

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1880.

TIT FOR TAT.

'Good mornin', Miss Katie,' said young Mickie Fee; 'Good mornin', again; it's yourself sure I see Lookin' bloomin' as ever.' But Kate turned away.

'Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Mickie Fee. You may desave her, but you don't desave me.'

'I'm not to be blarneyed. Mick, a word in your ear; You had better be off, for my dad's comin' here.'

'O, you're dad's comin', is he? That's not him I see. Now hobbin' behind that owl blackthorn-tree?'

'For it's Paddy Mahon!' 'O,' said Kate with a sneer. 'You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie dear.'

'And sure you are right; 'tis my own darlin' Pat. So take my advice, Mick, and get out of that;'

'For he's comin' to court me. Now listen, my lad; When that boy kisses me, O, won't you be glad!'

'For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do? But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy it's you.'

That's what I'll do; Mickie, it's true: Shut both my eyes, And fancy it's you!

THE YOUNGER SISTER.

There is much in the social training of a young girl, says the Philadelphia Times, for which another and the elder sister are directly responsible. While it is true children should not be unpleasantly forward in conversation, it is just as true that they have a right to be heard, and that among kindly-hearted people their speech is always welcome if put forth properly.

GOOD FOR THE SMITHS.

The Smiths have struck it rich. An estate that will yield the trifle of \$400,000 is waiting for Smiths in England. Everybody will be pleased to hear of this piece of luck for the Smiths. Who is there that has not a friend in that illustrious family? There is no place, however watched and tended, but one man Smith is there.

A TOUR ON THE WHEEL. AMERICAN BICYCLISTS WHO ARE GOING TO TRAVEL OVER EUROPE.

From the New York Sun. Wentworth Rollins, who rode from this city to Chicago on a bicycle, and Dr. J. T. Adams, J. S. Dean, T. M. Hastings, and G. C. Thomas, bicyclists of lesser note and pupils of Mr. Rollins, sailed upon the steamship City of Richmond, for a bicycling tour of England, Ireland and Scotland. There were many gay parties upon the broad deck of the Richmond, but none was gayer than that made up of the departing bicyclists and their friends.

'On our arrival at Liverpool,' Mr. Rollins said, 'we will find bicycles awaiting us. It would, of course, be risky to take our own bicycles over, for they might be rusty and useless when we landed. After spending two days in Liverpool, we will take to the wheel, en route for London. By easy stages we will fare on to Coventry, where we will stay several days to see the process of manufacture of the bicycle. In Coventry, you know, there are fourteen first-class manufactories of bicycles, requiring a capital of fully \$500,000. Then we will make runs to Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth castle, and other historical localities. At Bath we will reach the beginning of the famous 100-mile road to London. It is probably the finest stretch of public road in the world. Why, it is kept as hard and smooth as this deck, and is the paradise of swell coaching clubmen. We expect to have at this point the best chance to make our wheels spin that we ever had. Appleyard, the English bicyclist, spun over the distance, in 1878, in 7 hours 18 minutes and 55 seconds. After enjoying the sights of London, we will push on, over the unrivaled English roads, to the Scottish border. We will spend some time in Edinburgh, and then we will turn our wheels to Irish soil. Of course we will have to take a steamer now and then, but we'll have little to do with railroads. We have made up a party of twenty-five carefully-selected young men, but some of them backed out on account of business engagements, and others are to follow us. We who go are well satisfied. We are inclined to think that it would be difficult to obtain half as much enjoyment and profit in any other way for an equal sum. For upwards of six weeks—we sail from Liverpool on the 6th of July—we will be relieved of all care as to our existence, and left entirely free to enjoy ourselves, amid interesting surroundings, as we like best—in bicycling. It has been frequently said that the best way to see a country is to trudge through it, with a knapsack on one's back and a staff in one's hand. But, speaking of my own experience, I can say that bicycling through a country is vastly more enjoyable. Why, a man skims over the road, if it be reasonably even,—say as even as Broadway,—at a pace that would kill a horse, if kept up, with not half, nor one-third, of the exertion necessary in walking. If the trip is successful, and I have no doubt that it will be, it will be followed by regular spring, summer, and fall European tours on the wheel.'

