

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1880.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Southern Counties Agricultural Association was held in the office of the Secretary, M. J. G. Graham, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Conise moved, seconded by Mr. Disher, that the exhibition of the Southern Counties Agricultural Association be held on October 5th, 6th and 7th. Carried.

Mr. Spohn moved, seconded by Mr. Still, that the tender marked No. 1, signed by A. & M. Barns, for bulding and furnishing material for fence a \$2.65 per rod, be accepted. Carried.

Mr. Disher moved, seconded by Mr. Mickleborough, that the President, Mr. S. Day, be inspector over the erection of the fence, and that the acceptance or rejection of work be left to his decision. Carried.

Mr. Disher moved, seconded by Mr. Still, that the contract contain a stipulation to the effect that the fence must be completed by May 10th, 1880. Carried.

Mr. Disher moved, seconded by Mr. Mickleborough, that the members of the East and West Ridings of Elgin be asked to present the request of the Association to His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise that they may be pleased to accept the invitation of the Association to open their new grounds and buildings, and that the President attach his signature to said invitation. Carried.

Mr. Disher moved, seconded by Mr. Still, that a committee composed of Messrs. Spohn, Conise, Evely and King be appointed to construct a half mile track on the grounds, the same to be completed by May 20th, Mr. Spohn to be chairman of the Committee. Carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

BANK STOCK.

Translated from the original Latin.

Many a "hic" was heard, many a desperate cheer, As those bummers down E. street hurried;

With labor they bedded him at dead of night, No bedcloths around him entwining;

No useless night shirt confined his breast, Nor in sheet nor in quilt they wound him;

Few and short were the prayers they said, And they laughed, not thinking of sorrow;

And thought of his "ledgers" to-morrow, They smiled as they laid him alongside of "Fred";

And thought what he was in past summers; How the widow would "cuss" when she saw her spare bed

Infected by those noisy bummers, People may talk of this "bum" that is past,

Not all of this difficult task was o'er, When they shouted the widow was coming;

That they'd catch h—l for their bumming, Quickly those bummers all struck for their bed,

From the room where our hero was snoring, They thought not a whit of his morrow's big head,

As over his ledgers he's pouring, Michael Donnelly, the member of the Donnelly family who was killed at Waterford, once turned the tables very neatly on a constable who was sent to arrest him on a charge of a trivial character.

It being late when the officer arrived, he decided to remain at the house all night, and after handcuffing the prisoner, locked him in a room and remained inside to watch him;

One of the handcuffs being loose, Mike managed to get his hand out, and procuring the key, took off the other and quickly slipped them over the hands of the sleeping officer, he then made his escape.

He voluntarily gave himself up a short time afterwards, and no evidence being forthcoming, he was honorably discharged.

Our reporter visited Alvinston recently, and was shown a sketch of a new style of Ten Pin, which is to be used at the East End Bowling Alley, in this town.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Correspondents are requested to write plain, so as not to give the compositor much trouble. If not it will be rejected. Do not write with pencil.

MR. EDITOR.—This is an age of nice distinctions among females, as to who hold or think they hold a superiority over others in society, and their demeanor, towards their own sex, as well as the male portion of the community, is becoming more disgusting every day.

There was a time, not many years ago, when this was unknown, at least in our Town, and when every lady respected those she knew, no matter what their position, rich or poor, high born or low, so long as they were honorable and true women.

Mr. Editor.—The little reporter of the Times seems to consider it his especial mission to stick his nose into other people's business. As to the morals of the Town I am of opinion that the officers are capable of looking up offenders without aid or suggestions from the Times, and further I can safely say that none of the said staff has ever done anything to elevate the standard of morality; on the contrary if one who lately left here would return and settle the bills he owes a certain bagnio in town it would help the frail Demi Monde to pay their fines incurred partly on his account, and if the reporter himself would call around and settle certain little Billiard, Whiskey and other accounts, it would rejoice the heart of mine host. I speak whereof I know.

