ST THOMAS REPORTER.

JULY 9, 1880.

No. 25.

ST. THOMAS REPORTER PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

CHAS. BURKE. Mailed to Subscribers at \$1 a year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES

Advertisements will be inserted in the THOMAS REPORTER at the following rates: Quarter Business Notices, five cents per line, each nsertion.

Transient Advertisements, five cents per line, each insertion. CHAS. BURKE.

CURRENT CITY CHAT.

COBALLED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

The grangers are getting enough of that s'weet by-and-by, now.

Neil, of the 10th concession, lot 16, should beware of balky colts.

What's ir. a name, anyway ? One of our noisiest councillors is called "Still."

Mr. A. Caughell, at a game of nine-pins, made 12 scores in succession at the Excelsior Alleys.

No arrangements have as yet been completed for holding the annual pic-nic of the Air Line employees.

Prompt attention is the watch word at Vogt's new jewelry store, next the post office. Superior workmanship.

How about that saucepan ? Now, see here, Jack, when you bring down those spoons it will be all right, maybe.

Beer must have a very exalting influence, as they have to keep a "Copp" all the time in a St. Thomas brewery.

St. Thomas possesses vevery facility for holding good races. We should like to see some of our sports take the matter up.

Over two hundred applicants for admission into the High School, presented themselves for examination last week.

That C. S. R. yardsman had better keep his eye on that little Tailoress or she may give him, the slip. . Better quit the yard and try for a job at the kaoka factory.

Cola, that young lady from Buffalo is here now, therefore you need not take any interest in the races. Look out, Cole, for your best girl.

Clark, I'se de oldest barber in de town. Don't give Chalk-eye so much music on the street. She says you are the slickest talker in town.

That young man with the Nellie fever is very fond of riding on the train. Take care, lyoning fellow, some one else in the catch the fever while you are away. When are you going to have another sore toe?

A London man is said to have fallen from a large brick block and escaped unin jured. Persons who do not ibelieve this will please remember that the story comes from London.

The Fingal town hall is to be enlarged. This is the hall of which a person truthfully remarked "You could sit in the furthest back seat and shake hands with the man of the platform."

Matrimonial -- It is rumored that an Air Line brakeman will shortly join his fortunes with a gushing and beautiful widow. He is then going into the cuttingup-ham business.

No. 11,232, the cook of a Quebec boat. Lighting fire with coal oil. Flowers and solemn decorations. Gone but not forgotten. Another warning to our servant "gals" who daily light the fire with kerosene.

Wrecks would not occur if St. Thomas boys had the authority over the vessels the smallest of them can manage a schooner. Lager beer, sellers will see into this anyway.

Now that the first of July is pake away, the next question which disturbs the tranquility of the public mind is, when shall our civic holiday be.

There is a prospect of a large number of American visitors being present to witness the lacrosse match in the park between the town club and the Indians, which takes place shortly.

A handsome basket satchel, containing a School Book, has been left in Trinily Church some time ago. The owner can

Jack S., the baker, and his ward, hill-is partner; should be cautions how they promenade with tall females, as by looking up at them some fine night they might get meonstruck, and the mooney business is a terrible thing. Beware boys.

it by applying to the sexton.

We understand that John, of the dan McKillop, having disposed of a large quantity of daied apples to one of the clan Cameron, expects to take the cake awarded at the Irishtown fair for the finest sample of fruit

Mr. Gordon informs us that ever since the recent bathing expedition of the Irish-town Council the water in the pond near his residence has turned very black. Never mind, Thompson, they only do that sort of thing once a year, you know.

Parson Graves has left for Florida. He proposes to do missionery work amongst his colored brethren of the South. His eloquence will be sadly missed by the L. D. S. in this town. He leaves a handsome grass widow behind, and the colored bradern of the church are greatly consoled thereat.

The members of the B. M. E. church, encouraged by the flattering reception tendered them at their recent, entertainment at the town hall, are, we believe shortly to give another grand parlor concert, at which no doubt the elite of the town will assemble.

