

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1880.

THE LEFT ONE.

Her ways were dashing, Her eyes were flashing— A cast was in the left one; Her waist was slender, Her feet were tender— A corn was on the left one; Her voice was bell-like, Her ears were shell-like— A wart was on the left one; Her talk was witty, Her hands were pretty— A scar was on the left one; Her faults were stunted, Her cheeks rose-tinted— A mole was on the left one; Her head was noble, Her nostrils mobile— A pimple marked the left one; She walked serenely, Her steps were queenly— She halted in the left one; Her hair abounded, Her arms were rounded— A birth-mark marred the left one; Her brow was snow-like, Her eye-brows bow-like— Scant hair was on the left one; Of five fair sisters Straight shoulders, I wist her's Were fairest, even the left one; Four men the rest won, And she, the best one, She was the only left one!

A RHYMING ROMANCE.

A LOVER AND SWEETHEART—HOW THEY LIVED AND ACTED.

He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold—but the truth must be told—he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Barring his vice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said while she dropped her proud head, that it would kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scornor; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter; and we speak but the truth when we say that this youth, could out-sing a hungry musketer. She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud, but not bold—yet the truth must be told—the way she chewed wax was a pity. Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Evanton boys, being calmed by the noise; walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sung like a hungry musketer. So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she chawed, till her heart and her jaws were most broken; then she walked by his store where he stood at the door awaiting some loving token. She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scornor, but to tell truth, she grinned at the youth, who loved the amen corner. \* \* \* They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious; they wooed, they cooed, he talked, she chewed—oh! how she loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he rose to start; the grief cannot be painted; these are the facts: she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choked, then fainted. Her pa appeared; her bean, quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch dog spied his tender hide and bit him where he oughter. The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten. He sings no more, as oft of yore—he gave the girl the mitten. He pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected; her father, kind but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected. His income tax he spent in wax—she smiled and called him clever. She went to work, forgot the clerk, and chawed in bliss forever. People who lock children in rooms where there is a fire and then go away to spend the day should be careful to take a coffin home with them.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

A lady voter of Boston found too late that she had voted her curl papers. When a wedding is put off did you ever notice how the gossips go on? This is leap-year, girls; but it is just as well look before you leap. Train a dress in the way it should go and it will never get under the feet of the wearer. The girls who gets kissed by a young man does not mean it when she says "I like your impudence!" English ladies have recently become interested in the game of football. This settles the narrow skirt business. The ladies think Eve was severely punished for her transgression, from the fact that she never appeared in a nude dress afterward. Some magazine writer says: "A woman becomes sensible at twenty-five. Then the woman is about one hundred and thirty years ahead of some men. Twenty weddings have taken place in the Oneida community since it was decided to pair off. And all parties seem to be happier for it.

A Port Jervis man, blessed with a numerous and rapidly increasing progeny, has offered each of his homely marriageable daughters \$1,000 to catch a husband. Ladies are warned by an exchange net, to put pieces of money in the mouth while counting change. It is not a pretty habit, and it is a most dangerous one. These coins may carry disease. They called it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding. "Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "Oh, no, dear Ma. When Charles is here we always have one chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous. Among the costly novelties in the wonderful trousseau of the queen of Spain is a headress of electric butterflies, in which the colors are true to life, and when worn their wings flutter gracefully.

Thorough tourists and sports-woman discard umbrellas as cumbersome and inconvenient, and in close water-proof ulsters and storm coats, defy rain or snow. It is a great deal easier to wear your umbrella than to carry it. The old custom was that a gentleman who refused an offer of marriage during leap-year was expected to present the lady with a new dress. In these days he prefers to marry her rather than attempt to endow her with a dry goods store in the shape of a modern "new dress."

You may blow your brains loose about the women, you may hoot down the feminine follies of the world, but in nine cases out of a possible ten you will find that man's decided will has done more damage than a woman's pensive won't. It is said that fashionable young ladies of Philadelphia now want to be photographed in theatrical costumes, and some of them "pay fifty dollars for a Black Crook fit-out." Why they should spend fifty dollars and have nothing to show for the money, is difficult to imagine. They already own such a "fit-out." They were born that way—all except the hair-pins and about seventy-five cents' worth of fluff stuff.

