

THE CITY LIFE.

Vol. 1, No. 8.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879.

Price 5 Cents.

POETRY.

TRULY HUBAL.

'Twas evening, and the village chimnes
Most beautifully chime;
The graceful cow and warlike calf
Unanimous lited home;
The bleating sheep in chorus blote;
The squealling piggies squole—
The *tout ensemble* being quite
Bucolic as a whole.

Two lovers, happy, hand-in-hand
Stole stilly to the stile;
The crickets cricked; the owlets 'owled;
Bats beat about the while;
The katydidks in unison
Together katydode;
The whippoorwill set up their cry
And ominously crode.

The genial skeeter hummed his hymn,
And hate his baneful bite;
She tried to say a tender poem,
But could not say it quite;
And, when he gape a mighty gape,
She smole a sickly smile;
There was not (for the sake of rhyme)
A mole within a mile.

She heaved a mighty, deep-drawn sigh,
And he in answer sighed;
And round her taper, shrinking waist
His manly coat-sleeve glide.
Then, while the distant curfew-peal
Lugubriously pole,
She drew a pickled onion forth,
And enily ate it whole.

M. F—s, the would-be vocalists, had better let up on that piano, get his pants paddled, and set off again, because Fred says its getting too thin.

If French Charlie, the laker's stable-boy, does not keep away from Cass's, the butcher's daughter shall hear of it. Be more careful of your money, Charlie.

T. D—u has left worms since it was rumored that the old man would soon be home. He had better stay away from the cottage and the blonde, or Charley M—I will put a head on him.

Joe Niemckan left last evening for Three Rivers, where he has opened the St. James Hotel. He was sorry to leave so many "beats" behind, but he couldn't take them with him. *Au revoir*, Joe.

Good news has arrived for Dutchie and Georgie. Charley and Freshy, late of sweet 64, are about to take up their quarters in Notre Dame street. The number we will give in our edition of next week.

Mr. A—y, alias "helle of the hall," has again returned to his fair-haired blonde. They looked remarkably well as they walked into St. James street Church last Sunday evening. Maggie, of 265, will, no doubt, feel the loss severely.

Sam, the celebrated copper cigar maker, better known as the "Russian Bear," has, owing to the depression of trade, resolved to make no more cigars, but to devote himself to the ennobling business of fertilizing. We wish him luck, and hope he will find many gold mines.

COMMUNICATIONS.

NOTES FROM THE POINT.

Mary has given Albert the "shake."

James M— and the strawberry blonde are going to the Wheel-house on Sunday afternoon.

Joe L—n, the refined man, better be careful of his new hat, as some of the ladies are in love with it (not himself).

John C—n, the "bold soldier boy," was out on furlough the other evening, and tried hard to make a "mash," but as usual, got left.

If Willie M. allows himself to be seen any more on Forfar street with that other young lady, he will most assuredly get the "grand bounce" from Miss C.

WANTED.—A man who can run a 100 yards dash with Jack M., of St. Gabriel Market. The prize will be a "booze" for both, if Jack is defeated.

Joe L—n, makes his usual tour of the Point every evening, in search of "some one to love," but has not captured anything as yet. They all say he is too fresh. Alas! poor Joe.

Edward H., the horse-shoe heater, of Farm street, has been duly appointed Bandmaster to the Tin-whistle Brigade of Centre street. They couldn't select a more worthy man than Ned.

The gents who make it a practice of hanging around the War Office, Centre street, ought to have more manners, and leave ladies pass quietly. Our correspondent has his eye on them.

Bill B—e, the iron-piler, says he will pay as many visits to the charming widow as he pleases. That's right, Bill; we will prepare another "bouquet" for you. But what about that portemonnaie?

Jack D—y, H—n, P—r and S—y, the great fishing quartet, went on a glorious excursion Saturday, and returned Monday with a string of curiosities, which they intend sending to the New York Aquarium.

J. R. G., the St. Joseph street plumber, thought he was doing a big business when he came over here, thinking to capture G. A., but soon found out his mistake, for R. L. C. (O, that's the boss singer) soon cut him out.

