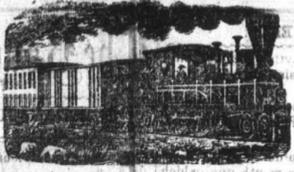


ROUGH NOTES.



N. W. BATES, Editor & Publisher.

"Live and let Live."

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 3.)

ST. THOMAS, C. W., TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1865.

(NUMBER 13)

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Chas. Askew,
ADDITIONER. Sales in Town or country promptly attended to. Charges moderate. 1

H. BORBRIDGE,
SADDLE, Harness and Trunk Maker. Shop in the old stable, nearly opposite the Town Hall. Heavy and light Harnesses always on hand or made to order. Repairing promptly attended to. 151

LEATHER! LEATHER!
THERE is nothing like Leather! Moore, Brown, manufacturers of and general dealers in Leather, Harnesses, Saddles, Trunks, Valises, &c. Shop opposite the Post Office, St. Thomas. Orders promptly attended to. Harnesses of every description constantly on hand. 117

D. Drake's Livery Stable.
If you want a stylish horse and buggy, or a good saddle horse, go to Drake, in rear of the Town Hall. Charges moderate. 11

COLE'S HOTEL. John Cole, proprietor. Talbot street, St. Thomas, C. W. 2

W. C. VANBUSEKIRK, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN SURGEON, &c. Office and residence in the old stand adjoining the Apothecaries' Hall, Talbot street, St. Thomas, C. W., Aug. 17, 1863. 27

John R. McCartney,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office—Melville Buildings—West End, Talbot street. St. Thomas, Sept. 24, 1863. 33

TURNER'S

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE SHOP
Opposite the Town Hall, ST. THOMAS, C. W.

BRITANNIA HOTEL,
WALLACETOWN. The undersigned having purchased this Hotel, and fitted it up in a comfortable manner, is now prepared to give every attention to those patronizing him. His table will at all seasons be furnished with the best the season affords, and his stables with plenty of good hay and oats. Every attention paid to travellers. A call is solicited. THOMAS LUTON, Wallacetown, Nov. 21, 1864. 3471

LEE'S DISCOVERY.
For the sure cure of

Summer Complaints!
DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY. Prepared by Prescription, by the undersigned. Dose.—Adults, one table-spoonful every two or three hours. Children in proportion. Children under two years, half a tea-spoonful every two hours. Strike well before using. Price 50 cents per bottle.

J. P. MARTYN, St. Thomas, C. W.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

THOSE IN WANT OF
A Good Suit of Clothes!
WELL MADE.

CALL ON "SIMPSON"
He Will Fit You.

HE DEFIES COMPETITION
As to neatness of style, durability or Workmanship. He does not run on prices in order to gain custom, but is still willing to live and let others do the same.

Garments cut according to fashion, or to suit the taste of the wearer. Remember the shop is adjoining the store of J. H. L. BEGG, Aug. 10, 1863. 26

CALEDONIA HOTEL, St. Thomas,
C. W. Joseph Smith proprietor. Excellent accommodations, charges reasonable. Situated on the London and Port Stanley road. 151

AT MORPHY'S,
DUNDAS STREET,

LONDON.

GENUINE BRAZILIAN

PEBBLE SPECTACLES

OPTICAL GLASSES,
Of all kinds.

GLASS SHADES,

Wade & Butcher's

RAZORS!

Rogers' Cutlery!
A large Assortment of

CHEAP CLOCKS!

Looking-Glasses, Toys, Fancy Goods, &c.

Watch Repairing

Done on the shortest notice and Warranted.

Pianos for Hire!

A. MORPHY.

London, March 20, 1865. 51

Take a Drive and see Ketchum
at
The Widdifield House!

ON the Gravelled road between St. Thomas and Pt. Stanley. The House is only half an hour's drive from St. Thomas, it is well furnished, and affords every comfort to those patronizing him.

THE BAR
will at all times be supplied with the choicest wines and Liquors, and every attention given to visitors. Take a drive and see me. 5716

