

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 3

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1879.

{Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

EXCLAMATORY!

At church I sat within her pew—
O, Pew!
But there I heard
No pious word,
I saw alone her eye of blue.
I saw her bow her head so gracious—
O, Gracious!
The choir sang,
The organ rang,
And seemed to fill the building spacious.
I could not hear the Gospel law—
O, Law!
My future bride
Was by my side—
I found all else a mighty flaw.
And when pealed forth the organ's thunder—
O, Thunder!
I fixed my eyes,
In mute surprise,
On her whose beauty was a wonder.
To me that maiden was most dear—
O, Dear!
And she was mine—
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.
Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
O, Bless me!
Before she came
My life was tame;
My rarest joys could but oppress me.
The service done, we sought the shore—
O, Shore!
And there we walked,
And sadly talked—
More sadly talked than e'er before.
I thought she was the type of goodness—
O, Goodness!
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words, whose very tones were rudeness.
We strayed beyond the tide-mill's dam—
O, Dam!
She jilted me;
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham.

Is it the correct thing for a gentleman to wipe his false teeth with his bandana on Notre Dame street?

If any more foundlings are deposited on the steps of a certain church in this city, people will be inclined to suspect sundry bachelors connected therewith.

"I am a miserable bachelor named Somerset. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

As there is much regret felt among the fair sex at Point St. Charles, on account of the skating season being over, some kind-hearted individual has expressed his intention of opening a rink for roller-skating. The rink will be under the general superintendence of Bill D—y and Jim P—e, both well known in skating circles. "Jim" will give an exhibition each evening, and judging from the style in which he used to sling those pipe-shanks of his when on ice, we have no doubt he will create a decided sensation when he goes "rolling" round. Success to the enterprise.

"TAFFY."

The boys go to Waugh's to get "braced" up.
"Buster" is working his nails every day, as usual.
The cock-fighters take umbrage at the *Star*. Verily, it is a "Savage" sport.
Eat cucumbers, Thompson, before you start. They will make you go double quick.
"Skeleton Ike" has entered for the great crawling match next week, and is now training.
"Lock and Rye" is what a bystander observed when a drunken man got struck with a stone.
"Long George," the D. N. F., ought to leave the sparrows alone, as D. B. is watching him.
Francis of Arragon ought to give that piano a rest, and buy a hand-organ. He could learn to play it quicker.
Johnny Boland is open to run any man in the city 100 miles for \$2,000 a side. Here is a chance for somebody.
The charming Cassie has returned from Boston. She is elegantly attired, but does not look so well as formerly.
"Charley Ross" is mourning in sackcloth and ashes, because "Rosa" has "shook" him, and "mashed" the high-toned Willie.
"We will gather by the River" is the song of Joe Beef's Bums, who stand at the revetment wall waiting for the ice to "shove."
If you want to see a small man with a big collar, go to the corner of Craig and Sanguinet streets any Sunday morning. Take it off, P. C.
Pat had better give up the thought of running around the mountain with J. B., as he would never get past the White House. Give it up, Pat.
Jack Flanagan is matched with a paper man for a six days' walking contest, go as you please, the paper man to be "blown" five days in advance.
A girl who rode from Hochelaga to the Tanneries in a crowded horse-car, sitting on a young man's knee, says she made the entire distance in one lap.
Barney F—y is practicing hard for the next walking match. He can do his mile now in 15 minutes and 25 seconds, with hard-wood shoes, laced up the sole.
Sue, of "94," has been trying to win Bob from the graceful Danish Minnie at 79, but Bob won't have it. He claims that Minnie is a lady, and don't carry tools.
Joe P. said it was a *system*; "Skeleton Ike" said it was *memory*; and the "main guy" said he would "give it away" for \$20; but Joe said the times were too hard.
Sam, the scalper, is learning a new step at Hazazer's, so that he can march to the music on the 24th May. "Go vay sum de vindow, and led de tobacco see de customers."
We are pleased to hear that "Mr. Foster" has given the gang the "dead shake," and now spends his evenings in the "kid factory." That's right, Jim: the whole party are "snags" of the worst kind. "Lamp" them, Jim!
Long-nosed Jack, who plays the three-ball game, has dissolved partnership with Stonewall Jackson. Jack claimed that Stonewall was too extravagant, having bought a new necktie, which the profits wouldn't stand. Jack is now studying law, and will graduate in a short time. He sleeps with the Civil Code under his pillow every night.

