

THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS AND SPORTING TIMES

Vol. 1.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2ND 1879.

PRICE ONE CENT.



MOUTHING.

When I asked her, "Wilt thou kiss me?"
Nought she said, but hung her cheek
so,

As if she were thinking, thinking
Whether she might do't or no.

Then her fair, kind face upturning,
One sweet touch I here did win;
As if she were thinking, thinking
Such small favors are no sin.

She therein lost no composure,
Nor ashamed did she seem;
Truly chaste may grant such favors,
Therein losing no esteem.

Another writer gives his girl's version
thus:

"Oh quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh! quit—will you?—get out!
You know you ought to shouldn't.

"There now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You shan't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!—
What no man got before.

Once more!—there—that'll do—don't.
You've rumbled up my hair;
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—there!"

"ORANGE vs. GREEN.

Revolvers brought into play.—Several
men shot.

On the night of the 26th another
of those deplorable party fights dis-
graced the capital of the Dominion.

Montreal, last year, showed what
bad blood, backed by rowdiness, could
do; but it was left to Ottawa this
year to revive it. After the Montreal
Young Britons had been escorted to
the railway depot by their brothers of
Ottawa, and as the latter were return-
ing through the lower town, a large
number of members of the Irish Ca-
tholic Union and their friends riled at
the open display made by their natu-
ral enemies, assembled in gate-ways
and other places of concealment in
and near Water Street, and it is said,
some one among them opened the
game by discharging a revolver into
the Britons' ranks. This had a
maddening effect, and a fight ensued,
which was only interrupted by the
arrival of the police under command

of the chief. After considerable
trouble the contestants were separated
in York Street. Four persons at least
are known to have been shot, among
whom are Pelow and Cowans said to
be Young Britons. The names of the
others have not been ascertained.
Among the Britons, who arrived here
from Ottawa were Messrs. R. Johnson,
Wm. Killan, B. Baily, T. Ross and
J. Robertson. They all deny giving
the Catholics any offense and say that
they were led by Pilon and Bernard,
neither of whom belonged to the Or-
der. Mr. Alexander Grant, secretary
of the "Star of the East" Lodge
considers that the Britons behaved in
a proper manner, having given no
cause for trouble. The local police
authorities say that a certain indivi-
dual was seen firing six shots in the
crowd and will be arrested. It is un-
certain who really began the row but
the law abiding citizens of Ottawa
deplore such disgraceful disturbances
and say they would sooner have the
Montreal Britons stay at home in
future. Pelow and Cowan were but
slightly injured, the former in the

arm and the latter in the hand and
will soon recover. As will be seen
our engraving gives a graphic picture
of the affray.

Yesterday in consequence of the
dismissal of the Lieut. Governor La-
tellier, "Canada" went over to the
United States.

NOTICE.—Mr. Charles Kent is our authorized advertising
Agent and all contracts made by him will be acknowledged
by us. It must be remembered that THE NEWS has a cir-
culation of 6,000 which will in a short time be increased to
double that number.

CAUTION.—As we are
given to understand that our
news-boys at times charge
from two to five cents for
this journal we caution the
public to beware as the price
is only one cent.

The best place in the City
to get your Plain and Fancy
Printing at the lowest living
rates, is at No. 29 St. Vincent
Street.

THE
Illustrated Police News
AND SPORTING TIMES

Published every SATURDAY
morning at the Office Nos. 28
and 29 St. Vincent Street by
PATTON, PIBLAN & Co.

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50 cents per year in advance.
Trial trip, 6 months for 25 cts.
Single copies, one cent.

Advertising at the lowest
possible rates. Discount on
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Correspondence solicited
from all parts.

Terms to Agents:

Eight cents per dozen, sent
free by mail. Orders should
reach us not later than
Thursday afternoon.



MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879

OUR DETERMINATION.

