon our bewildered head, and reflective of the malevolent spirit of human nature, they would graciously pardon the accidental publication of any items tending to give serious offense or to work irreparable injury. Hundreds of persons referred to in our columns we have never seen, and innumerable are the "hits" the application of which we ourselves can neither understand nor explain. We trust, therefore, that any of our devoted patrons who have real or imaginary grounds to feel aggrieved will not charge us with being the intentional authors of their discomfiture; they should look among their own circle of acquaintances, where the real culprit is sure to exist, and, on the principle of *lex talionis*, return the compliment with interest compound. We have no personal grudges to satisfy—no malicious desires to appease; but, on the contrary, exercise the utmost caution and diligence in expunging from all contributions such matter contained therein as might be hurtful to persons engaged in reputable pursuits, or obnoxious to the morals of polite society. Had we the power to control our own destiny, we might have selected some more financially profitable field in the world of literature, in which, however, we could never have attained such honorable distinction among the moralists of the age.

Powers, the notorious Western "Kat," beat his way into the Thompson-Boyle walking match, by representing himself as a member of the *Gazette* staff. Doorkeepers look out for him.

We found the card of Laura Desjardins on our table the other day. Laura had evidently been sneaking about the sanctum in our absence. But we didn't miss anything, and therefore shall not have her arrested—but what the devil does Laura want of us, anyway?

If the four bloods are seen on the top of the St. Catherine street car again next Sunday afternoon we will have to publish their names in full. We wonder that "little" Freddy and "Tony" Phil would do such a thing, but we don't wonder at Ned and Mac, as they have check enough for anything.

Athlete Cookie, the prominent young law student, and Featherbed a bird of the same feather, had better pay for the shirts, gloves, white ties, etc., that they purchased from a certain gent's furnishing merchant, not a mile from their office, or they will hear from us later. Settle up, boys, or you won't get on the first twelve this year.

Long John was, as usual, "on hand" at St. Ann's after church, Sunday, and was again privileged to the extent of being allowed to see his past sweetness home. John, if your grit was at all in comparison with the length of your legs, you would have "let up" on that business long ago. You know you are not tolerated while the lacrosse scribe is in the vicinity.

Ab. H—s, better known as "shy the board," may be seen of an evening wandering along St. Antoine street, and as he approaches a certain number he pauses. No wonder you do so, Ab., for many an hour you spent there, "fooling on de paper," to secure the sum of five or ten cents, which, on the following evening, you would invest in candy for dear Rosa. Give up "de paper," Ab., and take to kicking.

"LARD'S DOWN!"—Since W. E. D. has given up speculating in lard, he has tackled draw-poker, but we are afraid he will never build a fortune at that either, the foundation having cost him \$35 the other evening before he got to the wall. Would it not be cheaper, Willie, to spend your evening with the grass widow and her sister? Of course, you would have to buy some *latrine* and apples, but just think how many years it would take you to use up \$35 worth, at the rate you now buy.

MORE "TAFFY."

Did you see Terry to-day? He looks "immense."

Wally has struck for higher wages, and has gone a brokering.

Drop the fisherman's daughter, Willie H. Windy Alex. has his eye on you.

Jack McL., of canine fame, is advised to "kennel" his matrimonial ideas.

Johnny G., you quiet shaver. "Still water runs deep." Have you found bottom yet.

Fred, the "kicker," from Bath, has bounced some of the reporters of THE CITY LIFE.

Polly's beau says if she goes back to Hingland it will be all right. Go back, Polly.

Jack B——n, of Young street, had better not get too fresh, or we will give him a little racket.

Handsome Oscar has made up with Bridget, and they are apparently as happy as two turtle doves.

Walter E——s ought to give up putting locks on bedroom doors, or his old folks will have to hear of him.

G. S., of the hindery, and his celebrated horse, Stumpy Joe, no doubt will make a grand show on the 24th.

"His Nibs" may be seen around again, as salty as ever. He had his door plate stolen during his absence.

Barney G——n, the giraffe, is going to the seaside this summer, and will probably call at Clatham on his way.

Jack B., the East End blower, has sent a challenge to Johnny K. for a six days' talking match—talk-as-you-please.

Aimée is anxiously awaiting Harry Mac's return (?) from Belleville. Lottie K. has been giving her a breeze about Net.

Jack, the "Australian Warrior," has returned, and many's the "mash" he and "Tony Jim" made on Saturday afternoon.

Henri B——r's feet have been troubling him lately. Is it the tight new patent leathers? Or do you want a bath ticket, Henri?

L. A. L., the pedant bookkeeper, and A. B., the "windy" Customs officer, are about to keep a nursery of two or three kinds of roses.

W. D——y started on a tramp to Boston, and got as far as Ogdensburg, when he came home again. He was crying for his ma.

H. D——u, the swell dough slinger on St. Joseph street, had better give up hunting for worms. The old man will soon be home.

The flaxen-haired lass "loomed up" very nicely at Tim's reception on Friday last. Do you think she is really "mashed" on T. D.?

A little flat-footed Johnny, the blonde, says he never joined the Fat Men's Club, and, as Johnny is the pet of the ladies, we cheerfully apologize.

