

THE CITY LION.

Vol. 1, No. 4.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

GRACIA.

Nay, nay, Antonio—thou shalt not blame her.
My Gracia, who hath so deserved me.
Thou art my friend; but, if thou should'st defame her,
I would not hesitate to challenge thee!

O! I have loved, Antonio—loved so madly—
This radiant creature whom I called my own!
Canst thou divine the woe of sitting sally
With phantom guests of joys forever flown?

"Curse and forget her?" So I might another
One not so bounteous-natured, or so fair;
But she, Antonio—she was like no other;
I curse her not, because she was so rare.

She was made out of laughter and sweet kisses;
Not blood, but sunshine, through her fine veins ran;
Her soul quilled over with its wealth of blisses;
She was too great for loving but a man.

None but a god could keep so rare a creature;
I blame her not for her incontinancy.
When I recall each radiant smile, each feature,
I wonder she so long was true to me.

Call her not false and fickle. I, who love her,
Do hold her not unlike the royal Sun,
That, all unmade, rooms all kingdoms over
And lights all worlds, but lingers not with one.

If she were less a goddess, more a woman,
And so had dallied for a time with me,
Another had left me—I, who am but human,
Would slay her, and her newer love, maybe.

But, knowing she seeks Apollo, or another
Of these lost gods, and seeks him all in vain,
And has loved me as well as any other
Of her men-loves—why, I can bear my pain.

How is it that a hot furnace is always cooled?

Fair one, if you don't want some fellow to steal your heart, you must steel it yourself.

A German proverb says: "Man is what he eats," which in German makes him just the cheese.

"Our First Baby" is the title of a new book. It is bound in wisdom, of course, and has a weak back.

Ninety per cent. of the pulp of an orange is water. This explains why stepping on the skin brings to mind a clam.

He came in late the other night, and was rolling into bed when his wife woke up and said: "Don't forget your nightcap, dear." "No—a—hah! two nightcaps altho!"

Governess (pleasurously explaining the word enough)—"Now, suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, all the sweet cake she cares for; what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)—"Kittens!"

"TAFFY."

The firemen get their hose at Waugh's
Driving at a 2.40 gait is all very well; but—ask the Kurie'.
Tony James S—e has tinned Quaker. He is letting his beard grow.

"Cinnamon Jim" better look out, or the grocery clerk will get the best of him.

Tom O'H., one of the "photos" has been promised a job as book-keeper on a milk-waggon.

Some of our detectives are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it? They never catch anything.

James L. had better stop going to Dorchester street, or else some one will give him away—one that knows his doings.

T. M., the billiard referee, is trying to get his work in on some lacrosse club. Tom: All the "clubs" have got on to you.

Dan H., Harry M. and Long John walked from McGill street to Hochelaga the other day, and had to take the cars to get back.

Sonny John Thomas, Jack E. and Bud, the great poker players, have bought a case of matches, and are a right for the summer.

Dandy John, who deals out snide cigars on St. Joseph street, had a great time at St. Cuneonde on Monday night. How's the purp, John?

J. S—h, the ropem ker at the East E. d, better "shake" the mansion immediately, or P. McG. will give him a "breeze" about the raffle.

Slew-foot Lottie intends wearing a fur cap all summer, to make up for the straw hat she wore last winter. Nothing like a change. Call again, professor.

Pretty Johnny N—e, alias Commodore Nutt, has made another grand "mash" on a fair *divorcelle* of the West End. Go in, John, "there's millions in it."

A dog at St. Jean Baptiste village tried to drink ten quarts of milk in ten consecutive hours on Monday last. He made 347 laps, and tipped over the dish.

If black Valentine and Clara, of "485," don't stop drinking whisky and being so charitable they will both soon be in the poor house. So says Long Toe.

Mac, the letter carrier, needn't have been riled about Sonny walking off with Abby, the flaxen-haired lass, although he had her in his hand. Sonny would thump him about as quick as he would say "good even."

