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**St. Thomas Reporter.**

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1880.

**WHAT A LOVE LETTER.**

We have read love letters heretofore, and, mayhap, have written one or two, but for sublimity we never saw anything to compare with the following, which we clip from an exchange:

"MY DEAR SALLY:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill thro' it like spanish needles thro' a pair of tow-linen trousers. As a goslin swimwith with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking brush and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumber; and borne on their invisible wings your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled like a bumble bee in a glass tumbler.—My eyes stood open like cellar doors in the country towns. I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drunk in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.—Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my bootstraps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thought. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chancelier's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig arrieth from his bed and gruntheth and goeth for his usual morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his drowning flight at sultry noon-tide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum elastic my heart seems to stretch clear across, my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen.—Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting cohorts of ants in old army crackers. With their fire hit me full on my manly breast, it permeated my entire anatomy, like a load of birdshot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parisian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingars on your lips like honey on a bears paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like young blue birds out of the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the windharp's strains, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. Away from you, I am melancholy as a sick cat. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of old butter, Switzer cheese, or a kick of a mule; it is purer than the breath of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song bird hangers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the tray, a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet; sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses; brighter than the top knot plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, pound cake, and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will die away like a poisoned bedbug, and in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings

his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear, and toss a cloud upon the last resting place of—  
JAKE.

**LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.**

THE QUICK MATRIMONIAL BARGAIN THAT A MINNESOTA FARMER STRUCK.

The St. Paul Globe says: Last Wednesday a well-to-do farmer named John Gorman, the proprietor of broad and cultivated acres a few miles from St. Cloud, visited this city to take in the sights and do some personal business. On the day named he encountered an old acquaintance named Garrah, who did the agreeable by extending the stranger his services while in the city. In the course of conversation a revival of reminiscences took place between the friends, during which the subject of matrimony came to the front, both men expressing regrets that in the course of mutable concerns their lives and usefulness were still eclipsed by the lines of single blessedness. As the conversation proceeded reference was made to a sister of Garrah's, who for several years past has been living an honorable life in the house of the Good Sheppard under the protecting care of the good sisters. Mr. Gorman expressed a desire to call on the young lady, and with this object in view both men started for the institution. The young lady, Miss Maria Garrah was highly pleased with the call, and Mr. Gorman's admiration for the young woman was unbounded. Before leaving the institution he took the brother aside and expressed himself completely smitten, at the same time requesting liberty to propose. Mr. Gorman explained that he was the proprietor of a large farm under perfect cultivation, with a good house, fourteen cows and as many horses, and unlimited poultry, everything, in short, but the presence of a loving wife and helpmate. Mr. Garrah said, "no one holding you." He proposed and was accepted instantly. It was explained that urgent business required his presence at home the next morning, and that if convenient he should be pleased to have the ceremony take place that very afternoon. Still there was "no one holding him," and the young lady started down town for her trousseau, meeting her intended on the street, as was afterwards explained without a recognition. About sundown the parties repaired to the German Catholic Church, where a modest ceremony took place, immediately after which the newly-wedded and happy couple left this city for their home.

**A SHARP TRICK.**

A short time ago Pat Murphy was arrested on the C. P. R. line for selling liquor. He was brought to Rat Portage by the constable, and there the pair went to bed, Murphy lying next the wall. Murphy snored and the constable snored, but presently Murphy's snore dwindled away to a mere nothing, and still the constable blew an undiminished blast. Then Murphy gently crept out of bed and fled, while his place was taken by a pal. The constable awoke several times through the night, and feeling a man beside him, slept peacefully on. In the morning he found out what had been going on, and started after Murphy, whom he followed forty miles, and eventually captured. Murphy was fined \$100.

John Nevins was a fireman on the Evas and Osceola Railroad in Michigan. A log was chained to the track one night, and his locomotive was wrecked, killing him instantly. His widow sued the company for \$5,000 damages. While the suit was pending a good looking young fellow made her acquaintance, professed to fall in love with her, and made a marriage engagement. Having confidence in him Mrs. Nevins told him that the log was placed on the track at her request, she desiring to get rid of her husband, while they were to have all the money that could be gained by a lawsuit. The wooer induced her to repeat the story in the hearing of concealed witnesses, and then had her arrested. He was a detective in the company's employ.