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A woman gives in a San Francisco paper her impressions of Salt Lake as follows: "There are hordes of women in shaker or slat sun bonnets and calico dresses—scant in length, breadth and thickness; whole tribes of half grown boys and girls, hoodlums with hardly an exception; young men, sullen and vicious looking; young women, care worn and degraded; every woman with a baby at the breast and two or three hanging on her skirts; more half blind and lame than I ever saw in all my life. But the grave of Brigham is dilapidated to the last degree. Not a wife has planted a shrub or seemingly shed a tear. A common place, flat little granite slab marks the spot where the great prophet rests."

A drunken man was swaying unsteadily in the street, when a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail ran between his legs. The collision was so forcible that the man was upset, and the dog ran off minus a piece of his tail. The man got up, bewildered, rubbed the bruised end of his spinal column, picked up the dog's tail, and then soliloquized: "This is (hic) unfortunate? Never before knew or suspected that I had such a thing as a tail till I go and fall down and break it off. Might have made a (hic) fortune zibitin' myself as a man with a tail. There'd been millions in it—millions (hic) in it! Jis my luck. Whenever I get a good thing it's always gone before I (hic) find it out."

Robert Duncan, a brakeman on the C. S. R., when in the act of coupling cars at Iona Station, on Monday last, had his hand and wrist badly smashed. He was brought to St. Thomas and placed under the care of Dr. Smith.

FIVE CENTS FOR A WIFE.

John Bombe, a fidgety, short, dark-haired German, shuddered as he confronted his wife Lena at the Jefferson Market police court, says the New York Telegram. Lena had a black eye and a determination to send John to state prison. John was silent and sad.

"He plack mine eye chuge, and uf I don't cull der police I vas purdy soon der vineow out," said Lena, after kissing the bible.

"Dot's not so. She's not mine wife, said John.

"Vot! Mein Got, yust hear vot he says, chuge."

"Nein, chuge, I sold dot voman two weeks ago."

"Sold her," exclaimed his honor in amazement. "And how much did you get for her?"

"Fife sends, und dot's a goot brice for de kind of article she vos."

"Who bought her?"

"Yust vait und I tolt you. Mein friendt Fred Beyer, meet me py a saloon unt says, 'How you vas Chon?' I says 'purdy vell,' und he say, 'how is your vife?' und I said, 'she vas healdy; would like to pought mine Lena?' 'I geef you fife cenes for Lena,' he says, und I sold her. Now she can sday mit him."

"Did he quarrel with her?"

"Vell I don't know boud dat, but she makes dings so poody hot dot he prings her back py me in vone week und says he vants de fife cents, cause her brice vas doo high."

"Well, what would you like me to do now?"

"Leef me gone oud by dees blace."

"Go."

John started and Lena after him, but he was two blocks away when she reached the door.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

"Mr. Swipes, won't you split a little wood and go and borrow a brass kettle before you go up town?"

"What in thunder do you want me to do that for?"

"Cause I want to preserve some cherries to-day."

"Cherries?"

"Yes, cherries?"

"That's just like you, Mrs. Swipes. You're always spluttering and fooling around with some nonsense like this."

"Nonsense—well, I guess you like preserves as well as anybody."

"I don't either."

"If you wasn't too lazy to split the wood you'd like them."

"Mrs. Swipes, now do be sensible. You know this preserve business costs money for sugar, fruit, cans, wax, firewood and the duce knows what all. But some way or other you never think of expense, for you're always buying ribbons, ruffles, and flumadiddles; but when I want anything, such as an easy chair to rest my weary bones—oh, no, I can't have it, because you have spent all the money for duds to put on your own back."

"Now you think you've said it. Oh, no, you can't spend any money, but I spend it all. If that's so, where do you get money to play pedro and come home to the bosom of your family stone-blind drunk? Don't deny it, Swipes, for you know somebody blackened your eyeglasses the other day, and you was so drunk you thought it was midnight, and came home with a lantern in your hand in the middle of the day. You talk about squandering money."

A woman gives in a San Francisco paper her impressions of Salt Lake as follows: "There are hordes of women in shaker or slat sun bonnets and calico dresses—scant in length, breadth and thickness; whole tribes of half grown boys and girls, hoodlums with hardly an exception; young men, sullen and vicious looking; young women, care worn and degraded; every woman with a baby at the breast and two or three hanging on her skirts; more half blind and lame than I ever saw in all my life. But the grave of Brigham is dilapidated to the last degree. Not a wife has planted a shrub or seemingly shed a tear. A common place, flat little granite slab marks the spot where the great prophet rests."

