

St. Thomas Reporter.  
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

TO THE LADIES.

When bills are long and credit low,  
And things are bad as they can be,  
And banks go down with sudden blow,  
And nought is sure—but penury!  
When "Pater" in his private den,  
Looks sad and savor as a bear,  
Because his funds are low—O then,  
Dear ladies—of your debts beware.

Your gorgeous rows of new silk stuff  
Will surely "do" a second time!  
Of hats and bonnets, you've enough!  
Your jacks too are in their prime.  
No need to "run up little bills,"  
Because your hat are not yet paid,  
Nor multiply a thousand ill

By bringing others to their aid!  
You see how "Pater's" rugged brow  
Is scamed with lines of care and grief  
The cause is plain—and even now  
His case seems quite beyond relief.  
His income—just five hundred pounds,  
Is nothing when a thousand's due.  
Things ready are beyond all bounds,  
The reason, ladies, lies with you.

"So many wants," you always say;  
So many things we have to buy;  
And money runs so fast away,  
That we can't pay, (although we try);  
And so the bills just grow and grow,  
Like mushrooms only not so good,  
And "Pater" paces too and fro  
His sanctum in a horrid mood!

I think you sometimes might refrain  
From buying when you cannot pay  
The reason is so very plain!  
That "money runs so fast away!"  
Restrain expenses—stay at home;  
Make "Pater" happy if you can;  
And then whatever crash may come,  
"Pater" will be an honest man!

THEIR WEDDING NIGHT.  
HOW IT WAS SPENT BY AN UNSOPHISTICATED BRIDEGROOM.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.  
A bridal couple from one of our neighboring towns, recently married, went to the thriving city of Springfield, Ohio, on their bridal tour. They arrived at the Lagonia House, in that place, about nine o'clock in the evening. The bride waited in the ladies reception room while her liege lord went to the office to register his name and for the first time to write with ink and wife. The police clerk was notified of the fact that he was a fresh and newly married man, and the bridal chamber was accordingly assigned them. The groom retired from the office accompanied by a servant, and with his bonnie bride retired to the bridal room. In about half an hour the affable clerk of the "Lagonia" was surprised to see the groom walking into the office, and still more surprised to notice that he deliberately walked to an easy chair in a dark corner and seated himself with a disappointed and determined sort of air. The clerk waited for some minutes, all the time wondering if there could be any reason for the groom's conduct so soon have been a family row. He watched the young husband closely, endeavoring to discover by his actions the cause of his so suddenly and soon retiring from the bridal chamber which contained his fair young bride. But his watching was in vain. There sat the groom, in the shadow of a pillar, quiet and calm. Finally the clerk's curiosity became so great that he determined to interview the young man about the matter. Approaching him in a respectful manner, he said:

"My friend, pardon me, but I don't understand why you have so soon left the bridal chamber. Has anything serious happened?"

"Oh, no," said the young fellow; "I'm in an awful modest girl, and she said that she couldn't retire as long as I was in the room. I told her that she would have to get used to it sooner or later, and she might as well commence the first night. But she said 'no,' and pleaded so hard and with such love looks that I couldn't refuse her, and at her request left the room and came down here."

"Well, what are you going to do?" said the curious clerk. "You don't propose to sit here all night, do you?"

"No, sirree! You bet I don't. I promised that as soon as she got undressed she would turn the gas low and then ring the bell. As soon as I heard it I was to go to my room. I will sit here, and if you will please tell me when the bell-to my room rings I will be obliged, and I will go up."

"All right," said the amused clerk; "when your bell rings I'll tell you," and, so saying, he left the newly-made husband. Time rolled on and an hour passed. The young fellow anxiously came to the desk and inquired over and over again, if his bell hadn't rung; and when the answer came, "No, sir," he looked trembled and anxious. Finally he settled himself in

an easy chair, and soon the clerk heard his sonorous snore. The night passed and daylight came, but the ball of the bridal chamber had not so much dinkled once all night. At six o'clock the day-light clerk came on duty, and the groom, who had been sleeping soundly, was awakened. He rubbed his eyes, yawned and stretched himself, and in a confused manner, exclaimed, "Where am I?" Then recollecting the condition of affairs he angrily said: "Look he, Mr. Clerk, why in the devil didn't you rattle me up when that 'ar bell rang?"

"Well, sir, it didn't ring!"  
"No, sir."  
"Not once?"  
"No, sir; not once."  
"What! not once during the whole night?"  
"No."

"Well, that is darned strange. By gosh, I don't understand this business. I'll go to the room and see Jennie, and find out what the devil she means keeping me down here all night, and off he started. At 12 o'clock he entered the dining room with bright-eyed Jennie on his arm, and they sat down to dinner. After the repast Jennie went to her room, and her handsome and now happy husband repaired to the office "to explain things to the clerk."

