

# ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

No. 13.

APRIL 9, 1880.

Vol. 1.

## ST. THOMAS REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**CHAS. BURKE.**  
Mailed to Subscribers at \$1 a year in advance.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in the ST. THOMAS REPORTER at the following rates:  
Business Cards, one year, \$ 5 00  
An inch space, each insertion, 0 25  
Full column, per month, 10 00  
Half " " " " 5 00  
Quarter " " " " 2 50  
Business Notices, five cents per line, each insertion.  
Transient Advertisements, five cents per line, each insertion.

CHAS. BURKE.

The following article was unavoidably crowded out last week:—

### AMOROUS ELI.

LOVING LUCAS, A GIDDY YOUNG WIDOWER OF ABOUT 45, MARRIES IN HASTE AND IS BENEADED.

Eli Lucas, a machinist, who works in the C. S. R. shops, had the misfortune to lose his wife a couple of months ago, but Eli not being of a very susceptible nature, did not mourn his loss very long, but to use his own language "Prayed to the Lord to send him another spouse," and he thought that his prayer was answered when a gay young (!) grasswidow made application for the position of housekeeper in Eli's mansion. The widow whose naughty husband is now living with a fair but frail damsel on the other side, and from whom she has obtained a divorce, had been installed in her new position, but about two weeks when the amorous Eli made advances towards her, and she being nothing loth, the loving couple proceeded to the preacher and were made one. The neighbors did not appear to like the idea of Eli marrying so soon after the death of his wife, and a party of the boys showed their displeasure by following the newly-married couple near the Baptist church with tin pans and a stuffed figure. The brave Eli dealt the figure an awful rap, and at once proceeded for a policeman, leaving the blushing bride to be escorted home to the music of the tin pans. Upon Eli appearing at the shop next day he was treated to a serenade by the shop boys, old iron, oyster cans, and other articles being utilized as musical instruments.

### WHY A LETTER DOESN'T GO.

Because you forgot to address it.  
Because you forgot to stamp it.  
Because you forgot to write the town or State on the envelope.  
Because you used a once-cancelled stamp.  
Because you cut out an envelope stamp and pasted it on your letter.  
Because you used a foreign stamp.  
Because you wrote the address on the top of the envelope, and it was surely obliterated by the post office dating, receiving and cancelling stamps.  
And because you put your letter in a blank envelope, and sealed it and forwarded it to—the Dead Letter Office, where thousands of valuable letters are destroyed, because the people are either careless or ignorant of the postal laws.  
And to the above we would add a few reasons why an answer don't come.  
Because you do not sign your name.  
Because you sign it so indistinctly it cannot be read.  
Because you do not give name of post-office.  
Because you do not give name of county.  
Because you do not give name of State.  
Because you write with a pencil, which is rubbed off and illegible.  
Because you write so poorly no one can read it.  
Because you do not enclose stamp to prepay postage on the answer,  
The Boston papers tell of a stage-struck woman who got a divorce from her husband in order to become an actress, failed dismally behind the footlights, returned to her home, and begged to be made a wife again, which was done by remarriage.  
An agent stepped into one of our hotels and pompously said—"I'll bet the treats that no one here can tell what Eve's full name was." "Begorra, I can tell," spoke up an Irishman present. "What was it?" asked the agent, sure of victory. "Her name was Mary Murphy, an Irish girl," replied Paddy, "and you prove that it wasn't!" The agent forked over in silence, and subsided.

## CURRENT CITY CHAT.

CORALLED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

The gasman's delight, 'a moonlight night.

The Rifle Club meet at the Lisgar House to-night.

The streets are to be paved this year—with mud.

Mr. G. W. Boggs has inspected all the Aylmer weights and measures.

The Air Line Boating Club commence practice on Yarwood's Pond shortly.

A large number of Brick Stores are to be erected in the East End this summer.

In the Thornton-Nunn case the Magistrate decided in favour of Harry, and dismissed the case.

Messrs Kerr Bros. have disposed of one of their trotters to Mr. Finley. It was shipped to the other side.

A Sparta maiden never appreciated the power of the Press till she got her fellows arm around her waist.

The License Commissioners meet on or about the 15th of this month, to decide who are the lucky ones to get licenses.

There are seventeen criminal cases in Walkerton Assizes. Mr. C. Macdougall, of this town, conducts the Crown business.

There are men in the East End who are so sharp that they can catch a wink to come and take something before its given to them.

Elijah's word is said to be as good as his "Bond," but his liquors are better than either. Try the "Globe" and be convinced.

