

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 5.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

THE MAD PUNSTER.

A cingle Barren loved aye made,
And woo'd her hart by Knight and Dey;
But when knee begged she'd marry hymn
The crewel bell responded neigh.

Now at her feet Inn yean he side
And tolled her of phis onst pane;
A lass, his mown touched not her sole—
His ev'ry grown was awl in vane!

"Owe, bee my bride, my deer, I pray,
And here my aize before eye dye—
O castle me not in scorn a weight—
Yew are the apple of my I!"

She herd and new he truly spoke—
He was of noble berth, and bread
Too lofty mean and hie renown—
The air to grate estates 't was said.

"Ewe wood do better, sir," she baid,
"Two court some mother girl I wean—
Ewer not mee style—alsie never ahare
The thrown domestic as your quean!"

"Tis dun, O fare but Scilly won,
Iste waist no father aize on the?"
Off to the nearest port he flue
And through himself into the see.

Little Jimmy, the "Fop," peregrinated East on the Sabbath, and tumbled into a cask of gin. The gin will be sold at auction as damaged goods.

The "Big Four," who took the drive to Lachine, Sunday afternoon, must have got badly mixed up, as they insisted on having the carter run the Rapids.

Lost.—On Saturday night, the contents of a wallet, amounting to about \$25. The finder will be handsomely rewarded (in a horn) by returning it to "Skeleton Ike." No questions asked.

On dit that J. B. L.—e will shortly publish his celebrated song, entitled: "The day I played Handball," if it should not cost too much. Success to the enterprise, John.

B—h, the swell "hustler" and military attachée, who generally makes a grand stand and dinner (free) when the Canadian heroes prance forth in martial array, better mind his Bacon, or he will be left out of the fry of dead-heads when the Brooklynites feed at the Windsor.

The claw-footed Sheeny, General S., has given up the jewelry business, on account of the depression in trade, and can be seen every evening on German street playing muggins. He is going to rest for a short time, and will have the kidneys extracted from his feet before the 24th May.

New Firm.—We are glad to hear that Mr. Louis P., the "windy" son of one of our innkeepers, has given up bookkeeping and entered into partnership with his father's cash-box. We congratulate him in his new enterprise, and hope that fortune will pursue him as far as Miss Exilda.

Now that the grounds at the Wheel House are open for perambulation, it is to be hoped that our dashing young sports from town will "ease up" a little and give the boys at the Point a chance, or, if not, some of them may have to be "wheeled" to their homes, and consequently necessitate the writing of an obituary notice.

"TAFFY."

"Frogan" is off again.
Did you ever see a "Sturgeon" tackle a "Pike"?
Which is the solid man—Butter Mike or Little Mike?
There is a talking machine for sale at 168 Wellington street.
Nelly Bly says she is going to swear off drinking and chewing snuff.

Pat L. is again on the walk. Be careful, Pat, we have our eye on you.

"Fortune-telling" is all the rage just now, especially among the widows.

The only way to arrest a bad cold is to swallow one of our lightning detectives.

If Pat Wh—n don't stop towing girls up St. Joseph street, Nell will hear of it.

Give up the blonde at Point St. Charles, Frank, or Mist R. will not wait for you.

If Larry E. don't give up blowing the flute, there will be nothing left of him but his boots.

Since Gus has taken off his sideboards, the "Biscuit Shooter" is more "mashed" than ever.

Tom B—n says his carriage is not a hearse, but the best in the city. Go down and see it, boys.

If Jack G., of St. Mary street, don't let the fisherman's daughter alone, Alex. will put a head on him.

Prof. C—n, the champion (?) billiardist, ought to keep his ar'rice until it is asked for, otherwise we will split on him.

Joe D—c—y has purchased a Greeley hat, and intends to astonish the inhabitants of St. Joseph street shortly.

Chauncy, alias King Carrot, has shook the old trade, and intends tending bar on the wharf—"Glasgow sugarsticks."

The physician who is in the habit of writing anonymous letters had better let up on himself, or we will give him away bad.

Since I a Fortune has failed, Buffalo Bill has been looking rather disheartened. Don't despair Buffalo, the Liberal cause is good.

