

THE ILLUSTRATED POLITICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

Vol. I.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, 19th JULY 1879.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

The Sweetheart of the Period.

I WHISPERED in my darling's ear :
"Sweet, do you love me yet?"
She flushed, then came in accents clear
The soft reply, "You bet!"

"Oh, I could die for you?" I cried,
"My charming, winsome elf!"
She lifted up her eyes, and sighed:
"I know how 'tis myself!"

"My dar—" "Oh, hush for goodness"
[sake!]
She cried, "or pa will hear ;
And such a fuss and row he'll make,
"You'll walk off on your ear!"

He waited breathless till a creak
Was heard up overhead :
"There, now," said she, "'twill do to speak—
He's in his little bed."

She nestled closely at my side,
With most confiding manner.
Said I, "I want you for my bride."
Said she, "That's what ails Hanner!"

I clasped her to my throbbing breast—
My heart o'erflowed with joy.
She sighed, her cheek to mine close pressed :
"You are a brick, my boy!"

I told her she was sweet and fair
As angels in the sky.
She said, "Don't flatter, sir—take care!
That's all in my eye!"

I said she was the queen of girls—
The fairest ever born.
She laughed, and shook her sunny curls.
"I am? Yes, in a horn!"

I whispered, bending down my head :
"Your lips are like a cherry."
She took my meaning, laughed, and said :
"Well, I'm your huckleberry!"

The clock struck twelve while thus we sat
Breathing the old, old story.
"No, no!" she said—"don't get your hat;
We're all hunkydory!"

CAUGHT ON THE FLY BY THE NEWS REPORTERS.

—Juno how hot it is.

—The *Jester* has gone up, vanished, skip-
ped, fled, departed to the land of shades again.

—Shirts and veal outlets can be purchased
very cheap now.

—You can understand how "plodding
industry wins wealth" when you see a day
laborer striking with a pick-axe at the same
hole for half an hour.

—McDonnell's news depot, 138 St. James
street, opposite St. Lawrence Hall, is the
central agency for the *Police News*. News-
boys can be supplied there on the same terms
as at our office.

—A pious father entered a saloon with a
horsewhip one night last week, and found
his son playing euchre. He tanned the
young man's jacket and sent him home, and
then sat down and finished the game him-
self.

—A majority of the murderers who are
hanged now-a-days believe that after the drop
the next act in the drama will represent them
sitting on the illuminated edge of a thunder
cloud singing Hallelujah.

—It is now a number of years since our
gallant firemen enjoyed a picnic. They feel
that those who could move in the matter
should do so at once. Their last picnic which
was held on the Island was a success and a
signal having been arranged in case of fire
the city's safety was guaranteed. Try it again.

—Our American cousins are flocking to
Montreal in large numbers as is evinced by
the full registers of the hotels. The boats
from the West generally have their full com-
plement of tourists and the popularity of our
noble St. Lawrence and the metropolis does
not wane.

—In front of the Court House the other
day we watched a novel way of eating ice
cream. Along comes a little girl, hands a
cent to the old woman who keeps the stand
and the latter takes her solitary spoon and
proceeds to fill the dish, after the accomplish-
ment of which she licks the spoon. The little
girl takes the latter and stirs up the cream
and she also gives it a lick. Now comes a
young man who is served with cream and
the solitary spoon undergoes another licking
and so on *ad lib*.

A Harmless Revolver.

HOW A BAD SCARE ORIGINATED.

On the 12th July the *Post* published an
elaborate account of a case of revolver firing
which was said to have occurred in Bleury
street on the evening of the 11th. According
to this account a street car was going down
Bleury street about 9 o'clock, when some-
body standing on the platform of the car
heard a report, and, at the same time, saw
three young men standing on the side-walk,
one of whom held in his hand a shining ob-
ject which was supposed to be the revolver
from which the shot had been fired. The
three young men then went away. The per-
son standing on the platform, on looking at
his feet, saw the mark of a pistol bullet on



Two of our gallant firemen, T. H. Hogan and Wm. Stewart, of No. 3 station, jumping from a ladder in consequence of the fall of Kirkpatrick's cooerage, corner of Prince and Ottawa streets falling in on Thursday morning. They had a miraculous escape from death only having received a few injuries.

—We welcome to our exchange list The
Toronto Weekly *Graphic* formerly the *Gos-
siper*. This journal was always bright and
newsy and under its new name will doubtless
retain its popularity.

—In the Recorders Court on Tuesday last,
a member of the *demi-monde* was in the pris-
oners box for keeping a house of ill-fame,
and commenced pleading her own case. His
Honor told her to get a lawyer and she cried
out "there are six of them there." At last
one got up and consulted with the prisoner.
"How much do you want," says she, "\$2," he
replied; "too much" said the unfortunate,
"one dollar then," said the lawyer, "I'll
give you seventy-five cents." "I'll take it"
replied the disciple of Coke, and thereupon
pleaded her case for three quarters of an
hour. She got two months. Her companion
who was guilty of the same offence was only
sent down for one month.

—The well known trotter "Village Girl"
the property of Mr. Melville Smith, after a
twenty mile trot at Lepine Park, on Thurs-
day died.

the dash board of the car. No doubt such is
the very circumstantial account as given in
the *Post*, and at first sight, there would ap-
pear to be no mistake about the fact of a pis-
tol having been fired; yet the whole account
is founded on a misconception. We now give
the true version of the affair as it really oc-
curred which is as follows:

On the evening of the 11th at five minutes
past nine o'clock the writer happened to stop
a moment in front of the church of the Gesu
to listen to the music, when a street car pass-
ed up towards St. Catherine street. The car
had just passed the church when a loud ex-
plosion took place immediately under the car.
The report was louder than that of a revolv-
er; in fact it was louder than the report of
a shot-gun. A large volume of smoke was
seen to rise from under the car, and as the
car continued on its way for some distance,
the smoke travelled with it, still rising from
under it as if the car was on fire. Presently
the car stopped and the conductor, greatly
alarmed, ran up to your informant who was
the only person standing on the sidewalk at
the time.