One of the saddest things in life would be the sight of "Our Tom," of Parliamentary fame, with a pair of boxing gloves on.

The judge has at last rendered his decision in the Hovey extradition case, and L. Cook Hovey will be extradited unless a high court decides otherwise.

Another indignant cry for the honour of being the handsomest man in town disturbs the elements. A. McKinnon steps forward this time.

The Ball and Supper held at the Mechanics Institute by the Torrent Fire Co. under the management Mr. N. McDonald was a complete success.

It is surprising how many of our young men are changing their boarding houses. Why not bring your collar box along like a little man? Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

We learn that it is the intention of Mr. Fred Walker, Bandmaster of the 25th Bat. Band, to resign. An effort should be made to retain Mr. W's services as he is a first-class cornetist.

Mr. T. W. Crothers, the candidate who was defeated by Dr. Cascaden has announced his intention of "hanging out his shingle" in this town. No doubt he thinks his chances are looming up.

There is every prospect of a grand Southern Counties Fair being held in this town, and the council deserve credit for so generously contributing towards it. The Merchants also are coming forward rapidly with subscriptions.

The Trees are beginning to blossom and leave, and the landlords wish that the "bums" who are blossomed already, would follow their example and leave their places forever.

A wealthy Talbot street man who is also a prominent church member, is said to have contributed 50 cts. towards the Irish Relief Fund. It is perfectly awful the reckless manner in which some men are throwing wealth around nowadays.

Schooner has tried several times to work a plan to escape from the jail here evidently not relishing the idea of going back to Sandusky, but the officers have been too wary for him. He left here for Sandusky, Ohio, this morning.

## POCOCK BROS.

The new Boot and Shoe Store, lately opened in St. Thomas, by the above named firm, has found favor with the people in every quarter. They are undoubtedly selling boots and shoes very cheap, and we would advise all to examine their goods before buying elsewhere.

194 Talbot Street, } 133 Dundas Street,  
ST. THOMAS. } LONDON.

A big joke on Uncle Jake, when Uncle Jake built his hotel he allowed the cornice on the roof to protrude over another man's store, and now the man says he's not going to have any of Uncle Jake's property in his air, so he's making Jacob take the cornice down.

Several interesting cases have been laid over by Chief Justice Wilson until May next; the prisoners who were sentenced to the Penitentiary, young Ellis the horse thief and the Carne's, father and son, were escorted to that pleasant abode by Sheriff's Officers on Wednesday.

The Fingal Dramatic, Debating and Literary Society contemplate giving a performance in that city shortly. No invitations have as yet been extended to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess, and Her Royal Highness is said to feel awfully mortified about it.

Some of the town boys have sweet teeth. A farmer found this out, to his sorrow on Saturday last. When he started for his dinner he left about 40 pounds of Maple Sugar in his wagon, and when he returned there wasn't enough to sweeten a cup of tea.

"Lizzie," said a bashful Millersburg lover to his girl, I want to propose—"Well dear me" interrupted the young lady, "awfully sudden," but ask Papa. The cards are now out, and she'll never know that he was going to propose that they go down to Tom Calver's and have a dish of Pork and Beans.

At the regular shooting match of the Gun Club for the Glass Ball Goblet, that trophy was won by Mr. J. Bake of Port Stanley, he defeating Mr. H. P. Forrest after the two had tied on a score of 9 balls out of 10, each. The tie of the last match was shot off between Messrs D. Barnes and P. Stover, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Stover.

Miss Mary Walker, daughter of Mr. John Walker of this town, who has been teaching in the Guelph School for a long period was presented with an address and valuable gift by her fellow teachers and pupils, to show the esteem in which she was held by them, on the occasion of her retirement from her position. Miss Walker is one of the most popular lady teachers in Ontario.

Some of the prominent citizens contemplate getting the Mayor to call a public meeting shortly to discuss the manner in which the town money is laid out by some of the council. A lively time is anticipated, as the finance and other interesting matters are to be brought up, and the "why and wherefore" demanded. Probably the skilled finance minister will find his hands full in answering the questions pertaining to that department, without interfering with the printing committee, though we trust the matter of letting the printing will be brought up and thoroughly sifted.

### INTERESTING FACTS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.  
A acre contains 4,800 square yards.  
A square mile contains 640 acres.  
A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.  
A fathom is six feet.  
A league is three miles.  
A Sabbath day's journey is 1,155 yards (this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile).  
A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.  
A cubit is two feet.  
A great cubit is eleven feet.  
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.  
A palm is three inches.  
A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.  
A pace is three feet.  
A barrel of flower weighs 196 pounds.  
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.  
A barrel of powder weighs 25 pounds.  
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.  
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

About a year ago, we mentioned that the Alvinston girls had formed a society, each one agreeing not to marry any young man who touched intoxicating liquor. We had been to Alvinston and predicted that there would be a great many old maids in that locality; but we have again been there lately, and we are happy to say we were wrong, and the dear girls are marrying as fast as can be expected; but that society has gone the way of all things, long ago.

