

# THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

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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,  
Smugly and heedlessly  
Snored the six hundred.  
Great was the preacher's theme;  
Serow'd on was all the storm;  
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 awful things,  
Weak-minded preacher flings  
At the dumbfounder'd.  
Boldly he spoke and well;  
All on deaf ears it fell:  
Vain was his loudest yell  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
For crying—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 thunder'd—  
Called them the church's toes;  
Threatened with endless woes,  
Faintly the answer rose  
(Proof of their sweet repose)  
From the united nose  
Of the six hundred.

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

## A FIENDISH MURDER.

The most Atrocious Crime that Montreal has ever had committed.

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

SO FIENDISH AN ACT

could be perpetrated in our midst surpasses comprehension, and it would be vain to moralize. We, as citizens of Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, naturally feel a pride in our city, but the events which have transpired lately cause the blush to come to our cheeks, and New York and Chicago 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 drunkenness 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 in which was enacted one of the most fiendish and

BRUTAL MURDERS

which has occurred here. And what are the facts in the case?



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

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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 street and knock at the door. Mrs. Jacob Meyer lets the parties in without, however, the customary fee. She says to her husband, "All right, Jacob, 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 murdered woman sent out for the whiskey; it did not take long for the ardent spirits to navigate through the veins and

DISTURB THE EQUANIMITY

of the three occupants of the rooms.

According to the evidence, Flanagan went to bed with Mrs. Meyer, and the result was that the murdered woman became jealous and attempted to force an entrance into the bed-room. This fired the naturally passionate temper of Mrs. Meyer, and she leaped from the bed and dealt her rival a blow which rendered her insensible. Now comes the

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

Not content with taking the life, the tigress proceeds to cut off the head of her victim, which must have occupied considerable time, as the instrument was dull. We can picture the infuriated woman hacking away, dealing blow upon blow until the head is severed from the body, and is thrown into a tub. Blows are dealt and the body becomes fearfully mangled.

Flanagan, it is presumed, at this moment awakes, and seeing the dead body of his paramour, he flees from the scene. This must have occurred

at eleven o'clock or thereabouts, as Meyers testifies that he went home to dinner at twelve and saw the dead body on the floor and his wife asleep. He being a half idiot did not realize the extent of the horrible affair, and quietly sits down and eats his dinner. The coolness of this act is unparalleled; it testifies to the worst condition of depravity of the age. After Meyer had eaten his dinner, his wife arises and views the result of her fury. She, to 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

but finds that the hatchet is too blunt. Her purpose has been to cut the body up and bury it piecemeal during the night. How the afternoon was paced may be left to the imagination, and we come to the evening and the hour when the murderess puts her head out of the window and shouts "Murder." A young man rushes up and is stupefied with the sight that meets his gaze. In a moment the officers of the law are notified and the whole neighborhood 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 special artist reach the house shortly after the horrible discovery, and the latter proceeds to take a sketch of the scene which he has graphically portrayed, as will be seen. We pass over the details of the inquest which developed only what we have already stated, and come to the interview with our reporter of the three parties under arrest, Mrs. Meyer, Jacob Meyer and Michael Flanagan. The murderess is seated in her cell and has not quite recovered from her drunken orgies; she gives an incoherent statement of the affray and blames Flanagan for having committed the deed. This, however, is futile as her clothes were covered with blood, and Flanagan did

not have the least on his. The woman talks unconsciously of the most atrocious of crimes, and when questioned as to her idea of being hanged she replies: "I don't 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 fiendish 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 persons on whom the slightest suspicion of complicity may rest. In France, for instance, when a serious crime is committed, the police apprehend as many persons as they may think necessary, and the chances are that in nine cases out of ten, the guilty party is arrested. In Canada if the police happen to arrest the wrong person, an action for false arrest may be instituted; and, as in the case of Coyle vs. the late Chief of Police, *et al.*, judgment may be rendered against the defendants, who for doing what they thought was in the interest of justice, are compelled to pay damages and the costs of the suit which may amount to a very considerable sum. There is another matter connected with our detective force which may with propriety be placed before our readers, and that is the fact that too small pay is given them, and too little credit. In other cities the force has a secret service fund from which the detectives draw what money is necessary for current expenses *ie.* when they are detailed for special duty and in order to ferret out a crime are compelled to enter the retreats of those suspected, and they ingratiate themselves into the good graces of the companions 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 caprices of our "City Fathers" who generally have no knowledge of the requirements of the service.

## HE COULDN'T DRINK WINE.

THAT was a noble youth of Hamilton who, on being urged to take a glass of wine at the table of a famous statesman, in Ottawa, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine!" echoed the statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine!" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed: "I never drink wine, but (here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer) if you've got a little good old rye whisky, I don't mind taking a snifter."

