Vol. I.— No. 1.

MONTREAL, 4TH JULY 1879.

PRICE TWO CENTS

#### SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The following parody' on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is based upon the statement made by Dr. Guthrie that, at a large religious meeting he once attended, he actually counted six hundred people asleep:

O'ER, their devoted heads
While the law thunder'd,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred.
Great was the preacher's theme;
Scrow'd on was all the steam;
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

Terrors to the right of them,
Terrors to the left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Holl itself plundered
Of its most awfut things,
Weak-minded preacher flings
At the dumbrounded.
Boidly he spoke and well;
All on denf errs it fell:
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thunder'd;
For earling—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell,
Snored the six hundred.

Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit feel
Shaken and thundered—
Called them the church's toes;
Threatened with endless wees.
Faintly the answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

Sormon of near an hour
Too much for human power;
Prayers, too, made to match
(Extemporaneous batch),
Woemly blundered;
With a service of music
Fit to turn every pew sick—
Should it be wondered?
Churches that will not move
Out of the ancient groove
Through which they have flounder'd,
If they would hag behind,
Still must expect to find
Hearers of such kind
As the six hundred.

### A FIENDISH MURDER.

The most Atrocious Crime that Mont real has ever had committed.

Search the records of Montreal, in fact, those of any city except Paris, and veins and we will not find a parallel case to the murder committed on Friday last. That

SO FIENDISH AN ACT

our cheeks, and New York and Chicomes the cago look on, and the verdict is, Well, we can't hold a candle to them." There is an opinion that in the heated term there are more crimes committed and arrests for drunkeness than at any other period. This theory is justified by the events of recent days. Griffintown has been quiet for a year back, but now it comes to the fore in being the scene most stendish and

BRUTAL MURDENS



THE HEAD OF MARY GALLAGHER AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE TUB.

ing the couple reach 242 William quietly sits down and eats his dinner, street and knock at the door. Mrs. The coolness of this act is unparallacob Meyer lets the parties in without, however, the customary fee. She of depravity of the age. After Meyer are detailed for especial duty and in order to says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinner, his wife arises the says to her husband, "All right, Jahad eaten his dinn cob, you

GO RIGHT AWAY,

and Jacob went. Jacob understood how things were going, but he did not think that they would assume such serious proportions. Flanagan, the man who accompanied the murardent spirits to navigate through the

#### DISTURB THE EQUANIMITY

of the three occupants of the rooms. According to the evidence, Flanagan could be perpetrated in our midst went to bed with Mrs. Meyer, and the surpasses comprehension, and it result was that the murdered woman would be vain to moralize. We, became jealous and attempted to force as citizens of Montreal, the com- an entrance into the bed-room. This mercial metropolis of the Domi-fired the naturally passionate temper nion, naturally feel a pride in our of Mrs. Meyer, and she leaped from city, but the events which have trans-the bed and dealt her rival a blow pired lately cause the blush to come to which rendered her insensible. Now

#### HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

body becomes fearfully mangled.

moment awakes, and seeing the dead having committed the deed. This,

and views the result of her fury. She, to some extent, realizes the position

up and bury it piecemeal during the night. How the afternoon was passed may be left to the imagination, and we come to the evening and the hour whou the murderess puts her head out of the window and shouts "Murder." A young man rushes up and is stupified with the sight that meets his gaze. In a moment the officers of the law are notified and the whole neighborhood he brought etters to the great statesman, who notified and the whole heighborhood is in a state of excitement. Threats of lynching the woman are made, and at one time it looks as if they would be carried out. A News reporter and the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, areas who are areas who areas who areas who are areas who areas who are areas who areas who are areas who areas who are areas special artist reach the house shortly as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace after the horrible discovery, and the that would have charmed an anchorite, endealatter proceeds to take a sketch of the trayed, as will be seen. We pass over gently repelling the profered glass. Not content with taking the life, trayed, as will be seen. We pass over what a picture of moral grandeur was that the tigress proceeds to cut off the head the details of the inquest which deventoes youth refusing wine at the of her victim, which must have occuloped only what we have already table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even pied considerable time, as the instru-stated, and come to the interview with though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiment was dull. We can picture the our reporter of the three parties under infuriated woman hacking away, dealing blow upon blow until the head is inchael Flanagan. The murderess is in never drink wine, but (here he straightened) which was enacted one of the severed from the body, and is thrown seated in her cell and has not quite himself up and his words grew firmer) if you'vo into a tub. Blows are dealt and the recovered from her drunken orgies; got a little good old rye whisky, I don't mind body becomes fearfully mangled. Flanagan, it is presumed, at this the affray and blames Flanagan for

not have the least on his. The woman talks unconsiously of the most atrocious of crimes, and when questioned as to her idea of being hauged she replies: "I dont care a d—n." Flanagan is evidently innocent of participation, and Meyer probably was not in the house at the time. In a very short time one of the most fleudish murderesses of the age will swing from a scaffold.

#### THE QUENNEVILLE MURDER.

The detective officers of Montreal have been much abused, because they have not so far arrested the murders of Quenneville When a crime is enveloped in so much mystery the surest way of proceeding is to arrest all jursons on whom the rlightest suspicion of complicity may rest. In France, for instance, when a serious crime is committed, the police apprehend as many persons as they may trank necessary, and the chances are that traine cases out of ten, the guilty party is ar sted. In Canada if the police happen to arrest the A man named Flanagan gets on a spree, and in the course of his perambulations he meets a street walker Mary Gallagher, and the natural proposition is "Come into this hotel."

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning the couple reach 242 William quietly sits down and eats his dinner. wrong person, an action for false arrest may retreats of those suspected, and they ingratiate themselves into the good graces of the compato some extent, realizes the position she is placed in and hopes to conceal her crime by hiding the poor victim. To better further her purpose she attempts to

CUT OFF THE LEG

the position noise by the means of a treat or two. In Montreal it is different, the detective has to spend his own money. If he wants an agent (as we might call those who assist detectives in other cities) he has to pay him a certain fee. Now in order to render our detective force efficient, it needs to be placed under commissioners, who understand the wants of force. They should not be subjected to the dered woman sent out for the whis-key; it did not take long for the ardent spirits to pavigate through the of the service.