That high-toned young man you observe with desperation and fearful anguish plainly imprinted in his countenance, is not contemplating suicide, not a bit of it; he has only been tackling the green bat enticing apple, and is sadly troubled with bel-ah-stomachache.

Raspberries have made their appear ance in town and the festive somews and red men are dany mgging palls of luscious fruit around town. The principal quantities of berries are gathered along the C. S. R. line, but even in Irishtown they are Johnny Berrying.

There is some talk of forming a social club at the East End, to be called the "East End Truthseekers," the object being to see who can tell the biggest lie. Brodie, Jake, Jimmy, Mousby, Reddy and several others are interested. Full particulars shortly.

The citizens of St. Thomas who were formerly residents of Uncle Sam's Dominions celebrated the glourious fourth, or rather fifth this year in a quiet manner.

Mr. R. B. Davey, formerly proprietor of the hotel now occupied by Mr. S. Martin, has been visiting his friends in this vicinity, this week.

When the Town Council appoint their next Auditors it is to be hoped they will shoose between Individuality and Spirituality: If they take this little hint they will choose the former and omit the latter.

There is one room left in the Londo Anylum for one of our Councillors, the Workingment's friend Don's all guess a

Nelson W. M. the very next time you get up so early in the morning to shoot off your blunder-bus-gun at poor old Tom and Fanny Oats, use an air out, and not disturb the whole parish, otherwise Jim Mace will be after you.

We have received the first number of a new paper entitled the Ridgetown Standard It is twenty-eight columns in size, presents a neat appearance, and it is creditable to the publisher, Mr. Johnston. We hope the inhabitants of Ridgetown will give it that encouragement which the enterprise deserves.

Dick, don't open telegrams any more, a Jack read the message and met the party at the depot, but it would not work Jack, you had better stay at, home and take care of the blonde, and leave that other fellow's girl alone, as she is preparing for a wedding. Wonder who is going to be best man ?

The Brantford Grand River Camp Meeting commences on Friday July 16th, On Saturday 17th, reduced rates from St. Thomas and all intermediate stations by way of Loop Line to Tilsonburg. One half rate tickets good till July 26th. It is expected Henry Ward Beecher will be present on Wednesdey. The following "a name of the P. ecetive Com-tee: Thos. McLean, Esq., J. Van mittee Gleet, Esq., B. H. Rothwell, Esq., J. R. Kerr, Esq., W. S. Wisner.

House breakers are beginning to appeal in town. Mr. D. Ferguson was awakened the other evening by hearing a suspicous

QUEER COUNCILLORS. MESSRS STILL AND HUNT.

VOL. 1.9

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FOLLY OF AF-POINTING MEN OF LITTLE INTELLI-GENCE AND LOTS OF SELF-CON-CEIT TO IMPORTANT POSITIONS.

We were unavoidably absent from the council meeting on Tuesday evening, and consequently were not aware of the remarks made by a couple of the lesser lights who legislate for the benefit of St. Thomas, until our attention was attracted to the report of the meeting in the Times. If the report be truthful, which is a matter of considerable doubt, judging from the source from which It comes, Finance minister Still, assisted by the great orator, Frank Hunt, did their best to make community mines of themselves, and we are happy to state that they succeeded as only they can. Mr. Still endeavored to make himself conspicuous by attacking this office at every opportunity, and he invariably succeeds in making himself so, and ridiculo also. He is a man who should never have been appeinted to the position which he now occupies, his only qualifications being a splendid supply of self-conceit, and a cousiderable portion of bad arithmetic. He enjoyed a monoply in his line of business for a length of time, which may possibly account for his being elected councillor, but when a pushing, energetic firm enters into opposition to him the true spirit of the man reveals itself, and he decides to retire from business, His ambition, it is rumored, is to be elected mayor, but it stands to reason that he is not a 'fit or capable person for that position. The other loud-mouthed councillor, Frank Hunt, is not responsible for his actions. It is one of the comical features of the meeting to listen to a speech from him. At some future period we'will insert a speech from the eloquent lips of Frank, word for word, and all the "haws" in. Look out for a startling oration. Now, let us look into the grievances brougt

