

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
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FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

The busy day is over,
The household work is done;
The cares that fret the morning
Have faded with the sun;
And in the tender twilight,
I sit in happy rest,
With my darling little baby
Asleep upon my breast.

White lids, with silken fringes,
Shut out the waning light;
A little hand close-folded
Holds mamma's fingers tight;
And in their soft white wrappings,
At last in perfect rest,
Two dainty feet are cuddled,
Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy
Depart at this sweet hour;
All pure and noble longings
Renew their holy power;
For Christ who in the Virgin,
Our motherhood had blest,
Is near to every woman
With a baby on her breast.

SCANDAL AT RIDEAU HALL.

HOW LOVE LEVELLED RANKS AT OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Ont., March 26.—There is a cat story going the rounds of the "court circle" here, which may prove interesting, if not instructive. When H. R. H. came to Canada in 1875 she brought with her an Italian kitten of the feminine gender. In the course of a few months the kitten had grown to be recognized as a cat, and with the instincts of that species began to sigh for the company of the opposite sex. H. R. H. viewed with alarm the restlessness of her pet, and gave special directions that "Minnie" should not be allowed outside the precincts of a certain room. A close grating was put on the window, and everything done that could be to prevent the democratic "Thomas" from flirting with "dear little Minnie." But Thomas would come round, attracted, no doubt, by the plaintive wailings of Minnie in the upper chamber. The sentry, whose duty it was to pace with measured tread the "special district" and ward off marauders was disturbed by these frequent conversations between the lonely "Minnie" and the old fellows that would but couldn't, on account of the distance that separated them, so that it frequently fell to his lot to drive these midnight serenaders from their post. As time went on the Thomas-cat visitors increased rather than diminished, till there was scarcely a residence within a mile from Rideau Hall where the owners could keep their plebeian toms at home; for off they went to Government House, anxious to become the lovers of the blue-blooded Minnie imprisoned within these walls. It is said that the Marquis remonstrated, but H. R. H. persisted, and the evening concerts were continued uninterruptedly, except from an occasional "bang" from the sentry's rifle. The time came for the princess' departure for Western Ontario, and, in leaving, she gave the piper orders that under no circumstances was he to allow Minnie to go out from the room. In an evil hour the piper went out for a walk, leaving the door unlocked, and when he returned, found that Minnie was happy in the company of a fine-looking democratic Tom, that somebody had placed in the apartment. Hoping that the evil day might be averted, he hurried the old fellow out amid the laughter of some of the maids. From that day Minnie was the best behaved cat in the neighborhood. H. R. H. returned—the piper said that the favorite had not been out. The Princess remarked that she looked remarkably well for a pussy that had been confined so steadily. The piper grew nervous and retired. A few weeks afterward poor Macdonald was sent for hurriedly by the Princess. Before leaving his room he reckoned up the time, and found that it was the date that he had feared. On entering the Princess' apartments she brought him to a corner and showed him two gray and white kittens on a beautiful cushion, the white Italian Minnie looking on admiringly. Mac declared he did not how—but H. R. H. interrupted, stamped her womanly foot, and warned him to be careful. She said it must have been a gray Tom cat. He replied he supposed so too. He vowed she had never been out. She vowed he must have been in. The Princess did not think he would have been so careless about her orders. Mac explained and affirmed he had not been out long, and he could not have been there. Her Royal Highness replied

"too long," and Mac owns to having smiled then. The Princess said that she would not have cared for the increase in the family, only the kittens must be related to some vulgar democratic cat.

The story is a short one now. She briefly informed Lorne's favorite piper that he would have to go back to the highlands of his native home, which he did a few days afterward. Minnie is now regarded as an outcast, and periodically, since then, she has presented the neighborhood with cats of all colors, showing thereby that her choice of company has not been limited.

SHORT ENDS.

Wanted—a girl, implored an exchange, some time back; but the blind forces of nature moved pitilessly on, and it was a boy.

The story of the young man who called at a bookstore and inquired of a blushing girl clerk, for a *Fire-side Companion*, is devastating the rural press.

Tennyson being worth a million, why should he bother himself further to write good poetry? We believe, however, that nobody charges him with doing so now.