In this age of enlightenment and depression, tradesmen generally adopt the rule of "quick sales and small profits;" and in the newspaper business the same system has been found to work admirably. To this end the publishers of THE NEWS have decided to reduce the price from two cents to one, in the hopes of doubling its already large circulation. The advantages of this action to advertisers cannot be overlooked, as The News will thus become the best medium in that direction in this city. It must be understood that it takes considerable time for a new journalistic venture to become a success financially, but the proprietors are extremely gratified with their present prospects and should they continue proportionately, they will in a short time issue two editions each week.

SCENE IN NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

A citizen of the American Republic of an imposing mien enters and modestly take a back seat. He is observed by a practical joker who never misses an opportunity to play one and motioning to the collector as he passes with the plate, he in-

forms him that the stranger is a distinguished American judge, and should be shown to the pew reserved for those high officials. The collector walks up to the Yankee and informs him that there is a pew at the disposal of distinguished personages and the stranger nothing loth follows him to it. Our American friend with characteristic nonchalance proceeds to make himself at home by assuming a free and easy posture. Presently Ald. Genereux, who is one of the churchwardens, catches a glimpse of the supposed judge, and enquires of the principal sexton how it came to pass that the judge's pew is occupied by that man. "Why, replies the uniformed official "He is an American judge of the Supreme Court, and is certainly entitled to the courtesy extended to persons in his position."

"Not much" observed the worthy City Father. "He is a Yankee coal oil pedlar who has been trying to sell some of his fluid to me for the last few days."

"Suppose" continued the fat alderman, "suppose for a minute that four or five of our judges had attended service to-day, how could you have accomodated them with seats in that pew when it can hold only four?"

"I never saw so many judges in church at one time" answered the experienced sexton.

OUR TRAMP'S NOTE BOOK.

The "Canard" excursion to Quebec tomorrow, (Saturday), promises to be a most successful affair.

Dr. Duchesneau's dog is dead; it shuffled off this mortal coil on the same day that Ex-Lieut. Gov. Letellier's canine departed.

Advertisers say that they receive more value for their money in THE NEWS than in any other paper. This is owing to our large circulation.

How do the numberless individuals who daily hang around the Police Courts find a means for maintenance, is the query.

Tuesday evening the classic precincts of Victoria Square was the scene of a rough and tumble fight between four viragos. There was considerable hair pulling, much cursing and a number of torn dresses. No policemen in sight.

When a professor, a newspaper reporter, and a bear go up together in a baloon, and any accident occurs by reason of which it becomes necessary to lighten the machine, we think the professor should be thrown overboard first, and the reporter next, in the humane endeavor to save the bear.

On tuesday evening last as a young gentleman was ascending the steps in rear of the new City Hall he was accosted by a gang of five rowdies one of whom caught him by the throat. Fortunately he had a dagger cane and the ruffians noticing the glistening steel as it was drawn from the socket beat a hasty retreat. This under the shadow of the Police office. The Champs de Mars is infested nightly by

the most disreputable characters and the guardians of the peace should be on the alert.

An old lady, evidently from the Country stopped in front of the place where the Zulu (?) is being exhibited and noticing the immense figure on Canvass, remarked to the man with the "Texas Jack" hat and killing moustache, who sits in front and bawls out "Now here's your untamed Zulu." "Say, Sir, sure that man isn't as big as that, ye can't put that off on me." Sombbrero didn't reply but kept on tapping the Canvass, while the boy inside turned the hand organ and the giant exhibited his manly form.

A New York paper says:

"A Montrealer has made his fortune by renting houses for immoral purposes, owning property in every ward in the city but two. He is at present contesting an assessment for taxes where a light valuation was made by the city on the ground that he exaoted exorbitant rents from his tenants and that his ownership depreciated the value of his neighbors' holdings. This is the same worthy citizen who, according to a court, cannot be libelled, no matter what is said of him."

Every person will recognize the estimable citizen. There are others that may be shown up later on.