THE CITY LIFE:

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Culture and Criticism of the *Salles* of the Day.

Published by "THE CITY LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY," 374 Craig street, Montreal.

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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

Address all communications "EDITOR CITY LIFE," P. O. Box 294.

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

MONTREAL, APRIL 23, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications are unavoidably held over till our next issue.

HOMO HOMINI LUPUS.

FORTUNE, the most capricious of Dames, seems to smile with the benignity of an affectionate mother on our humble efforts, while honors fall thick and fast upon our venerable and honied head. We are, however, so persistently importuned that, to avoid the tedious carresses of fawning sycophants—the butterflies of fashion—as well as to escape the pleasing congratulations of innumerable and generous friends, we have concluded to select (through a responsible agent) some obscure spot, situate at the greatest activity of our majestic mountain, whereon we may build ourselves a *chateau*, amply fortified and secure, to there enjoy, with satisfaction and repose, those luxuries which the profits of THE CITY LIFE provide for us. From this degree of dignified altitude we can look down, with microscopic and searching orb, on the rabid cultures of society, and detect, for the ben-fit of our fastidious readers, the excesses of refined vice and the profligacy of unhappy domesticity; the internal contentions of apparently beatific homes; the transparent hypocrisy of pretended morality; the infidelity of trusted wives and the equal debauchery of traitorous husbands; the repellent proximity of the insipid daughter, and the recognized libertinism of the imbecile son. These are the repugnant characteristics of what is paradoxically termed "refined civilization," and which it is our sworn duty to either correct or fly from. In fact, it has already been suggested to us, through various correspondents, that we might, as a remedy, espouse the cause of "Free Love," and by the energy of our pen encourage its few despondent votaries, on the ground that "variety is the spice of life," and that individuals become cloyed with constant possession. For an illustration of the wisdom of this doctrine, they refer us to the On-ida community existing in our very centre, which governs itself on this strange principle in harmony and peace. On that sanctified soil those palatial "crisis"—the abodes of transitory pleasure, where beer or wine is jerked at you for a "1" or a "3"—do not exist; neither is the tempting syren, wreathed with lascivious smiles, anywhere on the thoroughfare to be found. The profane and strange tendency of their women, united with the careful physical development of their men, enable them to increase yearly, with startling accuracy, their own numerical strength. They would not tolerate in their midst a "Docheux"

or a "Countess" similar to the one recently sent from here to do a "five-stretch" in durance vile; such individuals seem to exist only in our own conglomerated mixture of humanity in such dreadfully preponderating numbers. They may be easily recognized lurking in the dark and hidden recesses of our streets and parks, during the nocturnal hours, in pursuit of prey, and again on the leading avenues, barefacedly basking in the genial sunshine of open day. Some are readily distinguished by their unnatural corpulence and military renown, while others may be found alternately in the marts of commerce and the luxury of retirement. A few are considered *petit kings* in dry goods, while a lesser number have amassed fortunes in groceries, and withdrew, to be afterwards regarded *premiers* in the monetary world. One of the latter went abroad a year or so ago, it will be remembered, in search of foreign and less exacting victims, and has now in his residence, on St. Catherine street, under close *surveillance*, the careful result of European selection. These are the vampires who abhor women, and some of them may yet inhale the vapor of a dungeon, and sit chewing the cud of surprise on the well-deserved stool of degradation. It is only out of respect to society that we withhold their names, and temporarily relinquish our right to publish details. Such vile creatures—who may be alluded to from time to time in definite language—can never place us under any obligation to remain silent.

To those of our readers who have been made eager for matrimonial conquests by the salacious article on that subject contained in our last issue, we have merely to say that there are already on our list several female applicants, varying in age, shape, size, and weight, from the corpulent lady with amorphous ankle down to the wandering spectre with an old-timed hoop-skirt. Gentlemen desirous of forming legitimate alliances can send in their cards, and a permanent partner, tried and well recommended, shall be allotted to them for life. We are in receipt of a large order from Manitoba for the same material, and expect to ship with the opening of navigation a properly assorted cargo.