#### HE COULDN'T DRINK WINE.

That was a noble youth of Hamilton who,

said th heroic youth, resolutely,

-The latest freak in fashion is the pullback which has occurred here. And what body of his paramour, he flees from however, is futile as her clothes were night-gown. Bustles on undershirts are not are the facts in the case it.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

Published every Thursday morning at the office, 8St. Therese street, by Patfon, Phelan & Ber-

TERMS:-Subscription, \$1.00 per year in advance; single copies, two cents mailed free. Advertising: ten cents per line nonpareil first, Discount on contracts. Correspondence invited from secretaries of clubs and other parties.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 3rd JULY 1879.

#### PROSPECTUS.

In all civilized communities the favor; it has, in fact, become an acknowledged necessity. In England, France, Germany, and the United States such publications representing the dark as well as the bright side of life issue from the press every week in almost countless editions, and they are eagerly sought after and devoured by hundreds of thousands of intelligent readers. Among all these illustrated journals, those devoted specially to sporting, dramatic and police news, hold an important place in public es-

It is generally admitted in the Dominion that the want of a new periodical describing faithfully the most important sporting, dramatic, and police events of the week, with graphicillustrations, has been long felt To supply this urgent want, The ILLUSTRA-TED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES is now offered to the public, the publishers promising that no trouble nor expense will be spared to make it in Hancock. every way worthy of their enlightened patronage. It is their intention to give the earliest possible information of all tragical events, mysterious crimes, or fatalities transpiring throughout the Dominion and elsewhere. These events will be presented in an not be forfited." attractive form, and the principal actors therein will be sketched by the well known skilful artist M. Julien. Unlike some of the American publications of the kind, the utmost care will be taken to eliminate all objectionable matter from our columns.

The Sporting Department will be under the special direction of experienced writers, and care will be taken sporting fraternity throughout this can't.

J. H.—This correspondent sents us a long on the weather, to arrive at a correct record. The themselves in communication with Messes. Patton, Phelan & Berthelot, No. 8 St. Therese street, and whenever possible to call personally at the above

Correspondence upon subjects suited to this journal solicited from all

will be inserted on reasonable terms.

#### A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

Montreal has become a hot bed for crime. One follows the other in quick succession and a person would be led to suppose that the creature was undoubtedly a snipe or reed people have run mad. On Monday last, about bird, and as you were likely out pretty late the 12 o'clock, a News reporter saw a crowd gathered at the corner of Desrivieres and St. the keenest. Oh, yes, it must have been a Antoino streets, and on reaching the place saw snipe, or something of that kind, and no cocka prematurely born child in the hands of a roach. boy. It appears that a short time previous a carriage had drawn up and a woman had jumped out leaving the infant on the curbstone. She was a haggard looking female, dressed in black. Dr. Sheridan was called and pronounced the babe to have been six months old. It subsequently died.

#### To our Readers.

Our readers, we hope, will overlook any kind are legion.

#### DR. HULL'S ESCAPE.

The arrest of Christine Cox, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Hull, entirely spoiled Mr. Purly's little game. Purdy is an ex-convict who, hearing that \$500 reward was offered by Mrs. Hull's family for, the apprehension of her murderer, conceived the idea of reaching for the stamps. The story he told the police and five cents for each subsequent insertion, was that as he sat one night in Aqueduct Pa k the Doctor came to him and proposed that he should commit the deed. Of course, Purdy says he declined the job. Superintendent Walling and the two detectives who acted with him now say they placed no confidence in Purdy, and have si ce apologised to Dr. Holl for having east any imputation upon him; nevertheless, the fact remains that the Doctor was closely questioned at the inquest with regard to his movements on the night of the murder with a view to elicit something illustrated news periodical has now to support the theory founded on Purdy's tale, fully established its claims to public Unfertunately for the Doctor, several circumstances were brought out that wore an ugly look. He was seen to pick up a pair of sus penders in the hall on the morning of the murder and thrust them furtively into his pocket; then, when questioned, he first declared that he had changed his shirt, and afterwards recollected that he had not; and last, though not least, he admitted that, contrary to his usual habit, he lighted himself to bed with a tallow candle. Now, spots of grease were found on the mordered woman's night-gown, the quality of which corresponded to the candle in question, and this would have gone hard against the Doctor had not Christine Cox also admitted that he brought a tallow candle with 1 im from which he let fall the grease spots which might possibly scored St. ining, 50; H have with Purdy's assistance sent an innocent St. John, 130; Ha'ifax. man to the gallows.

The St. John (Que.)

#### HANCOCK INTERVIEWED.

The now famous Roger G. Hancock, late proprietor of the defunt City Life was found by our reporter yesterday in the cells at the Police Station.

"How do you do, Mr. Hancock?" says the News reporter.

"Oh! I'm very well thank you," replied

"How about your skipping out?"

case postponed. It appears that he did not

to push it any farther.

#### CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All literary and business communications and contribution must be addressed to the office of the paper, No. 8 St. Therese Street.

W.-Correct. CAPTAIN CORCORAN .- Hardly ever. CITY LIFE .-- What about those bails?

article in "blank" verse on the weather, wherein Vennor is handled without mittens. And so is the English language and the simple rules of ortography. But this is not the wors of it We could calmly consign it to the waste basket and heave a sigh were it not for the fact that his request for us to "correct any mistakes," made us "heave" something else. There is only one way to "correct" the mistakes abounding in your " pome," and that is A limited number of advertisements to burn it, buy new paper, take a new subject

and write it properly.