Our blooming friend, "Baker," takes exceptions to our tender little sheet, but still continues to visit St. Maurice street. Look out, brave boy.

John F., alias "Buckley," may as well give up visiting Hearnine street, or he will not be able to turn out on the 24th, as the old man is around again.

Tommy H——s, the little dandy, alias "Our Musical Gem," has just finished a course of two weeks' training, and can now be engaged at \$2.50 per song.

If you ask George S. A., of the Express, what time the Berther boat leaves, he will probably show you *that bouquet*. Better luck next time, George.

Ching Chang Chinese George, alias Windy George, may be interviewed any evening, on St. Catherine street, regarding the kid glove company of the Vics.

It would be well for Peter McC., alias "Tall Hair," to keep his capacious cavern shut, or else he will get his inside burnt out, as the warm weather is approaching.

A. H. W. and his fair innamorata (the Centre street blonde) seem to enjoy very much their long walks on the Lower Lachine Road; but *it is about time* he said the word.

H. T——m, the "nob," who wears the piece of plate glass in his eye, departed for Lachine the other day. Ho! Ye men of Caughnawaga, look out for your squaws.

We are informed that Bob H. has secured an engagement under Sitting Bull, and is at present actively drilling a company of squaws for the 24th. Is it so, Captain B.?

W. C. T.: Be careful; that young lady from Brockville is in a towering rage.

"Waugh" told a customer the other day that he never sold a common shit. The customer being rather astonished, said: "Waugh-t, never?" Well—you know the rest.

Joe Riendeau, at the "Zazercac," 299 Notre Dame street, deals out the finest cocktails in the city. We know what we're talking about, for we've been there ourselves.

T. O'H——e, the celebrated kitchen rounder, should not undertake to carry any more pigs-foot jelly in his pockets until he has them tin-lined, as he in my spoil his new suit.

Bill (Jeff) D——s, late taffy maker, is very often seen intoxicated lately, as living on the European plan has greatly increased his pocket-money. Jeff: What's the price of cheese?

Handsome Ed., the blonde, is back again, with a new suit and plug. Look out for the "boss bilker," or he will make some of you look *blue*, and will give *sauce* in the bargain.

It is not true that Patricio Callarico fell on the butcher's hook. He got ruptured on the hydrant at the door of the Orange Hall, 81 St. James street, on his way to the "Jolical" Survey.

The mid-day prowler, John, who wears a suit a shade lighter in color than the tuft of hair on his upper lip, had better let honest working girls alone, or a meat-axe may fall on him.

Johnnie P. cannot be very lonely, as he still runs the St. Martin street team, but he should quit trying to "mash" the Chaboillez square blonde (?) on his way out. Liz is watching him.

If J. H——n, of Rock and Rye notoriety, and "pals," will persist in being so fresh in broad daylight, the "Boy on the Roof" will give them dead away in our next issue. Look out, Ned.

The party who "collared" George P.'s red silk "wipe" at the walking match on Saturday evening last is known to us, and we will give his name in full next week if he does not return it.

Old Fred, the soft-cigar maker, got his hair dyed a couple of weeks ago. He says he would now be able to see his washwoman, if Sam would only give him a box of O. K.'s to raise the wind.

Benny H——s is getting to be very funny of late, and is trying to "mash" all the girls on St. Joseph street. Keep better hours, Benny, or we will put the "Boy on the Roof" on your track.

We have received a letter from Jim F——n, Ottawa street, the Griffintown grocer, with a picture of his dog "Buster." Please call at our office, Jim, the fighting editor wants to see you privately.

Long Pete D., alias "Old Jane's Bouncer," had an invitation to the grand opening in the new house, but Pete was afraid he might be called on to put up the wine, and weakened. Shame on you, Pete.

Pete, the fat bartender on St. Joseph street, has left his measure for a five foot hoop, also for an iron band for his head. The lager beer season having arrived, it has a great tendency towards swelling.

T. M——s, the "dauler," is requested once more to settle for those tickets of the E. L. C. If he refuses, the consequence may be very serious. Come, Tommy, have a little style about you, and square up.

Ned H——y, alias the "Windy Orator," has been entered for a twenty-four hour talking match. Judging from Ned's superior abilities as a talking machine, there is no doubt but that he will come out a winner.

We notice that our friend Orson A., the sculler, and the Duchess of Point St. Charles has renewed their acquaintance, and are likely to consummate matrimonial bliss during the heated months. Stick to him, Maggie.

A great prize fight is announced to take place shortly, between the two well-known rounders, "Lightning Bill" and Jack M——s. "Cinnamon" is to handle Bill, and "Chauncey" will do the honors for Jack. "Pole" is to be referee.

Mike H——s, the bad Yankee, claims to have had a good time down in Portland last winter. He says he beat all the gin shops, and will do the same here. Get the seat of your pants stuffed before you start, Mike; all the gin slingers here say you are no good.

On dit that the would-be high-toned Willie, who lives on St. Mark street, is about to leave the city, and try his prospects as a potato peeler on board the Lake Superior. He wishes his friends to consider him as a middy of the first water, and not to look down on him as in the past, during his days of luxuries, as a dead beat and a tobacco twister.

ROCK

JOHN DONOHUE'S
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