"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?" asks a paper. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from California; if it's a good one, he is apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

Law is like a sieve—you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

**RAILWAY FASHIONABLE SHAVING**  
and Hair Cutting Parlor, opposite the Wilcox House, East End, St. Thomas. Our motto: to please. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. In hair cutting we excel. D. W. Deacon. W. Hyslop. 3

**For Sale.**  
FIRST-CLASS NEW YORK SINGER Sewing Machine; used only a short time. Will be sold at a bargain, as the owner has no further use for it. Can be seen at F. H. Ferguson's Cigar Store. 1

**Boards Wanted.**  
A FEW GOOD BOARDSERS CAN BE accommodated with comfortable board at 41 Kains streets within three minutes walk of both stations. 5-4in

**JAMES WHEATLEY,**  
CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER  
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House.  
Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice.  
Jan. 15, 1880. 1-3m

**T. ACHESON,**  
CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER  
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining Peewarden's Hotel.  
In order to suit my customers, I keep on hand the very latest style of boots. All work left at my shop will be done in the best style of workmanship, equal to any in the Dominion.  
Jan. 15, 1880. 1-1y

**JOSEPH LAING, Jr.,**  
Accountant, Conveyancer, &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 conveyances drawn promptly, and on reasonable terms. Also servants' registry and general Intelligence office. 4

**BUILDING LOT**  
FOR SALE.  
FOR SALE, beautiful building Lot, one-fifth of an acre, situated on Queen St., opposite the residence of Capt. Sieg. There are on the lot several choice fruit trees—apple, plum, pear, peach and smaller fruits, in variety. For terms, &c., apply at the office of this paper. 3-1f

**Reiser's Brewery,**  
ST. THOMAS.  
FIRST-CLASS

**ALB AND LAGER**  
in wood and bottles.  
WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'RS.  
February, 1880. 6-1f

FOR A  
**First-class Wagon**  
Go to 76 Centre Street.  
If you want a First-class  
**Delivery Wagon.**  
Go to 76 Centre Street.

**Platform Work!**  
of all kinds made to order.  
Repairing done as usual.  
J. HILLIS.  
St. Thomas, Jan. 23rd, 1880. 2

**SHORT ENDS.**

America—Fodderland.  
A perfect fit—A lazy fit.  
Important if true—A wife.  
Fashion—Successful affectations.  
Singular—To see a garden walk.  
To make an ox lie down—Axe him.  
Grasshopper short-cake is a Chinese dish.  
Blunderbuss—Two girls kissing each other.  
A scandal monger is a person to admire.  
A clerical error—Preaching a long sermon.  
Are men who fix counters in boots counterfeiters?  
Job was probably the first doctor, as he had patients.  
Never bother a brooding hen. You may spoil the set.  
Can rivalry between churches be called a steeple chase?  
Flat-irony—Knocking a man down with a railroad spike.  
If a baby is born on the fourth of July, will the sky rocket  
A mosquito is always ready to put in an appropriation bill  
Jonah is reported to be the first man who struck oil.

In the language of the base ball field, matrimony is a tie game.  
The man who was 'driven to despair,' made his way back on foot.  
There is sound sense, of course, in a blacksmith striking for wages.  
Yoh can't tell the bent of a girl's mind by the bend of a hat she wears.  
What makes a boy crazy is to see another boy offered a cigar by his father.  
Winter bonnets are small, say the fashion papers. Yes, but not the price.  
'Keep your powder dry.' Yes, by all means, but don't put it in the oven.  
Thou nature clothes the horse with his coat, tailors frequently clothe an ass.  
The woman who does fancy work very often don't fancy work at other times.  
Farmer's toast—Fortune's field—shuffle the cards as you may, spades will win.  
The lady who can decline verbs can't always decline an invitation to the opera.  
When a boarder tears her curtains, Mrs. Smithers put it down as extra rent.  
An Irish gentleman speaks of the Mississippi river as 'the father of McWaters.'  
Sampson was a strong man, yet we doubt if he was able to lift a big mortgage.  
The young gentleman who has been living in hope, has just moved into a French flat.  
The fellow who wants to know what will bring out his hair rapidly, should get married!

