

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

ART THOU LIVING YET?

(The following sweet tribute to a mother's memory is full of tender meaning, and is worthy of the poet-singer who wrote it.)

Is there no grand immortal sphere
Beyond the realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And drive the tears from weeping eyes—
Where winter ends in endless springs,
And June stands near with deadless flow-
ers,

Where we may hear the dead ones sing
Who love us in this world of owers?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see;
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o're me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me shrill
An undertone to care and strife,
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified,
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died;
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be;

But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade,
The waters blow along my way,
But over every light or shade
Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that cannot lie,
And, like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is high,
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

'I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched the shining track
To those green hills of which we dream
Thy loving arms around me twine;
My cheek blooms younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death.
And yet at times my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see—
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

A FAMOUS EYE-WATER.

A COMPOUND THAT BEATS COL. SELLERS
GREAT REMEDY ALL OUT OF SIGHT.

(From the New York Times.)

For ways that are dark and tricks that
are not vain the Yankee peddler can give
the heathen Chinese points. A bright
young fellow who was driven not long
ago travelling country roads with a team
over his arm, selling a little article on
which there was just a trifle of 2,000 per
cent. profit, fell in, down in the wilds of
New Jersey, one day, with one of these
interesting specimens. 'That man,' said
the young fellow, 'taught me more about
peddling in the few days we travelled to-
gether than I ever knew before. He could
turn a jack-knife into a horse and wagon.
Late one afternoon we were making for a
little tavern, kept by an elderly woman,
where we intended to pass the night. The
Yankee, as we passed a little pile of
pebbles, stooped down and picked up two
round white ones, one about twice as
large as the other. 'I am going to pay
for my supper and lodging,' said he, 'with
these two pebbles.' He put them in his
pocket, and I thought no more about
them till, after we had eaten our supper,
we were seated in front of a comfortable
fire—the Yankee, the landlady, and I.
He was a spectacle-peddler, and carried
his wares in a little green box. He had
a charming habit of saying to people
whenever he got a chance. 'Your eyes
are in a pretty bad way. They won't last
you long.' He said this to the landlady,
and she replied that she was afraid that
was true, for they had been troubling
her a good deal lately.

'Then the spectacle-man brought out
the larger of his two pebbles. 'Look at
that, madam,' said he. 'What do you
think of that?'

The landlady said she thought it looked
like any other white pebbles that could
be picked up anywhere. The spectacle
man, laughing at the poor woman's ig-
norance, said if she could pick up a few
stones like that she'd soon make her
fortune. It was a genuine eye-pebble
imported from Germany. 'I make an
eye-water from those pebbles,' said he,
'that strengthens the eye and restores the
failing sight. That stone will dissolve to
nothing in ten minutes in salt and water.'
The old lady was incredulous, and for
some time nothing more was said about
it. Presently she asked: 'Is that eye-
water of yours very expensive?' 'No,' he
said, 'not very expensive.' 'Then,' said
she, 'I guess I'll have to get you to make
me a bottle of it.'

The peddler told her to bring in a tum-

blful of luke-warm water, with a table-
spoonful of salt in it, and a teaspoon.
The articles were soon brought, and the
peddler, dropping the larger pebble into
the glass, began to stir it with the tea-
spoon with great deliberation. For fully
five minutes he continued to stir, the
pebble, of course, showing no signs of dis-
solving.

'I thought,' said the old lady, 'that
that there little stone wouldn't dissolve.'

'It does seem a little stubborn, that's a
fact,' said the spectacle man, 'but the
trouble is you haven't put in quite enough
salt. Just get me a teaspoonful more salt
and it will soon be all right.' The old
lady left the room to get the salt, and the
peddler quickly whipped the large pebble out
of the tumbler, and dropped in the
small one. 'I declare,' said she, when
she returned and saw the diminished size
of the pebble, 'it is takin' hold, after all,
ain't it?' 'Certainly,' said the spectacle
man, looking very wise, and pouring in
the remainder of the salt, 'it will be ready
now in about five minutes, and you'd
better have a bottle handy to put it in,
for it spoils it to stand in the air.'

The landlady had him this time, for the
bottle was standing on the mantle-shelf.
It was necessary to get her out of the
room once more to remove the little
pebble, so he asked: 'Haven't you a
colored glass bottle?' 'No,' she said, she
hadn't one in the house. 'Then,' said he,
'you had better paste some dark paper
around this one, for the light weakens the
eye-water, and in time spoils it. The old
lady went out in the kitchen to hunt
some thick paper, and out came the little
pebble. The eye-water was made.

'Rub your eyes well with this three
times a day,' said he, as he corked the
bottle, 'and by the next time I come
around you'll have a new pair of eyes in
your head.'