Campanini, the tenor, had 'syncopé' in St. Louis. They do have the funniest names for mixed drinks in these western towns. Anything to be un-American.

'Let me supply the bustles of the women, and I will have the largest circulation in the nation' was the laudable ambition of an editor. But he never thought the whole sex would sit down on it.

The touching sentiment, 'Our first in Heaven,' was added to the obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper the other day by the clerk, and the father of the child came into the office hopping mad. It was the third death in the family, and he desired to know of the clerk where he supposed the other two had gone.

The farmer who doesn't take a newspaper should not be allowed the privilege to take his children into a graveyard to learn their A B C's off the headstones.

Nobody has yet written a good poem on the printer's towel. Yet where is there a better subject? Year after year it stands up in a corner of a composing room, except when in use. What strange stories it could tell. How much of the early history of every old and established newspaper would it reveal, if it could speak!

The Omaha Herald no longer gives reports of the debates in the City Council, the reason being that 'much of the language is unfit for publication.'

A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: 'I think men ought to spend their munny for payper, my dad didn't, and everybody sed he was the inelligentest man in the country, and he had the smartest family of boys that ever dug taters.' Of course he didn't need a paper.

A western editor says he attended a leap year party and that the ladies acted like perfect gentlemen.

MARY AND HER LITTLE BEAU.

Mary had a little beau as sweet as he could be; but every night he wouldn't go, and that made misery. For Mary's ma, she never slept, but listened full of fears; and when, so late, poor Mary crept to bed, she'd box her ears. And pa said gas bill all were high and that the coal was low, and swore he'd murder by and by that chap who wouldn't go. And Mary she grew thin and pale; her lover he grew stout; her parents' threats had no avail, he would not be put out. And spite of Mary's woeful gaze he'd shovel on the coal, and poke the fire into a blaze and on the sofa loll. At length the pa and ma, both grave, said things had reached a pass when something must be done to save their winter's coal and gas. The youth's "contentions" they must know—and Mary's ma she would question Mary's little beau, and pa said so would he. Miss Mary wept, but all in vain; that very night her pa walked in the parlor with his cane—behind her came her ma. And then poor Mary's little beau stopped poking at the grate, and turning pale said he must go before it was too late. But ma backed up against the door, and pa up-held his cane, and at the frightened youth he swore that now he must remain until he settled for the gas and coal that he had scored; but if a marriage came to pass—he'd take it for the board. Alas! poor Mary's little beau, had not where-with to pay, and begged if they would let him go he'd settle up next day. "No trust!" the angry parent cried, and then he took the lad across his knee and swiftly plied his cane, for he was mad. Then tossed him out upon the snow, and double locked the door; which settled Mary's little beau, who never came there more.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have you say, my friend, whether witty or grave or gay, condense as much as ever you can, and say it in the readiest way; and whether you write on rural affairs or particular things in town, just a word of friendly advice—boil it down. For if you go spluttering over a page when a couple of lines would do, your butter is spread so much, you see, that the bread shows plainly through. So when you have a story to tell, and would like a little renown, to make quite sure of your wish, my friend, boil it down.

Chauncey Slater, a foreman at the shop of the Elastic Frog Company, in Mansfield, Conn., has fallen heir to \$100,000. A few days ago he received a check for nearly the whole amount. He put it in his pocket, and kept on at his work. He tells his fellow workmen that he intends to remain at his work, wearing his working clothes, and not imitating in any way the behavior of Coal Oil Johnny and the great caravan of which he was the type.

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St. Thomas, March 1880.

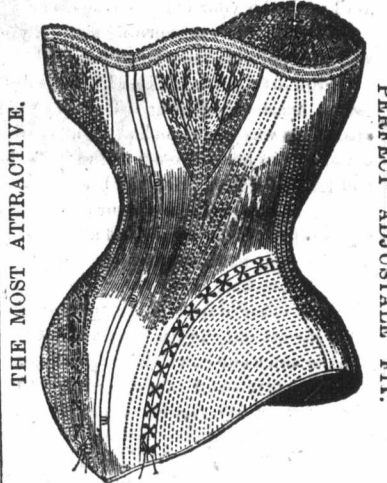
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