Handly.—We suspect you have made a mistake. We cannot believe that at the celebrated Philadelphia hotel you could by any chance find a cooked cockroach in your food, although, if it was cooked it was better served so than raw. But you must be mistaken. The

John N .- " Have you room for my sketch?" No, not in the paper

James M. Taylor, and on Mr Taylor's little daughter Annie, three years of age, petting him on the back, sprang at her and caught her face in his capacious jaws, inflecting a wound which will disfigure her for life. Louise De Beaumont, eight years old, was especially brave in resculag the unfortunate child, who, we are glad to say, is doing well.

And when he got that far he opened one of the letters for a little inspiration, and read:

Sir, yur bil fur drinks at This bar is \$17.85, an has been runnin 8 munths an if not pade this evenin will present the same to yur onered father for payment. Resp. Abel Ginsling."

And then he sighed and laid and laid. errors of omission or commission that may which will disligure her for life. Louise De sling." appear in the first issue of this paper, as the Beaumont, eight years old, was especially And difficulties attending a maiden effort of this brave in rescuing the unfortunate child, who,

#### SPORTING NOTES.

and Bonneville, of Montreal, vs. Desautels and Barrett, of Laprairle, on Tuesday at Lepine Park, resulted as follows: Pepin 15; Bonne-ville 15; total, 30. Desautel 12; Barrett 13; total, 25. A Bayard of the Montreal team and Senecal, of the Laprairie team, were to taken art in the contest, but were conspicious by heir absence. After the match Bonneville and Desautel arranged to shoot 30 birds double rise for \$00 asile, to take place within lifteen days.

Lacnosse.—The match played at Cornwall between Montreal and Cornwall Clubs was won by the former by 3 to 1 on Deminion

von by the former by 3 to 1 on Deminion was leading him by one car and the prince of darkness by the other, and in the voice of a man about to be hung, he murmured:

"My friend I want you to do me a favor. I round of the Shamrocks. The play was good in a week and I haven't drank anything but a glass of cider. Caughnawagas three straight games on the ground of the Shamrocks. The play was good practice for the Shamrocks preparatory to their contest with the Torontos on Saturday next.

The Independents of this City, on the Naticnal Holiday, played a match in Valleyfield said he would give me a place to sleep, and if wite the Valleyfield Club and took the two you could only let me have a few pennies to first games. The third was interrupted by Mr. McPherson, of the Valleyfield, breaking his leg while checking. The match was given to the

The championship of Central Cana la was played for by the Belleville and Kingston Clubs on Dominion day. The former won.

The Montreal Lacrosse Club defeated the St. Regis Indians on Saturday last, taking three straight games. W. Aird took the first two and Cousins the third g. me.

CRICKET.—St. John vs. Halifax. The former scored St. ining, 50; Hulifax, 41; 2nd inning

The St. John (Que.) played the Longueuil Club on the 1st inst. at St. John. The St. John took the victory by 35 points.

AQUATICS -The sculling match for \$500 a side between Warren Smith, of Halifax, N. S., and Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, came off at Silver Lake on the 1st inst. The former won The constest is regarded in a suspicious light by the sporting men.

Pey of Ottawa has been challenged by Freeman Daniels, of Prescott, to row for the championship of the Rideau.

Royal match he would go to America and row Courtney, and if he won, he would meet Hanlan in American waters and hopes to bring the cup back to England. This reads well.

PEDESTRIANISM. - The 100 mile walking match between Brown and Thurlow, of Toronto, was won by Thurlow. Brown given out when he had covered 82 miles and 3 laps.

Tung.—The proprietors of the celebrated stallion then Morrill have more than one decovin human nature.

ed the public, by advertising his appearence on the turf. Three or four hundred of horse-silver Leaning flesh amateurs assembled Tuesday afternoon Morrill trotting against time, and trying to do gered drink in the other.

better than 2-28. For some reason or other the trotter did not file an appearance to the disgust of all present. A word of explanation size of the drink the tramp was transferring from Messrs Bourdeau & Barbcau would come in time.

Excursion -The third annual excursion of the Canard takes place to Quebec on the 2nd August. The steamer "Canada" has been chartered for the trip. Great fun is antici-

QUICK TIME. - The fastest time made by Weston in is recent six days 550 mile contest for the Astley belt, was in his 536th mile done in 7 min. and 37 sec. He, Brown and Rowell, are going to New-York.

#### SADDENING REMINISCENCE

The other day a dreamy young post of Quebec sat down with a bundle of old letters in stained envelopes with faded addresses, to write a sad requiem over the days that are dead the bean.

Went into the accanter.

A look of amazement and disgust combined settled upon the countenance of the tramp, and turning reluctantly upon his heel he shuffled out of the saloon, nurmuring sadly

He began:
"Though ye waken and thoughts as I sit here

alone,
I will carefully lay you away.

For, better the shadows of years that are gone,
Than the cold, garish light of to-day."

#### THE HISTORY OF A TRAMP.

PIGION SHOOTING .- The match between Pepin How he explained his position to our nepor-TER AND HOW HE WAS OUT WITTED.

> He shuffed into the Central Station last eveing. He was a tramp-there was no mistake about that. His whole raiment, from his dirty blue cotton shirt to his tattered trowsers and gaping shoes, looked as though they had been shed by a last year's scarecrow. The rolling prairie of dirt and chronic woefulness that constituted his face was relieved by a rubicund nose, which stood guard over a mouth ablé to span an Alabama watermolon without a wink of the bleared optics above.

He approached our reporter as though death

in a week, and I have not had anything to eat to-day, and I have been trying to get work, but can't, and s man down to the railroad get some crackers, for I think I am starving and can't hold out any longer.'

Our reporter remarked that it was pretty hard for a man to starve, but that the hunger of the tramp was generally for whisky, and not for bread; and that only two days ago he lent a man thirty cents to buy an overcoat, and the ungrateful wretch nad gone off and bought an overdose of gin, necessitating some overwork by a polic man and an ouverture by the Recorder in the morning. The suspi-cion of the tramp's truthfulness involved in this facetiousness compl tely overcame him, and he burst into a flood of tears.