ARTEMUS WARD'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

"Twas a calm still mite in June.—All serene silence. I sat with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pasture. We'd been romping through the wood's kulling firs, and diving the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Well, we sat there on the fence, a swinging our feet two and fro, bushie as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was first painted, and lookin' very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was cocked ballensin myself on the fence, while my rite was woundid lovingly round her waste. I cleared my throat, and tremblingly sed, 'Betsy, you're a gazelle.'—I thot that was patty fine. I wanted to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she sed, 'You're a sheep!' Sez I, 'Betsy, I think very muchly of you.' Says she, 'I don't believe a word you say; so there, now, cum!' with which observa hun she hunched away from me. 'I wish there was winders to my sole,' said I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins. There's five cuffs in here,' said I, striking my buzzum with my fist, 'to bite all the corn beef and turnips in the neighborhood.' She bowed her hed down and commentid ebawin the string of her sun bonnet. 'Ah, could you know the 'sleepless nites I worry' threw on you account, how vittles has seized to be attractin to me, how my limbs has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gaze on this wasin form and these sunken cheeks!' I should have continued on in this strange probly for some time, but unfortunately lost my ballensin and fell over into the pasture, Karsinsh, tearin my cross and severely danagin myself generally.—Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in double quick time and dragg'd me 4th.—Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed: 'I won't listen to your noncens no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hunched, I'm in!' I considered that air euff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immedgetly to the parson's, and was made 1 that very nite."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The Newcastle (England) Chronicle says:—
"A most remarkable case of suspended animation has occurred in Newcastle.—One night a boy named Batey, about twelve years of age, went to bed after partaking rather heartily of some rhubarb tart. Next morning about six o'clock he woke in great pain, and his father used some simple remedies to remove the pain, but his efforts were of no avail, and shortly afterwards the boy apparently died.—Preparations were made for the funeral, and the father went to the registrar office to obtain a certificate for the burial, but this the registrar refused to give, as no medical gentleman had seen the lad while he was ill, and there was nothing to show what had been the cause of death. The father was recommended to go to the coroner and see if an inquest should be held, and thither he proceeded.
Mr. Hoyle, after hearing the particulars of the death, ordered a post-mortem examination to be made; and Mr. W. S. Rayne, surgeon, was sent for on Thursday morning. Mr. Rayne was, however, out of town; and as the case was represented to be urgent,—the body would not keep this hot weather,—Mr. Bush (Mr. R's assistant) got Dr. Carr to undertake the duty of ascertaining the cause of death. Dr. Carr and Mr. Bush, with their implements of dissection, and accompanied by the father of the deceased proceeded—two days after the lad had died—to the house of mourning, where had been left the body of the deceased lad, with all the symbols of grief around it. But conceive the father when he beheld his son, who had been dead as he thought two days, standing in the doorway as if nothing had

happened. There was nothing ghastly about him. He did not appear like one who had visited the other world, nor like one risen from the dead, but he stood with the utmost unconcern and with every sign of health and life about him. The astonished parent could scarcely believe his eyes, and the doctors almost began to think that they were hoaxed. The lad told his own tale. He knew nothing about his narrow escape from being buried alive. All he knew was that he had been asleep, and on awakening, as he found no one in the house—his father was looking for the doctors, and his mother was out, probably making the arrangements for the funeral—he got up, and feeling very hungry, looked about for something to eat. Finding some eggs he cooked them and afterwards went out, in happy ignorance of his narrow escape from the grave and the surgeon's knife. Mr. Bush said that it was a good thing that he had come to life when he did; if he had been but half an hour later he would probably have been killed, in the attempt to ascertain why he had ceased to exist.

Varieties.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

When is a woman like a watch?—When she is capped and jewelled.

A practical joker never keeps his friends; he sells them.

When are gloves unsealable?—When they are kept on hand.

When does a man look like a cannon ball?—When he looks round.

Why is blind man's buff like sympathy?—Because it is feeling for others.

A tradesman, to support a costly habit must have a profitable custom.

Fashionable Gossip.—Crimoline is going out; so ladies dressers will come in, in proportion.

Men in battle nearly always shoot too high; they should avoid such oversight.

What is that which has got feet and nails, no legs, toes, or claws?—A yard measure.

Boy—"Please, sir, tell me the time?" Crusty old gentleman—"Yes, sir, bedtime."

Why are women who eschew matrimony like railroad trains?—Because their failure to connect, occasions many disappointments.

Music is one of the most effective means for getting married. Many a man is warped into matrimony before he well knows what he is about.

That was a smart youngster who, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

Purity is no great protection in this evil world. There are no pigeons—ask the farmers—upon which the hawks often pounce than the white ones.

"Oh, You Nasty Thing!"—What omission of duty would probably be a sore point with an Italian Catholic? Neglecting a Festa. [Exit horrid creature.]

Puzzling.—The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question:—"Did you ever see a person pare an apple or pear with a pair of scissors?"

A young lady who had been severely interrogated at court by an ill-tempered counsel, observed on leaving the witness box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by cross-examination.

A Western editor having an eye upon a rival city probably, took occasion to vent his opinion, when another editor replied, and drew out the following neat apogy:—"In the meantime, if we have said anything that we are sorry for we are glad of it."