

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

A FREE PRESS.

The beautiful idea of getting so nothing for nothing is nowhere more readily traceable than in a newspaper office.

So much has been spoken, written and sung about a 'free press' that people have come to accept it in a sense altogether too literal.

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating he just steps into the editorial room and details it with the remark, 'I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along.' He gets a few words and never gets ready to advertise.

Two tickets admitting lady and gent to the 'G. R. X. M. T.'s. Grand Ball' are expected to produce a six-line local and a quarter of a column description of the ladies' toilets after the ball is over.

Church fairs and the like are worse than balls. They never leave tickets, but demand more space because 'it's a matter of now, and a help to the cause.'

Should a boy saw off his finger, 'Dr. C. O. Plaster dressed the wound with great skill,' would be a graceful way of stating it, and, besides, it is 'unprofessional' to advertise.

The patent rat trap man brings in one of his combinations of wire and mouldy cheese bait, sticks it under the editor's nose and explains how they catch 'em every time the spring works. 'It's something of interest to the community, and if you put in a piece, save me a dozen papers,' which he quietly walks off with as though he had bestowed a favour in allowing editorial eyes to gaze on such a marvel of intricacy.

An invitation to 'come down and write up our establishment' is a great deal more common than the two square 'ad' from the same firm. Newspapers must be filled up with something or other you know.

The lawyer with strong prejudices against advertising, is fond of seeing his cases reported in full in the newspapers, with an occasional reference to his exceedingly able manner of conducting the same. It is cheaper than advertising. In fact everybody who has an axe to grind asks the newspaper to turn the crank, and forgets to even say thank you, but will kindly take a free copy of the paper as part pay for furnishing news.

The press being 'free,' all hands seem bound to get aboard and ride it to death. That is why newspaper men are so rich.

THE HERO FROM DEADWOOD.

The hero from Deadwood does not have half a show in Detroit, and he cannot be blamed for feeling that we are unappreciative people. These heroes arrived here about once in four weeks on the average, and the latest put in an appearance yesterday morning, proceeded by the rumor that he had struck it rich and made a clean hundred thousand dollars. When he entered a drug store on Michigan avenue he was followed by a dozen or more persons, who wanted to admire him and hear the story of his adventures. He modestly hesitated to begin, as all these Deadwood-heroes do, but he finally started off with:

'It is, perhaps, useless to remark that Detroit offered no chance for an ambitious young man to get along.'

'That's so,' replied one of his hearers. 'I know you did not get along here at all, and we had to make up a shake-purse when your old father died.'

The hero swallowed something, bent his eyes modestly on the floor, and continued:

'I left this city with only \$10 in my pocket, but with a heart.'

'Only \$10, and I know it, for I lent you five of that and I never expected to see it again,' interrupted a second admirer with a good deal of heartiness.

A shadow of pain flitted across the face of the hero, but he braced up and went on:

'I provided myself with mining tools and—'

'Did you get trusted or pay cash for them?' interrupted the man on the other side of the store.

The hero did not deign to reply, but said:

'I know that energy and pluck would bring luck. Here at home everybody seemed to keep me down, but there—'

'Say, I didn't try to keep you down,' suddenly observed a shoemaker. 'Didn't I trust you for a pair of boots when no body else would, and didn't I raise the money to pay your fine and saved you from a trip to the house of correction?'

The hero partially admired the cor-

rection, and had just opened his mouth to go on when the druggist asked him to wait until he could put up ten cents worth of castor oil for a customer. The hero waited, and when the oil had been put up he continued:

'I know I had only myself to depend on, and that fact nerved me up. I pushed for the mines—'

'Is that a dog fight?' interrupted one of his hearers, as a furious growling was heard out doors.

All rushed to the door, but it was a false alarm, and after they had returned to the store the hero settled himself back and remarked:

'Here in Detroit, energy, pluck and ambition counted for nothing. If I tried to climb—'

'And while I think of it,' put in the grocer two doors below, 'I'll hand you the account run up by your mother in your absence. I never expected it would be paid, but I couldn't see the old lady go to the poor-house!'

It took some little time for the hero to get another start, and he had not yet reached the mines when in came a constable, who asked him to step out doors, and after an earnest conversation he walked off in his company.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO CURE A TOOTHACHE.

Some months ago an English, tourist, lingering in a country churchyard, was present at a funeral, and observed among the group of mourners a young man who particularly attracted attention by his swollen face and the utter dejection of his appearance. 'Here at least is one true mourner,' thought the Englishman. While this thought was passing through his mind the supposed mourner took up a skull which lay on the top of a heap of dry mould and crumbled bones. He raised it to his lips, and, with his own teeth extracted a tooth from it. Horror filled the stranger as he watched this proceeding, and saw him throw the skull carelessly away, while he wrapped the tooth in paper and put it in his pocket. 'Can you tell me why he did that?' asked our tourist of an old man who had stood beside him during the funeral ceremony. 'Ay, surely, your honor; the boy was very bad w' the toothache. an it's allowed to be a cure if you draw a tooth frae a skull w' your ain teeth. He'll sew the tooth in his clothes an' wear it as long as he lives.' 'You don't tell me so! Do you think the remedy will be effectual?' 'It's like enough, sir,' replied the old man, showing where a tooth was sewed in the lining of his own waistcoat. 'It's five years since I pulled that one the same way an' I never had a touch o' the toothache since.'

ABAFT THE BINNACLE.

Lord Mansfield presided over the Court of King's Bench with dignity tempered by urbanity, and sustained by learning. A slightly Scottish accent might give more individuality to a chastely clear eloquence all his own, but could not mar the flowing melody of a finely-modulated voice. A jolly tar ascended the witness box, and proceeded to pour forth his evidence with an all-sided redundancy, unheeding the measured questions of Wedderburn.