"Has dere been a tall cullud woman heah dis morning?" inquired an excited looking negro, as he entered the station.

"Haven't seen any," answered the sergeant.

"Hasn't been no woman here to get her husband took up for hittin' her wid a table leg?"

"Guess not haven't seen her, though she may drop in at any time."

"Yes, she may" mused the negro, as he buttoned up his coat, "and I guess I'll juss step over into de States and wait furdur developpers."

Several gentlemen whose wives are still out of town, have formed an organization known as the Free and Independant Widower's Bean Eating League. They claim that they are entitled to some little amusement so long as it is perfectly harmless.

Those poor police clerks are a persecuted set of young men; we feel for them. Even if they do "knock down" a few dollars now and then and treat the rich better than the poor, is it any reason why an enterprising evening contemporary should devote a column article to their frailties? Where is the new reporter who has attempted to fathom the mysteries of the Police Court, and gained but little information from the urbane officials, but who will concur with us in our sympathy.

But to be serious; there is a different system needed in the Police Court. There should be a Chief clerk not only in name but in authority, and where could we point to a better example than the well conducted Recorder's Court office where every man is treated alike and where bribes are unknown? The affairs of this Court are run like clock work and could be adopted with much advantage by the tribunal over the way. A little change please and relieve a long suffering public.

Mr. Hugh Graham, proprietor of the "Star" and Mr. H. Balch, a reporter, gave bail on Thursday, to appear on Thursday next, at two o'clock, to answer a charge of Criminal libel, preferred by Edward Mc.Mahon, a distant relative of ex-President Mc.Mahon of the French Republic, at present a clerk in the Police Court. Mc.Mahon considers his character injured by an article in the "Star."

Montreal reporters get princely salaries, some as high as \$4 a week. They are thus enable to drive fast horses, dine at the club and have a good time generally. Newspapers publishers should take a note of this and cut down the knights of the quill.

Théophile Bissonnette and two of his pals entered the residence of Alphonse Menard, 338 Richmond Street, last week, and after ransacking the premises they prepared to take their departure with the plunder, which consisted of Menard's watch and various other articles. Bissonnette having got a glimpse at the pretty wife of Menard, lingered behind and approaching the bed where she laid beside her lord, impressed a forbidden kiss on her lips. She awoke and was almost sickened unto death by the gin polluted breath of the burglar. She nudged her slumbering husband in the ribs which soon relieved him from Murphy's embrace, and having explained to him what had transpired, he jumped to his feet and succeeded in capturing the thief whom he handed over to the police.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Montreal, July 30th 1879.

To the Editor of the News.

Another of those "Professor" Hewitt concerts have come and gone. Like all others it proved a fizzle, and as you say in your last "we hope it will be the end of them." In New York the Count Johannes is a man after the fashion of our Professor but has some talent, while I do not think Professor Hewitt can make any particular claim to any. The next time the "boys" get up a Prof. Hewitt Concert, please show them up.

Yours,

ANTI-HEWITT.

(Editor's note.) We do not see what right you have to disparage Prof. Hewitt's talent. We have attended a number of his classical concerts, and have been struck forcibly (not with a cabbage as you may surmise,) but with the extraordinary power of the Professor's voice. You will therefore excuse us for taking the liberty of scoring out your remark that "the Professor's singing resembles the braying of a mule and his playing the sounds of a broken down hand organ." We cannot in justice to the "great tenor" allow such a criticism to appear in our columns. Now that we have taken the Professor under our editorial wing we will see that he is not made the tool of designing young men.

CRIME AND CASUALTIES.

Two mormon apostles were mobbed in Calvisa Co. Georgia, on the 21st. One was shot dead.

The murderer of Judge Elliott, at Owenton, Ky., was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Geo. M. Dutcher, ex-temperance lecturer, was found guilty of drunkenness, immorality and hypocrisy.

An assassin in ambush in a barn near Allensville, Ky. was shot through the heart by a negro.