An erring husband who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about 1 o'clock, very softly, denued himself quietly, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened from a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for about five minutes when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manoeuvre, said, "Come along to bed, you old fool, the baby ain't there."

An Oil City man was sitting in his parlor reading the other day, when he heard footsteps approaching. "It's my wife," he thought, "and I will bother her a little." So he said out loud, "Well, old girl, why didn't you shovel in that coal, and nail up the back gate. And see here, you've got to est less for I want some money to pay my cigar bills, and you must cut down in household expenses. Besides, wife, I've about concluded to have you take in washing, and—" The door slammed behind him and he reached the window just in time to see a neighbor woman going out the gate, and his wife nowhere in sight. The report in that neighborhood now is that the man's wife is being starved to death to get him cigars; that she does all the menial work, and is obliged to take in washing to get her husband money which he spends at saloons.

ANY LETTERS FOR THE WATTSSES.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the Post Office last Saturday and yelled out: "Anything for the Wattsse?" George Poteet, our polite postmaster, replied, "No, there is not." "Anything for Jane Watts?" "Nothing." "Anything for Ace Watts?" "No." "Anything for Bill Watts?" "No, sir." "Anything for Tom Watts?" "No, Nothing." "Anything for 'fool Joe' Watts?" "No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattsse, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable." The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts!"

WHAT THE GEM MIGHT BRING.

A wealthy gentleman, whose passion for diamonds is well remembered by his friends, was in the habit of carrying about with him a magnificent stone, which he valued at \$10,000. He carried it in his pocket, wrapped up in a piece of paper. One day he dropped into Solom's bazaar, and showing it to the proprietor, asked him what he thought it was worth. The proprietor turned to one of the young ladies who had charge of the 'jewelry counter and asked her what it was worth. She examined it closely, noted its color and weight, and finally said, slowly, "Well if it was a little smaller, I think we might get thirty-seven cents for it."

The 'hardly ever' of 'Pinafore' is certainly a plagiarism. It is taken from the story of an ecclesiastic who was confused by the honor of preaching before Louis XIV. During his discourse he had occasion to say, 'We must all die.' Then, catching breath, he turned in a complimentary way to Louis and added, 'Nearly all of us.'

An old darkey who peddles clams about town, was heard to remark last week, that a horse for which he had paid 75 cents had dropped dead in the shafts on the day after the purchase, and he wound up by saying: 'I's done now, and buys no more cheap hosses. I's gwine to have a good hoss nex' time if I have to go to Rahway and pay \$4 for him.'

'I wish you would keep your mouth shut!' exclaimed Hollemout, the dentist, suddenly losing patience with the patient's predilection for talking. 'All right' said the latter, suiting the action of the word. And then Hollemout asked him if he would be so kind as to open it again long enough for him (Hollemout) to get his fingers out. You never know how to please some men. LAUGHAGRAPHS.

A rich man's son lives on his pap. 'Grinderpest' is a very appropriate name for the toothache. 'Swans sing before they die.' They have to, if they sing at all. If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You cannot make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it. The English have presented Cetewayo's wives with concertinas. Isandula is to be avenged. Oh, unhappy King! The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life. The New York News informs a waiting public that 'poison' does not rhyme with 'raisin.' Neither does pie-crust rhyme with overshoe, and there are lots of other words that don't rhyme. This confusion in the weather, having it cold when it should be warm, and hot when it should be frigid, is undoubtedly the work of our many weather prophets. Their booms have clashed together. I said to my little girl one day: 'What a large forehead you have got! It is just like your father's. You could drive a pony carriage round it.' To which her brother, five years old said: 'Yes, mamma, but on papa's you can see the marks of the wheels.'

'John, what odor is that?' 'Cloves, love.' 'But that other?' 'Allspice, my beloved.' 'But isn't there another?' 'Yes, apples, belovedest.' 'Just one more?' 'Raisins, my most belovedest.' 'Well John, if you would only drink a little brandy, now, I think you would make a good mince pie.'