forward by these gentleman. The first is in regard to the auditor's report, in which the learned Mr. Still states that mistakes occur. Now, we printed the report, word for word, and figure for figure, from the copy handed in to this office. It was certainly not our place to make corrections, although we did mention the matter to an auditor. He informed us to go on with the work and never mind. That was the way the books were. Let us see, does not Mr. Still have the handling of those self-same books ? But surely he would not make a mistake. The next question was the insertion of the town advertisements. Now the other papers receive them, and why not was stated that the Printing Committee had no power to authorize the insertion of the ads. If not, to use an expression more, forcible than polite, "What in thunder are they appointed for." A surprise awaited us in the statement reported to have been made by Mr. Ellis, the town clerk. We have always entertained a deep respect for that gentleman, and can not, as yet, believe him guilty of the falsehood as reported in the Times, in regard to the number of subscribers to the REPORTER, which number he is stated to have said was about one hundred. Now, should he have made this remark, we brand it at once as a falsehood. Any of our subscriders who wish to learn the number of papers printed have only to visit the office on publication day. Probably Mr. Ellis meant one thousand, but that too would be wide of the mark. Verily, as the poet remarked, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and this finance minister and unlearned blacksmith are very good exponents of the truthfulness of that assertion. All we ask is justice and fair play, which we are pleased to observe, the intelligent portion of the council are willing to concede to us.

It took four policemen and a spotted dog to take a 100 lb. man to the Port Stanley cooler the other day. It was a joyful party.

It is the intention of the town band to procure a supply of new uniforms should the citizens contribute for that pur-Dose.

Mr. Chas. Roe recently made a score of 290 out of a possible 300 in a game of tenpins at the Excelsior Alleys, East End **Bully** for Charley !

Excursioning is booming in the east end. There are men who go the Port every day. Wine is its other name, however.

Mr. Frank Nelson, a well-known St. Thomas boy, now embarked in a lucrative business in Chicago, is visiting his friends in this town.

Lucy has eatered into partne rship with Ann, the immense, to treat, trade or travel. Jim was registered there one night this week.

The missing man, Vol Bruntz, has evidently started out to seek his fortune, his whereabouts being a mystery to his relatives.

An honest St. Thomas hotel keeper used to put the water in first, and the whiskey in the water, then he would solemnly and truthfully say that he put no water in his whiskey.

Mr. A. Ware, town engineer, left for Woodstock one day last week to arrange for the construction of Waterworks in that hamlet. We were not A. Ware that Mr. Ware was a waterworks authority. -

Canada is becoming to be a favorite resort for American poets, Walt Whitman being in London, Will Carlton, of farm ballad fame, at St. Clair Flats, and Joquin Miller, the wild poet of the Sierras, in Guelph. As yet none of them visited St. Thomas, so our citizens have something to be thankful for after all.

Tears stood in the eves of a Millersburg man as he watched the fierce hyena in Forepaugh's circus. It reminds me so much of my dear dead and gone motherin-law, he sadly remarked to a friend.

This terrible hot weather is killing lots of people in New York, but then they haven't Reiser's splendid ice cool lager there. "What d'yer say ?" Sot 'em up again, boys.

Walden's is the place for a nice dish of ice cream, a glass of lemonade or other beverage, in elegantly furnished parlors. Girls, make the young men step up to the front with their loose change.

Sam, it was very wrong for you to invite those dusky ladies from Muncy to remain at your Cole house over night. What would big Injun say?

Annie Mills, a well-known prostitute, is at the point of death at Chatham, from the effects of an ill-spent life. Annie formerly resided in this town. Her fate should be a warning to all young girls of a fast character.