Wm. J. Trimoky, a sailor, was arrested in Jersey City on the 17th, charged with killing his father five years ago.

Marcellus Floyd, a negro who attempted to assault a white girl in Richmond Va. was taken from jail and hanged to a tree by the people.

Samuel Hill, convicted of murder, for killing Simons in Atlanta, Ga. was refused a new trial by Judge Hillier. His mother has gone insane.

In Lost-Wood, near Louisville, Ky. Joe R. Patterson, a charcoal burner, murdered an associate named Kerr, for five cents booty on the 20th inst. This is his third murder.

At Sydney, Neb., on the 18th. Charles Coffen, a cow-boy, was shot dead by Jack Hodgson, a desperado, without cause. He had remarked during the afternoon that he was going to kill somebody before night.

A negro named Napoleon Bonaparte was hanged at Sardis, Miss. on the 18th. for the murder of Tom Butler. The execution was witnessed by 3,000 persons, and Bonaparte advised them to beware of evil temper.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

Now is the season when the love lorn frog crokes to his answering mate,

Can such things be and overcome us like a summer's day without our special perspiration?

Ladies can be seen going into dry-goods stores these days looking all for lawn.

Patent leather pumps will be worn by Gentlemen this summer—Boots-blacks call this a glaring shame.

Strawberry short cake can hardly be said to be short of cake, and that's the trouble. Ah! we have it, the cake is strawberry short and that accounts for the name.

"Now then children," said a parish school mistress, showing off her pupils on examination day; "Who loves all men?" "You missus" was the unexpected answer.

All those who do not keep in the shade When they go out to promenade, Feel hot and sweat, their bosom pants:

And so do the beetles and the bed-bugs and the ants.

An old curmudgeon was sunning himself on the post-office steps yesterday afternoon when a lady came along, having a letter in her hand. She looked up and down the building, hesitated, and asked the man.

"Where do you mail your letters here?"

"I always mail mine inside the building," he calmly replied, "but you can do as you please about it—there's no law to compel you to!"

The look she gave him would have knocked a street car off the track.

—It is all wrong to let your church choir go off singing in the opera of "Pinafore" between. A dreadful thing recently happened on this account at a California funeral. The Pastor, a tall, white-haired man, much resembling an admiral, arose in the pulpit, and had no sooner finished, in a sing-song tone, the remark, "We miss him in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to their feet and shouted in return. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

McNULTY'S NEW JOKE.

"You've missed it," said McNulty, as he nudged up to us in the street the other day. McNulty is a very good fellow, but he drinks and occasionally gets of his cabase.

"What have we missed?" we queried.

"You know when the Thirteenth Regiment came home? Well, I made up a splendid funny story and I've been hunting for you ever since. Couldn't find you any where. Where have you been?"

We informed Mac that we'd been around every day; but he said Oh, no, we hadn't, for he had been looking for us, and nobody had seen us.

We became impatient for the story.

"Oh, no," said Mac, deprecatingly; "it's no use now. The whole business is ruined. You just might have made your reputation on it. Best I ever heard. 'I would have taken the town by storm'"

We almost wished that we were dead!

"Tell us what it was, Mac," we coaxed.

"No, it is too late now. People wouldn't laugh now. It took me a week to make it up."

We finally coaxed Mac and he began:

"Well, you know, when the Thirteenth came home from Canada there was with them a young man who had a very pious mother. You'll have to spread it out, you know. I'll just give you the facts. Well, when he got home his mother asked him where he had gone to church since he had been away, and he surprised and shocked her by saying, 'Not a dam church' 'Oh, John,' said she—'oh, John, ain't you ashamed of yourself for swearing so before your poor old mother? Then John told her that was the name of the church—Notre Dame, d'yer see? Ain't that good?' And Mac roared.

We took him gently by the hand and led him up into the office. Then we took down an old musty almanac bearing the date of 1811, opened it, and pointed to McNulty's new joke.