At last, moved by his appeals, our reporter forgot that the man before him was a healthy-looking man for a wretch in the last agonics of starvation, and felt around in his pockets for any stray change that might have come out of the last picnic unscathed. After much searching a soli'ary silver quarter was discovered, which he handed to the tramp with the secret satisfaction that the latter was unconscionsly receiving but twenty-three cents and half in scrip, owing to the present ruinous depreciation of silver.

To the tramp, however, it was twenty-five cents, and, gratefuly bowing his thanks, and amid another flood of tears, and promises that "Oh! that was not intentional." I went down to Quebec for my health and the boat formed us that Hanlan and Elliott were on the was delayed by a fog. I told a friend after I night of the 25th of June presented with medals shuffled into the street. His slip-shod footgot in Quebec to tell Mr. Keller to have the at the Theatre Royal Elliott said if he won the steps would have dreamily died away in the distance had they not suddenly stopped in what struck our reporter as being suspici usly close proximity to a saloon.

To lay the conclusion to which we had

but his chances of catching crabs will be good. come, that the "greatest of these is charity on the table, pending inquiry, we hastened to the door, but the line of gas-lamps revealed no tramp hurrying breadward. Spurred by an increasing suspicion, our reporter hurried to the nearest place where the bibulous do con-gregate, glided stealthily in, and—lost all faith

There upon the bar lay that depreciated silver Leaning familiarly against the bar was that demon of ingratitude with a decanter at Lepine's Park to witness the test of Ben of bourhon in his right hand and a five-fin-

> to his capacious maw. Visions of financial roin struck him dumb for a moment, but recovering his presence of mind, he exclaimed:

> "I say, my friend, there's a fly in that whisky " Is there?" said ihe tramp, lowering the

> glass. "Yes," remarked Burgess, as he seize a spoon and reached out for the whisky; "let me get it out for you."

> Just as Burgess got possession of the whisky our reporter seized the quarter, with the remark that he guessed he would take it back, as he had given had to this fellow to buy bread, not to purchase whisky by tho

> wholesale.
> "Woll," added Burgess, "if that is the case I'li take back the whisky," and back it went into the decanter.

and reproachfully:
"Only a smell—only a smell."

. Mi ln our next issue we shall publish a faithful portrait of the parties implicated in the William Street horror.

#### PROFESSIONAL HUMORISTS

The humorist is abroad in the land. His jokes flood the country and the people instead of rising en masse to crush him, submit with docility to the brain racking absurdities which belong more to the grave than to the banquet room, with a dash of idiotcy to make them by a load of hay without stealin still more intolerable. He is a fearful judg- it and sticking it in his mouth? ment on the vices of the nine-

teenth century, a plague that takes rank with famines, wars

and pestilences.

But if the humorist at his desk, inundating the newspaper with libels on wit and satureis a sad and solemn spectacle, how much more blood cordling is the humo-rist in the lecture hall. There he has is audience at his mercy. In the newspaper one can turn to another column, or fling the paper away or use it to light the fire with and watch the ghosts of the tortured joke pass up the chimney in smoke. In the lecture room, scurely jammed between files and files of fellow sufferers the wretched being, who, in a weak me-ment, or led by an inexplicable fuscination to behold the man who has wounded his sensibilities so often, purchased a ticket, his helpless, unnerved and thoroughly miserable. When the humorist pauses after perpetrated some more than ordinarily atrocious joke for the cackle his helpless victims are doomed to yield him, he knows tha he has go there and that there is no escape. He feels that no matter who far he may drive the iron into their souls, they have paid their half dollar and that they are bound to see the lecture through, should softening of the braine. in the moment they pass the threshold.

Why, then, should the towns that produce this class of evil permit it to extend to other and unaffending cities where, the moment a humorist is discovered he is place on a religious or an agricultural newspaper, and if that does not do, he is induced to drink himself to death.

keeps a shop at the corner of St. Urbain and girl drunkard!" cilled Mrs. Johnson.

Dorchester Streets, has been arrested. Capt.

McRobie of the Salvage corns made a density.

"Yes, and thread up might constitution." McRobie of the Salvage corps made a deposition against him accusing him of having set fire to his premises. The accused was brought before fire Marshal Austin and committed for

EXCESS OF ZEAL .- THE RECORDER: "Humph! the Court must be clear on the point, M. Barry." Chien Nelson: "Clear the Court." His Honor reprimands him for his excess of zeal.

QUERY.- How is it that a man cannot pass by a load of hay without stealing a portion of

"Brow-kronk-kronkikology just as nicez ugar!" stammered the girl. "Howzliver sugar!" stammered the girl. "F complaint, Mizzer Johnson?" "Put her out!" shrieked the wife.

" Puz who ouz? All rize-I'll go rize ouz-

oli, yes!"
She got hold of Mr. Johnson's shirt-collar and Mrs. Johnson hair, and the carpenters at work even nod his head for her to go on. The woon a new house in the next lot heard so much man took a chair, or nearly two chairs, pulled

They found the three in a corner, engaged exclaimed:

A TALE OF WOE.

"Yes, and thread up mighty smart!" added HE DESERTED HIS OWN TRUE LOVE TO RUN AWAY WITH A GIRL NAMED SARAII,

scooted with another woman!" exclaimed a corpulent female affected with asthma, as she pulled herself through the door of the Central Station yesterday forenoon.

The police sergeants are never hasty about expressing their opinion, and the one in charge of the station looked at the woman and didn't dreadful noise that they felt called upon to go away like a back-horse for several minutes, over to Johnson's.

> " I'll will never forgive him, and if he's A caught you may sentence him for life. To think that after we've lived together these five years and better he should desert his own true love and run away with a girl named Sarah!"

> "You refer to your busband, I suppose," said the sergeant, cautiously.

"What other woman's husband would I be referring to?" she demanded, "Of course it's my husband-iny John Henry Polk !"

" And I infer that he has deserted you?"