Mike R., of Grand Trunk street, has lately been instructed in military drill by Paddy K., and now wants a commission to go to the Cape to fight the Zulus. Take care, Mike; you'll be more likely to get a breeze from us than a commission.

James G—e had his umbrella destroyed by a spark from an engine while dead-heading a ride on the G. T. R. mixed train from the Point to St. Lambert's. Jemmy, you will have to keep away from the Gregory House. Look out for James C—'s special.

A 200 yards hurdle race will come off on Saturday next, on Centre street, between two noted runners—Tony D—y and C—l, the bad milkman. Ned G. has been appointed referee for the occasion. A large concourse of people is expected to witness the contest.

A correspondent writes: "If R. A. D. does not look out for M. T., she will give him the g. b. for C. K., who looks so charming with his new grey suit. I do not see where M. T.'s eyes are to go with that G. T. R. quill-driver. I think I might cut him out of the star of Lomas's skating rink."

THE CITY LIFE;

A Weekly Periodical, devoted to the Censure and Criticism of the *Follies of the Day*
Published by the Editor and Proprietor, at No. 142 St. Joseph street, Montreal.

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Impetuous 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, MAY 28, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SADIE Mc.—We were sorry to disappoint you last week, but had previous engagements. Do send another note.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

A conclusion that all persons arrive at after but brief worldly experience; and indeed it is only necessary for man to bump just a little on the rocks of adversity to discover the hollowness of almost all friendly protestation and the blood of bitter antagonism and envy which pulses through the veins of the human family. We have recently had one among us who most perfectly exemplifies the theory here advanced, and from among whose most virulent assailants we could select hundreds that are themselves secretly existing in a sphere of the most hateful concubinage, if not of notorious harlotry—men who, by a horrid and preconcerted arrangement with their wives, readily consent to sit majestic in the gloomy realms of cuckoldom, so that the opportunity to satiate their own lecherous propensities and attack their neighbor's may meet with no conjugal interference or permanent obstruction—men who willingly permit their wives to unceremoniously cast all the sacred vows of matrimony to the wind, and to desecrate in so holy a union everything that remained of the beautiful and sublime. Having thus sunk themselves so far in the deep abyss of degradation and shame, the miserable creature, still calling himself husband, again rises to the surface, and with the unblushing effrontery of the accomplished libertine seeks to inject himself into the poisoned bed of adultery or to slumber on the couch of vile seduction. Henry Ward Beecher presents the haggard illustration to which we have referred. He has been charged with the commission of a serious offense against the moral and social laws of a Christian people, and has borne with heroic courage and exemplary patience an investigation, the most searching in character to which no other man was ever subjected, either through the courts or among the laity. The result is well known to have been a clear declaration of his innocence, and the vindication of his honor. The law could not, of course, prevent the envenomed arrow from being pointed at its intended victim, but it has given him a shield in the integrity of a jury and the sanctity of an oath. Society denies man the right to attack the culprit after he has expiated the fatuity of his crime, and we therefore cannot concede to the press the privilege of indulging in unfair criticism on so well settled a question. It is particularly ill-becoming in an obscure evening journal in our midst to dally with the lash of censure after the object of its malignity had retired, taking with him the eulogies of those who felt honored to receive him as their guest.

HOT TURN-OVERS.

We would advise L. A. L., the pedant, to beware of Art. B., on account of the "Belle Eva."

Un certain "mouilleur d'Indienne" du Magasin Rouge, à par charité, il annonce qu'il va être de cérémonie deux mois d'avance.

The two parties in the East End last week were quite a success, only the people were obliged to tolerate B. McN., the hideous "chaw" mouth of St. Joseph street.

Miss Alice P., the St. Catherine street paerambulator, should not be seen loafing around with wee Johnny H., as naturally people would think they were nurse and baby.

Hen R., has begun to cackle again, now that navigation is open, and has dropped Mrs. B. Be careful, Hen, generosity is your failing, and it has left plenty of people poor.

The blonde of St. Elizabeth street is in mourning. Freddy was practising on her eyes last Friday night. Now, old boy, you must stop this little game, or you will hear from us.