Next morning, as we were about to pay
our bills, the landlady enquired how much
she owed for the eye-water.

'It will be a dollar for the pebble, just
what it costs to import them from Ger-
many,' said he. 'I won't charge you any-
thing for making it.'

A dollar was just what he owed the
hotel. He and the landlady were 'square.'

INTERVIEWING AN ACTRESS.

Maybe the reporter didn't know how to
interview an actress, and maybe that's
why he had so much trouble. Having
sent up his card and been admitted to her
presence, he stated his business, and she
said, languidly: 'I'm sorry you've come;
I don't fancy you newspaper men, and
hate being interviewed.' Maybe he knew
this was just said for effect, and that she
wouldn't miss the interview for a heap,
but he replied, 'Oh, well, then, I won't
trouble you. Sorry I intruded. Good
day.' However, she got to the door first
and said, 'Oh, now you're here, I'll
oblige you.' And he answered, 'Oh, no;
won't trouble you for the world.' 'But
it won't be very much trouble.' 'Well,
never mind; I don't care particularly
about it.' 'But—but—in—fact—it will
be a pleasure. I only object because re-
porters always ask the same questions,
and then don't print just what you say.'
'Well, I'll try and do better than that,'
and they seated themselves. Then he
asked: 'How did you celebrate your 34th
birthday?' 'Eh?—jumping up—' 'What
d'ye mean, sir?' 'You're a mean wretch to
ask such a question!' Steps on her lap
dog—addresses dog. 'Drat your pet,' get
out!' Then she observed him writing,
and asked what he was doing. He re-
plied: 'I promised to print exactly what
you said, and I have taken down your
very words.' 'About the dog?' 'Yes.'
'Good gracious! You won't print that?'
'I will.' 'But that wasn't meant to print.'
'Can't help it.' 'Oh, but it won't do. You
mustn't. Let's begin the interview, now.'
'Very well. Which do you prefer as an
advertisement? Being robbed of dia-
monds, run away with by a back, or
having a divorce suit?' 'Sir, I—I—don't
do such things! I never heard such ques-
tions!' 'I promised to vary the list you
said had become so monotonous. How
many husbands have you living?' 'See
here, if you don't stop this, I'll send for
one of 'em. That is—please state that I'm
not married.' 'Just so. Do you shave
your head?' 'Sir; of course not! Are
you crazy?' 'No, ma'am. Which is your
favorite liquor?' 'Do you wish to order
some sent up? Of course you won't say in
the paper that I ever take anything.'
'Look here, ma'am, I was to print just
what you said.' 'But I don't want you to.'
'It must be done.' 'Well, then, if you
don't ask me if the audience everywhere
are as enthusiastic as they are here, and
what I do with all my bouquets, and if I
don't almost feel that I ought to be in a
boarding-school instead of on the stage,
as I'm so young, and if I don't find it
very embarrassing to have all the men so
madly in love with me, and several bank
directors committing suicide because I

won't marry them—if you don't ask me
those questions, I won't say another
blessed word! So there! And if you
print what I've said I'll sue you for libel!

QUEEN'S HOTEL, opposite C. S. R. R.
Station, St. Thomas, Ont. This house
is open night and day. Hot and cold Baths
at all hours. B. F. QUINN, Prop'r.

Firemen Attention!

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
St. Thomas Fire Brigade will be held
in the Town Hall, Tuesday, 23rd inst., at
8 o'clock p. m., for the election of a chief
and two assistant engineers.

W. F. MARTIN, Chief

EAST END

WOOD YARD

M. M. MUIR

is prepared to

DELIVER WOOD!

to any part of the town,

Wholesale and Retail

at the following prices:

Single cord, block wood, \$2.00

Ten cords and upwards, 1.75

per cord. 16 and 18 inches in length.

Yard, next to Gordon's Livery
Stable.

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LADIES'

and

GENTS'

VISITING CARDS

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AT THE

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Call and See Samples.

Society Cards

a Specialty.

WANTED

A NEW GOOD MAN sell Genuine
Sewing Machines. Special in-
ducements to good men. Apply to The
Singer Mfg Co., 207 Talbot Street, St.
Thomas. 8-1m

JOSEPH LAING, & SON,

AUCTIONEERS,

Accountants, Conveyancers, &c.

Office—Over the Imperial Bank, opposite
the Division Court office, Talbot Street, St.
Thomas. Books made up; accounts and
rents collected; titles searched and convey-
ances drawn promptly, and on reasonable
terms. Also servants' registry and general
intelligence office.

Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents
Insurance Companies.

\$20,000 to loan at reasonable rate
for five, six, or seven years.
unrenewable if satisfactory. 4

Caution to Farmers!

