

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1880.

THE BOY LAY IN HIS LITTLE BED.

The boy lay in his little bed,
Though oft his mother called:
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred!
Get up!" his father bawled.

Yet quiet and serene he lay,
As though he heard them not;
Opposum did the youngster play,
Though things were getting hot.

The time passed on—he did not start,
But took another nap;
His father up the stairs did dart,
And give his door a rap.

He cried aloud: "Say, Freddie, say!
Why don't you leave your bed?"
But silently young Freddie lay,
As though he were quite dead.

"Speak, Freddie," once again he cried,
"For I must soon be gone;
And"—but a lusty snore replied—
Pa's patients nearly gone.

Up to his face quickly ran the blood,
He tore his auburn hair,
A moment at the door-way stood,
In still, yet deep despair.

And shouted again, with thunderous knock,
"Young scoundrel, do you hear?"
While in the hall loud ticked the clock,
That grated, on his ear.

With angry push he oped the door,
And slammed it to again;
With noisy strides across the floor,
To the bed he walked amain.

There came a sound like threshing wheat,
Or butcher tendering steak;
Hear screams! hear moans! hear scampering
feet!
Ah, Freddie is awake.

A ringing bell, a mother's call,
May sometimes rouse a lad;
But the only sure thing, after all,
Is a father when he's mad.

THE ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

Nearly five months have elapsed since the first copy of the REPORTER was issued from the press, and during that time the circulation has been rapidly and steadily increasing, until at present, we may safely say that no one issue of any paper published in Elgin is as widely circulated or so extensively read as the REPORTER, a statement which no doubt will be cheerfully corroborated by the post master and those well-known judges of which paper takes the best, the newsboys, they finding it impossible to sell any St. Thomas paper except the REPORTER, the others being deficient in local and other matters of a lively and interesting character, but stick to the old foggy fashion of collecting news of twenty-five years ago. The enlightened public of this century require the news served up in a fresh, humorous and entertaining style; not in the dreary old-fashioned manner adopted by some papers, which was out of date years ago. We can credit ourselves with introducing a new era of journalistic enterprise into St. Thomas. Thanking our many subscribers for past patronage, we beg to inform them that hereafter the REPORTER will be carried on, on a slightly different basis. The local news, as formerly, will be furnished by proper reporters in a lively and spicy manner. Short editorials, written in a fearless manner will appear each week. News items from all parts of the globe will be one of the principal features, and the original humorous matter will be of a high order; also the choicest selections from the best exchanges and the latest events in the sporting world will be recorded.

Personals will occupy a prominent position, but nothing touching the character of any respectable citizen will be published. Persons whose names are not already on the subscription list would do well to send in their subscription at once, as the amount charged (\$1 per year) is insignificant, compared to the amount of interesting news furnished.

In Lord Lisgar's time there was an aide who was fond of practical jokes, and he persuaded Rubinstein to play a cruel trick on the Ottawa dowagers, Lady Lisgar being, it is said in the secret. The great pianist was at an "at home" at the Hall, and these ladies pressed him to sit down to the piano. He yielded, and when he finished playing some of the more æsthetic had almost fainted from the excess of their cooings, but when it was learned some days after his departure that he had intentionally made a batch of the pieces, they came near fainting with disgust.

WOULDN'T PAY FOR BREATHING THE AIR.

Bill Smedly was resting his left foot on the top of a beer-keg in front of a saloon in Butte City, Montana Territory, the last time I saw him. On his bent left knee he rested an elbow, thereby arranging his arms so as to support his chin, which rested on his hand. His clothes were well worn, and here and there a rent. His hair stuck out through a hole in the crown of his hat, while the great toe of his right foot peeped forth, ruddy and cheerful, from the boot. The whiffs of smoke, drawn from a short, black pipe, curled lazily from his lips. His thoughts were dreamland. Bill had experienced the ups and downs of Western life; had been rich and poor by turns, and was now very poor. He had grown philosophic, and looked at things in a way different from what he had in his youth, when life's pathway smiled to him, and seemed rosegarlanded.