Frank has returned from England, weighing some thirty pounds heavier—not bone. He may be seen nightly around his old haunts.

Fred: If you would not crow so much, the boys would think more of you. If you do not put them out, you will never have peace.

J. W., of Bonaparte street, better give up spending his Sunday nights on McGill street, for that headache racket won't work any more.

We are glad to see that George S. has let up on the Cornwall daisy. Quite right, my boy. We will not let Nell know anything about it.

Peter W—h is sporting the silk handkerchief that he found on the sleeping child's face in Portland. You ought to be ashamed, you big duffer.

Danish Minnie is tired of getting old dresses made over, and is praying for good times. She says she lost her old lover on account of THE CITY LIFE.

Theophile V—e, the dizzy bookkeeper at one of our hotels, ought to drop on himself and look for a permanent situation, and not be living on the old man.

Tom H., the bad Yankee from Portland, is a heat of the first water, and saloon-keepers better make him put down the sugar before they give him any "booze."

THE CITY LIFE:

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Exposure and Criticism of the Faults of the Day

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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.

Impecunious 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, MAY 7, 1879.

FALSUS IN UNO FALSUS IN OMNIBUS.

A maxim pregnant with truth, and reflecting the concentrated wisdom of a nation. If we must deprecate the inconstancy of woman we must also condemn the inconstancy of man; for why should we silently permit in the one that which the world so bitterly denounces in the other? The degree of deception practiced, and the mordacity indulged in by a large number of those bearing the marital relation to each other, is in reality startling; and the spirit of discord and social contention thus engendered is becoming as detrimental to the morals of the young as it is appalling to the old and feeble. Domestic honor seems to be sadly misunderstood or wholly eliminated from the character of a certain class of husbands and wives of the present, since each appear to be seriously engaged in the deep study of some cunning and low device which will enable the one to successfully deceive the other. Both are consequently on the alert—one perpetually endeavoring to conceal the iniquity, the other always suspicious and hoping to detect it. Such a demoralized condition of life must be charged direct either to a very low standard of manhood, or reckless and indiscriminate marriages, which in a great variety of instances seem to be indulged in purely from motives of selfish convenience, or else resorted to for the more recondite purposes of fraudulent disguise. In the former, fidelity can hardly be expected; in the latter, open prostitution should never be a surprise. The veil of modesty only heightens the charms of vice, and lures the victim to the pursuit of pleasure. The husband who unwisely enters the abode of adultery, and supports in partial secrecy the dual family, must not go into a paroxysm of anger if his wife incontinently selects even a repulsively-mannered paramour as a means of well-merited retaliation. We would not concede to man any greater latitude than is extended to woman. If both had equal and recognized liberty of action, it is quite possible society would be blessed with more conjugal happiness. The domestic hearth would be better protected against the ruthless approach of the gilded seducer, confidence and love would be more universal,

and the inmates of many an unhappy home would be to day basking in the sunshine of a celestial peace. By what right does a husband expect virtue to be preserved under his own roof when he hesitates not to desecrate his neighbor's, and voluntarily leaves his family to go abroad and dwell in the furtive atmosphere of licentious revelry and midnight dissipation?

COMMUNICATIONS.

FREE LUNCH TOURNAMENT.

To the Editor of City Life.

DIAR SIR,—There has not been anything of importance to note in our neighborhood for the past couple of weeks, but we are promised an exciting time shortly by the Great Free Lunch Demolishers, who are to have a grand tournament at Joe Beef's. The promoters of the scheme have been very reticent about the matter, but, as far as can be learned, the following young "bloods," most of whom are members of the Fat Men's Club, have entered their names:—

Slim Jim P—e, the lightning decanter wrestler.

Skeleton Pat S—n, the well-known paper man.

Larry M—y, the dizzy counter-hopper.

Bill D—k, the celebrated financier.

Pat A. M—y, the well-known hash destroyer. (If Pat is in condition he will be sure to win.)

Little Flat-foot Johnny, the blonde office-boy, alias the "masher."

Jack Q—n, the dashing young lover.

Skinny B—t, the wide-mouthed actor.

Wm. McV—y, the old lady's baby (all arranged for the waltz-quadrille).

James T—ll, the celebrated blanket huster.