"That's what he's done-deserted me and run off with a girl named Sarah something or other, and I'm left here without a friend!"

" He shouldn't have done that," remarked the sergeant,

after a long pause.

"No, he shouldn't," she replied.

"Why, what was he when I married him? Didn't 1 take him when he was a goodfor-nothing, insignificant whiffet of sixteen, and bring him up to what he is? And now this is my return!"

She sobbed away for a while, and then went on:

" He called me his darlinghis dear gazelle-and he said that I was sugar, melted over, and all that, and I believed it yes. I believed it, like the fool 1

" And he's gone, eh?"

"Gone! Didn't I say he'd gone? I can hardly believe it, though, when I look over the letter he wrote me, and see how he called me his shining angel and his noon-day star, I can hardly realize that he has

and taken up with a freekled-

"It's sad-very sad," sighed the sergeant. "You don't know my feelings," she replies; don't begin to realize how this heart of mine fists at her and threatened her, she held fact to is wrenched and upset! I wish you'd catch a shade-tree, and called back:

him, sir. I wish you'd bring him back here,

him, sir. I wish you'd bring him back here, and stand him over there and leave me over there and lock the doors for about two minutes

"Be calm, madam," replied the sergeant.
"Carm! How can I be carm? When I think of John Henry, and Sarah, and dear gazelle, and shining angel, and noon-day star, can I bid my heart be carm,"
She left her husband's description, and went

away and the police will catch him if they

#### THE KIND OF A MAN HE WAS.

Hank keeps a lager-beer saloon on Craig street, and in that particular neighborhood he meets with many tough customers. One day last week a couple of roughs entered and call for drinks, which Hank at once proceeded to furnish them with. Then they called for cigars, and after lighting them, they turned

to leave the place without paying.
"Here!" said Hank, calling said Hank, calling after them,

"you hafe not pay me."
"Wal, we don't intend to pay. I never pay, that's the kind of a fellow I am," replied the

"You 'ton't, eh! Val, you is von tam loafer. Dot's ter kind of a fellers vat I am," retorted

Notice.-The following sentence has been pasted over our office door:

The tramp who enters in this door Must be prepared for Jordan's shore.

OARD.—LEFERVIRE & MACMAHON, Advocates, 31 St. Vincent Street.

JULES LEFEBVRE,

Residence, 183 St. Paul Street. OMER MACMATION, 233 St. André Street.



THE HEADLESS FORM OF MARY GALLAGHER, WIFE OF JAMES CONNELLY, AS DISCOVERED AFTER THE MURDER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

#### VARIETIES.

"THE CITY LIFE."-The latest rumour connected with the accusation of libel brought ngainst Roger Hancock, Mitchell & McPherson, is that the former had left for foreign parts. is that the former nau feet of follows. It was less it was life did leave the city but as he says it was object is to slide through life without hurting to recuperate his impaired health. His bail anyone's feelings or stepping on anyone's toos. kron—kronk—hold!" bonds will not be forfeited.

PARADE. - The 65th paraded on the Champ de Mars, on Dominion Day, under Lt.-Cot. Labranche; the batallion looked soldierlike.

COMING AROUND .- Fireman Lafranchise who in jumping off a reel fell and was run over is getting over his severe injuries.

THE QUENNEVILLE TRAGEDY .-- There are no developements in this mysterious murder. The adjourned inquest is held today.

the murder of Mary Gallagher that a supersti- have to take a sip now and then for my liver, tious fear has taken possession of the neighbors of the house where she breathed her last. Fouch this bottle, Augusta—don't even smell bors of the house where she breathed her last. They swear that they saw the deceased's of the cork. ghost moving about the chamber of death, and now and then stopping at the window. The case of liver complaint. At least, Mr. Johson

MORE ABOUT THE WILLIAM STREET MURDER. Yesterday a vagrant named Cotherine McCarthy, aged about thirty years, was brought before Recorder Sexton. She desired to impart some information to the police authorities. Detective Gullen brought her to the detectives' room where she stated in the presence of coroner Jones, that she had been intimately acquainted with the murdered woman Mary Gallagher, having gone to school with her in Kingston. They both had often been in jail in this city. Fifteen days ago she met deceased who was drunk and who said she was looking for Mrs. down upon the pensive girl, he called out: Jacob Meyer. She sometimes went by the name of Quigley. McCarthy was detained in custody as a witness.

#### A NEW BEVERAGE.

KRONKIKOLOGY AND HOW IT AFFECTED A SERVANT GIRL.

You have doubtless heard about "the Besom of destruction"? Well Mr. Johnson, of Sherbrooke Street, is not that kind of a man. He wouldn't destroy a grasshopper if he could walk around or climb over the insect. His

They got a new hired girl at his house the other day. She had pensive eyes, a very quiet way, and seemed quietly religious. Johnson said she was just the kind of a girl he liked to see around the kitchen, and he flattered Mrs. Johnson for her perception in reading human

That first evening the new girl caught Johnson in the pantry. He was on tip-toe, and had just reached down a bottle from the top shelf. He started to put it back, hesitated, and finally said:

"I wanted to warn you about this bottle. It THE MURDERED WOMAN'S GHOST. - So foul was contains a fluid known as kronkikology. I

The girl soon discovered that it was a bad police were implored to order the window to like fastened, which was done.

entered the pantry regularly three times per away. Don't you know what they give a feller day, and after taking his "kronkikology," he when he is dyin'?"
The druggist was compelled to acknowledge

meal: She found the pensive hired girl lying was dying with.

on the floor, and no meal under way.

"Krow—kronki—krow—"muttered the girl.
"The girl has a fit—the hired girl is dying!"

"We hasn't had no doctor," blurted out the

"The girl has a fit—the hired girl is dying!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, as she rushed through the house.