'You will save yourself and the jury trouble, witness,' said the Chief Justice, 'by confining your answers to the questions put. Raise not any collateral issues.'

'I axes yer pardon, skipper,' said Jack, giving the orthodox traditional 'hitch' to his continuations; 'but what sort o' craft is a coll-collat—isher? Shiver my timbers if ever I hoisted, or ever hailed her.'

'Mr. Colchester,' said the astonished Chief Justice, 'can there really exist a man under the King's possession who is ignorant of the meaning of a collateral issue?'

'It's no' that common, me lud,' said Wedderburn, 'it's just a by ordinar' ignorance. But yer ludship may 'e'en allow the pair body to tell his tale his ain gait!'

The tar proceeded. 'Well, skipper, he was abaft the binnacle, when—'

'Abaft the binnacle!' exclaimed his lordship. 'And pray, what is the meaning of 'abaft the bin—'

'Stop my grog,' said Jack. 'And can there really exist among the King's subjects such a lubber as doesn't know the meaning of 'abaft the binnacle?'

The Chief Justice leaned back with a good-humored smile.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty-five summers remarked to her gentleman companion: 'Tunnels are such bores!'—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of about sweet eighteen, who sat in the seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzes back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her: 'I think tunnels are awfully nice.'

REISER'S LAGER BEER IS UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO BE THE BEVERAGE OF THE DAY. TRY IT. WM. REISER & SONS, PROPRIETORS.

HIS MEMORY WAS TOO GOOD. A lying witness will often tell a very glib story, but he generally fails to guard all his weak points. At a recent trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alibi: Attorney S.—You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November. Witness, referring to note book—Yes. S.—What did he do on the 30th. W.—He chopped wood. S.—On the 31st? W.—That was on Sunday, and he went squirrel hunting. S.—What did he do on the 32nd? W.—He thrashed wheat on that day. S.—What did he do on the 33rd? W.—It was raining, and he shaved out same handles. S.—What did he do on the 34th? W.—He chopped wood. S.—What did he do on the—? But before the question could be finished, the witness' wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside the witness box, yelling in his affrighted ear— You old fool, don't you know there are only thirty one days in the month of November.

'Do I think of you?' you ask, dearest, wrote a husband to his wife. 'Do I think of you?' Yes, I do; especially when a button comes off, or I find a hole in my stocking. 'I am glad you think of me, darling,' she wrote in reply; 'I used to think a great deal of you when I wanted to go to the concert or the theater, or when I felt like having a drive; but since I have found a gentleman friend who was willing to take your place I have not been troubled so much.' He took the next train for home, nursing a volcano of wrath in his bosom the whole distance. 'It is needless to say that the conflict was a short one; a man couldn't stay angry long in the presence of her sparkling eyes and merry laughter. But he felt that she had served him right, and his future letters will doubtless show more appreciation of her wifely attributes.

Reiser & Sons' celebrated lager is universally admitted to be the best manufactured in western Ontario. Ask for it, and see that you get no spurious article.

Patrick and Biddy were engaged, And time set to be married; But Biddy flirted, Pat got mad, And so the plan miscarried.

Then Biddy soothed her wounded heart, And was to Michael wed; Michael fell down between two cars And home was carried dead.

'That was a lucky 'scape,' said Pat, 'Fur if Ed married Biddy I would have been in Michael's place, And she'd have been my widdy.'

ST. THOMAS MARKETS. St. Thomas, May 12, 1880. Fall Wheat, white, per bus. 80 to 1 20; red, 1 20 to 1 30; Spring Wheat, 1 10 to 1 10; Barley, 0 50 to 0 50; Pease, 0 45 to 0 50; Oats, 0 30 to 0 34; Indian Corn, shell, 0 50 to 0 50; Corn, cob, 0 50 to 0 50; White Beans, 1 00 to 1 00; Flour, 3 25 to 3 50; Eggs, 0 10 to 0 10; Butter, per pound, 0 14 to 0 15; Cheese, 0 07 to 0 08; Potatoes, per bag, 0 55 to 0 70; Apples, per bag, 0 45 to 0 50; Beef, 0 04 to 0 05; Mutton, 0 05 to 0 05; Lamb, 0 07 to 0 08; Dressed Hogs, 4 75 to 5 25; Chickens, per pair, 0 25 to 0 40.

TAKEN From the Hutchinson House bar, on Saturday last, an umbrella. The person who took it, perhaps by mistake, will oblige by returning it where he got it. W. A. HOUSE. St. Thomas, June 11th, 1880.

NOTICE. THE Council of the Corporation of the Town of St. Thomas will at their next regular monthly meeting, to be held in the Town Hall, in the said town, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., on TUESDAY, the SIXTH day of JULY next, unless caused to be shown to the contrary, pass a By-law to open a lane or street westerly from Pearl street, to town lot No. 4, north, on Talbot street, which said lane may be described as follows: commencing at a point in the west limit of Pearl street, one hundred and fourteen feet north from the north limit of Talbot street, thence west parallel with Talbot street sixty-six feet more or less to the easterly limit of town lot number four, thence north parallel with Pearl street twelve feet; thence east, parallel with Talbot street sixty-six feet more or less; to the westerly limit of Pearl street; thence south along the westerly limit of Pearl street 12 feet to the place of beginning, as laid down on a registered map or plan of a survey of the property situated on the west side of Pearl street and north side of Talbot street in the town of St. Thomas, made by T. W. Dobbin, Esquire, F. L. S., for E. W. Harris, Esq., the former owner of said land. All persons desirous of opposing the passing of said By-law can then attend and they shall be heard. Dated this third day of June, 1880. HENRY F. ELLIS, Town Clerk.