The gentleman that kissed the young lady in the front room up stairs in the American House the other evening had better see that the curtains are first drawn, and not give the opposite an opportunity of admiring the operation.

Will Pat M., of 117, take a little more time to wash his face and comb his hair in the morning, instead of waiting for Mary at the corner? John B., of 17, better take this hint, too, or Mamie will give him up, and he will grow poor and dirty.

The old Liverpool and Manchester Wolf is matched with Old Cuck for a two mile walk, go as you please. Old Cuck will wear his high hat on the occasion, and the Wolf those checked pants, on which a game of checkers will be played while he is resting. Long-nosed Jack feels confident that the old man will win.

THE CITY LIFE:

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THE CITY LIFE will be published EVERY WEDNESDAY, and will contain the latest news of interest to the young fraternity.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impassioned correspondents are requested not to write on more than two sides of the paper.

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

MONTRÉAL, APRIL 30, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to hold over several communications till next week, among others a letter from Ottawa.

PROGRESSIVE MEDICINE!

We deny the truth of this maxim when applied to modern vices, and maintain that it is far better, in a remedial sense, to suffer acute agony for a short time than to endure permanent and dangerous suffering. We do not, of course, approve of the wisdom that prompts undue violence as a corrective measure, nor compliment the intellect that indulges in even disguised or vulgar obscenity; neither can we admire that species of morality in man which induces him to assume the angelic in exterior manners, while interiorly he more than emulates the brute in vile intercourse with his fellow beings. In our last issue we touched a question so repugnant in character that we recoiled as we approached it; and were it not owing to the earnest solicitation of our readers, many of whose children are being physically ruined, we should never have renewed the bestial discussion, nor sought to provoke so offensive a controversy. This monstrous and vicious habit, however, seems to be so terribly on the increase, that it is high time to become alarmed and to devise some means by which we can impede, if possible, its continued progress. To successfully accomplish this purpose, we must first tear off the mask, and let those human monsters stand before the community in all their hideous and repulsive deformity. If we cannot exterminate them by law, we must mangle them by exposure. The apparently exemplary characters to whom we referred last week are only a small fragment of this army of vampires, who, with knightly vigilance, never lose an opportunity to decy within their laws the young, unsophisticated and healthy victims there initiated in the practice of accursed and demoralizing habits. The lad, in his natural simplicity, being once introduced, continues to frequent these bothsome haunts, where the civilized cannibal awaits him, until he finds, through frequent indulgence, his constitution undermined, his intellect impaired, and the laws of nature rebelling against such unnatural and persistent transgression. The parents eventually observe the wasting and emaciated cheek of their child, his enervated body and listless manner; they interrogate him as to the cause; but, beyond evasive answers, can elicit no intelligence. The victim now keenly realizes the enormity of disgraceful guilt in which he is steeped, and permits modesty to intervene to prevent the possibility of disclosure. He is taught to make the sacrament of matrimony a subject for boisterous ridicule, and to sneer at the dictates of human love and the inclinations of natural passion. In a later issue we will designate more exactly the members of this large tribe of depraved humanity, and we shall do so prepared to resist, by proof, any legal measures that their combined strength may adopt to muzzle, gag, harass or suppress. Our readers need not stand aghast when we say that these destructive mortals are about 1,200 strong in this city alone, and in receipt of reinforcements annually.

Ladies' saques—jilted lovers.

The beer-drinker wants bigger measures and not more.

The degree of d---d is about to be conferred on the thermometer.

The Rev. Boston Murray is of the opinion that whipping makes a child lie—so it does—on its face.

When a man who imagines he is injured calls to see us, the editor says: "Give the caller my compliments, and tell him I am sorry to say I have not been at the office all day."

A story is told to the effect that a young man left off smoking, and in five years was worth \$10,000. A newspaper spoils the moral of it, however, by needlessly adding that the money was left him by an uncle.