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A Stonington, Conn., correspondent says.—A very touching incident occurred at the decorating of the soldier's graves in our village cemetery on Saturday last. To give it full effect a little story historic of itself must be related. During the war with Great Britain in 1812 the ninety-gun Superb was on our coast off Stonington and during an action with a privateer fitted out under the American flag, Midshipman Powers was pierced by a bullet in his forehead and fell dead in his boat while attempting to board the privateer. The body of the young midshipman was brought on shore [at Stonington and buried in the old Phelps burying-ground, now a part of our beautiful cemetery, and by his fellow-officers a marble monument was erected on the spot. Some years after peace was declared an elderly gentleman arrived at Stonington from England, and sought out the parish clergyman, the Rev. Ira Hart, saying to him 'I have come from England to see the grave of my boy, my only child.' In a chase they went to the cemetery, at the gate of which the Englishman said to the clergyman, 'Tarry here please; let me visit the grave alone.' It is related that the aged man

prostrated himself upon the grave of the boy midshipman and wept bitterly, as, beneath the grass upon which he reclined, lay the object of his tenderest affections, the hope of his declining years, and in addition to his cup of sorrow, then full, was the thought that he would never again see the grave of his boy. More than half a century has elapsed since the above occurred, and the midshipman's father has long since passed away, but the grave of his boy was remembered. For several years it has been the custom of Miss Grace Stanton, a young lady of Stonington, to specially decorate the midshipman's grave in a quiet manner, but on Saturday last while the band was playing a dirge and volleys of musketry were being fired within the cemetery inclosure, a band of veterans of the G. A. R. visited the grave of the young Englishman and upon it placed two American flags and a wreath of beautiful flowers. The act itself was full of simplicity, but how beautiful! Upon the monument is inscribed the following: 'Thomas Boarett Powers, aged 18, late midshipman of H. B. Majesty's ship Superb, who was killed in action in a boat on the 31st of July, 1814. A native of Market Bosworth in the county of Leicestershire, England.'

CAN WOMEN DRIVE?

AN OLD LIVERYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF THE SEX.

Isn't it rather singular that women never learn how to drive a horse properly? remarks some irate man as he inspects a tired animal, and finds the bridle over its ears, and the bit half way down its throat.

'Women can drive!' cries a champion of the sex. 'Don't they drive seven or eight miles to market with vegetables or loads of hay? Don't they take their babies out to ride whenever they can get hold of a horse? Why, there never was a woman who couldn't drive, and some of them can handle a horse much better than their husbands can.'

'Can woman drive? and do you let them handle your best horses?' were the questions put to a good-natured livery keeper by an interested party.

'Drive,' answered the letter-out of equines, 'I should think they could; but, as for letting them have our best horses, that is another matter. We have horses in our stables few men could drive. We keep what we call safe horses for ladies' use—the kind that will go anywhere if you just guide them—old family nags, sensible enough to trot along and mind their own business and not fret if they are pulled two ways at once.'

'Do you object to letting horses out for women to drive?'

'No indeed; we have from twelve to fifteen ladies a week come to us for horses, and we give them good ones, too; but somehow women fret horses when they drive them, so we don't care to give them high-spirited animals. Now, look at that sorrel,' pointing to one from whom the harness had been removed. 'I let that horse this morning to a bit of a woman with wrists no bigger than my two fingers. I didn't want to let it go because it's such an ugly puller. I told her it had a mouth like iron, but she said she wanted to take an old aunt that was visiting her out to see the town, and she drove off quietly enough, but half an hour after I saw her coming down the avenue like a streak of lightning, everybody running to get out of the way, and the old aunt hanging on for dear life. She just had the lines wound around those little wrists, and braced her feet on the dashboard, and when she came to a corner whisked round it on one wheel. The rig came in all right, but that horse won't get it's breath for a week.'

'Do they often meet with accidents and have a smashup?'

'No. It is curious, but a woman will take a team through a dozen hair-breadth escapes and bring it back all right. We have any amount of trouble with men, who take our best rigs, get on a spree and break things all to pieces. A woman is either more cautious, or she will call upon every man in sight to help her out of the scrape. They are more apt to lose their heads in a crowd or collision, but there's most always some special providence at hand to help them. If you notice, the most disastrous runaways happen when some man has the reins.'

Further talk developed the fact that women were not considerate in their management of horses. They forget to blanket them in winter and to tie them in the shade in summer. They sometimes use the lines as hitching straps, and have a settled dislike to learning proper names for harness. Not one in a hundred could tell the difference between a surcingle and a martingale, or had the slightest idea of which end of the animal the crupper belonged, and if compelled to divest a horse of its trappings would un-

do every buckle in the service and take the collar off over the animal's head, to all which the intelligent beast would submit, as if charmed, by being steadily talked to during the process in the witching tones of a woman's voice.

All of this may be a libel on the sex, but it is certainly true that when an old family horse, with a ten-minute gait, comes seesawing down the street, with a comically reckless air of running away, a woman's head looks out from under the buggy top, a woman's hand guides the steed in its eccentric orbit, and a woman's voice shouts in distinct tones, 'Wh-o-a-a,' at the same moment the reins are jerked and the whip applied, while pedestrians scud to the sidewalk in terror. However liable a woman is to run over a cow, or a street car, she will always stop or turn out for a baby. This is one of the instincts of her maternal heart to which even 'get up! gl-a-r-g' is sacrificed.

