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**St. Thomas Reporter.**

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1880.

**IRISHTOWN COUNCIL.**

**AN INTERESTING MEETING.**

A large and influential crowd of electors assembled at the Town Hall, Irishtown, on Tuesday evening last, the occasion of the first meeting of the newly elected council.

The meeting having been called to order, Johny McNearney was appointed chairman, and as he took his seat he remarked that "he was bound to keep order in this meeting be the force of moral suasion in the shape of a hickory club which he produced. The Poll Clerk, Mr. Algernon Page Webb, then came forward and stated that Messrs. Wiggins, Babcock, Jones, Coughlin, McNearney, Little, Barry and Dr. Forbes had been elected councillors, with power to add to their number. Cheers.

It was then moved by Andrew Little, seconded by Johnny Barry, that Andrew Little be appointed mayor for the ensuing year.

Moved in amendment by H. Babcock, seconded by Con Coughlin, that Billy Wiggins be appointed Mayor.

The amendment was carried on the following division:  
Yeas—Messrs Wiggins, Babcock, Jones, Coughlin, Forbes, McNearney and Barry.  
Nays—Andrew Little.

Billy Wiggins said that suppressed emotions, mixed with something stronger, prevented him thanking them enough for the entirely unsolicited honor conferred upon him, although he had been working for it for a long time, he would always endeavor to legislate properly; in spite of Freeman Ellison, Thomas Arkell, or any other man. He then sat down on his plug hat and calmly fell asleep.

Andrew Little then arose and said the council would be sorry for leaving him out in the cold, for he was the most honest, intelligent, active, industrious—Self-praise is no rimidy mattered Johnny McNearney, as he reached for the club, and Andrew silently and sadly sat down.

The council then proceeded to business, the Mayor, being awakened, in the chair, when it was

Moved by Johnny Berry, seconded by H. Babcock, that Aldernon Page Webb be appointed clerk in place of his brother, who left the limits. Carried.

The mayor, in reply to a remark about encouraging manufactures, stated that he had that day received a communication from his friend the President of the C. S. R., asking what inducement would be held out to the company in regard to removing the station and workshops to Irishtown. He also received a letter from G. Swinburne Couse, asking for a bonus to start a Hash Factory (special rates to boarding house keepers and widows), in the city. The writer said that there was an awful waste of dead dogs, cats, &c., in the town, and cited the case of H. Babcock's horse.

The clerk was ordered to communicate further with those parties in regard to the matter.

H. Babcock then said that though he was a man of few words he was a deep thinker, and had long noticed the splendid situation of the city for a harbour for vessels. It possessed all the requirements a man could wish for—but there's no water, interrupted Johnny McNearney, a harbor without water is like death in the house and no whiskey—Mr. Babcock had thought about that and he

Moved, seconded by Dr. Forbes, that the authorities at Port Stanley be communicated with in regard to procuring some.—Carried. After which it was

Moved by Johnny Berry, seconded by Johnny McNearney, that the sum of \$3.75 be granted to the Irish relief fund, and \$1.75 to the Irishtown Ladies' Aid Society.

Just then a silence fell upon the assemblage which burst into one prolonged cheer as Con Coughlin arose, adorned with a swallow-tailed coat and white necktie; after majestically wiping his nose on his coat sleeve, Con said: 'Although I've been absent from yeas for fourteen long months last year, not a one of me but shall hold yeas next me heart, forinist me flannel shirt. I'll always do everything in me power and part out of it to help yeas, though I have rinded me house to some naygurs. In regard to the last motion, Con said he did not see the use of making two bites to a cherry or two drinks to a pint of whiskey, therefore he was in favor of granting the whole sum to

the "Irish relafe," not because he was an Irishman, any wun to hear his spache and name, wud think him a Frinchman, but bekase he thought they needed it more, he would therefore

Move, seconded by Mr. Jones, that \$5.00 be granted to the "Oirish relafe." The amendment as well as the original motion was lost, it being decided to raise money by private subscription.

Sam Doane, an outsider, now arose and asked the Council about getting up a 'Vegetable' Committee, such as the one at Lucan. Sam was instantly seized by a crowd of indignant citizens, and hustled out.

The learned Dr. Forbes made a few remarks about the High principles of Liberty, Parliamentary privilege, and corn's warts and bunions; after which on a Motion of Mr. Wiggin's, seconded by J. McNearney, the Council adjourned.

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**ALE AND LAGER**

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February, 1880. 6-4f

**SLIPS OF THE PEN.**

A dentist is said to be a man who 'spares no pains' to do his work well.

The miser is a man who lives like a beggar because he is afraid of dying like one.

A lie is like a counterfeit bill. It may pass through a great many hands, but it will be found out at last.

There are a great many men in the world who, if they would only take their departure, would take what everybody would gladly give them.

One of the ancient English nobility had these words inscribed over his castle gate. They are worth copying for our own use:—"They say. What do they say? Let them say."