We are pleased to observe that the council have fallen in with the views first expressed in the REPORTER, and decided to decline the paltry contribution of the county council to aid in entertaining our coming Royal guests.

There is a great demand for carpenters at present, large wages being the order of the day. The carpenters who left this town for Chicago and other western points, would no doubt regret their departure were they aware of the prices paid at present in this section.

Tom Turner had turned a number of drinks down his capecious throat on Saturday last, and was having a little pic-nic, when he was turned into the cooler. He was discharged at the Police Court, as it was his first offense.

By the way, the local scribe of a contem seems to be greatly exorcised over the number of cats which roam throughout the corporation. He appears to keep a catalogue of the various feline monsters who now inhabit St. Thomas." They are really naughty girls, anyhow.

Capt. N. Stark, of the schooner "New Dominion." Port Stanley, reports finding the spars and boom of a fore-and-aft schooner protruding from the waters of Lake Erie, near Fairport, a short time ago. The name of the ill-starred craft and the fate of her crew remain a mystry of the deep.

Those dining room girls at the C. S. R. depot had better stop their fooling on the platform on such a stormy day, or H. A. G. will make scatter around there, Annie especially. There might be a complaint made against that nobby little passenger brakeman. The little one with the blue dress should not use those napkins on the little fellow's head so, or H. A. G. will charge them. Be careful, next time.

St. David's ward can boast of a prize fight nearly every week. The latest thing of that kind occurred a short time ago. Two old bucks, who were too C(h)ute to be Farr from peaceable, had a set-to:

Their hoary hairs stood up on end. Their passions they did rise:

And with one another they did contend, As they bunged each other's eyes.

The latest discovery by antiquarian scientists at the ruins of Pompeii and Hurculanium is the form of a man with mudstained clothes, who appears to be vainly trying to unlock his door with a toothpick, while his wife is waiting inside with a big club. And still people will tell us that civilization did not exist at that period. Why, the same old game is enacted nightly in St. Thomas.

noise. He investigated matters and perceived half the body of a man protruding through the window. On seeing Mr. F., the robber at once took to flight, taking a wheelbarrow he had stationed under the window, evidently to carry away the In his hurry he forgat a small "swag." basket, which he may have by calling at the police station.

We were out to Mapleton a short time ago, and during our stay we were invited to attend a bee, which took place on the 10th concession, at Neil Mc's. A pleasant time was spent during the day, and in the evening, the boys, to make matters interesting, concluded to engage in athletio sports. After a foot race between Colin and Warren, a dispute arose, and Colin led off with his right bower and planted one on the left optic of Warren. A ring was formed at once and fair play shewn to both parties, notwithstanding Malcolm Mac. would like to use his talent and tact.

Some people are jealous because it's a fact, Their "taters" are smaller than others, And carry green monsters so much in their heart.

That causeless they'd slander their brother.

Such was the case in your paper last week, When a poet (?) who tried composition, Attempted to slander a square honest man, Who never does fear competition.

Because Uncle Jake successful has been. By honest industry and truth, That covetous writer their malice

write Some scurilous slander forsooth.

'Twould be well in the future for such men to think Before taking the muse's pen, That those who are strictly, honest through life life, Are only considered as men.

If your neighbor succeeds and your efforts

should fail, To "wear a plug hat or dress well," "Tis principle only that causes success, And dishonesty always must tell.

The precepts laid down in the best of all books

As a guide for the conduct of man, I'd advise you to study, and do all in your To do justice to all-if you can.

INNOCENT ROBBERY.

The Evangelist tells the story of a man who, returning home rather late at night while it was snowing, felt for his watch to see the time; but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant that only three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed! over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a very complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few, streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a most daring affair, the robber lifted an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things.

"That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that*place, and ran after the villian and recovered it." "Are you sure, dear ?" asked his wife, "You left your watch at home 'yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed robbery" So it turned out.