"Our Clarence" was "immense" as the foreman of the jury in *Langford*. He is no longer "fettered by an office-stool."

The sun-browned scion of Montreal's Mrs. Malaprop assures us that his admiration for the pretty blonde is nothing more than "Love Platonic." "What! never, Willie?" "Well, etc."

The hero of the celebrated Sherbrooke street Sunday afternoon duel is out of town, preparing—*on dit*—for another onslaught on the horsey Robert Baldwin. Tremble! O! descendant of Abraham.

Irish history tells us that during insurrectionary days it was felony to be discovered with a "pike" on your premises. Why are not the managers of our Court House indictable for a like offence? We leave the solution of this problem to any of the legal fraternity who can distinguish between natural accomplishments and special affectation.

A prominent Montrealer has offered a valuable walking-cane as a prize for a walking match, open only to bank clerks. The race will be from Place d'Armes to the North Pole. It is hoped that there will be a large entrance. We really think we could spare a few hundred of our "coddish."

MORE "TAFFY."

Joseph Gédéon Bedard is indisposed.

Harry D. better stop running to 94. *Tou chies est mort.*

Have you seen Logan's ghost, Bill? Jack O'Brien saw it.

Stonewall Jackson can make the best paper cigars in the city.

Bob: Keep away from the Wellington Bridge at night, or we will tell M.

We will give the American House barber away if he don't be more careful.

Pat M——y, the clothing prince, is very regular in his visits to Canning street.

If the boys don't buy their furnishing goods at Waugh's they will hear from us.

"The Professor" and "Scal" made quite a spread on the Main street the other night

If Tom, the "dauber," don't settle for those tickets with the E. L. Club we will show him up.

"Con" and "Jerry" better ask "The Major" how the old thing works before they tackle it.

Crawford got in the last half-ton of coal to-day (Tuesday), and the "tiger" is to be caged, sure.

Patrick's Calleryco's mouth is all twisted out of shape. He must have fell on a butcher's hook.

James, the high-toned ticket-picker, is warned to keep away from Georgie, or Willie will stretch his neck.

We wonder why Florentine don't get her clothes made to order, instead of buying them second-hand from Vic.

Henry G. and his "pal," H., had better give up their night brawls, or their daddies will "kick" (them out).

"Long John," the staveder, better quit "coon-hunting" on the Main street Saturday nights, and stay at home.

"Butter K." is getting altogether "too fresh" Look out for the man in the 7 cent store; he says he'll shoot you.

Willie: "Hive a hall," and tell us of that "big sucker" you caught at Alexandria Bay, and how you "bled" him.

Jack W., alias the "shark," had better get back to the old trade: there is more "gold" in it. Jack, "frame this."

If the slate debts at No. 1 Place d'Armes are not settled pretty soon, the delinquents will hear from the "Phat Kascal."

Gus and the "bisuit shooter" did "the pave" in good shape the other day, and do look well together. Good boy, Gus.

Mr. Alex. Murray, of "190," says that he is not going to Europe this year. He says "there is no place like home."

Joe S——a, alias "Sintad, the Sailor," had better look out for the 'ook the next time he goes to a fire, or it will 'art 'im.

Annie Robinson: Why didn't you take our advice? We knew you would lose your darling Willie as soon as Lottie returned.

Johnny B., of Nazareth street, has given up the grocery business, and has got a contract to whitewash the Mountain Park.

It is rumored that Henry Ward will, on his visit to Montreal, be taken "on the rounds" by some prominent volunteer officers.

Hattie Johnson is recoloring her hair for the summer season. We think she would look better if she left it its natural color—red.

Those "photos" ought to stand on the other side of the street. How can the "Boy on the Roof" see you if you keep in the gateway?

"Truthful John," of the Montreal Post Office, like the father of the great Republic, never told a lie. What, never? Well, hardly ever.

P. N. is worrying himself thin for fear some of our reporters may discover him indulging in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Can any one tell the "dizy" watchmaker where he can hire a hall capable of accommodating 300 volunteers on the Queen's Birthday?

Poor H., after a very exciting chase through some of the principal streets of this city, was recently "caught" at No. 8. Lotta receives the reward.

Since P. Q. has "shook the budge" he has gained about forty-five pounds, and has the appearance of one training for a matrimonial match.