"What could that have been at all?" ask-
ed the conductor.

"A torpedo,"
"And what in the world is a torpedo?"
"Why" replied your informant "its one
of those percussion "crackers" they some-
times put on railroad tracks to fire off salutes
in honor of the governor's arrival. Did you
never hear them?"
"No, I never did" replied the conductor"
but they must be very dangerous and might
have caused an accident, particularly if I
had been going on a down grade."
"Probably it was put there by some mis-
chievous boys."
"I'd like to get hold of them," said the
conductor as he jumped on board "I'd teach
them boys a lesson, you bet!"
And thus is another revolver story dissi-
pated.

HOW A HACKMAN GOT A FARE.

A tall, portly, dignified citizen well known
in Ottawa, arrived in Montreal the other day,
and having no baggage but a light traveling
satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals
of the hackmen as he emerged from the Bo-
naventure station.

"American House-se, A-m-e-r-i-can."
Ottawa stalked right on without a word.
Another knight of the whip charged down
upon him.
"Say Ottawa hotel! Say hotel coach? This
way for the Ottawa!"
No response from the passenger, and not a
muscle moved at this appeal. Then there
was a snarl of half a dozen.
"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter ride
up?"
"Winsur House! Whose going up to the
Winsur?"
"St. Lawrence Hall, sir?"
"American House?"—"Albion Hotel!"
"Right down McGill!"—"Ere you are, ker-
ridge, sir?"

The traveler looked up like a ten-pit
among vinegar cruets, and with a face as
placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and si-
lently moving away from the crowd of jar-
vies, who looked after him, with something
like amazement, when a sudden thought
seemed to strike one, who running after
him, seized hold of the handles of his travel-
ing bag—
"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir? Going
right up."
"This was too much. Dignity relaxed into
a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down
town hotel.

GRANDILOQUENT SUCCESS.

"Margaret Graham, why is this thus?"
asked his Honor the Recorder as an aged
woman stood at the bar.

"I couldn't help it, sir," she sadly said,
folding her hands and dropping her eyes.
"I see gray hairs, wrinkles of age, and
signs that you are slowly drifting into the
grave," he continued, "and yet you get
drunk and burrah, and rouse the neighbors
from their beds."

"Please, sir, it was a small drunk," she
explained.

"And yet you have been here before, and
I have let mercy overpower justice. I am
ashamed, Margaret, to think that, in this
nineteenth century of civilization, a woman
forty-four years old should be brought in
here charged with drunkenness."

"I will do better, sir."
"I hope so, Margaret; I hope you will
dash the cup from you, and take a solemn
vow never to drink anything stronger than
water after this."

"I will, sir."
"And, though the bloom of youth may
not return to your faded cheek, you will feel
young again in spirit, and life will seem to
you like a grand picnic on St. Helen's Island,
with frosted cake piled up ten feet high. One
further remark, and I am done—I shall send
you up for thirty days."

The Illustrated Police News

AND SPORTING TIMES.

Published every SATURDAY morning at the office, No. 28 St. Vincent Street, corner of St. Therese, by PATTON, PRINCE & Co.

TERMS:—Subscription, \$1.00 per year in advance; single copies, two cents mailed free. Advertising: ten cents per line breviter first, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. Discount on contracts. Correspondence invited from secretaries of clubs and other parties.



MONTREAL, SATURDAY JULY 19, 1879.

JUST SO BROTHER GRIP.

If we recollect rightly our first issue contained an article on "Professional Humorists" and it would seem to have hit the mark if we can judge from the complimentary notices we have received from *Jester* and *Grip* whose proprietors belong to the class we referred to. The first named comic (?) paper with an extra effort managed to gasp out "*The Police News has death written on its face,*" while in the next column an obituary notice of *itself* was found. We sincerely trust that if the *POLICE NEWS* does find it convenient to die, the interesting event will not take place in that newspaper graveyard, No. 5 St. Sacrament street. As for you Dick Deadeye of Toronto, who knows but that death has his *Grip* upon you at the present. *Requiescat in pace.*

WE SPEAK OF OURSELVES.

We do not like to speak of ourselves, but it must be done. If we do not blow our own horn nobody else will do it for us, especially if we have to depend on the Montreal papers.

The outside press have generously noticed us and we naturally infer from the silence of our city contemporaries that they feel we have hurt them slightly in point of circulation. We do not claim to have a larger circulation than all the English papers in the city combined, but notwithstanding we consider our reception flattering in the extreme, having printed two editions of the last number. As will be noticed we appear this week decidedly improved in appearance having donned a new dress, and as our patronage increases so will the size and general excellence of our paper. In the near future we propose to have our engravings colored by a system recently patented in France, which cannot fail to make them attractive. To one and all who have extended the hand of welcome to the *POLICE NEWS* we make our best bow and promise great improvements hereafter.

THE RECORDER'S COURT.

As a resting place for the weary, a retreat for the hummer and a place of amusement for both, the Recorder's Court of this city is *par excellence* the popular resort. We enter the vast corridors of the City Hall and find a heterogeneous collection of mortals of both sexes. They are waiting for the triumphal march of the poor sinners who have been taken in by the myrmidons of the law. "All aboard" shouts the genial Sergeant Dreyfus, the cells are unlocked, a posse of police form a line on either side and one by one the poor wretches march over the ground they have often trod before. First comes the dilapidated female with tattered dress, and a devil-may-care look on her face. She does not need to be told the direction of the dock, it's an old story with her. Next follows the vagrant who has the night before raised a few cents wherewith to get beastly drunk and so on *ad lib.* The solemn looking procession having reached its destination the many spectators file in and take a seat, on the other side are ranged the police. Ten o'clock. "Silence, hats off" shouts Crier Nelson and presently the portly form of Recorder Sexton emerges from the door and he is soon seated on the tribunal. For two hours afterwards the assembly is convulsed or in tears over the ludicrous testimony of the witnesses, the explanation of the prisoners or the lectures of his Honor. The Court is over, the reporters silently pick up their notes and are treated, by the Recorder, with a few explanatory notes; the spectators sadly walk from the room, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." The Black Maria draws up in front of the Central Station and receives its complement for the "Hotel Payette" where they will rusticate from 10 to 30 days and enjoy the cool breezes of the St. Lawrence. Our artist M. Julien will graphically portray the scene in our next.

