

**St. Thomas Reporter.**  
 ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
 Single Copies, Two Cts.  
 FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.  
 ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he may have been all right, if his head and will had been all right, but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man employed in the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he had received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for the want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went. For two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the maudlin died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in the corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the barroom to see what kept her husband up and quickly saw Tom.

'Pete,' said she, not in a pleasant mood, 'why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough.'

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left the brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years he had loved and wooed the sweet maiden, Ellen Gess, and he won her, leaving Peter Tindar to take up with the vinegary spinster, who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who once discarded him.

'Why don't you send him home?' demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

'Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!'

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away; and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

'Ah, Tom, are you awake?'

'Then rise up and have a warm glass.' Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

'No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night.'

'It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass.' 'I know it won't said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left, 'I know it won't.'

And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

'Aye' he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, 'Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk; and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life, just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see.'

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen one upon Saul of Tarsus.

'Well a-o,' he replied, setting his feet firmly upon the ground, and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

'Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?'

'Yes, Tom.'

She did not tell him that her sister had

given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of old, old cider.

'I wish you would make a cup good and strong.'

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

'Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again.'

'Eh, Tom. What do you mean?'

'I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, hoping to do better in the future.'

'Tom! cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping Tom's hand, 'are you in earnest? Is it really the same old Tom?'

'Is a what's left of him, sir, and we will have him whole and strong very soon, if you will only set him to work.'

'Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me.'

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his supervision the engine was set up and tested but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

'How is it now Tom?' asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

'She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear.'

'God bless you, Tom. You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?'

'Wait till Monday morning sir. If you will offer it to me then I will take it.'

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was singing. That morning after Tom was gone she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee-cup. She knew he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her, a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false gleamer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands and the odor of oil upon his garments.

'I have kept you waiting, Nellie.'

'Tom!'

'I didn't mean to, but the work hung on.'

'Tom, Tom! You have been to the old shop.'

'Yes; and I'm to have the old place, and—'

Oh, Tom! And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

'Nellie, darling, wait a little and you shall have the old Tom back again.'

'Oh, Tom. I've got him now, now—bless him! My own Tom! My husband, my darling!'

And then Tom Darcey realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcey assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into his old habits.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

'Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up? Yes, I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?'

'I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and children had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they should have it.'

'Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?'

'Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.'

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ST. THOMAS MARKETS.

St. Thomas, April 2, 1880.

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Spring Wheat, red.	1 20 to 1 26
Barley.	1 10 to 1 10
Pease.	0 50 to 0 58
Oats.	0 45 to 0 52
Indian Corn, shelled.	0 30 to 0 34
Corn, cob.	0 56 to 0 58
White Beans.	0 50 to 0 59
Flour.	1 00 to 1 00
Eggs.	3 25 to 3 50
Butter, per pound.	0 12 to 0 15
Cheese.	0 20 to 0 25
Potatoes, per bag.	0 67 to 0 70
Apples, per bag.	0 45 to 0 50
Beef.	0 04 to 0 06
Mutton.	0 05 to 0 08
Lamb.	0 07 to 0 08
Dressed Hogs.	4 75 to 5 28
Chickens, per pair.	0 25 to 0 40

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**BORN**  
 In this town, on the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. Jackson Frankland, of a son.  
 At 46 St. George St., on the 5th inst., the wife of James H. Coyne, Barrister, of a daughter.  
 In Hamilton, on the 31st March, the wife of F. M. Wilkinson, of a son.  
**MARRIED**  
 At the Penwarden House, on the 24th March, by the Rev. M. Frazer, Wm. McMullen, to Sarah Bennet, both of Dunwich township.  
 At 105 Wellington Street, by the Rev. Elmore Harris B. A., Eli Lucas to Mrs. M. Doan, all of St. Thomas.  
**DIED**  
 In this town, on the 3rd inst., Mary A., wife of Mr. Leonard Wilson, engineer C. S. R., aged 48 years.  
 In this town on the 2nd inst., Ethel, infant daughter of Wm. Jennings, aged 10 days.  
 In Yarmouth, on the 2nd inst., Colin McIntyre, aged 81 years.  
 On the 5th inst., Annie Hunsberger, mother of M. Hunsberger, keeper Elgin House of Industry, aged 82 years.

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 April, 9, 1880. 13-1f

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 Jan. 1880 1-1y

**Caution to Farmers!**  
**Timely Warning!**

**FARMERS AND OTHERS BRINGING**  
 any article to market for sale must first come on the market and pay their fees. Otherwise they will be prosecuted. Parties purchasing produce of any kind from a farmer without first going to the market, will also be liable to prosecution. Therefore, both buyer and seller, take warning, as it is my attention to carry out the law.  
**FRANK BOGGS,**  
 Market Clerk.  
 St. Thomas, March 1st, 1880-7f

**EAST END**  
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