"Look here," he said, in a confidential tone, "don't say anything about this to any one, for Jennie feels awful bad about it; but the truth is, she went to turn the gas down low and turned it out. This frightened her so that she jumped into bed pulled the covers over her head, and was afraid to get up again to ring the bell; and beside, she didn't know where the bell was. Said she thought I'd come every minute, and waited and waited until she fell asleep. Poor girl, she nearly cried her eyes out about it. I didn't like it much at first, but then she felt so awfully sorry, and was so sweet and nice, and made it all right you know; so I don't blame her. She said I needn't leave the room to-night; and I don't propose to, either, you bet."

LIFE-SAVING RULES.

SOME HEALTHY MAXIMS TO BE PASTED IN THE HAT FOR USE IN EMERGENCIES.

Don't you love to read the maxims which some wise man writes for the newspapers, useful rules which are intended to save human life and alleviate human suffering? There is always so much practical common sense in them. Here is a batch for instance:—

"For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing and dash water in them."  
This is especially useful when you are on the cars and there isn't a drop of water in the country nearer than the engine, or the next lake, forty-three miles behind you.

"Remove cinders with the point of a pencil."  
We never saw that operation tried but once, and, then it was successful. The man got out the cinder. He also put out his eye.

"Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear."

Yes, that is pretty advice, now, isn't it? Suppose an Indian Peace Commissioner gets an insect in his ear when he is out in Colorado! Is that man to suffer until he can reach the Mississippi River in order to get enough water to fill his ear?

"For light burns dip the part in cold water, if the skin is destroyed cover with vasoline."

A beautiful spectacle a man would present who had gone up on a boiler excursion in a steamboat race, and come down scalded just enough to make two coats of furniture varnish a necessity according to this admirable rule.

"Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and stoop low."

Just imagine, now, what a circus a smoking car would present if every man who entered it kept that rule posted in his hat.

"Smother a fire with carpets; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger."

That's all well enough, but when a man's house is on fire and burning faster than three steam-engines can throw water he hasn't the time, and frequently hasn't the money, to buy a whole carpet store to throw over the conflagration. And we don't suppose anything less than a tapestry Brussels would do any good.

"For fainting, lay the body flat."  
Now, that is a good rule; there is some sense in that. Because, if you are excited to lay your body flat before you faint it may save you a terrific thump when you fall. Let us add to this rule the advice: Never faint on a ladder, in a balcony, or on the top of a church steeple, or in front of a runaway team. It isn't safe.

"Stuck poisonous wounds, unless your

mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or better cut the wound out without delay." If that isn't a lively piece of advice for a sane man to give to healthy people! Listen here—don't you do anything of the kind. And if you get a scratch on the throat don't enlarge it or cut it out. And if you get a wound on the back of your neck, don't you try to reach in with your mouth. Somebody will try that some day and there'll be a broken neck in the family!

"If in the water, float on the back, with the mouth and nose projecting." Now, this is the best rule of the lot. That is the cap shaft. You cut that out and paste it on your cut, where you can always see it. Just follow that rule and you will never drown. No matter if you stay in the water twenty years, if you will just float on your back, with the nose and mouth projecting above the water, you won't drown. We don't know what wise man wrote those rules, but the last one is worth all the rest.

The driver of the baker's cart should have known better than to cuff the snub boy who pinched his horse, for when the man went into the "palace dining-rooms" the small boy took a big stone and knocked out the staple that held the bar across ten big pie drawers in the baker's cart. Presently the baker's man came out of the restaurant, wiping his mouth, jumped on his seat and started briskly down the street. At the first jounce the bar rattled down, a drawer slid out and a big apple pie, after chattering about for a few seconds, hopped into the street; then two squash pies lit on the crossing with a spunk, and now the other drawers slid out and pies, turnovers and tarts made a descent of the street, to the delight of the small boy. At last the shouts of teamsters arrested the career of the baker's man, and, looking back at two blocks of pastry, he piously exclaimed, "Well, I'm home, and probably he was when he got home."

A young man who apostatized from the Mormon faith was at the request of his mother, buried on Sunday, at Salt Lake City, with Mormon rites. President Taylor, Brigham Young's successor, preached his funeral sermon, in which he said, "He has gone to hell, where he deserves to go." At these words his mother shrieked: "My God, my God, my only son, and to think his only fault should thus be made public!" and there upon she fainted. President Taylor exhorted himself on the ground that he wanted to stop the apostatizing of young Mormons. But if he sincerely believes what he said, what need of apology? It is doubtful, however, if the young Mormons who have sufficient strength of mind to become Gentiles will be badly frightened.