TIME IS UP.

Last week, the following convicts were discharged from the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary:—François Laplante, born in St. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, in for larceny since 1877; Ferdinand Vallières, of Arthabaska, same offense, in since 1876; François Vailancourt, aggravated larceny, 1875; Nap. Charbonneau, larceny, of St. Hyacinthe; Nathan Philbrick, of New Hampshire, and James McCormack, of New York State, larceny, 1877; John Ellenburgh, wounding, from Sorel, 1877; Victor Borbon, stealing, 1877; James Ray, larceny, Toronto, 1877; David Villemare, stealing from the person, 1877; Raphael Veillette, larceny, Quebec, 1862; Edmond Busière, larceny, Sorel, 1876; Joseph Baril, Three Rivers, stealing a mare, St. Narcisse, 1876; Louis Levesque, wounding, River Ouelle, 1877; James Dunn, larceny, Montreal, 1877; John Barry, stealing from the person, Montreal; Chs. Tierney, larceny, Montreal, 1876; Isidore Maréchal, breaking and stealing, 1876; F. X. Simard, larceny, Montreal, 1876.

Of this batch Maréchal is the most celebrated. His operations at Lazarus' store, and his clever escape from the old Central Police Station will be remembered by our readers.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

The theory has been advanced and maintained that hot weather brings forth crime. We would regret if we were compelled to believe that our fair metropolis had fallen into the vortex of sin. Recent events however

would tend in that direction. We trust we have seen the last of them for some time to come and will hope for a peaceful future. Last Sunday was a day of many Casualties. First we had the news of the woman throwing herself out of a third story window and a short time afterwards came the sad news of a man throwing himself off a steamer and being drowned. The next morning the papers contained the intelligence that a man had been cut in two by a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Railway and still they come.

SHATTERED HOPES.

He came into the *News* office. He was a consumptive young man, and was followed by a yellow dog with weeping eyes. He had a roll of manuscript under his arm, written on both sides, and he said he "wanted to see the editor."

"Another poet," hoarsely whispered the editor, then turning to the young man he said:

"We don't care to subscribe for your book this morning, young man."

"Book! what book? I ain't no book agent, I—"

"And our family is well supplied with sewing-machines," interrupted the editor.

"But" commenced the man with the dog as he unrolled his manuscript, "I've got a—"

"Well, we never use patent medicines," said the quillist, as he looked around for the bootjack.

"Sewing-machine agent, patent medicine vendor!" mused the young man. "Do I look like that kind of a man—Do I look like a book agent?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor. "If you're the undertaker in the next street, excuse me, but when I'm out of coffins I'll call around."

That settled him, and he passed sadly out, leaving the door open, so we saw him kick his dog down stairs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. Parties sending contributions should give their real name, not for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

SOUTH QUEBEC, 15TH JULY 1879

To the Editor of the *POLICE NEWS.*

Dear Sir:—Sometime ago I saw a notice in the *STAR* and other papers that it was your intention to start the "*Police News*" and was happy to meet it face to face for the first time last night. I at once congratulate you on its introduction into the St. Louis Hotel and other places here. Every line of the paper was read and found interesting. I shall willingly send you any item of interest that may occur here.

Yours &c.,

J. ELVOD.

(Editor.—Many thanks. We hope to hear from you often.)

FROM SOUTH QUEBEC.

Messrs. B. and P. went down along the booms the other evening to measure a stick of timber about the length of which each had \$3.00 at stake. They got into a boat in order to go across a space of 12 feet between two booms. After Mr. P. had won the money they turned to come back but found that the boat had drifted away, as they first thought, but it had been hauled away, in fact, by the never failing trickster Mr. D. whom they had allowed to accompany them, and who was now getting along that boom at a 2.40 gait, well knowing the consequences of a longer sojourn. Mr. B. was a good leaper (if we let himself tell it) and he would leap to the other boom and send the boat to P. He went through a general "get ready" for a big leap; every nerve was braced up and he spat on his hand, expanded his eyes &c. His heels and hands went Heaven

wards, his eyes and mouth closed tightly and he struck the water with that part of the spine where the back bone comes to (at least in this case) nothing. The last seen of him as he was going down was his toes and the tails of his coat, the latter having come completely over his head. When he came up he said nothing but looked a good deal, so much so that Mr. P. felt insecure and moved to shoal water at the end of the boom. After a dozen desperate dives for his hat our hero came out, with a good struggle, looking rather slim. Mr. D. who removed the boat, had to pay the piper at the Vic. and he paid for the stake holder and there it remains until he comes to drink it.

The Ontario Immigration Agent has reopened the Ontario Immigration Office here.

JOHN ELVOD.

July 16th 1879.

SUMMER JOTTINGS.