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.  
'That puts a different face on it,' said the swindler when he raised a check from \$20 to \$200.  
A goose as an elephant's trunk both grow down. Make your own conundrum out of the fact.  
Why do all would-be-wise people try to look stern? Because the wisest of them was a solemn-un.  
See here, girls—why not call a spoony young man 'Rainwater?' Rainwater is soft, you know.  
'It is easier to raise a beard than raise a dime,' said a young St. Thomas citizen, who has stopped shaving.  
John the Baptist saw quite a number of things at Patnos, but he didn't schedule a walking watch.  
If pumpkin pies were small they might be alluded to metaphorically as the sleeve buttons of autumn.  
Cast-off stove-pipe, cut in slices, makes very handsome bundles for ladies' wear. It just soots them.  
A man may be a splendid marksman, and still miss the hickory nut and knock the nail off his thumb.  
To reconcile the useful and agreeable beat your mother-in-law's clothes while they are on her back.  
The English dragons are merciless on the Zulus. When they ask for 'quarter,' they cut them in two.  
You may crush, you may brush your old coat if you will, but the smell of the camphor will cling to it still.  
A correspondent wants to know what to do when a dog shows signs of hydrophobia. We should climb a tree.  
It was a wide and cunning Jew who said 'I tell you vat it ish, I buys my experience fresh every day.'

Having traced a number of Hibernians to a Greek origin, Dr. Hopkins wittingly remarks that Irish bulls were once calved in Greece.

**\* COMPARING EXPERIENCES.**

'What do you say about having stolen these chickens, Mary?' said Justice Wandell, of New York, the other day to a prisoner as held up by the legs a pair of lanky Shanghais.  
'Sure, I found the pair on the sidewalk.'  
'Right near a butcher's shop?'  
'Just in front of the very same.'  
'And you couldn't think who owned them?'  
'Divil a bit did I think at all, for I walked away wid them without spakin' to anny wan!'  
'But, Mary, this gentleman here (pointing to the complainant) says you stole these chickens from inside the shop?'  
'Well now look here, Judge,' said the woman with emphasis, 'if anny wan was there when those chickens was taken, 'twas meself. I seen the whole thing, didn't I? I say I didn't take those chickens. If I'd wanted chickens I could have got a pair that looked more as if they'd been alive wonst.'  
'I never found a pair of chickens on a sidewalk, Mary,' observed the magistrate. 'Three hundred dollars bail for trial.'

**SPEAK KINDLY.**

A young lady had gone out to take a walk. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.  
'Please, Miss, will you buy something from my basket?' said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, needle-books, watch-cases, etc.  
'I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day, said the young lady. 'I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty.'  
She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl; and then as she passed, she said again, 'I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day.'  
'Oh, Miss,' said the little girl, 'you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better.'  
That was 'considering the poor.' How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

**COULDN'T MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND.**

She was a stylish young lady, of about eighteen years, and to accommodate a friend, she took the baby out for an airing.  
She was wheeling it up and down, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along, and enquired for a certain person supposed to live in that street. She nearly yelled yer head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, and caught sight of the baby, and said, 'Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?'  
'It isn't mine!' she yelled at him.  
'Boy, eh? Well, he looks just like you.'  
'It isn't mine!' she cried again, but he nodded his head, and continued:  
'Twins, eh? Where's the other one?'  
Despairing of making him understand by words of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.  
'Yes, yes, I see. 'Tother twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?'  
She turned from the perambulator, and hurried the other way, but he followed, and asked:  
'Do they kick about much at night?'  
'I tell you 'tain't mine!' she shouted, looking very red in the face.  
'I think you're wrong there,' he answered, 'children brought up on a bottle, are apt to pine and die.'  
She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it, he came up and asked:  
'Have to spank 'im once in a while, I suppose?'  
She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the perambulator through the gate and said:  
'Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—'  
But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house, he called out:  
'Hope insanity won't break out among the twins.'

A two-legged brute says the height of good luck is to bury your mother-in-law the day before you are married.