Johnson ran back to the kitchen with her, and as he sniffed the air in that room and looked

"She's been drinking gin."
"Youze liar!" shouted the girl, securing a hold on the stove-leg to help her to her feet.

in an earnest contest, and it took some time to left me, a tell which was who. The pensive hired girl nosed girl!" was carried outside the gate. more sober than when the unpleasantness began, and as the crowd stood on the doorstep and shouk their

"Whaz thaz you called it, Mizzer Johnson? Kronki-knonkikolog? Diz you fluk I was a tool, Mizzer Johnson? Be careful of your liver,

#### HAD THE CUCUMBERS.

Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, a hatless urchin came rushing into a Notre-Dame street drugstore, and, placing an empty bottle on the counter, gasped out:

"Give me ten cents' worth, quick!"

"Ten cents' worth of what?" inquired the druggist, discovering the bottle bore no label.

"Why, ten cents' worth of that stuff you

always give a man when he's dyin'," sobbed the impatient youngster; "and hurry up, mister, 'cause dad he is awful sick, and if he pegs out fore I git back, why, mom will lam me for it."
"But I do not know what to give your

father--what ai's him ?"

" He is dyin', I tell you!" screamed the boy "and I want something to cure him right

The family didn't hear the breakfast-bell that he did not, and informed the boy that he yesterday morning at the usual time, and after had better go home and ask his mother what waiting awhile Mrs. Johnson entered the she sent him after. Finding he still hesitated kitchen to see what had occurred to delay the about going, he asked what disease his father

boy; "but mom says dad's got the cucum-bers."

The celerity with which that druggist grab-

bed for the paregoric bottle brought a smile to the face of an old lady who at that moment entered for toothache drops, and the next time he has a call for "somethin' for a man what's dyin'," he will know exactly what to give.

## the sixty-ninth to Montreal.

For many days the wires between New York and Montreal have vibrated with messages alike coaxing and defiant, peaceful and warlike, between the hospitable Irishmen of the Canadian city and the gallant Irishmen of the Sixty-ninth Regiment of this metropolis. It seems that some good-natured Irishman had part in a pic-nic on Dominion day; and that the Sixty-ninth became afraid that if they accepted the invitation the British flag would so flaunted in their eyes and toasts to the Queen be floated down their throats in copious ibations of Canada malt whisky.

Whereat correspondence.

And more correspondence; by mail and by telegraph. Public meetings were held, the daily papers were deluged with communica-tions, and grim-visaged war seemed imminent.

Every effort to harmonize matters was made. The Montreal Irish did not seem to fear that the 69th would

#### CAPTURE CANADA

and carry it back to New York in their knap sacks. They were willing to give bonds for the safety of the Dominion. If Beecher's regiment could come up there and stay nearly three the 69th would not remove the face of their

But it was no go. Lorne got excited. His ma-in law had given him her Canadian Farm to keep, and he knew what he would get if he et these awful men from New York come and take it Understanding that the 69th were in the tactics: "Repel In-vadors!" And, one morning, when he thought he should have to lead his forces against the picnicking enemy, Louise, more like an ancient Roman matron than a fashion-plate, exclaimed, "Then hadn't you bettah put on anothah chest protectah?"

Things were almost as bad on this side of Things were almost as bad on this side of the line. Some of the members of the 69th beer, and everybody began to invite him. The arms and legs for trofys.

Some of the members of the 69th beer, and everybody began to invite him. The arms and legs for trofys.

But you bet we got so consented to go if the British flags were all

#### DRAPED IN MUD.

so that the Celtic eye could not see the bloody field of the cross of St. George. Also the trademark of the royal family was to be taken off all the pianos

Some friends of the regiment offered them large sums for expenses; notably the furniture shindy are.

arose and said that if all the rest of the regi- but all to no purpose. He found means to get ment backed down, he would go alone-as a drunk every day. Beer got too weak for him,

69th to enter the Dominion, and they might contempt. carry it off to fill in the marshes back of Coney Island. What should he do? Aha! Happy thought! Go back on himself. Retract the permission given. He did so; but the same dogs, and wires that transmitted his retraction conveyed from some to him simultaneously the determination of come to a to him simultaneously the determination of the New York regiment to let his little Dominion severely alone.

And so the tempest in the tea-pot has sub-sided. Canada can sleep in its bed secure. But wouldn't it look more dignified if a "Domi-nion" felt so sure of its government and its power of keeping the peace, as not to be afraid of a few (possibly) sore-headed visitors hissing the hag and refusing to drink the health of the Queen?- Puck

### A Good Temperance Lecture.

THE SAD FATE OF DANGER .- A DOG STORY WITH A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.-WHAT A GLASS OF BEER LED TO.

THERE was no better behaved dog in the Province of Quebec than Ballard's Dangar. He but we couldn't find in our heart to say that This will convince them that there is no decep was young, handsome, intelligent, educated, so good a dog died of delirium tremens. Four-tion about it. Now, bend the pin in two places was young, nanasome, nateingent, educated, so good a dog died of delirium tremens. Four-tion about it. Now, bend the pin in two places, and of good moral habits. He was a high-bred teen times has the weeping willow shea its —first, about one third from the head, and setter, with long, soft hair, dark-brown in blooms upon Danger's grave, but his virtues second, the same distance from the point, so color, tawny under the throat. His eyes were are still remembered by all, while the broad that the business and will project to the same distance from the point, so soft and melting in their suppression, his silken ears had the patrician droop, and his aristocratic tail was eloquent in its expression of joy and affection, and rigid as an ax-handle when its owner came to a point. Danger was a reasonable dog. You could always make him see the point without the aid of the hustingwhip. As for his nose—there never was such a nose hung to a dog before. He could scent compelled experience in the case of the former, a quail across a forty-acre field, and could but the latter has always depended on some

An American opinion of the visit of When Ballard was nervous or flustered, and sliver under the nail of the index finger of that missed a good shot, Danger cheerfully came up hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle to be licked with the ramrod, magnanimously around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot taking all the blame on himself; but when in the end of the thread, commences to put on anybody else of the party missed a fair shot, the button. It is always in the morning, and Danger made no attempt to conceal his con-from five to ten minutes after he is expected temptuous disgust. (In these occasions he down the street. He lays the button exactly usually relieved his mind by licking the other on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the