The relentless rays of a Summer sun pour down upon us denizens of the metropolis. We move about our business in a kind of languid, mechanical manner, gasping for breath, mopping the heated forehead with the voluminous folds of an extra-sized bandana, and just have left sufficient strength of will to seek the shady side of the street. Every cloud has its silver lining—at least, so it is supposed—and panting, overheated humanity is afforded a respite from the melting heat and inconveniences attendant upon this particular season, by making use of the facilities afforded us to escape for a day into one of the numerous pleasure resorts to be found in the vicinity. The picnic-season is now upon us with all its varied pleasures and discomforts. The rivers bear upon their placid bosoms scores of gayly-decked steamboats and barges that daily convey hundreds of pleasure-seekers from the polluted atmosphere of our city to the shady groves and cool retreats of the country. A Summer picnic is comprised generally of a conglomerate mass of extremes and its effect upon different temperaments is both marked and varied. Many who attend become placid and reflective, seek some retired nook on the boat, or crouch up in the corner of the paddle-wheel box, and are content to feed the eye upon the ever-changing panorama of Nature, and the stomach upon an ample lunch, prepared the night before in anticipation of the event. Others give themselves up to uproarious hilarity, and dance to the music of an Italian band with all the vigor of youth, in all probability performing a harder day's work than they would had they remained at home. Others feel it incumbent upon themselves to test their muscular abilities by punching heads indiscriminately upon the least provocation. Some secretly wish they were at home, others wish they were dead. The same old round of picnic festivities are indulged in—eating, drinking, flirtations and love-making. The day moves on apace, the sun casts its rays slantingly across the water, and the steamboat's head is turned toward home. The fair sex present a rather *bizarre* appearance; their hair falls in disheveled locks across the shoulders; the light Summer dresses, so stiff and starch in the morning, hang now in lank and limp folds, and weariness is depicted upon the faces so bright and cheery at the start.

The dock is reached, and the disembarkation commences; a mass of struggling humanity makes its way through narrow avenues, lined on either side by barrels, bales and ship-hawsers; lunch-baskets, fishing-poles and baby-carriages impede one's progress, and the shrill cry of the sucking babe breaks in upon the silence of the evening. A scene of confusion ensues at this point. Mrs. Courtly, who is positive of the fact that she started upon the excursion in the morning with six children, can find only five;

the loss is made known; no one apparently desires to listen to her somewhat disjointed description of the lost one. All are eager to get home, and the assistance of all the police and boat-hands are called into requisition. The search goes bravely on amid the jokes and quibbles of the thoughtless crowd. Behind a large coil of rope is found the lost one, and amid the bravos of the multitude the mother is made happy in the surrender of her child. Seasons come and go, the old step aside and make room for the younger revelers, and yet the Summer excursion retains its distinctive features, the same incidents occur year after year, the same troubles have to be overcome, the same jollities are indulged in, and notwithstanding all, the Summer picnic is an established institution among the pleasure-seekers of the metropolis.

SPIRIT OF THE STAGE.

Notwithstanding the extremely hot weather people sigh for something in the amusement line. Even a second class Pinafore Company would draw at present. Haverleys minstrels have scored success everywhere. There are plenty of them; they are all colored and all colors; and one of them has a mouth larger and more elastic than that of Dr. Talmage. They are worth seeing and hearing and will appear at the Theatre Royal soon. The popularity of Pinafore in the United States is on the wane, but in slow old England it is steadily maintained.

Nilsson has been interviewed. "It is not enough," she said, "to possess a voice and a knowledge of music, and some histrionic talent, or whatever it is, to sing through an opera. You must be strong—physically, brutally strong. It is the knowledge of this which makes lyric artists so sensitive when they are said to be ill. They know that without physical strength to sing through such an opera as Lohengrin, for instance, art, talent, genius, what you will, are useless." Every spare evening is devoted, not to the Opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. Madame Nilsson said she had enjoyed herself beyond everything the night before; she had been to the theatre, and had seen Mrs. John Wood, who had recognized her instantly, in Nilsson or Nothing—an incident which reminds the old playgoer of the visit of Ristori to the Olympic Theatre to see poor Robson play in Robert Brough's travesty of Medea.

Miss Kellogg has vindicated the good opinion of her American admirers by making a decided hit in Aida, at her Majesty's. The papers are enthusiastic over the manner in which Col. Mapleson has placed this opera upon the stage, with sketches from Cairo, and costumes from Paris. But will his production compare with Max Strakosch's San Francisco Aida, in which an elephant, two camels, four ostriches (with their original tail feathers), and piebald horses appeared?

The last new thing in England is the right to smoke in the theatres.

Manager Rico, of the Theatre Royal, Bradford—one of the finest houses in the kingdom—has been granted the privilege of having the non-smoking clause expunged from his license.

Will somebody in London settle two much-vexed questions by asking Sarah Bernhardt whether she gave Mary Ann Anderson a silver pencil, and advised her to get—or not to get—married?

Dr. Von Bulow, the pianist, is repeating at London the personal performances with which Theodore Thomas delights his admirers in this country—such as angrily watching an old lady go to her seat, frowning when a clock strikes, and generally bullyingragging his audience. Result: Dr. Von Bulow has had poorer houses for his recitals than ever before.

The attractiveness of the cornetists, Levy and Arbuckle, at Coney Island,

like to set their faces against them, as a general thing.

One of our contemporaries says that genuine, old-fashioned love is played out. We cannot agree with it. The editor of that paper ought to see two lovers sucking at both ends of a stick of candy, and note the expression of their faces.

Johnny, I am surprised to hear you use such a word as 'cuss.' It is very wrong. "Where did you learn it?" said the mother to her son.

"In the Bible," replied the boy. "What? I am astonished! What part of the Bible did you find such a word in?" "In *Leviticus*," replied the little rogue.

A Montreal woman wants a divorce because her husband insists upon sleeping with his feet on the pillow, so that he can tickle her feet when she snores. If he had a spark of love for his wife he would hire a watch-dog to sleep by the bed, to seize and chew her hand whenever she began to snore. Or he might split a stick and place it upon the offending organ.

store, and was modestly doing his best to earn his magnificent salary of six dollars a week, when a lean, long, gaunt, old spinster with skinny hands and cork-screw curls entered the store. But this made little difference to the youthful, good-looking clerk, who was in duty bound to be just as polite to her as to the belle of the city. He even smiled sweetly upon her, as he asked in what way he could serve her. "I love you," said the old maid, with a smirk that must have strained her very corons. That young and untried clerk waited to hear no more. He never knew that she was calling for a song, but supposing she was in earnest, flew out of the back door and never visited the store again. He talks of learning the shoe-maker's trade now.

THE SHOE OF A BELLEVILLE BELLE.