We hear that one of the well-known boys received a Government appointment, and refused to take it, the salary not being large enough. That's right, old boy, stick out for your rights.

Lady Tom P—n has been sporting a nice meerschaum pipe of late, but it suddenly disappeared out of his mouth at the review. How is that, Tom; we thought you got it a present.

It would be well if Max, the lawyer, would give up studying, and learn cigarette-making, as studying debates will affect his eyesight. Perhaps a pair of spectacles would do him good.

"Pickle," the haberdasher, makes contracts yearly. We will give notice, later on, when "Pickle" will appear in his new "spring," as it is not definitely settled as yet; he has it on ice.

Our Talking Machine accompanied the rustic blonde from Boston on a cruise to Mary's, at 139. S—k. got "mashed" on Cis, but poor Sammy was too much overcome, owing to his hard training for the match next month.

TO DECORATORS AND ARTISTS.—Tenders will be received at the Fountain House, for the decoration of the nursery. The designs may be seen at 179 St. Joseph street. Work subject to the approval of T. O'B. and Tom P.

LOST.—On Sunday afternoon last, near the Bonaventure Station, a horse and buggy. The horse was last seen standing near Bill D—y, the great skater and sample peddler, and, as Bill's mouth was wide open at the time, it is feared the animal walked into it. No reward.

The spring's come and gone,
And the hot days are here,
When weak human nature's
Inclined for its beer.

Louis L.—s had better pay his boarding house bill, instead of sponging on the neighbors and smoking A. G's cigars. Louis, you're a terrible sponger; give it up for a bad job. You had better sell out and drive a hearse in Manitoba. Take Horace Greeley's advice, and go West.

Willie, the would-be Northwest mountain policeman, says that he has given up making love to cooks, and is going to turn his attention to married ladies. He can be seen any afternoon going out to the west end of St. Catherine street, to call on one during her husband's absence. Be careful, Willie, or the husband will serve you the same as the fish dealer did.

"TAFFY."

"Voughal" is matched against an unknown for telling lies. Angèle has been crying ever since Aleck went to New York. Long Tom brings home the photograph every night from the office.

The firemen long to have a shot at that parrot in the bindery window.

All the boys go to Jim Fisk's barber shop to get their jaw bones scraped.

Johanna, of Colborne street, must stop visiting the Lady of L. on Sundays.

Joe has been in town for the past few days, and Sue has got to keep away from Charley.

Bony "kicked" on four kings last Sunday night, and would not catch the "chips" for the boys.

Dear In——: Call round at No. — St. Con——. You should not have broken that engagement.

We wonder if A. L., J. B. and F. T. will ever give up those little sprees, and settle down to business.

Frank G., the plumber's boy, is getting too fresh. Take care, or Willie, the lard architect, will mash you.

J. W——n, of Ottawa, says if the sugar house don't hire more men he will complain to the Government.

Joe P., of Chambly Basin, need not be surprised if he finds B. at Nellie's place when he drops in some day.

The "Grand Chaplain" called at 94 on Sunday evening. We trust his visit was in the cause of morality.

Crawford hangs around the St. Lawrence Hall once more, looking for "soft snaps." Look out for him, boys.

Tom H., of No. 3, wants some one to give him a good dog. "Can anyone tell where my dog is gone, etc.?"

If Aleck F. don't stop firing crackers and cheese at 108 St. Charles Borromée street, the girls will give him away.

Benny H. is trying to cultivate a moustache, and the girls are all laughing at him. Get a rope, Benny, and pull it out.

"Basso-Profundo Jim" has made a new "mash"—this time in Griffintown—and was doing the pave on Sunday night.

Old Fred has bought a 35 cent suit, and stuck "Stonewall" for a box of O. K's. He is going to get out a patent for that shirt.

We are surprised at you, Billy, to be taken in so; you should have better sense. It seems to me that Port sent you to the wrong port.

Dan McC——y, the friendly butcher, has purchased a new bell-topper for the wedding, and has left it in Cannon's forge to be blocked.