Joe P. is said to be working the "basement racket" on the boys at Bony's. Be careful, Joe, and don't get caught at it, or you'll be "slugged."

"Windy Mose" prides himself on having a real live "Baron" on the "string." Look out, Mose, he might turn out "barren," and give you the "goose."

Charley, the Sheeny rag-dealer, has had his hat "re-modelled." If he would shoot that fur collar, and get a new suit, he would look better at the Signor's next reception.

If Johnny B. R—— had any brains, he would have found out long ago that he was not welcome at 24 C——e street. Will this notice suffice, or do you want any more.

"I have been in, Ernest, and a more accomplished poker-player the St. James cannot produce. You reflect credit on your tutor, but, do they never think of you at home?"

"Charley" had better not focus his optic quite so much on that young lady in Alexander's. Wait till the season for orange ices begins, and then feast her right royally.

If George S. persists in standing on the stoop of the American House, trying to "mash" the working girls, we will give him the greatest "setting out" he ever got in his life.

"Tony Jim" and the "Swell of the Day" made a flying visit to Ottawa last week. They tried to work the better team, Fitzpatrick and Howard, but got "left." They can do better at home any time.

Why doesn't the honorable member for —— abandon his evil ways, and apply his surplus accumulation to paying up arrears? The St. James, certainly, cannot be sustained with such delinquency!

Johnny O'B., who bought the boots for his girl in Roy lane a couple of weeks ago, has now bought her a new suit, costing \$7.50. He had only \$5.50, but Mary "hecked" her for cap for \$2. Sully for John.

George G——a, who waits for May every afternoon in his doorway on St. James street, ought to be more cautious, as Tommy intends putting a head on him, minus a mouth; he has enough of the latter.

Sam B., better known as "Old Boerwar," and J. H. K. ought to settle their bills in town before they go to the country again to buy horses. How about those little bills you left behind last winter in Ottawa, Sam?

A correspondent, signing himself "Spectator," writes as follows: "A prominent coal merchant of this city lately failed. His assets consisted chiefly of half a cord of wood and two tons of coal; his liabilities amounted to about \$30,000. He has since sent his beloved wife and children out of town, for economy's sake, and for the same reason is now settling up housekeeping with Mrs. M., her father, mother and sister. On the last mentioned "Basso Profondo Jim" has made a "mash." Mrs. N. says that if "Lou" comes back she'll have nothing to do with him, as poor, dear T——y has relinquished her mansion, and she thinks it would be a real shame to waste her affections on Stanley's darling, instead of helping them for the man that furnished her house, and is supporting her father, mother, sisters, cousins and aunts."

There is a certain wealthy, yet uneducated, gentleman in this city, who resides "i' the finest house in Montreal, dammit." A friend met him the other day and said: "Well, B——a, you are, I hear, as rich as Croesus." "I dinna ken," was the reply, "who Mr. Croesus is, but I'll put down dollar for dollar w' him any day."

Personals.

Advertisements under this head, Fifty Cents each insertion.

IF "LITTLE FAT RASCAL" will send address, or state where an interview can be had, to "Fidella," P. O. Box 294, he will only be too happy to call.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO WAS TOO MODEST TO accept that cart on Friday p. m. can find his own charming girl at the old place after Thursday. **EMMA.**

O FRANK, I AM PERFECTLY DELIGHTED; that bouquet was simply gorgeous. Do bring Eddie with you next Thursday p. m., and tell Minnie that the old lady has "switched off," and the track is now clear. **LIZ.**

THE GENTLEMAN, WITH AQUILINE NOSE, who pressed blonde lady's toe in street car, and whispered "Head Crrr Laff Personals" upon leaving, hangers still for her acquaintance. Address "ALPHA," P. O. Box 294.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN, WITH DARK HAIR and Capri mustache, who lured to lady in carriage at Bank of Montreal on Saturday forenoon about 11, kindly send his address to admiring **NELLIE,**
Office City Life.

Matrimonial.

Advertisements under this head, Fifty Cents each insertion.

A GENTLEMAN WITH MEANS, AND MATRIMONIAALLY inclined, desires the acquaintance of an intellectual widow, of mature years. Address, in confidence, "SINCERITY," P. O. Box 294.

Meetings.**POSTPONEMENT.**

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