There will be an ice cream garden for the boys, in connection with the Keller Skating Rink about to be started at Point St. Charles. The ice cream, flavored with a little "Taffy" from THE CITY LIFE, would be very refreshing. "What d'ye say, boys?"

There's one thing, boys, that you must shun

If you would win your suit;

We know; for we've been there ourselves—

It is the old man's boot.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Newwater has been appointed permanently to the position of Guardian of the Post Office lobby, and congratulated him on his appointment, as he has been doing police duty in the lobby with a major of "military renown" and would be Chief of Police for some time past—voluntary and without pay.

Attention has been called to a bookkeeper in a furniture store, on Craig street, who is said to have fallen in love with a cook in an uptown boarding house, but he says the poor little thing is so lonely that he thinks it a charity to take her out for a stroll occasionally.

Protestants on St. Antoine street, on Sunday last, were somewhat surprised at the antics of half a dozen prominent young men, who undertook a head and toe walk to the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds. We for our giving their names on account of their families.

On the return of Jeremiah DeBbe from Europe, in June, he will be awaited on by his old "papa's," who will welcome him back, and present him his old seat on the Arabian Desert. In the evening they dine at the Windmill. Full particulars will be given in our next number.

It is currently reported that K---ings, the ex-dry goods man and poker player, has now started in the whisky business, and given up his other avocations for the greater part of which the boys are duly thankful, now having enough left from their pocket-money to get a spare meal when necessary.

In the late walking match,

Where both started from scratch—

A Yankee and Englishman together;

The latter gave out

When the crowd, with a shout,

Asked the many returned to their "cather."

Some of our Grand old patron express them selves astonished at an event which transpired a few evenings ago in a certain Palace on the hill, but as matters of this kind occur every day—at least lately—we are amazed that such a farce should be created over an event at once trivial and permanent. As the Farmer said to his wife when she objected to his undertaking what she considered a too difficult job: "Give the old man a chance."

MORE "TAFFY."

Did you see Joe Bedard's collar?

Lyon wants to know if you'll "throw."

The members of the Mystic Club appear with clean-shaven faces.

Hamilton H. has returned from Boston, and Lucy has one more lover.

John W——r, the "Shark," comes up with a few spring suit "Stand off?"

Waugh and Wah Lee are no relations, although they are both in the shirt business.

John is about to lose the "sleeve-button," as it intends taking a trip to New York.

Joe Q——n has given up telling lies, and built an ice house. Bully boy, Tyrone.

When "Calumet George" gets that Government suit he will go to all the Signor's receptions.

The champion fun billiard player of Canada has given up the cue and is looking for "draw."

John McH——h had better keep away from Anne, and save the old man from using the stab awl.

Don't be getting so "fresh," Grace, for we can give you a good "setting cut" if you're looking for it.

The walking bailiff has accepted Johnny Boland's challenge, and the match will come off at an early date.

If Dan don't stay home at night the members of the society will have to lose half a day to attend a funeral.

T. S., of the laundry, is all out to have his legs insured, as they are giving away at the knees. Poor Tom!

If Tom F., the best reef tree in the world, don't quit playing tuih-rse he will wear a linen duster next winter.

George S. had better not have too much to do with the young lady from Cornwall, as she might capture him.

Bill S——k, one of the old "bums," has returned from Portland where it is said he passed a "cheekered" career.

James McK., the great milkman, as a "masher," has no equal, and in searching for females he leaves no stone unturned.

Sue is looking positively handsome since her return from Yankee town, but she talks too much with that small mouth of hers.

The Baker is very fresh, and still haunts St. M. street. Look out, my blooming youth, or we will show you up in fall next week.

J. P. and M. M. had better keep away from the gallery on Murray street, or they may get a little of boiling water on their heads.

The "Big Headed Blonde" and Fit "bilked" a cart about 2 a. m. Sunday, on College street. Set 'em up, boys, and avoid trouble.

If "Little Fox," the ex-lobemaker, don't pay less attention to the ladies and stick to his little game of poker, we will give him away.