Timely Warning!

FARMERS AND OTHERS BRINGING
any article to market for sale must first
come on the market and pay their fees,
otherwise they will be prosecuted. Parties
purchasing produce of any kind from a far-
mer without first going to the market, will
also be liable to prosecution. Therefore,
both buyer and seller, take warning, as it is
my attention to carry out the law.

FRANK BOGGS,

Market Clerk.

St. Thomas, March 1st, 1880-7tf

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

ALE AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'RS.

February, 1880.

6-tf

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FOR

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Posters,

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Sale Bills,

&c., &c.

Important to Gardeners.

FOUR ACRES OF LAND, suitable for
a Market Gardener, to rent or for sale,
on the London and Port Stanley Gravel
Road, adjoining the Roman Catholic Ceme-
tery. Apply at this office.
St. Thomas, March 1880. 9-tf

A STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

Mr. Joseph Quigg and his horse Billy
serve a milk route in New York city for
the Borden Condensed Milk Company.
Mr. Quigg has been on the route for over
eleven years, and Billy no more than three.
Many customers take milk twice or three
times a week. They are intermingled
with those who receive it every day.
While Mr. Quigg is serving a customer,
Billy passes on to the residence of the
next person, crossing the street whenever
the schedule requires. He seems to do
this as a favor to his partner. Not long
ago Mr. Quigg lost his reckoning on a
customer in Macdonald street. He order-
ed the horse to stop at the door on Tues-
day. The animal paid no attention to the
order, knowing that Wednesday was the
regular day for serving the family. Mr.
Quigg yanked Billy by the check rein,
and forced him to stop. The man of the
house came out and remarked that it was
not his usual day for receiving his supply,
but as the measure was filled and the milk
ready for delivery he would take it, and
Mr. Quigg might pass him by on the fol-
lowing morning.

On Wednesday morning Billy marched
up to the house and stopped. His friend
Joseph followed along the sidewalk and
ordered him on. The horse refused to
obey the order, tossing his head in a
manner that indicated that he thought
his friend was labouring under a mistake.
Thereupon Mr. Quigg sprang into the
waggon, and was forced to severely lash
Billy. Before the horse started the head
of the family interfered, and protested
against the cruel treatment of the dumb
animal. Mr. Quigg told him to attend to
his own business. The gentleman did so
by visiting the office of the company and
entered a complaint. The result was that
Billy got the better of his friend Joseph,
for Mr. Quigg was discharged and the
horse was retained in the service of the
company.

The matter was set right some weeks
afterward, and Mr. Quigg was again em-
ployed. The two friends got along quite
smoothly for some time, when the horse
again got Joseph into trouble. He was
crossing Charlton street, while Mr. Quigg
was serving a customer behind him. On
nearing a livery stable a waggon approach-
ed the horse from an opposite direction.
Its occupant wanted Billy to pass him on
the left, so as to give him an opportunity
to drive into the stable. Billy, however,
insisted on passing to the right, as the
law directs. A collision occurred, and
the livery stable waggon was broken. The
owner complained to the company. Mr.
Quigg's explanation, however, coupled
with Billy's well-known disposition,
convinced the superintendent that Joseph
was not to blame, and he retains his
situation. In both cases the friendship
of the horse was nearly fatal to the in-
terests of the man. Since that time,
however, the friends have served the
route and themselves faithfully. Mr.
Quigg implicitly trusts to the memory of
Billy, and Joe and Billy may be seen
walking up Charlton street any forenoon,
Sundays excepted, as happy as May flies.

The Brown family lived near Indi-
apolis. One of their hands, named Hunter,
had \$300 of savings in his trunk when he
left the place, but no trace of that or him-
self was ever found afterward. He had
no friends, and nobody took the trouble
to make any particular inquiry. The
Browns said he had gone West, and about
that time they plowed their garden for
no apparent purpose. A miner from
Colorado came into the neighborhood,
wearing \$600 in a belt. He boarded with
the Browns awhile, and then, they said,
departed for the East, and the Browns'
garden was plowed again. A physician,
who was known to carry a considerable
amount of money in his pocket was missed
from the neighborhood. He had been
seen going towards the Browns' house,
but never coming away, and the garden
was plowed once more. The idea has at
last struck the neighbors that the three
men have been murdered and ploughed
under, and the garden is to be searched.

'How do you get on with your wife
nowadays?' was the question asked on
one of the boulevards. 'Splendidly,' was
the reply, 'we have just discovered a
secret and it works admirably.' 'And
pray what is it?' was the next question.
'Why, you see,' was the reply, 'my wife
and I are never at home at the same time.
When she comes in, I go out, and when
I come in she goes out. The plan works
admirably, and we are both very happy.'