

ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

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ST. THOMAS REPORTER

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CHAS. BURKE.

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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.

CURRENT CITY CHAT.

COLLECTED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

Monday was the longest day in the year.

The fast kid wants to go it while he's young.

And now the farmer gay, is thumping the new mown hay.

Dominion Day on Thursday next. Excursions are the main features here.

Bill, you had better not go down Forest Avenue or you will get chinks first thing you know.

Hanlan's race with Trickott, should it take place, will be "the last rows of summer."

A London firm advertizes for fifty pant makers. How would a number of our ours do!

Father Flannery's pic-nic takes place at the Port on Tuesday next. Look out for a riotous time.

The doors of the Molson's Bank in the East End will be thrown open to the public to-morrow.

The midsummer holidays are now at hand, and the school boy rejoices and is correspondingly happy.

"Not dead but gone beef-o'er," as Bromell & McIntosh said when they shipped a cargo of beef over to England.

At the regular shoot of the East End gun club, Mr. N. Potitt broke 9 balls out of 10, defeating his competitors.

Should the carbonate deposit, supposed to be found up west, turn out as anticipated it will be a great boon to the entire population of Canada.

The C. S. R. cook was observed taking a walk on the Macadamized road one evening a short time ago. Well, what of it! There is nothing mean about that.

Wm. Wegg won the glass ball cup at the regular match of the Gun Club, on Monday last, breaking fifteen balls in succession.

The C. S. R. issue tickets at half fare from all points along the line, on Dominion day. The G. W. R. hold excursions at Fort Stanley and other places.

Robert Sifton was brought before the P. M. on Friday, on a charge of being drunk. The festive Robert was discharged, and departed on his way rejoicing.

The girl lives in Alvinston who has lions on her feet like door knobs, and shoes two stories in height, but still is not prouder than common people.

War against the canine race, undertaken with tags, is to be carried on extensively, and the old dodge of putting the dog in the cellar when the assessor comes, fails to connect this trip.

Mr. Ainsley had the misfortune to break a leg on Sunday last, while engaged in the delightful occupation of trying to catch an escaped pet canary. P. S. — Hered songster escaped.

On Friday a gentleman named Thomas was introduced to his C. S. R. boss with breaking into a the gentleman. For 20 days to come in a facility will exercise his breaking into a wood-pile at the Macadamized road.

Mr. Ed. Smith left town last night for a trip to Europe, combining business with pleasure by going in the employ of Messrs. Caughlin & Regan, cattle and sheep shippers.

Mrs. Patterson, nee Abbott, states that the shooting of her lord and master was purely accidental. Probably Mrs. P. realizes now that the revolver is a dangerous animal to fool with.

The Woman Scout bumping for dust— M. H. — y better let up on steering Miss T. — r out in the bush and working her for dust. Because she wouldn't give up, Mike gave her the shake. He's no sucker.

Geo. Nunn was charged with liquor selling on Sunday, at the Police Court yesterday, but owing to insufficient evidence the case was dismissed. There is nunn better than George in the liquidating line.

The members of the Presbyterian congregation have decided to proceed with the erection of a new edifice, the church now occupied by them not being commodious enough to supply the wants of a fast increasing congregation.

Thirty-two to thirty was the score made by base ball clubs at Yarmouth Centre lately, and the Chicago's seeing the smallness of the score are beginning to practice very hard. They fear losing the championship.

Lads around town have been practising tight-rope walking a great deal, lately. Charlie, son of Mr. P. Butler, terminated his performance on the fence, by falling off and breaking his arm. He is now progressing favorably.

H. Odell was fined \$4.40 at the Police Court yesterday, for teaming without a license. John Wilson, vagrancy, was fined \$3 or 30 days. A queer thing, that, fininga tag. Dave Cavanagh had tackled the flowing bowl till bowled over. Discharged.

There is a time for all things, but the small boy says that the time to stop and argue with the orchard proprietor, in regard to the error of his ways, is not when you've been sampling his cherries, and he's after you with a club.

Now that the question of whom the respective candidates for the Presidency of the United States are, is satisfactorily settled, Irishtowners are breathing freer when they see Mayer Wiggins' name is not among them, and they are not likely to lose his services.

"It's a long lane that has no turning." Alexander Lane was turned into the classic domains of castle Rich for thirty days, on Tuesday last. Alec had been rye wrestling and got floored. James Tehan at the same time was fined \$3 for a like offence.

Peter Dunn and Jas. Murphy, drunks, stood up before his worship yesterday. Peter's work is "dunn" for 30 days as he retires to a secluded spot, far away from the noise and bustle of the busy world for that period. The festive James paid \$2 and departed.

Joseph claims that he was merely endeavoring to initiate his servant maid into the mysteries of the culinary art, when the damsel got her little mad up and tackled him. But alas, we fear Josie belongs to that highly respectable class, the gay deceivers.

A branch of the Molson Bank is to be established in the East End, under the management of Mr. McIntosh, formerly teller in the main bank here. And now Brodie, Jimmy, Mousby, Jake, and other men of wealth will not need to carry their enormous piles around in their pockets.

Some young farmers had imbibed a considerable quantity of bug juice the other night, and while roaming the wilds of their native haunts, Yarmouth, took occasion to enter the house of a defenceless lady, and after using profane and obscene language, dragged the handsome young servant maid out of her bed, *en deshabille*; but became alarmed and fled. They were brought before Wm. McKay, J. P., at the Court House on Wednesday, but owing to their having settled the case with the prosecutors, they were discharged. We refrain from giving their names this time, but look out, boys, in future.

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. }

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

A GAY OLD CITIZEN MAKES LOVE TO HIS SERVANT—SHE GETS ON HER MUSCLE AND THUMPS THE GAY OLD CITIZEN.