—The latest freak in fashion is the pullback night-gown. Bustles on undershirts are not popular.



In 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 idiocy to make them still more intolerable. He is a fearful judgment on the vices of the nineteenth 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 satires a sad and solemn spectacle, how much more blood curdling is the humorist in the lecture hall. There he has his 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, securely jammed between files and files of fellow sufferers the wretched being, who, in a weak moment, or led by an inexplicable fascination 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 that 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 brain. 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.

VARIETIES.

**"THE CITY LIFE."**—The latest rumour connected with the accusation of libel brought against Roger Hancock, Mitchell & McPherson, is that the former had left for foreign parts. He did leave the city but as he says it was to recuperate his impaired health. His bail bonds will not be forfeited.

**PARADE.**—The 65th paraded on the Champ de Mars, on Dominion Day, under Lt.-Col. La-branche; 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 developments in this mysterious murder. The adjourned inquest is held today.

**THE MURDERED WOMAN'S GHOST.**—So foul was the murder of Mary Gallagher that a superstitious fear has taken possession of the neighbors of the house where she breathed her last. They swear that they saw the deceased's ghost moving about the chamber of death, and now and then stopping at the window. The police were implored to order the window to be fastened, which was done.

**MORE ABOUT THE WILLIAM STREET MURDER.**—Yesterday a vagrant named Catherine McCarthy, aged about thirty years, was brought before Recorder Sexton. She desired to impart some information to the police authorities. Detective Cullon 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. Jacob Meyer. She sometimes went by the name of Quigley. McCarthy was detained in custody as a witness.

**ANSON.**—A grocer named Olivier Gravel who keeps a shop at the corner of St. Urbain and Dorchester Streets, has been arrested. Capt. 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 trial.

**EXCESS OF ZEAL.**—THE RECORDER: "Humph! the Court must be clear on the point, M. Barry." CHIEF JUSTICE 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 it and sticking it in his mouth?

"Get right out of here, you great big hired girl drunkard!" called Mrs. Johnson. "Yes, and thread up mighty smart!" added Johnson. "Brow—kronk—kronkikology just as nicez sugar!" stammered the girl. "Howliver complaint, Mizzer Johnson?" "Put her out!" shrieked the wife. "Puz who ouz? All rize—I'll go rize ouz—oh, yes!" She got hold of Mr. Johnson's shirt-collar and Mrs. Johnson hair, and the carpenters at work on a new house in the next lot heard so much dreadful noise that they felt called upon to go over to Johnson's. They found the three in a corner, engaged

A TALE OF WOE.

HE DESERTED HIS OWN TRUE LOVE TO RUN AWAY WITH A GIRL NAMED SARAH. "He's 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 even nod his head for her to go on. The woman took a chair, or nearly two chairs, pulled away like a back-horse for several minutes, and then, as the tears came to her eyes, she exclaimed:

"I'll will never forgive him, and if he's 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 husband, I suppose," said the sergeant, cautiously.

"What other woman's husband would I be referring to?" she demanded. "Of course it's my husband—my 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 I take him when he was a good-for-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 darling—his 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 I am."

"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

left me, and taken up with a freckled-nosed girl!"

"It's sad—vory sad," sighed the sergeant. "You don't know my feelings," she replies; "don't begin to realize how this heart of mine is wrenched and upset! I wish you'd catch 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. "Calm! How can I be calm? When I think of John Henry, and Sarah, and dear gazelle, and shining angel, and noon-day star, can I bid my heart be calm?"

She left her husband's description, and went away and the police will catch him if they can.