A commercial traveller selling shoes for a leading manufactory of Montreal was in Belleville recently and in addition to his other baggage brought with him and exhibited to a few admiring friends a shoe that has done good service on the foot of a reigning belle of Belleville. This delicate souvenir might well be placed in comparison with the glass slipper that compressed the arching instep of Cinderella. The Belleville belle's is numbered "17, extra large," is only fourteen inches from toe to heel, and six inches across the broadest part of the sole, and its former occupant is not happy, for the other shoe is just like it, and her feet grew one size every year.

She is only sixteen years old—just budding into womanhood. We shudder as we contemplate the result should she live to a good old age and keep up her pedal development. In addition to the main edifice there is a bay window on the east side of the gaiter to accommodate a few exotic bunions, and an extensive cornpatch to the west. A back porch has also been constructed on the heel to protect a growth in that direction, while one toenail has cut a gash like a spade slash out into daylight on the northern most part of the structure.

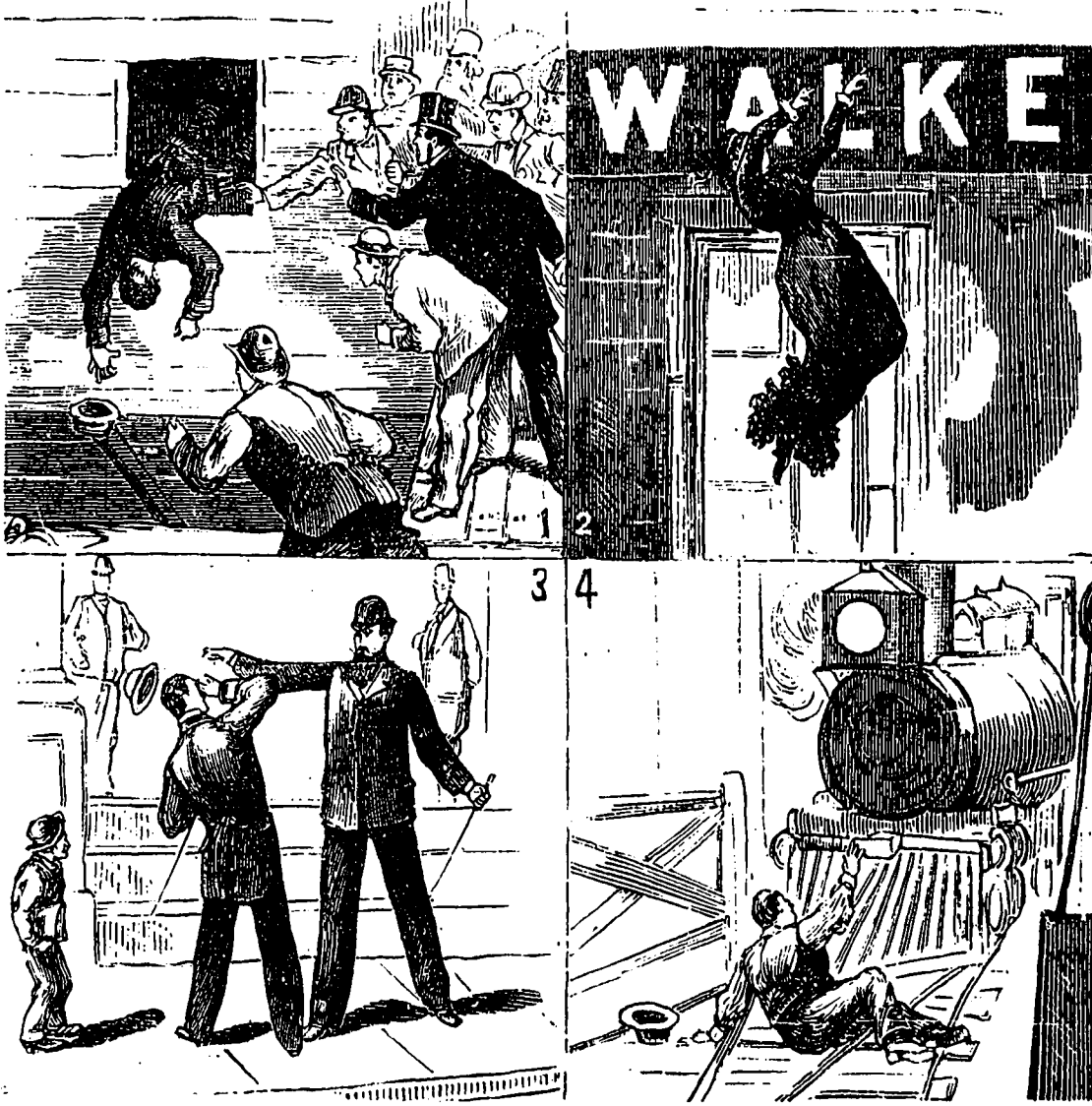
The girl only weighs eighty five pounds, and has received a commission to go west to tramp grasshoppers in Colorado.

The happy Editor.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* thus epitomizes the daily life of an editor-in-chief. From the plaintive tone of the lustre tence, the writer intimates that he knows how it is himself: "The young man who is fitting himself for a journalistic career asks us if the chief editor's position is difficult. On the contrary, it is the most comfortable place on the paper. He has only to dash off a few columns of editorials a day, and then enjoy himself. All the good-looking women with poems are shown into his rooms, and he smokes all the cigars sent in for the reporters. He receives invitations to deliver addresses at county fairs, and carries home the best of the looks sent in for review. When he hasn't anything else to do, he looks over copy and carefully runs his pencil through the joke the writer struggled four hours with, and considered his masterpiece."

NOT AN ANGEL.