"TELEGRAM" PERSONALS.

Come to me, come to me, love of mine! Known through a 'personal'—ten cents a line "One who is lonely needs friendship," you wrote; Then I replied and you answered my note.

Strangely we two, who were strangers, have met, Thus in the Telegram, " lodgings to let"— Hearts that beat warmly, sweet lips and straight eyes, Who so desires them need but advertise! Grip.

BORN.

At Terre Haute, Ind., on the 14th inst., the wife of Mr. W. R. Travers, Treasurer Illinois Midland Railway, of a daughter.

DIED.

At St. Thomas on the 11th inst., the infant daughter of Rev. M. Frazer. In this town, on the 19th inst., Mr. John Chalmers, aged 70 years and 3 months.

Young Ladies and Gents, for good

ICE CREAM Go to Walden's.

Old Ladies and Gents, for good

ICE CREAM Go to Walden's.

COOL DRINKS of all kinds, Go to Walden's.

Fruits of the Season, always on hand At Walden's.

ORANGES & LEMONS Fresh and Good, At Walden's.

Opposite Opera House.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, opposite C. S. R. R. Station, St. Thomas, Ont. This house is open night and day. Hot and cold Baths at all hours. B. F. QUEEN, Prop'r. 10

DOMINION HOTEL, TALBOT STREET St. Thomas, opposite C. S. R. Shops. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHELL, Prop'r. 7

WEST END BARBER SHOP, Talbot street, opposite the Town Hall, St. Thomas. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-dressing. Switches and Curls made to order. Combs dressed in the latest style. Charges moderate. Wm. DAVIS, Prop'r. 8

JAMES WHEATLEY, CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House. Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice. Jan. 16, 1880. 1-3m

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY LINE



CHANGE OF TIME. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Sunday, May 8th, Trains will leave the St. Thomas Depot as follows: FOR THE EAST.

MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 11.05 a. m., for all Stations to Fort Erie.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.40 a. m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 12.50 p. m.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON EXPRESS, 4.40 p. m., (daily) arriving at Buffalo 8.20 p. m.

NEW YORK EXPRESS, 3.30 a. m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.15 a. m.

FOR THE WEST. MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 3.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.10 p. m.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.30 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

PACIFIC EXPRESS, 5.00 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

CHICAGO EXPRESS, 5.15 a. m., (Mondays excepted) for Detroit and Toledo.

ST. CLAIR BRANCH, 3.30 p. m., arriving at Court-right 8.30 p. m.; leaves Court-right 6 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 10.35 a. m.

ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.50 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.50 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 8.15 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m.

E. P. MURRAY, W. P. TAYLOR, Div. Superintendent. Gen'l Superintendent.

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, beautiful building Lot, one-fifth of an acre, situated on Queen St., opposite the residence of Capt. Sisk. 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

BELFAST HOUSE!

Opposite Canada Southern Park, ST. THOMAS, EAST.

Jas. O'Shea, Prop'r.

THIS magnificent new hotel has been fitted up throughout in an elegant and superior manner, no expense having been spared to make it one of the handsomest and best furnished hotels in Western Ontario.

In the bar department will be kept only the best brands of Wines and Liquors, imported by the subscriber. Ale, Porter, and ice cool Lager constantly on hand. Also, a choice assortment of Cigars. A commodious dining room, comfortably fitted up, and guests can rely on procuring the best the market affords. Oysters and game in season, served up in any style required. Polite attendants. A call solicited. JAMES O'SHEA, Prop'r, May 14, 1880. 3m

J. G. NUNN, AUCTIONEER, ETC.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Begs to inform his numerous friends and the inhabitants of the Town of St. Thomas and Counties of Elgin and Middlesex generally that he has leased the

RUSSEL HOUSE

PORT STANLEY,

which he will conduct as a First-class Hotel, and that it will in no way interfere with his Auction business, which he will continue as usual. Particulars next week. 16 April 30, 1880.

AMERIC'N HOTEL

EAST END, ST. THOMAS.

Directly opposite C. S. R. Depot, Talbot St. D. Salter, --- Prop'r. J. SALTER, MANAGER.

THIS House contains all the modern improvement, is well furnished throughout. The table supplied with the best the market affords, and the bar stocked with the choicest Liquors and Cigars. 19

JOSEPH LAING, Jr., Accountant, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—Southkirk Block over McPherson & Armstrong's Store, 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. Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents Insurance Companies. \$20,000 to loan at reasonable rates for five, six, or seven years, and renewable if satisfactory. 4

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