Danger had a bright future before him. But invited the Sixty-ninth up to Montreal to take of beer, and from that moment he was a ruined

The way of it was this: It was a hot day in August, and Ballard and his friend had been hunting over the fiery stubble for hours. No but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing water was to be had, though a keg of beer was the needle point persists in bucking agains in the wagon. Danger was nearly cone up. His tongue hung out a foot or more, and his palpatating sides indicated speedy dissolution. Ballard, unable to obtain water, gave him a quart of heer, which he lapped up with satisfaction, and demanded more. He was given a pint more. Considerably refreshed, the hunt was resumed, but Danger behaved strangely. He dashed about in a reckless manner, and tumbled headlong over fences. He barked in a maudlin, incoherent way, and quarreled without cause with Smith's dog. He seemed to have lost the control of his nose, and would run over a covey of grouse, and a moment after days and the sanctity of their homes was still gome to a dead point on a field-mouse or secure, surely they felt they could insure that tion which he would have scorned in his sober senses. It was painfully evident that Danger was drunk—palpably and shamefully drunk—drunk as a fiddler.

The next morning Danger got up with a raging headache. He felt bad. His hair pulled. But he seems to have heard of the drunkard's armed with shillehals, he practiced an hour a day in his back-yard at single-tick. He rallied himself by fours, on the muddy banks of the St. Lawrence, with snow shoes on to keep him from sinking in the mire, and drilled himself at the Mystic. Ballard stood treat, and Danger in the testing of the testing of the seems to have neared of the drunkard's axiom—" the hair of the dog is good for the bits "—and he accordingly followed Ballard down-town and "rung in" on him while he st. Lawrence, with snow shoes on to keep him was taking his matutinal whisky and tansy from sinking in the mire, and drilled himself the Mystic. Ballard stood treat, and Danger the testing of the testing of the testing of the seems to have neared of the drunkard's axiom—" the hair of the dog is good for the down-town and "rung in" on him while he seems to have neared of the drunkard's axiom—" the hair of the dog is good for the down-town and "rung in" on him while he was taking his matutinal whisky and tansy from sinking in the mire, and drilled himself in the seems to have neared of the drunkard's axiom—" the hair of the dog is good for the down-town and "rung in" on him while he was taking his matutinal whisky and tansy from sinking in the mire, and drilled himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself by fours, or himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed Ballard himself in the mire and the accordingly followed ballard himself in the mire and the accordi "histed in" a glass of rock and rye. Several sports thought it was funny to see a dog making a beast of himself, and so they invited poor Danger to take another, until the upshot of it was he went home that night drunker than ever.

It got noised around town that Danger liked neglected his business. His beautiful eyes became red and rheumy, and his silken coat got shaggy. He frequented the bar-rooms and "laid" for invitations to drink. When hard pressed he would run his face with the barkeeper.

Danger made frequent efforts to reform, but dog-flesh is weak. After a day or two of abstidealers, who know what the results of an Irish shindy are.

Many members of the corps resolved to go, and it is rumored that one man in his manhood whisky shops not to let Danger have anything; battalion; provided his expenses were paid, and he took to Canadian forty rod. Other dogs Things looked scrious. Canada trembled, and Lorne felt so pale that he was compelled to use a little rouge. He might be forced to light; he had given permission to the terrible that was more galling to his proud nature than the look to provide the first and bench-legs regarded him with pity light; he had given permission to the terrible that was more galling to his proud nature than the look of the look o

> Finally the end came. After an unusually protracted debauch, Danger began to see things. He would bristle up at imaginary dogs, and then shrink in the most abject terro from some imaginary assaillant. Then he would come to a dead point on nothing, and again he hours at vacancy. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't eat. He couldn't do anything that

> -of jim-jams. We buried him under a weeping willow on Papineau Road near Blumve's establishment, with a headboard bearing the following inscription:

#### " SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

#### " DANGER,

"Only Dog of A. C. Ballard,
"Who (the Dog) died June 12, 1861, Superin-duced by Overwork and Mental Anxiety.

" Gone but not forgotten."

mantle of charity is thrown over his frailties.

### How Married Men Sew on Bottons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has

needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of alas! in an evil hour he tasted his first glass it sticking up for lee way. He says to himself of beer, and from that moment he was a ruined dog. "Well, if women don't have the easiest time lever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth wel enough, and lays himself out to find the eye the needle point persists in bucking against the solid part of that button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkle, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both thread and button covered with his thumb, and he feels around for the eye in a very judi cious manner, but seeing his folly as the search gets more hopeless, he calms down, puts on his pants, lastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man

#### A BOY'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR Sue—The horses is all got the epigra mic very badly. Us boys had so much fun the other day! Little Frank's hobby-horse had glue runnin' out of his nose, so we knew he had it, and we took him into the bath-room, and got some of ma's fine towels, and othaw places devoted to the twaining of youth wrapped his legs up in hot water, and burned of both sexes twy the pwogewess their punils sulphur matches under his throat, and singed his mane off, and the paint came off his legs, and the glue all came unstuck, and Frank can't ride him any more. Wasn't jolly? Then the matches put us in mind of havin' a St. Jean Baptiste Village lire, so we coaxed sister Sallie to give us her box of Swiss houses you brought her from Urip; and we set 'em up and touched 'em off, and let her rip. The town went like blazes, and we throwed some of sis's dolls in for dead bodies, and then saved the

But you bet we got scared when the flames went so high, so we turned on the hose, and that fool, Jim Blain, let the water run all over the floor and down the kitchen on to the cook's head, and she thought the pipes had busted and run for a man to fix 'em, so ma caught us us in there, and the boys ran home, but I got a thrashing. It didn't burt much, 'cause I had on thick clothes. Our Frank is in pants. He went in last Sunday. I've got a new girl. I don't like Jenny Bird any more, or I guess she don't like me any more, 'cause when I give her a handful of pop corn she throwed it in my face, and I expect Jim Blain told lies about me. I'd lick him, only his father keeps a candy store, and I get all the sugar-sticks I want for nothing.