The smile on his face grew smaller inch by inch, and when it had

dwindled down to nothing he picked up his hat and walked away. He will never come back. We hated to do it, but this thing must be stopped somewhere.

SET HIM BACK.

Going home a few evenings since, a resident of Bleury street heard the voice of a boy in a stable, and looking in at a broken window he saw a lad about ten years old reading from a book to a group composed of ten or twelve boys of about the same age.

"Now, isn't this nice!" chuckled the gentleman to himself. "These poor boys, crowded out of the public school are still determined to secure an education!"

He took another look through the window, and then placed his ear to the broken pane, and heard the boy read.

"If the person who deals makes a misdeal, the cards may lie on the table only——"

"Grashus!" exclaimed the citizen, as he sprang away from the window. "That boy's reading from Hoyle!"

A DROP TOO MUCH.

In regard to the reprehensible practice of throwing packages of goods across the sidewalk, the following incident will serve as a warning to those persons who are careless of the rights of pedestrians.

A clerk in one of the wholesale houses down-town was throwing out of a third story window packages of merchandise, weighing about ten pounds each. He saw a glossy plug hat approaching, and whether by accident or design, the package struck that hat and knocked it into "vulgar fractions." This cut off the wearer's connection with the outer world by crushing the hat over his nose and eyes, surprising him to such an extent that he dropped two books which he was carrying. He then carefully dropped out of his mouth a set of false teeth on a gold basis, and then felt relieved. Meanwhile an enterprising street boy stole his books, and another stole his teeth, while he was blindfolded by the hat. When he recovered from this complicated state of affairs he had that clerk in the third story arrested, and now there is trouble for the present and a lawsuit for the future.

An Unparalleled Phenomenon.

REMARKABLE CASE OF A ROOSTER THAT HAS HAD HIS HEAD AMPUTATED WITHOUT SPECIAL INCONVENIENCE.

In Council Bluffs, Iowa, a phenomenon is exhibited, in the shape of a headless rooster, before which the old story of the crow-bar being blown through a man's head, entering at the bottom of the chin and coming out at the top of the head, pales into a mere fleece-bite. Upon a table before a wandering (small) audience stood an animal high up in the scale of organization, an animal with heart and lungs and vertebrae, with strong muscles, trembling nerves and hot coursing blood.

Physically he rated higher than proud man, for he not only stood up

right upon two legs in the image of the Creator, but he had wings, "the wings of a bird," and he could soar to meet the rising sun. He was a fine rooster, but in warning spirits of the approaching morn he was of no use.

"His occupation was gone." He could not crow. His head was cut off, and yet he was not dead, nor did he sleep.

He was a live, breathing, walking, flying, eating, drinking, strutting, proud chanticleer, and yet his head had been struck off and was

IN A BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL BESIDE HIM.

"When did this occur?" inquired a reporter of the wooden-legged gentleman turning the weak hand-organ.

"When was his head amputated?"

"Sixteen weeks ago. He was a fighting-cock," he continued, "and had made a poor fight, and the boys (his owners) were angry with him and seized a hatchet and cut his head off. The rooster flopped under the shed out of reach, and two days after it occurred to the boys that the decomposing remains of the bird might create an unpleasant odor during the heated term, and they crept under the sill back into the dirt and dark to recover the corpse, and, lo, he was not dead. They brought him into the house and dropped corn down his neck, and likewise poured water, as I do now, and the chicken waxed strong and healthy."

"How old is he?"

"He would have been two years old the 1st of June, if his head had not been cut off," he answered, and then looked up innocently to see the joke waves break over the placid countenance of the reporter; but he knew he had said the same thing a thousand times before, and he would not gratify him with a smile, but said, "Twas a pity to cut him even in the blossom of his sins," and then the musician looked grave, and

THEY WERE EVEN.