John K., alias "Irish Jew," was seen on Friday night in company with the "Flowing Tide." Look out, John, for T. P., the celebrated clothier.

Mankie: It's no use trying to collect that \$1.10. If we hear any more about it, we will have to tell all we know about that Back River racket.

If Mary M., of Point St. Charles, don't keep her hash trap closed, she will paralyze the two sports that escort her to the office every morning.

The chicken butcher went on another jamboree Sunday, and barely escaped with his life. He says he will carry a knife in his boot in future.

L. L——s and his pal, J. M——n, of the East End, had better let up on William street before Nelly and Lizzie, of Fullum street, hear of it.

I. L——s and his pal, J. M——n, of the East End, had better let up on William street before Nelly and Lizzie, of Fullum street, hear of it.

We would warn John P., alias "Pouder," and his friend, G——r, to look out for the old man when they go driving again. He swears vengeance.

Poor McDon——, some of the girls are passing remarks upon your countenance since you shaved. You looked very bad in B.'s the other night.

Windy W——t carries a slung-shot now. Look out! Bill D. and J. T. M. had better look out, as our Observer has his optic on them.

Mary went to Rouse's Point last week after her lover. Stick to him, Mary; he is a nice young fellow.

Jack M——y, alias "Nibsy," is going to get his hair dyed, his moustache curled, and then he will be able to "mash" all the girls in the Point.

If A. A. J., the tony bookkeeper, persists in giving lozenges mixed with love powders to the girls on George street he may get himself into trouble.

Georgie will return from Burlington this week. She is visiting all her lovers before leaving for home; so now Freddy let up, or she will give you up.

Gibbie is gone back to the telegraphing business. It is a good thing he has to work, for he will not be able to see that lady home to Bonaventure street.

J. K. is expecting a prominent situation as overseer on a dung hill. He had better keep riding a goat up and down St. Joseph street until he is wanting.

Long Tongue Johnny K. and lunny Johnny McG. may as well keep their mouths closed, and not be talking about others, or they will lose their front teeth.

Stotta has removed from his late boarding house to the New York Hotel, in St. Cunegonde, and is going to buy his girl a suit of Japan and Young Hyson.

W. C., who resides on M. street, and is commonly known as "cheese it," had better give up going after Miss L., or Jess will hear of it, and give him the board.

If G. B. F., the wholesale rag clerk, does not give up parading with that fair dame on Mansfield street, McD. (the human roofer), has tar and feathers in readiness for him.

Billy P., the windy stove dealer, had better let up taking Candy Jessie to the Back River, as the old man is watching him. Jessie is giving him taffy or candy on a string.

"Chauncey" has had his hair cut and his head sand-papered, and you would hardly know him now. He gave the boys a great boot racket the other day. "Don't be talkin'."

If Paddy C——l, the would-be cigar-girl "masher," would take our advice he would drop the gang around "Shorty" M——s's yard, and advise his darling to mind her work, or quit the shop.

M. F——r, of D. street, the long-eared "show," says that he intends to purchase a \$10 suit of tweed at Huston's. Let him take this as a timely warning, as his mamma does not know of his intentions.

Jimmy B. is kicking about not making any money on the 24th. Don't you believe it, Tom, as he showed us a wallet big enough to buy a block of houses. Look out for him, Tom; he is awake all the time.

Mort——'s collar is blown off again. This is the second time he has had this misfortune; the third time will be ruff. You had better rusticate for a while, now that all the "spons" are gone; all in one night.

Ned C——c and the beautiful French female lady have dissolved partnership. Poor Ned! We may as well mention that Ned says he can freesc the side of a fence as good as any man wearing small sixpens.

Mark L., alias "General Lafayette," is no more allowed within the sacred (?) precincts of No. 3, as Fred kicked about the last racket, and bounced him. Kick again, Fred; lots of room. Put them all out this time.

Bill O'L——y, the talking machine, better known as the kitchen-wolloper, has given up the "budge," and is now very busy with Mary Ann, all the same. She knows he is no bookkeeper, and that he is only a storeman of the worst type.

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