Your affectionate brother, CHARLIE.

P. S.—Please bring me a GOAT.

#### A DREAM.

Jones ate a half of a big mutton pie just before going to bed the other night, and then began to wonder what it was made of. would bustle imaginary cats about the yard, Before morning it resolved itself into a troupe and, getting them in a corner, bark for long of monstrous cats, two grand mothers and a of monstrous cats, two grand mothers and a hours at vacancy. He couldn't sleep. He railroad bridge forty feet high and of inconcouldn't cat. He couldn't do anything that ceivable length, himself in the middle of it, was sensible, and finally died as the fool dieth the sleepers four feet apart, and the cars com-

### THE ENCHANTED PIN.

(From the Norristown Herald.)

Some tricks in "Parlor Magic" printed in juvenile publications are very amusing, as well as very simple. To perform this trick you take a common brass pin, such as a man sometimes uses to fasten his shirt-collar when a rear button flies off. To satisfy your audience that the pin doesn't contain a false bottom, That was a lie about the cause of his death, let them have it in their hands to inspect. Again show the pin to your audience, in order to satisfy them that it is the same pin, only bent—bent on mischief. Now, place the pin on a hard-bottomed chair, and, when a late visitor enters, invite him to sit on the chair. The effect will be magical. If the ceiling is not more than ten test from the floor them. not more than ten teet from the floor, the probabilities are that the man will arise spontaneously that his head will make a dent in it. The innocent little trick never fails to amuse retrieve anything but his reputation in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended on some the introduction in the latter has always depended in the introduction in the latter has always depended on some latter has always depended on the introduction in the latter has always depended on the introduction in the latter has always depended on the introduction in the latter has always depended on the introduction in the latter has always depended on the introduction in the latter has always depended on the introduction in

Henoic.—On Friday evening Willie Nichols, ten years of age, would have ended his exist, ence in a watery grave had it not been for the brave conduct of Thomas Gilmour, of No. 224 Seigneurs street, in this city, who had to dive under a barge in the canal before he could reach the drowning boy. Mr. Gilmour's noble conduct deserves to be recorded.

Query.-Where is the Mystic?

-Montreal can boast of one of the best fire departments on the continent. 'Anlan 'as beaten Helliott hand 'Awdon.

E should row 'Iggins before 'e comes 'ome. --For weeks a local singer trained his voice

igainst a mule and brought it to a high pitch A

power. We often see many printers devils about the

Mystic. | Mystic. | Mystic. | Mystic. | with a reporter, "to sit on and the Central Station and the steps in front of the Central Station and watch the coming in of the tied."

-The coachman who marries his wealthy employers daughter may truthfully assert that his "lines" have fallen in pleasant places. -This being a time when so many oxen are

being sent from Canada to Europe in comfortable and padded stalls, "he who has steers to shed prepare to she I them now."

A place of popular resort is the Mystic 671 Craig street.

-" A want of confidence is plunging the country into a whirlpool of idleness and a vortex of financial ruin," was the feeling remark of a man who was refused credit for a

glass of whiskey at one of our hotels yesterday.

—George Agustavus St. Charles says.—
Ya-as this the aw season when schools and have made, and give an elocutionary enter-tainment they call a "commencement."

-The Witness on monday last came out with a heading "another mystery" and gave this paper on advertisement. We wish it distinctly understood that we did not pay said paper for doing so. The proprietors however are extremely gratified.

Go and see the Colonel at the Mystic.

—I love in July when the sun is low
And a cool, soft breeze comes out of the west,
To the Square of an afternoon to go,
My wearled limbs on a sont to rest,
And from under my own particular tree
To lazily watch the idlers there
For dear are the sights and sounds to me
To be seen and heard in Victoria square!

WANTED.—A. Canvasser of good address is wanted for this paper. None but a responsible person, who is thoroughly acquainted with the City, need apply.

## Bowling alley.

The only Bowling Alley in this City is at No. 272 st. Lawrence street. The proprietor, Mr. J. B. Emond, is prepared to receive his friends who may enjoy a quiet game without incurring much expense. expense.

#### CANADA HOTEL.

This first class hotel has been thoroughly re-furnished. The table leaves nothing to be desired. Busses connect with all Railway Stations and Steamboats.

A. BELIVEAU, Prop.

## BILLIARD ROOM.

The most popular Billiard Room in this City is that of Mr. Alphonso Mercier, late of the St. Lawrence Hall. The tables are Phelan's a Collegal's, and pin-pool, pyramid, and all green cloth games may be played by the lovers of the Sport. Don't forget the address, at the corner of Notre-Dame and St. Gabriel streets.

W. BURGESS, No. 170 Notre-Dame street, opposite the Court House, is the place where a lover of sand Porter, cool Lager Beer, choice Liquors, and Cigars, may suit himself. Mr. E. W. Burgess, the obliging proprietor, will be glad to receive his friends. Great improvements are being made in his establishment which will be enlarged by the addition of a well-fitted room.

## ${f T}$ o amateurs of shooting and angling.

A. BONNEVILLE having bought the bank-rupt stock of Wm. Harper, desires to inform his friends and the public in general that he will remove his stock of Guns, &c., to No. 227 Notre-bane street, in the store lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Harper. Lovers of rod fishing will find at his place all required articles for the Sport.

#### HVOLI.

RESTAURANT, 58 JACQUES-CARTIER SQUARE,

Talls establishment is the nearest to the market boats, and is open from 7a. m. to 11 p. m., and is one of the most elegant and best conducted in the Metropolis. Oysters served in all styles. Special rooms for portemanteaux and parcels for those, who do not desire to take a room at the hotel.

# COSHOPOLITAN WINE AND LUNCHEROOMS.