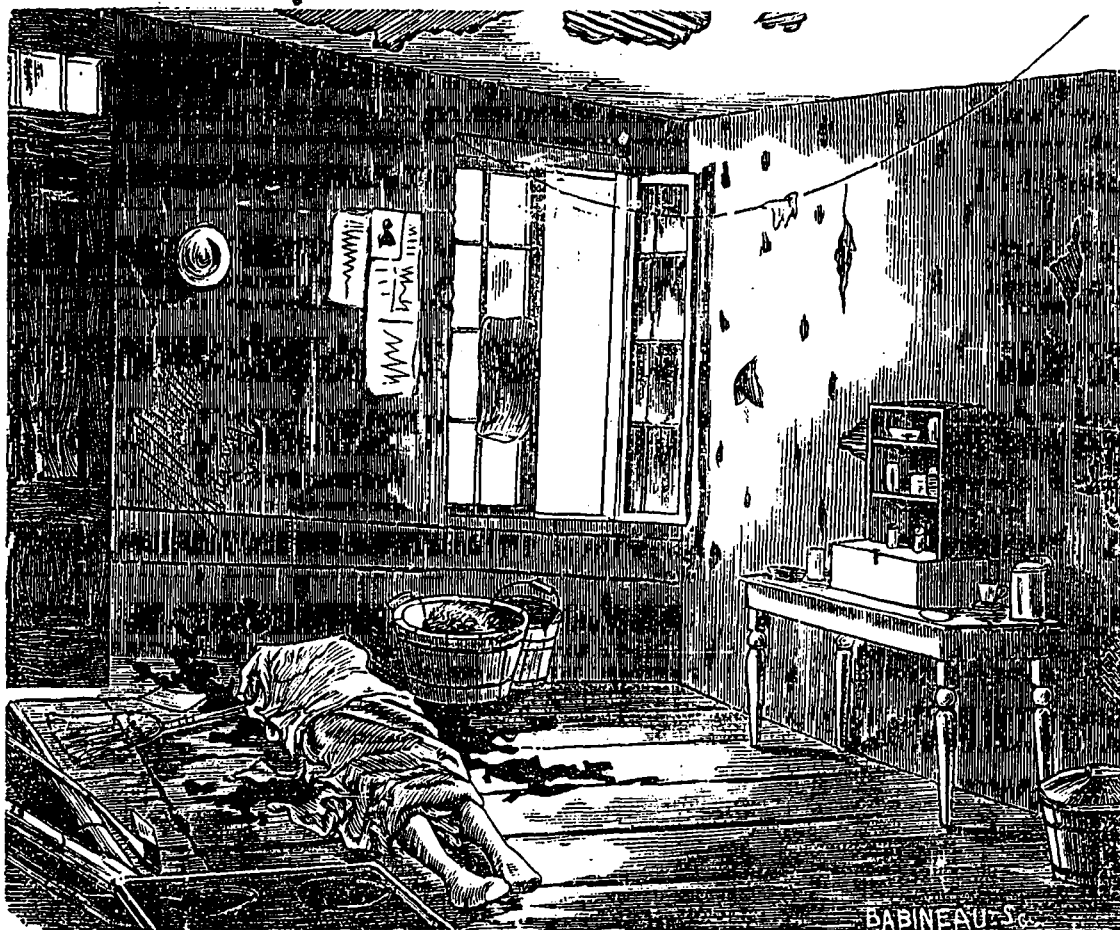
THE KIND OF A MAN HE WAS.

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 after them, "you have not pay me." "Wal, we don't intend to pay. I never pay, that's the kind of a fellow I am," replied the rough. "You 'ton't, eh! Val, you is von tam loofer. Dot's ter kind of a fellers vat I am," retorted Hank.

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.

BOARD.—LEFEBVRE & MACMAHON, Advocates, 31 St. Vincent Street. JULES LEFEBVRE, Residence, 183 St. Paul Street. OMER MACMAHON, 233 St. André Street.



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

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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 object is to slide through life without hurting anyone's feelings or stepping on anyone's toes.

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 nature.

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 contains a fluid known as kronkikology. I have to take a sip now and then for my liver, but it is death to a well person. Don't never touch this bottle, Augusta—don't even smell of the cork."

The girl soon discovered that it was a bad case of liver complaint. At least, Mr. Johnson entered the pantry regularly three times per day, and after taking his "kronkikology," he always uttered a hearty "Ah! um!"

The family didn't hear the breakfast-bell yesterday morning at the usual time, and after waiting awhile Mrs. Johnson entered the kitchen to see what had occurred to delay the meal. She found the pensive hired girl lying on the floor, and no meal under way.

"Krow—kronk—krow—" muttered the girl. "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 down upon the pensive girl, he called out:

"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 tell which was who. The pensive hired girl was carried outside the gate, more sober than when the unpleasantness began, and as the crowd stood on the doorstep and shook their fists at her and threatened her, she held fast to a shade-tree, and called back:

"Whaz thaz you called it, Mizzer Johnson? Kronki—kronkikolog? Diz you stuk I was a tool, Mizzer Johnson? Be careful of your liver, Mizzer Johnson—bezzzer go in 'fore you catch kron—kronk—hold!"

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 ails him?"

"He is dyin', I tell you!" screamed the boy, "and I want something to cure him right away. Don't you know what they give a feller when he is dyin'?"

The druggist was compelled to acknowledge that he did not, and informed the boy that he had better go home and ask his mother what she sent him after. Finding he still hesitated about going, he asked what disease his father was dying with.

"I don't know," whined the boy.

"Well, what did the doctor say it was?"

"We hasn't had no doctor," blurted out the boy; "but mom says dad's got the cucumbers."

The celerity with which that druggist grabbed 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.