"Hello, Bill! been looking for you," said the tax-collector, coming up.
There was no response. He repeated: "Bill, hello!"
'Well?'
'Want to collect your tax.'
'Hain't no property.'
'I mean your poll-tax.'
'Don't own no pole.'
'But the county court levied this tax on you.'
'Didn't authorize 'em to levy any tax on me.'

'The law does, though.'
'What if it does; 'spose I'm goin' ter pay for breathin' the air?'
'Still you are one of us; you live here.'
'I didn't bring myself into this world.'
'You exercise the privilege of a citizen; you vote.'
'Don't want to vote if you charge for it.'

'Don't you want a voice in the selection of officers?'
'No; if there was no officers you wouldn't be here consumin' my time.'
'The schools must be supported. We must educate the children.'

'If you do they won't work.'
'There are other country expenses—paupers, and so on. If you were to die without means you would want us to bury you.'
'No, you needn't.'
'Why, you would smell bad to other people!'

'I kin stan' it if they kin.'
'I will levy on your property,' said the officer, growing impatient; 'I will hunt it up.'

'I'll help you; I want to see some of my property.'
The officer moved on rather abruptly, while Bill continued, as if musing:

'Let them fellers have their way, an' they'd make life a burden. Want to assess my existence; want to charge me for enjoyin' the bright sunshine; ask me to pay for beholdin' the beautiful landscape; charge me for lookin' at the grass grow and the rose unfoldin'; [charge] me for watchin' the birds fly, an' one cloud chase t'other.'

The eyes continued to blink dreamily. The whiffs of smoke reached up in graceful spirals toward the blue dome. The foot-falls of the tax collector grew absenter and absenter.

HOW THREE DEBTS WERE PAID.

A singular coincidence, showing how much can be done by the payment of even a small debt, happened yesterday. A gentleman was at the wharf intending to purchase some coal, when two gentlemen came up and engaged with him in conversation. The first gentleman said to the second, 'I believe I owe you a dollar.'
'Yes,' replied the second, 'I believe you do.'
The second man then spoke to the third: 'I believe I also owe you a dollar,' which fact the third man acknowledged, and he also said that he owed the first man a dollar, which he desired to pay. In this transaction the three men each paid their indebtedness to each other, and the did so without passing any money between them.

As becomes a gentleman of his name, Lord Hartington is profoundly loyal to the person of the Sovereign. With an absolute abhorrence of gush he yet gives the 'advanced' section of his party to understand that he will have nothing to do with measures for curtailing ought of the royal estate, or for questioning that extremely slight remnant of prerogative which is left to majesty. Nevertheless he has expressed his deep regret at the attempt made by injudicious friends of the Queen to alienate the sympathies of Mr. Gladstone from the Court.

Pay your subscription to the REPORTER. Do it at once.

FIRING A HUMAN BEING FROM A CANNON.

Among the attractions to be witnessed in Forepaugh's Great Show, which is to exhibit here on the 9th of June, is one which cannot fail of interesting all who visit the exhibition. It is the act of firing from an immense sea-coast mortar in intrepid gymnast by the name of Loyal. He is blown sixty feet or more in mid-air, and his progress is arrested by a lady gymnast, who, suspended head downward from a lofty trapeze bar, catches the "human cannon ball" in his upward and onward journey. The *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, thus describes the performance of this thrilling act:

A wonderful aerial performance given by them at the Circus last night.—The performance of Mons. Loyal and Mlle Ella Zuila last evening, far surpassed anything in the line of trapeze work ever before seen in Louisville. Far up from the ground, near to the top of the canvas, a slender iron bar hung by two fragile ropes, seemingly too weak to bear the weight of a child. Just after nine o'clock the petite Zuila and Loyal appeared, and were greeted with applause by the expectant audience. Springing lightly into the netting, she was at once followed by Loyal, who ran up the rope to the trapeze with a light and airy grace that could only be equalled by that of the Mademoiselle. Once on the trapeze, far above the heads of the excited audience, such feats were performed as caused the most rapturous applause, while at the same time all held their breath, as they feared that the daring couple must certainly be dashed to the ground below. To describe what was done is impossible, as the daring woman was swung through the air so rapidly that the quickest eye could scarcely catch her movements. Only the most experienced performers would dare attempt what was as rapidly performed by this venturesome couple as if they had been on terra firma instead of swinging in mid-air. It is not too much to say that, as trapeze performers, they cannot be surpassed. But the rarest feat is that of shooting Loyal from a cannon into the air, where he is caught by the arms by Mlle Zuila, who swings by her legs suspended from the trapeze. And Loyal places himself in this immense mortar gun, feet downwards, the match is applied, the powder explodes, and, amid the smoke and noise, he is thrown through the air and caught by the daring little woman. To say that this caused an extreme sensation is stating the case mildly. Great cheers went up from the immense audience as the two venturesome people descended the rope and repaired to their dressing-room.

HYDRAULICS ON A RAILROAD.

From the Sacramento (Cal.) Union.
The methods of hydraulic mining have been employed with great success in clearing away the heavy slides of earth which occurred recently on the Central Pacific Railway above Alta. The mass of earth was so great, and the difficulty of handling it in the ordinary way so formidable, that unless water had been resorted to several weeks might have elapsed before the track was cleared. But the hydraulic miners were called upon for help, and they found the situation one which presented no perplexities to them. They brought up their pipes and monitors, constructed a flume from a ditch which was, fortunately, near at hand, and in 14 hours piped away a body of debris which had been the despair of picks and shovels. The tremendous power of hydrolic mining methods has been here exhibited in a very practical way, and for the benefit of the community. Those who witnessed the swift dispatch of this avalanche of earth have attained a lively perception of the effects produced upon the bluffs which contained the gravel deposits. It is, indeed, somewhat singular that the hydraulic monitor has never, so far as we are aware, been used in making cuts on railways where the soil is sufficient soft to be piped. It might be thought that in such cases there would be great economy in the application of water-power, for a strong head of water directed by an experienced hand will cut out and carry away more dirt in one day than 50 men could shovel and pick in a week. The slide at Alta would have undoubtedly delayed the resumption of railroad travel very much longer, but for the happy thought of enlisting the monitors and little giants in the work of clearing the track.

WEST END BARBER SHOP, Talbot street, opposite the Town Hall, St. Thomas. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-dressing. Switches and Curls made to order. Combing dressed in the latest style. Charges moderate. WM. DAVIS, Prop'r.

DOMINION HOTEL, TALBOT STREET, St. Thomas, opposite C. S. R. Shops. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHELL, Prop'r.

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BUILDING LOT

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, beautiful building lot, one-fifth of an acre, situated on Queen St., opposite the residence of Capt. Siak. There are on the lot several choice fruit trees—apple, plum, pear, peach and smaller fruits, in variety. For terms, &c., apply at the office of this paper.

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HOUSE-CLEANING

PARTIES requiring the services of a competent person in the above lines, can not do better than leave their orders at Room No. 1, up-stairs, one door West of this office.

T. ACHESON,
CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining Penwarden's Hotel.

In order to suit my customers, I keep on hand the very latest style of Leats. All work left at my shop will be done in the best style of workmanship, equal to any in the Dominion.
Jan. 1880. 1-ly

JAMES WHEATLEY,
CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House.

Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice.
Jan. 15, 1880. 1-3m

Court of Revision.

TOWN OF ST. THOMAS.

TAKE NOTICE that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the municipality of the Town of St. Thomas, will be held in the

TOWN HALL,

Monday, May 31st, 1880

at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon.

HENRY F. ELLIS, Town Clerk.
May 11, 1880.-td

Reiser's Brewery,

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February, 1880. 6-4f

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D. Salter, - - - Prop'r

J. SALTER, MANAGER.

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