While a couple of East End damsels were out airing themselves the other evening they happened to stroll across the Air Line Bridge. It seems they were ladies of very superstitious tendencies. "When people see ghosts" you can make up your mind they have been imbibing or some wicked man was playing a joke upon them, but I should cling to the former idea, as they fell down several times on their way home—at least their clothes spoke volumes. I wonder where that young man, B., was all this time? Boys, let those girls retire; don't tell them ghost stories all night.—Com.

The annual meeting of the St. Thomas Cricket club took place at the Lisgar House on Monday evening. The report for the past year was presented and read, showing a balance of 10 cents in the hands of the treasurer. The following officers were elected: Patron, Rev. G. G. Ballard; Hon. President, Dr. Gustin; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Messrs. B. W. Gossage and J. Mann; President, Mr. C. O. Ernatinger; Vice do, Mr. H. B. Wilson; Secretary, R. H. Smith; Treasurer, A. Jukes; Committee, Messrs. Clarke, Hunt, Bowles, and Scott. The club has been materially strengthened by the addition of several first-class cricketers, and expect to be able to tackle anything this season.

## MARRIED.

We copy from the Ann Arbor Courier of April the 2nd, the following marriage:

Mr. William J. Howard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and Miss Maud Kelsey, of this city, were united in marriage on the evening of the 24th of March, at the residence of Mrs. Mary E. Foster, on West Catharine street. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. H. was engaged for several years in giving instructions in the art of elocution in Canada, as also in our city, and various portions of our State. During her residence in Ann Arbor she has formed many strong friendships, and has become known very favorably; to our citizens in general, as a lady of talent and worth of character. During the last two years she has been a student in the law department of the University, from which she graduated at the last commencement. Mr. H. came from England to St. Thomas, Canada a few years since, in which place he has been engaged in journalism. He is a gentleman of culture and ability. On the evening before mentioned, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the home of Mrs. Foster, where, at the hour of eight o'clock, Mr. H. and Miss K. were united in holy wedlock by the Rev. Mr. Alabaster. A very happy occasion passed, and at a late hour the company left for their homes with the hearty wishes that the pathway of life for bride and groom might be forever one of great felicity.

Mr. Howard, we have known since he came to Canada, about seven years, and a more gentlemanly man we could not wish for; he was connected with us on the St. Thomas Dispatch for several years, and his literary articles were of the highest order. We wish him and his fair bride all the happiness this world can bestow on them.

### SPOILING A ROMANCE.

"What is the matter with you, Henry Walton?" queried Justice Duffy, in the Jefferson Market Court, New York, as he gazed sadly at the pale, blood-streaked face of Joseph Young, who stood before him.

"You don't look as if your path through life were strewn with roses."

"Ah, no; I realize the fact only too plainly, time was when I had ambition, hope, energy, and looked forward to a bright and happy future, but 'tis all past now, and I, alas!—"

"What was the cause of your trouble?"

"Woman."

"Aha!" exclaimed the court.

"Yes, sir; a lovely girl. I was poor. Her father was wealthy, I asked for her hand and was coldly shewn the door by her irate parent. We eloped—married. Within one short year—she di—hid."

He gave way to his feelings at this moment and seemed very sad. Suddenly his honor started and exclaimed:

"Look at me square, young man. Are you not John Dawson?"

The prisoner in his turn started and answered, "The same."

"I thought so. Now you have the face to come around and work off that pitiful tale on me again, eh, when you are picked up drunk. Six months this time. John passed away with one eye shut."

### HE TURNED THE TABLES.

There is nothing like presence of mind, after all. One dark, rainy night last week, old Dr. Botts, who lives on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, was trudging home, when he discovered that he was being dogged by a burly ruffian, evidently intent on robbery. They were in a lonely part of the town, and the man was just at his heels, when the doctor, buttoning his coat up to his chin, suddenly turned back and said to his pursuer:

"Please, sir, give me a dime to buy something to eat. I don't want to get whiskey, indeed I don't; haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the footpad, reproaching his slingshot with profound disgust, "to think, here I've been piping off a d—d pauper for over a mile." And he walked off cursing his infernal luck.

Eight car loads of emigrants bound for the North-West passed through London last night.