

St. Thomas Reporter.  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

DON'T STOP IT, PRINTER.

Don't stop my paper, printer;  
Don't strike my name off yet;  
You know the times are stringent  
And dollars hard to get;  
But tug a little later  
Is what I mean to do,  
And scrape the dimes together,  
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;  
I find it doesn't pay  
To do without a paper,  
However others may.  
I hate to ask my neighbors  
To give me theirs on loan;  
They don't just say, but mean it,  
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,  
If it by any fate  
Should happen not to reach us,  
Or comes a little late.  
Then all is in a hubbub,  
And things go all awry;  
And, printer, if you're married  
You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it;  
It is no use to try;  
For other people take it;  
And, printer, so must I.  
I, too, must keep me posted,  
And know what is going on,  
Or feel, and be accounted  
A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,  
If pay be somewhat slow,  
For cash is not so plenty.  
And wants not few you know.  
But I must have the paper,  
Cost what it may to me;  
I'd rather dock my sugar,  
And do without my tea.

So printer, don't you stop it,  
Unless you want my frown,  
For here's the years' subscription  
And credit it right down;  
And send the paper promptly,  
And regularly on,  
And let it bring us weekly  
Its welcomed benison.

A GREAT SHOCK.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye) so she snapped:  
'Well, what do you want?'  
'Madam, be calm,' said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.  
'What for?' she queried, suspiciously.  
'Madam,' said the cross-eyed man, have you a child?  
'Yes, I have,' replied the woman; 'what of it?'  
'A little girl?' queried the cross-eyed man.  
'No, a boy,' replied the woman.  
'Of course—a boy,' repeated the cross-eyed man; 'a young boy—not very old?'  
'About that age,' said the woman.  
'What about him?'  
'Madam, do not get excited,' pursued the cross-eyed man; 'be brave and calm.'  
'Mercy on me!' exclaimed the woman, in surprise, 'what's the matter?'  
'Gently, gently,' said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; 'retain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?'  
'Yes, yes,' said the woman, excitedly; 'what—why—is there anything the matter?'  
'Is there not a railroad track crossing the next street?' queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.  
'Yes, oh, yes,' ejaculated the woman, in great fear; 'oh, tell me what has happened, what—?'  
'Be calm,' interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; 'be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake.'  
'Oh, what is it, what is it?' wailed the woman, wildly; 'I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?'  
'Madam,' replied the cross-eyed man, gently, 'I but this morning saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—'  
'Oh, dear! oh, dear,' screamed the woman, wringing her hands; tell me the worst—is he—?'  
'He seemed to be daubing himself with oil,' continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, 'and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted—'  
There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the

gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology, with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

A curious story has just come to light in Boston, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the changes which time brings forth.

Many years ago, a young fellow named Bigelow was sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in great style at the University. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college.

The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist.

While he was at work his old associates cut him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, refused to recognize him when they met.

One day, when going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as 'Tom,' and insisted he should call and see her, as he always had done. She said, 'There is no change in you, as far as I am concerned.'

The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the Mayor of New Haven, with an income of 100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for his indebtedness, and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the woman who was faithful and true to the young work-boy who had once been at college.

WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT

The other day a lady accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a C. S. R. train at Amherstburg, bound for St. Thomas. The woman had a careworn expression hanging round her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, ain't he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush.'

'Why must I hush?'

After a moment's silence: 'Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald?'

'His head hasn't any hair on it.'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Sometime, maybe.'

'Then I'll be bald, won't I?'

'Yes.'

'Will you care?'

'Don't ask so many questions.'

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: 'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home.'

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight! look at 'em.'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, 'what's the matter with that young hienna?'

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said the boy innocently following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.

'Here, you young hedgehog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got red marks on my head?'

'I'll slap you again, if you don't hush.'

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised and the money was handed over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy. 'When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money.'

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose and exclaimed: 'Madam,

hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the shebeards to kill children for making fun of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher, rather than remain here.  
'The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

HERE AND THERE.

He was a festive lawyer and as he read the will of the dear departed, he tenderly remarked to the widow, 'you have a nice fat leg-acy. As he lay in bed next morning with his face all scratched up he wondered what on earth he said.

Maids, (an aristocratic child): 'How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family.'

A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied, 'That is because you are always too long in it, sir.'

When a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway, instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked: 'What is mist?' vaguely responded, 'An umbrella.'

'Lemmy, you're a pig,' said a father to his son, who was five years old. 'Now do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?'

'Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy.'

The latest sweet thing is entitled 'Kiss Me Quickly, Birdie, Darling.' It is described as serio-comic—the serio part probably beginning upon the arrival of the old man.

'Zephaniah,' said his wife with a chilling severity, 'I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon.' 'Well, my darling,' replied the heartless man, 'you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?'

A clergyman, preaching a very dull sermon, set his congregation asleep except a poor fellow, who was generally considered deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking around, exclaimed: 'What, all asleep but the poor idiot!' 'Ay,' quoth the fellow, 'and if I had not been a fool I should have gone to sleep, too.'

A New Hampshire woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported by the Manchester Mirror: 'Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in, he'd go all the suddener.'

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JAMES O'SHEA, Prop'r, May 14, 1880. 3m

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RUSSEL HOUSE

PORT STANLEY,

which he will conduct as a First-class Hotel, and that it will in no way interfere with his Auction business, which he will continue as usual. Particulars next week. April 30, 1880. 16