As a car was passing up Notre Dame street yesterday, a woman about twenty-five years old stood on a crossing. The driver prepared to stop the car, but she motioned him to keep on, saying: "Don't trouble yourself about me." As the hind end of the car came up she jumped for it, and her head struck the conductor under the chin and nearly lifted him off his feet. "What are you looking around here for?" she asked, as she humped around and grabbed at the railing. "I am out here looking for passengers," he growled, as he tasted of his bitten tongue. "You'd better run into the car and keep warm," she continued, as she pulled the door open and jerked it around. "If people have got to be so angelic that they can't jump on a horse-car, it's time they were preserved in sugar!"



1.—The fatal leap of Joseph Roussau a painter of Campeau street, on Sunday last, from the cabin window of the steamer *Laprairie* into the water. He was intoxicated.
2.—Accidental fall of Mrs. James Walker, wife of a prominent saloon keeper on Notre Dame street from a second story window without however much injury except a severe shaking.
3.—Captain Kirwan insulting Mr. R. A. B. Hart, Insurance Broker, in consequence of social difficulties.
4.—Frightful death of Louis Lussier, a gateman at the Mountain street crossing, who was run down by an engine on Monday last while he was walking on the track and cutting half.

has puzzled some philosophers; but they ought to remember that thousands of people, who don't care to bathe, go down to take the air—and they always get it from the cornet.

It is announced in London that "The actress-painter-sculptor-author-critic, Mlle. Bernhardt, has written a comedy, called *L'Épingle d'Or*, of which the heroine is a certain Miss Mary." Does *this* mean Miss Mary Ann Anderson?

POTPOURRI.

The latest name for very blonde hair is, "light fantastic tow."

Dry Goods packers ought to be adepts in the "mauly art" of pugilism, considering that they occupy most of their time in boxing. Sealed proposals may be sent in.

A lady acquaintance of ours says she has set her face against mustaches. Well, she is not the first lady who has set her face against a mustache. In fact, they appear to

"Unseal the city fountains,
And let the waters flow
In coolness from the mountains
Unto the plains below,
My brain is parched and erring,
The pavement hot and dry,
And not a breath is stirring
Beneath the burning sky."

An effeminate man, says a recent writer, is a weak poultice. He is a cross between table beer and ginger pop with the cork let out, a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture with her hands filled with dandelions. He is a teaspoonful of syllabub, a kitten in trowsers, a sick monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils, a fly drowned in oil, a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a penny-worth of sugar candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole. He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tiptoe, and dies like cologne water spilled over the ground.

Song-writers have a great deal to answer for in this world. The chap who wrote "I love you" ought to be held responsible for the feelings of a young man in this city who is now a drooling idiot on his account. You see, he had just taken a position in a music

SPORTING.

— The Ogdensburgh Rifle Club beat the Ottawa at 1,000 yds. range recently.

— The Shamrocks play the Montreal Lacrosse Club to-day for the championship.

— The Caledonian Societies will hold a grand international meeting in this city on the 21st prox.

— "Village girl" won the 20 mile trotting race on Wednesday at Lepine Park. In the 240 class "Bonneville Boy" won.

— Frank Edwards won the 6 days walking match which ended on the 15th inst. at San Francisco with a score of 371 miles, and received \$1000 and a diamond pin valued at \$1500. P. McIntyre came in second and received \$750 in coin.

The Longueuil yacht race on Saturday was rather tame owing to the lack of wind. The Iona, Captain McIntosh, vice-commander, came in first; the Water Witch, captain Lewis, second; Maud, commander Dr. Brewster, third. Mr. Henry McIntosh managed the winning craft.

Larry Rush and John Doche P. Docherty, local pugilists, were matched to fight for the light-weight championship of Scotland and a stake of £20. The "mill" was arranged to come off on Tuesday morning, June 17, at Provenhall, about five miles from Glasgow, and fully 1,000 spectators were present. The stakes were pitched and the ring formed, when the police appeared and the principals and unlookers stampeded with a rush. The weather was wretched, rain falling heavily, and the crowd afterwards returned to Glasgow. After arriving at headquarters fresh arrangements were made to fight at Lambhill at twelve o'clock, and so dark was the venue kept that only two hundred spectators were present. Ropes were captured by the police in the morning, and the ring was formed by spectators without such aid. A referee being appointed, the men entered the ring, shook hands as usual, and the fight began. Rush led off, and after some close and desperate fighting drew first blood, Docherty down. Round after round followed in quick succession, Rush, from his size and length of arm, having the advantage over his game little opponent, whom he gradually wore down. He inflicted terrible punishment upon Docherty's face and head, until he was scarcely recognizable. After the thirtieth Docherty showed great weakness, and any odds were offered on Rush. After the fiftieth round Rush dealt Docherty such a fearful blow on the chin that he was dashed some yards back on his head, which sank in the grass. Though almost knocked out of time, he quickly responded to the call, and for another round stood up to receive punishment. The referee was convinced that Rush had won the battle, the sponge was thrown up, and stakes awarded to Rush, after fighting fifty-one rounds in about an hour. Thus ended one of the gamest battles fought in the vicinity of Glasgow. Larry Rush was an untried man, though a good boxer and winner of Tom Allen's medal this year, while Docherty may be almost described as the hero of a hundred fights. He seems to have been born a boxer, and fought and won his first battle when scarcely fifteen years of age, defeating McMahon in four rounds, which lasted three-quarters of an hour. His next fight of note was with the celebrated John Hilley, pupil of Tom Quin—who never trained a loser—the then light-weight champion of Scotland. In this fight he was defeated after a gallant struggle of fully forty minutes; he fought a half-inch glove encounter with Jack McLaughlin, which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, ending in a draw. Some other minor battles were all decided in his favor, and his last victory was over Joe Kitchen in Melbourne, Australia, three years ago. The light-weight championship of Scotland has not been contested for years, since Hilley and young McKendrick met near Lanark. After fighting for an hour and a quarter, slightly in favor of Hilley, the police interfered, and the battle was adjourned till the end of the same week. As McKendrick did not enter, Hilley was awarded the stakes.