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY LINE.

CHANGE OF TIME. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

On and after Sunday, Nov. 8th, Trains will leave the St. Thomas Depot as follows: FOR THE EAST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 11.15 a. m., for all Stations to Fort Erie. ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.55 a. m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 1.25 p. m. NEW YORK AND BOSTON EXPRESS, 4.40 p. m., (daily) arriving at Buffalo 8.30 p. m. NEW YORK EXPRESS, 8.30 a. m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.15 a. m. FOR THE WEST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 2.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.00 p. m. ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.3 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo. PACIFIC EXPRESS, 5.00 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo. CHICAGO EXPRESS, 6.15 a. m., (Mondays excepted) for Detroit and Toledo. ST. CLAIR BRANCH, 3.30 p. m., arriving at Court-right 8.30 p. m.; leaves Court-right 6 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11 a. m. ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 6.25 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m. E. P. MURRAY, W. P. TAYLOR, Div. Superintendent. Gen'l Superintendent.

THE UNIVERSAL SUSPENDER. TAKES THE LEAD. IT gives SIDE SUPPORT to the pants which POSITIVELY prevent all strain on the shoulders or buttocks when sitting or stooping. WARRANTED not to slip off the shoulders or pull off buttons. TO BE HAD AT Wm. F. Martin's General Dry Goods Store, who is Sole Agent. 238 Talbot Street, next opera house, ST. THOMAS.

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ETIQUETS OF CONVERSATION.

Do not manifest impatience. Do not interrupt another when speaking. Do not find fault, though you may gently criticize. Do not talk of your private, personal and family matters. Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others. Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly. Do not allude to unfortunate peculiarities of any one present. Do not always commence a conversation by allusion to the weather. Do not, when narrating an incident, continually say, 'you see,' 'You know,' etc. Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, distinct, yet mild, gentle and musical voice, has great power. Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand. Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence never betray it. Do not use profanity, vulgar terms, slang phrases, words of double meaning or language that will bring the blush to anyone. Do not intersperse your language with foreign words and high sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you. Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper. Do not speak with contempt and ridicule of a locality where you may be visiting. Find something to truthfully praise and commend; thus make yourself agreeable. Do not make pretence of gentility, nor parade the fact that you are a descendant of any notable family. You must pass for just what you are, and stand on your own merit. Do not contradict. In making a correction say, "I beg your pardon, but I had an impression that it was so and so." Be careful in contradicting as you may be wrong yourself. Do not be unduly familiar; you will merit contempt if you are. Neither should you be dogmatic in your assertions, arrogating to yourself much consequence in your opinions. Do not feel it incumbent upon yourself to carry your point in conversation. Should the person with whom you are conversing feel the same, your talk will lead into violent argument. Do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, of having been to college, or of having visited foreign lands. All this is no evidence of real genuine worth on your part. Do not use the surname alone when speaking of your wife or husband to others. To say to another that "I told Jones," referring to your husband, sounds badly. Whereas to say, "I told Mr. Jones," shows respect and good breeding. Do not yield to bashfulness. Do not isolate yourself, sitting back in a corner, waiting for some one to come and talk with you. Step out; have something to say. Though you may not say it very well, keep on. You will gain courage and improve. It is as much your duty to entertain others as theirs to amuse you. Do not aspire to be a great story-teller; an inveterate teller of long stories becomes very tiresome. To tell one or two witty, new stories, appropriate to the occasion, is about all that one person should inflict on the company. Do not indulge in satire; no doubt you are witty, and you could say a most cutting thing that would bring the laugh of the company down upon your opponent, but you must not allow it, unless it is to rebuke some impertinent fellow who car. be suppressed in no other way. Do not spend your time in talking scandal; you sink your own moral nature by so doing, and you are, perhaps, doing great injustice to those about whom you talk. You probably do not understand all the circumstances. Were they understood, you would be more lenient. Do not flatter; in doing so you embarrass those upon whom you bestow praise, as they may not wish to offend you by repelling it, and yet they realize that if they accept it they merit your contempt. You may, however, commend their work whenever it can truthfully be done; but do not bestow praise where it is not deserved.