A bore once said to Jerrold, in a company which was discussing the merits of a certain piece of music, "That song, sir, always carries me away." The wit quietly turned to his friends and asked, "Will some one kindly sing it?"

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to go to a shoe store to buy a pair of cheap slippers for her husband and have a clerk try to sell her the identical pair she had just worked for a Christmas present for her minister.

A great many people resemble Louis XI. in their religion. He made to the Virgin Mary a present of the whole county of Boulogne, but retained the revenues thereof for himself. In this equivocal way we are willing to give our lives to the Lord.

The boomerang is an unsatisfactory missile to use, because it is apt to fly back and hit the hand that threw it. There are boomerangs of various kinds, but they are all equally dangerous, and for the same reason.

This story could not be called a misfit if nine out of ten of us should try it on. 'How are you this morning?' said Fawcett to Cooke. 'Not at all myself.' was the lugubrious reply. 'Then,' responded Fawcett, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, 'allow me to congratulate you.'

A poor fellow went to a priest to get married. On being told what the fee would be he pulled out of his pocket about half the required amount and said:—"That is all I have; but you can marry us as far as it will go." When we look into the records of the divorce courts we are convinced that the marriage fees of a great many couples were only half paid.

It is said that Limes plays poker. If report speaks truly it is not always a poker with which she expresses her exuberance of spirits, but any missile, of whatever nature, which on the spur of the moment she is able to lay her hands on. In all this she does not govern her household in a manner so entirely different from other folks that the fact need be commented on.

A Parisian flower dealer recently said to one of his customers, to whom he exhibited a pot with a green stem in it, 'Monsieur, that pot contains a very extraordinary flower, which has just been sent to me from Cochin China.' The connoisseur looked at it gravely for a few seconds and then remarked, 'Ah, indeed! but I have understood that it never blossoms.' 'Never blossoms?' was the reply. 'That's it exactly. If it ever blossomed, don't you see, it wouldn't be a very extraordinary flower!'

Poor relations never allow themselves to be forgotten. They are so happy that you have made a fortune that they all want to help you enjoy it. A gentleman who was keeping a boarding house of this kind complained of the demonstrative affection of his country friends. 'Why,' said a visitor, 'I thought you told me they only came to see you twice a year.' 'And so I did,' was the reply, 'but the trouble is that they stay six months each time.'

At a spiritual seance in Chicago an editor was told that a departed friend desired to speak to him. The connection was made, and the friend proved to be a former country editor who desired to say a few words. He said he desired to inform his old delinquent subscribers who had promised to bring in wood on subscription, that they needn't do it, as the management where he was furnished the fuel. He said they might send ice, however. Volumes could not say more.

**Change of Business!**

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AND

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**BEER WILL NOT INTOXICATE.**

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told so by a German who drank it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses and if he was drunk it was in German, and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enough to state that this man who kept a lager beer saloon, could have no object in stating what was not strictly thus.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head outwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that was so, for I never biled over wus than I did when I got home that nite. My wife tho't I was goin' to die, and I was afraid I should to, for it seemed as tho everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface: and I believe if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have come thundering up too.

O, how sick I wuz! 14 years ago, and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him; but if he shud tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite, but my stummick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over in a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I wern't drunk that nite, I had some ov the most natural simtams that a man ever had, and kept sober.

In the first place it was about eighty rods from where I drank the lager to mi house, and I was over two hours on the road, and a whole busted through each one of my pantalon neez, and I didn't have any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull and hiccupped awfully, and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and, sitting down on a chair, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when I was going around, and sot down a little too soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that come along; and that ain't all, my wife said I was drunk as a beast, and az I said before, I began to spit up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me almighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so; and I am probably the only man living who ever drunk eny when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink any more, it will be with mi mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxicating, but, if I remember rite, I think it tasted to me like a glass of soap-suds that a pickle has been put to soak in.

JOSH BILLINGS.

At a church in a neighboring town on Sunday evening, quite a little merriment was created by the clergyman falling asleep in his chair in the pulpit, before the services were commenced. The congregation were all seated, the organist had performed the opening piece and the clergyman did not move. A loud snore was heard, when a smile ran over the house. The congregation at a moment, when a deacon arose, walked to the pulpit and quietly shook the clergyman's shoulder, when he opened his eyes with surprise and took in the situation. The effect of the eloquent sermon was not very perceptible upon the members of the congregation.

A woman at Stockton, Cal., who had a drunken husband, was waiting late one night for him to come home. The lamp was in her bedroom and she was in the parlor. Hearing a noise outside, as if a man who was drunk was trying to find the gate, she went out and sure enough a drunken man was there. She helped him into the parlor, as she had been used to doing, and placed him carefully on the lounge. After a hard struggle she got his coat and vest off, and then pulled at the boots (as she thought they were), but they would not come off. At length she felt up about the ankles and found that the man had shoes on—something that her husband never wore. Striking a light she saw he was a stranger.