Now that walking matches have become monotonous, it is proposed to match Windy King against Niss in six days' talk-as-you-please.

Emma, of 718½ Craig street, ought to close that big mouth of hers, now that the weather is getting warm, or she will get her teeth sunburnt.

We don't wonder that all the "er-ses" keep out of sight, now that Lottie Ashley has returned; she "takes the cake." That's where D. Mc. gets left. Poor boy!

I. J. L., the Englishman, had better look out for the rain and man, or he may get his jaw broken once in re. Better clean your hands, and stick to the Sheeny rag-picker.

Long John H——, otherwise Edw., at C. R. C's., had better keep his double windows in order, so as to be enabled to see that his dear Kate is "mashed" on "N. bby" J. W., who travels East. Keep your blind eyes open, John. If anything new transpires you shall hear again from us.

We would strongly advise Danish Minnie to purchase a stout cord for the purpose of tying up Bobbie. That, we think, would be the only way to keep him away from Sue.

When you are getting home early in the morning, step in and see "Black Joe" at The Sazerac. He will give you a decoction that will keep your eyes wide open all day.

Bob M. must leave the squaws alone, or he will be sure to get scalped. The Caught wags are looking after you. Beware, Bob, as we have a ready too many bald-headed men.

Windy King has returned from his American tour, and is more bellows-like than ever. During his stay in Syracuse he had the handling on the ears of the leading journals of that city.

Fred, of the N—— Wine Saloon, had better get a wife of his own and not trouble the better half of others. We have a basket ready to gather up the pieces if the old man ever tackles you.

Hugh K——y, of Duke street, had better give up boozing, for the last hoop burstled that was made for him. If he does not "drop" on himself he will have to grease his head to get his shirt on. Oh, Hugh.

Ed W.: Please light a match when going up stairs, to prevent your lady callers stumbling and disturbing the neighbors. Ted, why do you have evening receptions so often, and especially at such late hours?

Frank D. has "struck oil," he having been presented with a barrel of the burning fluid by a friend, which he intends to dispose of at the small sum of ten cents per gallon. A fortune made in a day. So Frank says.

Harry and Bob, of the Post Office, are match'd to swim from the Queen's Basin to St. Lambert's, as soon as the water is favorable. The first on the wharf is to be presented with the song entitled "I know a bank, etc."

Nathaniel P. W., the great medicine man, had better curb his inclination for married women. Should he persist in his evil ways, he may get a head put on him that will be of more benefit to him than the one he now is possessed of.

Our swell Boston cutter, the "Dr.," made a suit of clothes last week for a gentleman hailing from Jerusalem, the Holy Land. It is the first Christian suit of broadcloth that that gentleman has ever donned. He looks as sweet as Honey Dew.

Coal Oil Johnny and Big Dutch Bill, of the Rubber Factory, are going to take a farm at Lake Macannamack, and are now canvassing for the sale of wood, eggs and butter. Johnny says he can cut more wood than Bill. Send him a challenge, Bill.

We have heard of "the man with the terrible gall," but we never saw him till the other night, when Mr. Alex. Murray, of 190 St. Constant street, told our editor he ought to be engaged in some more respectable business than writing for THE CITY LIFE. Be careful, Aleck, and don't get "lashed" again, for Angèle says she will take back the new suit if you don't keep straight.

The sun is on the flower-bed.

And on the moon-ain's brow.

If you have overcoats to "hock,"

Prepare to do so now.

Magistrate—You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler?

Prisoner—Impossible, your honor; I never leave anything at the bottom of my tumbler.

Physician (who has just examined an Irishman's lungs)—There seems to be some trouble here—pneumonia, or something of that sort; have you ever expectorated blood?

Irishman—Och, yes, sir.

Physician—How long ago?

Irishman—About eight years.

Physician—Did you feel sick?

Irishman—Och, I did that!

Physician—What was the matter?

Irishman—I had a tooth pulled.

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ROCK

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