Cockers of Buffalo, N. Y., invaded the Dominion July 4 to enjoy a good day's sport with their Canadian neighbors. Many birds were shown by both sides, but only nine battles were fought, because the Buffalo fraternity were compelled to return early in the evening, as the accommodation to and from the place was very poor. The birds shown by the Hill boys were crossed from the celebrated Lawman muffs of Little York, Courtland County, this State—rapid fighters, sharp billers, and hard and determined hitters. The betting on the various fights was about even. The first fight was between a Dominick (Wilson) and a blackred (Hill boys), each weighing 4lb 4oz., and was won by the latter in seven minutes. The next was between a blackred (Skipper's) and a blackred (Dean's), each weighing 4lb 4oz., and was won by the

latter in eight minutes. The third was between a Dominick (Wilson), 5lb 2oz., and a Susquehanna (Shea), 5lb 4oz., which was won by the latter in eleven minutes. The fourth fight was won by a 4lb 11oz., blackred (Hill boys), defeating a 4lb 10oz. henny (Skipper). This lasted only four minutes. The next was between a 4lb 4oz. blackred muff (Wilson) and a henny (Skipper). After fighting a short time the henny showed the white feather, and the fight was awarded to the muff. The sixth fight showed a 4lb 4oz. pyle (Wilson) and a 4lb 3oz. blackred (Hill boys), in which the pyle came off the victor. In the following battle Skipper showed another henny, weighing 4lb 8oz., and Shea another Susquehanna of like weight, in which the henny came second best in eleven minutes. In the eighth fight Dean showed a 4lb 3oz. blackgray and the Hill boys a blackred. The blackred proved himself the superior bird. Now came the ninth and last fight, and by far the best of the day. It lasted seventeen minutes, and was stubbornly contested, inch by inch, by a 4lb 5oz. Dominick (Wilson) and another henny (Skipper's), weighing 4lb 7oz. Finally the Dominick was declared the winner, and so ended a good day's sport. The entire party then dispersed in different directions, only regretting that the sport could not be kept up to a later hour, on account of the trouble above mentioned.—*New York Clipper.*

The *New York Clipper* says:

As promised last week, Johnny Dwyer has left with us the following card in reply to the challenge and communication from Paddy Ryan, in whose earnestness of purpose the Brooklynite don't seem to take much stock; and as he (Dwyer) don't propose to again train or fight for as small a sum as he did before, he has concluded to relinquish the title which he won when he defeated Elliott, but says that if the Trojan can find friends to put up for him he will, upon his return from the Golden Gate, once more enter the ring for a big stake. It will be remembered that when Dwyer made the match with Elliott he declared that, win or lose, he would never afterwards enter the ring as a principal, and he cannot, therefore, be blamed for taking this action:

BROOKLYN, May 14 1879.

EDITOR, NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In your issue of July 5 I noticed a letter from Paddy Ryan of Troy, challenging me to fight him for one thousand dollars aside and the championship; also stating that if I did not accept he would claim the title. Now, Mr. Editor, as far as I am concerned, and also so far as I am concerned in regard to the title, he can have it with pleasure. I will also contribute towards a leather belt, the same to be presented to Mr. Ryan, whom I may call the "Would-be Champion of the World." Now, Mr. Editor, I want to state, right here, that at my exhibition in Brooklyn (previously to my fight with Mr. Elliott) he (Ryan) was offered one hundred dollars to spar with me; also that after my fight with Mr. Elliott he was offered one hundred and fifty dollars and his expenses, which fact I can prove by a gentleman in New York, whose reputation is unquestioned, as the said Ryan knows. Again Mr. Ryan says that I retired from the ring without ever putting foot in it. That was not my fault, as neither Ryan nor anyone else would fight me. When I challenged Tom Allen he was in this country, and to show that I meant business, I left five hundred dollars in your office for some six weeks. Another thing I want to remind Ryan of is, that when a mere boy I fought and defeated one of the best men in the country at that time. I have spured and held my own with all of the best men of the day, and I have trained and seconded some of the best men who ever went into a ring—a place Mr. Ryan has yet to see for the first time in any way. Another thing is, that I do not intend that Mr. Ryan shall travel giving exhibitions on the strength of my reputation. In regard to our late farce—not match—Mr. Ryan's backer, Judge Griffith of Troy, sent for his money on July 18, when we were to have fought between the 15th and 25th. I left my money at your office until Aug. 1. Now, Mr. Editor, I am making preparations to go to California, and do not think it proper to enter into any agreement with anyone just now. Ryan's sole object is, not to fight, but to go about giving sparring shows on the strength of having made a match with me. I had made up my mind never to re-enter the ring, but I now say that upon my return from California I will be ready to make a match to fight Mr. Ryan for from three to five thousand dollars a side. I shall not pay attention to any more paper-talk from this looking-glass fighter, Paddy Ryan, so that he may just as well save himself the trouble of writing letters.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN J. DWYER.

NOTICE.—The Office of the Police News has been removed to 28 St. Vincent Street, nearly opposite the Richelieu Hotel.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"You will observe by this notice," said the melancholy man, "that Joseph Thompson is dead."

"Ah," said the News reporter, "that's too bad. Poor Thomp. By the way, who is Joseph Thompson?"

"Why, sir," said the melancholy man, removing his handkerchief from his eyes long enough to exhibit a stare of surprise, "Mr. Thompson kept the well-known establishment on Blank street. He was a good man, a kind father."

"Poor Thomp.!" repeated the reporter, thoughtfully. "I'm so sorry. But what did he do in his establishment?"

"Really," said the melancholy man, "you surprise me! It was a junk-shop in the higher branches of that art. It did a nice business, as you must be aware."

"No, I don't think I am aware," quietly said the reporter.

"Well, well, never mind," said the melancholy man, pausing a moment for the purpose of sobbing, "it's of no consequence. He was a thoroughly conscientious man, and the idol of his family. Nobody ever came begging to his door and went away empty-handed. Nobody ever sought his advice without getting it. He was a man of stern inflexibility, or rather of perfectly pure motives, and all his actions were devoid of guile."