A short time ago a certain gallant old gentleman, residing in St. Thomas, taking advantage of his wife's illness, made amorous advances towards his servant girl. Although he is well up in years he still possesses rare admiration for the fair sex, and lets pass no opportunity of displaying said admiration. However, in this instance his passion was, we are sorry to say, not reciprocated, and instead of flying to his arms, the lovely maid indignantly attacked him and gave the gay old buck a severe thumping. He is not so fond of making love now "as he used to was."

FLORAL EXHIBITION.

Immense crowds are visiting the magnificent and superb Floral Exhibition at the skating rink. The rink is beautifully decorated in a tasteful and artistic manner, and the scene which greets the eye upon entering is inspiring and exhilarating in the extreme; a sight which partakes more of the character of a scene in fairyland than in this mundane sphere, while the graceful and handsome young ladies would answer very well for the occupants of fairy bowers. Especially one visitor we observed there, a maiden who was gracefully reclining in flowery retreat, while a No. 10 foot slightly peeped from beneath the folds of her dress. Fancy a fairy with number ten feet. Oh, yum, yum! Cool and shady walks and beds of flowers temptingly display themselves. Cozy retreats, amid beds of roses. Mimic waterfalls gracefully play and desport themselves. All the livelong day and evening inspiring music attracts the ear of the visitor. Gay couples sit in and out among the flowers. The rink is brilliantly illuminated, and shines resplendent, with more light than three hundred and two (302) tallow candles would produce. Distinguished singers raise their voices in glorious song and greatly add to the evening's enjoyment. Flora, the fair goddess of flowers, would revel in such a scene. Lofty, ennobling thoughts present themselves to the mind of the visitor, how unsurpassably great and grand are the marvellous beauties of nature as exhibited here. Then he goes and gets a glass of lager, (sometimes).

The admission fee is only ten cents, but there are very wide doorkeepers, and any person who thinks he can slip in for 20 cents will be caught at it, and severely reprimanded.

Candidly speaking, the exhibition, apart from its beautiful attractiveness, is got up for a laudable purpose, and should meet with the hearty support of the whole community.

A LONG TRIP.—Last evening on the six o'clock train Mr. Frank Cutton and Miss Cassie Cutton, son and daughter of Mr. E. Cutton, proprietor of Strong's Hotel, returned to London from a voyage around the world. The trip was commenced nearly fifteen months ago and proved a very enjoyable one, though not without thrilling perils experienced on the face of the "Great Deep." The travellers are in splendid health though very much bronzed by exposure in southern latitudes, and express themselves as willing to take a good long rest in their native land.—Free Press.

There was a wild scene at a Jersey Church on Sunday. A sensational preacher had given out that he would talk on "The Lessons of the Narragansett Slaughter." There was a large congregation, whom the preacher did his best to delight with horrors. He got along swimmingly until he cried "there never was a greater set of cowards than the officers and crew of the Narragansett proved themselves to be on that occasion." This holy sentiment was too much for much for one of the audience, who rose in his seat and roared, "That is a lie, and you are a liar." It was the captain of the Narragansett who thus spoke, and for that freedom of speech he was carried to a police station, while the reckless parson prayed for him.

The firm of M. T. Moore, of St. Thomas has become possessed of the York Tannery, Aylmer, and will at once commence to put the same in working order. New machinery will be added and it is to be run to its full capacity; besides making the best quality of leather it is the intention to keep on hand a full stock of findings of every description.

A JEALOUS WOMAN'S REVENGE.

John Patterson is the name of an express fireman on the Canada Southern, and a short time ago he was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mrs. Abbott, who resides at the East End. They do not appear to have lived very happily, and the troubles culminated on Tuesday last, when Mrs. P. accused her husband of being too intimate with another woman. After some words had passed the husband started to pack his trunk, declining to live in that manner any longer, when his wife produced a revolver and fired at him, the ball entering his breast and passing round his ribs. He then took the revolver from her and proceeded to a doctor, walking above half-a-mile, where the wound was dressed. He is now progressing favorably, although the ball cannot be extracted.

TILSONBURG RACES.

The following are the names of owners of the horses that took prizes in the races at Tilsonburg, on Wednesday:—Open three minute trot—First, Little Dan, owned by M. B. Morrison, Ingersoll; second, Spotted Colt, owned by Upper; of Dunville; third, Carlton, owned by Smith, Round Plains. Named race—First, Ed. Burns, owned by A. D. Merrill, Tilsonburg; second, Gray Frank, owned by William Waller, Tilsonburg; third, Eden Girl, owned by Becker, Eden. Open trot—First, Hazer, of Brantford; second, Johnny Gordon, of Dunville, owned by Ed. Haney; third, Spotted Colt, of Dunville, owned by Upper. So says the Free Press.

Mr. Sam Shaw's Rettie took third money in the three minute trot, although she does not get credit for it. Mr. Miles Ketchum of this town also had a horse there, but it seems the St. Thomas horses were not given a fair show at all, the greatest of partiality being displayed by the judges, and the tactics resorted to by the drivers in jockeying and otherwise hindering them from doing their best were disgraceful. Tilsonburg will have to resort to more honorable means if they wish to hold successful races. Mr. Ketchum's sulkey was run into and broken, purposely, it is believed. When the Tilsonburg and other sports come to St. Thomas we can assure their horses fair play and impartial judgment.

Doc. Ellison of New York has struck a bonanza in the fast trotting colt, "Trumpeter," which was presented to him by his father, Mr. R. Ellison, of this town, former owner of the celebrated horse "Trumpeter," winner of the Queen's Plate. Driven by Budd Doble, Dexter's former driver, at Jerome Park, the other day, the colt made his mile in 2:18, and promises, when completely trained and a little older to surpass any horse on the American turf.

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