As the reporter looked upon that headless rooster walking about the table, eating, drinking, flapping his wings, rubbing his leg with the stump of his neck, when a flea bit him, seemingly in the full possession of all his faculties he said history furnished no parallel. Goliath was a fighting cock, but no such rooster as this. If he had possessed the "blood" and the "lust" of this fowl he would have survived the severing of his spinal chord and vertebral artery, and when David was before the king with his head on a platter, he would have walked in with an officer and a writ of repievin and demanded the poll.

But, notwithstanding there was a sprinkling of fraud in this little show, the rooster was still a great wonder.

As near as could be seen his head was cut off well forward. More properly speaking his face was cut off. The ax fell so far forward as to leave the spinal column the nerve center, and perhaps the whole brain unharmed. Still it looked like a clean cut off. The bill, eyes, ears, and all were gone, and only the ugly stump of a neck remained. The head exhibited in a bottle probably grew on some other rooster, as it was cut further back than the one on exhibition. But after all it was a strange freak and it is doubtful if one rooster in a thousand would survive the shock of having even his face cut off.

"N. Y. Police Gazette."

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT
IN MONTREAL.**

PART FIRST.

Harry Davy was carefully reared in a little town on the St. Lawrence River; sent carefully to day and Sunday School; carefully kept from the company of bad boys, who were given to skylarking nights; as carefully kept from reading anything contained between yellow covers, and specially from noticing the roquish maids of the town who were prone to cast seducing glances towards him.

Harry was handsome and his parents were wealthy; and not only that he was to come into possession of quite a large fortune when of age. For this reason he was looked upon with longing eyes from many quarters, and from this reason also his parents endeavored to teach him that his person was much too good to be bestowed upon anything found in his native place.

How well they succeeded may be guessed; but, at all events, he was looked upon as "a nice young man" and when he became of age he was rich, but hadn't sowed a solitary one of his "wild oats."

But his money set him to thinking about the world without, and from which he had been so studiously kept. He had read much of Montreal but had never seen it, although he had often given vent to sighs when he saw the beautiful steamers coming from and going to that great mart, and wished within himself that he could learn something more about it. In short, he sometimes went so far as to wish that he might plunge into and enjoy something of its society.

If the girls of the country were so attractive, and had so many seductive ways with them, what must the fairies of the Metropolis be? He had seen a few of them at intervals, as they chanced to come and go, and although taught to regard them as little short of beautiful devils, they nevertheless made an impression and awakened a hankering which was gradually getting the best of him.

But, outside of this influence a desire to see something of the world urged to him the resolution, and he resolved to turn his back on the country and cut away from the parental apron-strings which had held him so long. He felt himself of age, and resolved to be a man in actions as well as in stature, so he communicated his resolution to his careful parents.

They were horrified, and used every argument to dissuade him from his rashness. He was their only child, and if he should be led away—oh, lord! it would be worse than a funeral to them. But the resolution on Henry's part was not rescinded, although he promised to consider the matter a while longer before going.

To his parents, the idea of allowing their first and only born to mingle in unselected grades of society was almost too much to contemplate. He would surely be ruined, and perchance return to them a fast

ADVERTISEMENT



Mr. G.—"There's the place." 1st Policeman—"Is that the place?" 2nd Policeman—"Yes that's Frank Larin's Celebrated Rochester Lager Beer Garden."

young man, loving whisky, cigars, and strange women.

But while Henry was considering the matter he made the acquaintance of a young man who knew all about Montreal, and the glowing accounts he gave him of it nearly turned him topsy-turvy. He was determined to go, then, come weal or woe.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

SPRIT OF THE STAGE.

The air is full of Neilson pulls.

Nilsson will not visit America this year.

Junius, Brutus, Booth is running a Summer Hotel.

The New York Criterion Co. open at the Lyceum, N. Y., Sept. 16th.

Sothern opens his engagement at the Park, N. Y. in Crutch and Toothpick.