It is expected that Moses and Smoky (two well-known typos) will act as judges on the occasion, with the Captain of the Bum Guns as referee.

A letter of apology has been received from Guffle-Eye Tom T., at present in the Beauport Asylum, expressing his regret that he could not take part in the contest.

If there are any new entries I will keep you posted, and will send the names of the winners and prizes at my earliest convenience. In the meantime I can only say that I hope the affair will be satisfactory to all concerned.

BOV ON THE ROOF.

May 7, 1879.

Seldom on hand—a diamond ring.

The latest out—the front-door key.

Job was probably the first doctor, as he had patients.

Imagination goes a long distance with a five-cent cigar.

The man who married above his station was a railroad conductor. Grand write and left was the forger's last change as he waltzed out of sight.

"I don't want to break a \$27 bill. Can you lend me that 50 cents you owe me?"

A very cold season is predicted. Landlords say hotel registers will be kept open all summer.

A Cincinnati woman knocked down her husband with a brick the other day, and when the policeman came running up she was looking around for the brick to kiss it.

The uniform of the Zulu warrior consists of a chest protector. There is an advantage in this: there are no coat tails to impede one's progress while the enemy are in pursuit.

A young man went into a florist's store the other day to buy a rosebud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. "Will it keep?" inquired the young man. "Oh! yes, a long while." "Then you may keep it."

"Dot 'Pinafore' expression was a noisance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman to a friend yesterday, a genial coadjutor. "Auf you tote a vuller sometimes, he speaks noding von blaine English, aber he say, 'Vot, hardly, sometimes, nefer!' 'Vot kind of language is dose?"

Stillwater's first walking match came off last Sunday evening. A young man walked out of a front yard on Government Hill, just in front of the father of a young lady who resided there. The old man walked with a square-toed movement and wore No. 16 boots. The young man wore a sad and perplexed expression of countenance.

MORE "TAFFY."

Ask "Pole" about the cat?

The great conundrum: "Where's Pat B——n?"

Lily is going to put a chair on the truck for Captain J. ck.

Vic. says she has made up her mind to marry the circus boy.

The Australian Warrior and Phil are rusticiating at the Capital.

Widow C. had her fortune told last week, and feels more hopeful now.

John McG. has given up body-snatching and has fallen back on the Chien d'Or.

Bob D. claims to be the champion player at "odd man stuck," W. N. included.

Florentine and Stanley both received letters from their darling Lou on Sunday.

The flaxen-haired lass was out as usual with the would-be Yankee on Saturday night.

"Pretty Nose," of Bonaventure street, and Leader are negotiating for a "trade."

Johnny B., the brass-butcher, lost half a day helping his intended mother-in-law to move.

Jack S——y need not be so funny, or perhaps he will get a little racket. Be careful, John.

Beaupré and Laura Parent have returned from Chicago, as the "graft" wasn't very good.

Fagin and the great Ricardo have opened a very extensive factory opposite our publishing house.

Paddy B. and Ned M., the "cabbies" on the Square, had better let up "bracing" the cigar store.

"Five-cent Tom" is going to the South Coast in a short time to recuperate. Can you save a life?

Pat wants to play "odd man stuck" for a new spring and fall. Who will take Pat's challenge up?

Drop into the Sazerac, 299 No're Dame street, when you are passing. Joe wants to see what you look like.

The "sleeve-button" 's gone—
Alas! poor "John."

Jim C. and P. M. won't have so much time to travel Craig street now, as the red pipes are once more on the dock.

Captain John Min. will receive the Brooklyn 13th on the 24th of May. Captain, have the Bum Gums in good order.

Barney F——y writes, saying that he is going firing on a steamer this summer. Take care, Barney, you don't get fired overboard.

We notice that Dan, the big "drummer" from Toronto, is in town. He is a heavy-weight among the daughters of Eve.

Johnny W., the fiddler, ought to keep away from Vitre street, as he might get a head on him, now that Gussie is coming hom.

The wolves at Carrol's had better look sharp, as the old man will show up offtener, and they will have to produce once in a while.

J. K. W——n ought to settle for that marble table he broke, for Maggie is liable to give him the "grand bounce" if she hears of it.