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ADVISORY.

My dear reader do you ever allow yourself to sit upon the ragged edge of melancholy, and let your feet hang down, down, down into the deep, dark, yawning chasm of despair.

If you do, you must quit it, it is a pernicious habit. And if continued in some day your feet will drag you off the ragged edge and precipitate you upon the suicide rocks below. And then the coroner will come and sit upon you, and six solemn-looking men will seriously inspect the cork-screw, with the point broken off, that will be found in your pocket—together with the three bladed knife that you borrowed of a friend the week before—and after shaking their heads mournfully will bring in a verdict that you are dead, when you ought to be down town licking a postage stamp for a business letter, or getting shaved, or ordering a barrel of flour and a few bushels of potatoes sent up to the house.

Perhaps you are troubled with the other extreme, and go wandering blindly along the labyrinthian ways of hope, stopping occasionally to lean your weary frame against the mile post of fancy, imagining that you feel new life, new aspirations springing into being. If so, I say stop and examine yourself, and the chances are you will find it is only the end of your pocket-knife that has worked its way through the corner of your pocket and is kissing with its cold lips the warm young flesh that clothes, and rounds and beautifies the glutens minimus muscle of your anatomy.

Or, if none of these, perhaps you are troubled with the poetic craze, and find yourself floating among the purple clouds of imagination, or leap from the pinnacle of common jingle, to the lofty heights of rythm and back again to pinnacle. This is dangerous pastime, and should be guarded against, or some day in lighting from a fight, you will strike a worldly corn against a worldly rock, and go limping back to the seclusion of your every day life to hunt up a corn plaster, and renounce the poetic world forever.

INGERSOLL BEFORE A JURY.

The following anecdote is told about Bob Ingersoll's power over a jury: A farmer was on trial for murder. He had shot one of his neighbors dead. The evidence was conclusive as to the killing and who did it; but it could be construed to show that the slayer might have cause to think that he was acting in self-defence. When Colonel Ingersoll was addressing the jury he drew a poetical picture of his client's wife and children at home—he had refused to allow the wife or children to be present, as a less skilled advocate would have done—and then he said that even at that moment the loving wife was standing at the door, with the sunlight on her face, waiting to welcome her husband back to his fireside, and the little boys were swinging on the gate looking from time to time along the road, expecting to see him come, and jump into his arms and kiss him. "And won't you let him go home?" he asked. The jury was listening with moist eyes, and leaning forward in their seats. The foreman, a great sturdy farmer, with tears running down his sun-brown cheeks—as if the question had been asked for immediate information—nodded his head and said, "Yes, by thunder, Bob, we'll let him go home to 'em." Ingersoll had not half finished his argument, but he sat right down at once. The prosecuting attorney made a long speech in reply, but of course it was of no use—the defendant was unanimously acquitted.

BRISKET OF BEEF STUFFED.—A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion, chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing between the fat and the lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth, pin the beef up very tight in it, and boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices and eaten cold.

BEEF KIDNEYS STEWED.—Cut two beef kidneys in slices, and lay them in a stew-pan; put in two ounces of butter, and cut into very thin slices four large onions; add them with pepper and salt, stew about an hour; add a cupful of rich gravy to that extracted from the kidney; stew five minutes, strain it, and thicken the gravy with flour and butter; give it a boil up. Serve with the gravy in the dish.

David Turnbull, a switchman, while coupling in the yard of the C. S. R. on Sunday last, was badly bruised between the cars, his ribs broken and otherwise injured. Dr. Smith is taking care of him.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.



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.

FOR THE WEST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 8.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.00 p. m.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.8 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

PACIFIC EXPRESS, 5.00 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

CHICAGO EXPRESS, 5.15 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.

DOMINION HOTEL, TALBOT STREET. St. Thomas, opposite C. S. R. Shops. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHELL, Prop'r.

FOR

OYSTERS

Cooked in

Every Style.

Go to the

DELMONICO.

MEALS

at all hours,

at the

Delmonico

Dell McCready.

ST. THOMAS MARKETS.

St. Thomas, Feb. 26, 1880.

Table listing market prices for various goods including wheat, flour, and meat.