A London letter says Jay Gould gave \$50 for Sarah Bernhardt's photo.

Emma Thursby will not come home until November; She may visit Montreal.

There is some talk of building a new theatre in Montreal in a convenient locality. Better sustain those we have now before shouldering an elephant.

The family of the late Mr. Jarret of Jarret & Palmor, New York are comfortably provided for.

The passion of the French for theatrical amusement; and the patience with which they will wait at the doors of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good place for witnessing the performance, are well known. At a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

We have heard many people make the remark: why is it that Montreal cannot sustain two legitimate theatres? The question has generally been answered by the rather unsatisfactory reply that Montreal people, as a rule, are not theatre goers. This we claim is a wrong impression. Our citizens are as capable of appreciating the drama in its higher branches, as those of other cities, as is evinced by the crowded state of the Academy and Theatre Royal when first class companies are on the boards. Managers fully realized this fact last season and are prepared to cater to the wants of the metropolis in a successful manner. They find that it pays to introduce the best of talent, and we may look forward to a brilliant and most satisfactory season. The Academy of Music has been much beautified, and under the managerial eye of Mr. Geo. Wallace, who has been the only lessee that has given satisfaction to the metropolitans, much can be expected. The handsome Theatre Royal under the management of Messrs. Sparrow and Grau will also come to the front as a Thespian temple devoted to the legitimate drama.

AROUSED HER ANGER.

The other day a St. Constant street woman opened the front door of her house, looked up and down the street and cried out:—

"Me—hit—!"

There was a bad boy across the road, and he interrupted her by crying out:—

"Who did you hit?"

The woman looked as scornful as she could at him, and started off again:—

"Me—hit—a—!"

"Hit a man, I suppose!" yelled the bad boy

She shook her fist at him and inquired who brought him up. He didn't answer, and she puckered her mouth and called:—

"Me—hit—a—!"

"Did it hurt him any?" screamed the boy, grinning horribly.

The woman looked for a policeman, made threatening gestures at him, and with her hand on the door-knob screamed:—

"Me—hit—a—bell!"

"What did you hit a bell for?" gruffly called the fop.

She went in, wising she weighed a tin, and a hittable, a girl of ten, who had been down to the corner to see a boy black boots, soon appeared and skulked into the house.

THE only place where you can get scientific Cocktails is at J. B. ARCAD'S, corner Craig and St. Constant Streets. He offers \$1,000 for any one who can compete with him.

FOR the best Portraits taken on Zinc or Cards, go to G. Lomire, 68, Jacques-Cartier Square, and 170½ Notre Dame Street, Montreal. 1 Portrait for 10 cts. 4 for 25c. 9 for 35 cts. 2 doz. Photographs, \$1.00 The best Photographers are employed in his establishments.

F. LARIN

Restaurant and Lager Beer Garden

88 St. LAWRENCE ST.

Rear entrance, 57 St. Charles Borromée St.

The best the markets can supply; the finest brands of cigars and the choicest wines and liquors, besides refreshing lager will be found at this establishment.

ARMY AND NAVY CIGAR STORE corner Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Sts. J. G. McRobie, Proprietor. Boys you should not pass the Army and Navy as we have the choicest stock of Cigars, Pipes and Tobacco in this city. Give us a trial anyway.

THE ONLY BOWLING ALLEY in the City is J. B. EMOND'S, 273 St. Lawrence St. Respectable patronage and obliging attendance. Choice refreshments and cigars. Go and enjoy yourself.

GO TO Burgess' opposite the Court House, for a glass of Iced Milk with a stick in it.

MRS. GHIDONE & CO., have opened an elegant Establishment at No. 41, St. Lambert Hill, where choice Liquors and Cigars, French Wines, &c., may be enjoyed. Call around.

A. PROUST & Co. have opened well fitted Bath Rooms at 50 St. Lawrence Street. Medical, Turkish, Shower and Steam Baths given for Ladies and Gentlemen.

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