Mac: You are making too many visits to Phillips square. Better look out, or you will get captured, and then what would Liz do? G-o-o-d e-v-e.

Tom L——n and his "chum," J. G. T——y, who sit at a window on St. James street, every afternoon, can give it up, as the "daisies" won't look up at them.

Billy Mc. still hangs around the corner grocery, and has made up friends with his Quebec girl. Look out, Billy, or the boys will take her from you again.

The great walker, who is to be seen nightly on the Main street, shadowing the fair maidens, ought to stay in the bar at least one night a week, and give somebody else a chance to go out.

Our old friend, Bob T——n, has once more returned from Portland, where, it is said, he has spent a very pleasant time. Keep straight, Bob, and shake the old mob, or you will hear from us.

Stonewall and Old Cock have formed a co-partnership, and lost \$14 at their first sitting on Sunday night. The old man kicked with both feet, but says he will give Stonewall another chance.

Chaw H——s is all right again, and will sell the hoop cheap. His head is not nearly as big as it was, but we are afraid it will begin to swell again when he gets another dividend from the sand bank.

Angèle promises to give Aleck 50 cents on the Queen's Birthday, so that he can have a good time. He ought to save what few cents he gets, till he has enough to pay Black Joe the \$3.15 he owes him.

John G——n: We think it would take all the money you can earn to support your wife in Newfoundland, without blowing it away on the old "cruisers" around town. Stick to the old woman, John.

Jim H., George P., Harry McK. and Geo. L. took a walk on Saturday evening last. It seemed strange they should waste so many matches to find those "numbers," as the moon shone bright and full. Guess the party did also.

Charlie T——r, the St. Antoine street swell, has "bilked" his tailor for another suit of clothes. His chances of running the Coursol street girl are bettered now. Go it, Charlie, and cut out the other rooster. We wish you success.

Tommy D——y, of Petit Windsor, is once more made happy, the "Common Ould" having returned from the Capital. Brace up "Dummy," and try and keep her in better shape. You better not go to New York just now. The fare is too high. Besides, the Water street gang might get on to you.

Jack and Bill, the two would-be sports, had better pay less visits to B's, on Notre Dame street, at nights, as we have our telescopic eye upon them, and will have to tell their ma. Billiards are too expensive a luxury for such raw youths. What would Tess and B. S. say if we were to "blab"? It would not be a game of 30 points.

A "BREEZE" FROM THE CAPITAL.

To the Editor of City Life.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of a copy of your popular and valuable paper, and it has occurred to me that I might send you a few items about some of the "heavy sports" in the capital. I will, however, be comparatively light on them this week.

E——l, well known in Montreal, is living in a quiet, respectable locality with a Sparks street boot and shoe clerk. Rachel, in consequence, sports a new and elegant pair of No. 15's each week. Whilst the leather man is at work, some of the gang drop in at his residence, and take good care of his darling. Of course, this is kept "mum."

Joe, the newspaper bum, and the most consequential ass in the capital, manages to get sleeping accommodations at one of our mansions; but it is not known whether he sleeps on the floor or in a luxurious chamber.

Jack C—— is continually yelling "Whoa, Emma," but Em doesn't "whoa" worth a cent, and knocks the devil out of her lover. Shame on you, Jack; your *physique* (although you are the worst padded man that ever strutted) would warrant you in striking back and paralyzing that ugly, big-mouthed "crow," whom you have spoilt.

Hattie, the blonde, has two fellows, both of whom called at the same time a few nights since. Charles "put up" like a major, and the other fellow—a Jew from Montreal—presented Hattie with a magnificent brass ring. The recipient, however, fondly imagines it the genuine article.

F——, the N. P. man, visits everybody at Anglesea square, gets the wine, and doesn't pay for it.

An ex-member of the Dominion Cabinet and R. S. never sleep at the hotel. The question is asked where do they? A little bird answers, "wherever they are solid."

George F. is teaching his "Folly" how to speak the English language correctly. An arduous task, George.

A number of other wrecks will be shown up next week.

Ottawa, May 1, 1879.

AJAX.

ROCK

JOHN DONOHUE'S
BILLIARD ROOM
HAS BEEN
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED,
AND
LOVERS OF THE GAME
WILL FIND
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

ROCK

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