"Beggars can't be choosers," says an old adage. A gentleman writes that a beggar got into his hall the other day, and chose from the hat rack forthwith three hats, one umbrella, and his new overcoat.

IMPORTANT SALE  
OF A  
VALUABLE FARM  
AND  
Farm Stock and Implements.

J. G. NUNN  
DUNCAN ZAVITZ

has received instructions from  
to sell by auction on

Monday, February 23rd, 1880,

Lot No. 10, 4th Concession, Township of Yarmouth, containing 75 acres, more or less, sandy loam, clay bottom, 55 acres cleared; a quantity of Fall Wheat in the ground; good Frame Dwelling House, stone cellar and new kitchen. The barns and outbuildings are in first-class condition. A splendid opportunity presents itself on this property for the formation of a Trout Pond, without water at all times of the year. The farm is situated 14 miles from Union, and 6 miles from the rising town of St. Thomas. At the same time will be sold the following:

- 1 span Harness, 1 three year old Colt, 1 yearling Colt, 6 Cows, served; 1 Cow, calving; 2 yearling Heifers, 1 Sow with Pigs, 1 Yearling Pig, 1 Domestic Pig, 1 Lumber Wagon, 1 Bow, 1 Sledge, 1 Horse Rake, 1 Bob-sleigh, 1 Farming Mill; Ploughs and Brags, 1 set double Harness; 2 sets single Harness, and all the Household Furniture.

TERMS.—Terms of the Farm will be made known at the time of sale. For the Farm Stock and Implements, \$5000 under cash; above that 9 months' credit without interest. Approved Joint Notes without interest, amount of 8 per cent. for cash on all sums of \$10 and over. Possession of the farm will be given 1st April. Sale to begin at 1 p. m. The farm will be sold at 2 p. m.

J. G. NUNN,  
Auctioneer for the Town of St. Thomas and the Counties of Elgin, Middlesex and Kent.

Parties paying a Years' Subscription receive 25 Visiting Cards, mixed, with name on.

Subscribe for the "St. Thomas Reporter." One Dollar a Year, in advance.

PROSPECTUS

St. Thomas Reporter,

BELIEVING that the extraordinary growth and rapid development of the Town of St. Thomas and surrounding country—both in wealth and population—has been amply sufficient to warrant the establishment of another journalistic venture, the subscriber has decided to inaugurate a new departure in this connection.

In accordance with this design, therefore, the St. THOMAS REPORTER will make its debut in the arena of journalism about the 15th inst., and in point of mechanical execution and variety of contents will brook no superior. It will be a twenty column sheet of four pages, and will be published, at present as a weekly journal, issued from the office of publication every Friday at noon, thus being enabled to give a concise summary of the more interesting doings and sayings which may transpire in the vicinity during the week.

The personnel of the new candidate for public favor will be of a somewhat novel nature, the leading characteristics being Personal, Society and Sporting, in addition to which Local matters will be made a specialty. The term Personal in this sense must not be interpreted as signifying anything scurrilous. So far from it, that nothing calculated to injure or even attack the private character of any citizen will be permitted to find a place in its columns without the most exceptionally justifiable cause and only in the public interest, and the tone throughout will have a tendency to promote in some measure the morality and well being of our embryo city. The Society news will comprise an epitome of the happenings and gossip circulating in the higher and more exclusive circles, and the Sporting column will be replete with the very cream of matters invaluable to those of sportsman-like proclivities, selected under the supervision of a person well qualified to speak thereon.

A not unimportant feature will be found in the local news, which will contain a correct, unbiased and thorough digest of everything of local interest which may occur to be thought worthy of presenting to its readers, and special attention will be devoted to this department. Municipal matters will be handled in a fearless manner, and the artifices and shortcomings of those who hold the public welfare in their trust will be freely ventilated, while its columns will always be open for a frank and candid discussion of matters pertaining to the administration of local affairs.

The subject of politics will be rigidly excluded, as well as questions involving a religious phase. But the character of the St. THOMAS REPORTER may be typified in a brief aphorism, "Independent in Everything; Neutral in Nothing." It will comment on matters generally in its own peculiar way, owing allegiance to no sect, clique, or ring, fearless in indicating the right and exposing trickery and hypocrisy of whatever stamp, while honesty and upright dealing will ever have a warm advocate in it.

With these lofty aims and intentions the St. THOMAS REPORTER will be submitted to public criticism, confident of running a successful career, and of securing the approbation and sympathies of the better class in the community.

The subscription price has been placed at the exceedingly moderate figure of One Dollar per annum, and the REPORTER will also be disposed of by newsboys at the public thoroughfares.

New features and improvements will be added as popular patronage may warrant, and finally a candid inspection and disinterested criticism is all we desire. We will do more than command success, we will deserve it.

CHARLES BURKE, Publisher.

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