"Joseph Thompson," said the reporter, musingly. "Somehow I can't place this man."

"Yes, yes," said the melancholy man, "Joseph Thompson. None knew him but to love him. His business will be continued by his widow at the old stand."

"See here," said the reporter suddenly, "did Joseph Thompson advertise?"

"N—no," said the melancholy man, "but then—"

"Get out!" said the reporter with extreme animation. "Go to! Go to the deuce! Go to the counting-room! That's where you want to go, without climbing an extra pair of stairs in order to bore me with your infernal corpse. I never knew Joseph Thompson. I don't want to know anything about him. In point of fact Joseph Thompson was a fraud, and if he were not dead I should hope he might be hanged."

MONTREAL BY GAS-LIGHT.

HE THOUGHT HE COULD DO IT.—AMERICAN GROWS APACE.—RAILROAD EUCHRE AND OTHER GAMES.—(Founded on fact.)

Comparisons are odious, and our fair city of churches shall not be injured by being compared or contrasted with those frightful holes of iniquity known as fast towns on the other side of 45. It is only the short history of Mr. Snooks that will be told exactly as it is.—He was an orphan and inherited \$1,500. Like all young men of sense he placed his money in a saving bank and threw up his sit. "\$1,500," he soliloquized, "well invested, will make me my own boss; let me see, I will start a wood yard." By the time he had finished constructing his airy castles he had reached a saloon on Craig street, into which he walked. "Yes, I am pretty certain to make the thing pay," he said to himself as he entered the temple of Bacchus.

"Hallo Snooks" cried a voice "how do you feel?"

"Is that you, why Bob, I have not seen you since the last time, what will you have?"

"Half and half."

"I'll have brandy and soda" says Snooks. After getting outside of their respective beverages, Snooks says to Bob: "Look here, let us sit down, I want to tell you something." They go into a side room and having sat down Snooks rings the table gong and remarks to Bob "what's yours?" "Same as last."

The poison having been put before them, Snooks says: "Look here, I am going to start a wood yard, do you know anything about the business?"

Bob who can't tell maple from tamarac, "Yes, if I can be of any use to you, I am there."

"Well," says Snooks, "I'm going up the Ottawa to-morrow to see what I can do. I can get a vacant lot cheap, and by October I guess I can get a couple of hundred cords of mixed wood which will realize over one hundred per cent by next spring."

"If you know your bis, you're all right" quietly put in Bob, and as I said before, Snooks, I'll do what I can for you. I know something about cord wood.

"I say I'd treat but I'm dead broke."

"Never mind, I'll do the handsome, what's to be?"

"Same all round."

"You say you've got no tin, well lets play a game of euchre."

Bob: "I'll play a game for love as my name is not good here." This was an intentional distortion of facts.

Snooks: "What do you say; I'll pony up, money is no object."

Bob won the deal and was turning up a Jack when a young man known by the name of "Sport" (his true name is Jack) came in and removing his cigar from his potato trap observed. "Can I join in?"

"Let's begin over" replies Snooks, and a shuffle is made.

Snooks wins the deal and asks "what will it be, the assisting game?"

"Let's play cut throat with a blank card, first seven."

This being agreed to, the game goes on and Snooks gets euchred on the right bower, the ace and the king of clubs and the ace and king of spades.

Bob and Jack telegraph to each other and Snooks gets put in and takes a brandy and soda.

The next deal is Jack's. He takes seven cards and gives six to Bob, and five to Snooks who picks them up only to find that he has no trump.

"I pass he says."

"So I don't" remarks Jack, and having discarded three cards, he plays to let Bob out and then saws off with Snooks. Having won the deal he suggests that besides the drinks 25 cents might be bet to make the game more interesting.

"Keno" says Snooks, and in the course of the afternoon he loses \$5, besides the drinks which foot up about two more.

Brandy and soda being lighter than beef-steaks, they rose to Snooks' no-dle and brought his imaginative faculties into play. "I've half an idea to go round the mountain," what do you say?

No sooner said than done, and hailing a cab off they went.

At one in the morning, Snooks might have been seen taking both sides of the side-walk on his way home, and saying: "I'll buy a cord of wood you bet (hic) and rent the Champ de Mars; euchre be hanged; I don't care if I did loose five dollars. I'm going to Ottawa to-morrow. What kind of wood is soft maple; ah yes, it's like elm or spruce (hic) that's so."

Having reached his house he opened the door after looking for the key hole for ten minutes and went to bed with his boots on.

(To be continued.)

FOR SALE.—A brindle Bull-terrier pup (bitch). Apply at this Office.

THE LOVERS of the ivory and green cloth may spend a pleasant hour at MR. ALPHONSE MERCIER'S BILLIARD ROOMS, corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets. Pin-Pool, pocket tables, etc., at the disposal of patrons.

THE OREANA
A. TRUTEAU, Proprietor, corner Craig St. and Perrault Lane.

MR. TRUTEAU take this opportunity of thanking his friends for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last ten years at St. Vincent-de-Paul and will continue to keep the choicest liquors, cigars, &c., at his new place. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call in remembrance of old times.

ARMY & NAVY CIGAR STORE, Corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Sts., J. G. McLORME, Proprietor. Boys you should not pass the ARMY AND NAVY as we have the choicest stock of Cigars, Pipes and Tobacco in the City. Give us a trial anyway.

CURIOSITY SHOP.—The establishment of Chs. McKiernan [Joe Beef] continues as in the past to draw a large number of strangers who have heard of Joe's fame in all parts of the continent.

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.

CANADA HOTEL.
This first class hotel has been thoroughly refurnished. The table leaves nothing to be desired. Busses connect with all Railway Stations and Steamboats.
A. BELIVEAU, Prop.

E. 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 have been made in his establishment which will be enlarged by the addition of a well-fitted room.

COSMOPOLITAN WINE AND LUNCH ROOMS.
COE, CRAIG AND ALEXANDER STREETS.
Scientific Compounders of Echliralg Beverages.