

Subscribe for the "St. Thomas Reporter." One Dollar a Year, in advance.

Parties paying a Years' Subscription will receive 25 Visiting Cards, mixed, with name on.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE, AS THE REPORTER IS IMPROVING RAPIDLY.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY LINE



CHANGE OF TIME.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

On and after Sunday, Nov. 8th, Trains will leave the St. Thomas Depot as follows:

FOR THE EAST.

MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 11.15 a. m., for all Stations to Port Erie.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.55 a. m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 1.23 p. m.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON EXPRESS, 4.40 p. m., (daily) arriving at Buffalo 8.30 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 8.30 p. m.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.5 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 11 a. m.

ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a. m.; leaves Port Erie 9.22 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m.

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

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.

A WAR STORY.

A STORY OF THE LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR WADE AND AN ARMY OFFICER'S WIFE.

General Brisbin, in the Philadelphia Press says:

The ladies were never afraid of Mr. Wade, in a certain way, as they often were of public men. Wade's heart was as pure as a spring of water, and they seemed to instinctively understand he was a good man. One of the brightest and most accomplished ladies in Washington one day heard a lady friend of hers say: "What a rough old bear of a man that Mr. Wade is!"

"Oh no! Oh no!" she exclaimed, holding up both her hands, "don't say that; he is one of the gentlest and best of men." And good reason had this charming woman to think so, as will presently appear.

At the beginning of the war, an army officer, serving in Texas, sent his resignation to his brother, to be used only in case his State seceded from the Union.

The brother, who was a strong Secessionist, at once sent in the resignation and it was accepted. His State did not go out of the Union, but the officer went out of the army. Soon after forwarding his resignation the officer made up his mind to stick to the Union come what might. He behaved with great gallantry, and saved some three hundred soldiers to the Union army when General Twiggs surrendered. With these he made his way North, and marched all the way to Fort Riley, Kansas. He was dumb-founded on reaching this place to learn he was no longer an officer, in fact had been out of service over three months, and had not a cent of pay due him with which to get North. Borrowing some money, he hastened to Washington and laid his case before the authorities, but could not, or would not, do anything for him.

The officer, after visiting all the Departments, gave up in despair, went home and told his wife they must starve, as the North would not have his services and he could not go South and fight against the old flag. The good wife cheered him up, and for weeks she went about the Capitol trying to get her husband's case reconsidered, without success. The lady became discouraged, but she had a large family of little ones, and for their sake she resolved to persevere and see what would come of it. She knew not what to do when a friend of hers said to her:

"Why don't you go and see old Ben Wade of Ohio?"

"Oh," said she, "they say he is so rough, a terrible man, indeed, and I am in dread of going to him."

"Never mind what they say," replied the friend; "you go and see old Ben, and you can tell us afterward about his peculiarities."

The next day the lady did call at Mr. Wade's house, and learning he was in, tremblingly approached the dread presence. There was nothing forbidding in

HOTELS WITH CEMETERIES ATTACHED.

Somebody tells a story of a traveller who put up at a Boston hotel. He was given a room in the rear of the building, and the first sight which met his eyes in the morning was a gloomy expanse of a graveyard right under his window. He was a man of sensitive nature, and the landscape spoiled his appetite for that day. As soon as the day's work of pleasure was over, he quietly removed his baggage to another house. Here he asked for a front room and went to sleep in peace; but in the morning, as before, Aurora's gentle beams gilded a dazzling array of tombstones across the street in the King's Chapel graveyard. The gentleman had another day's bad digestion; being of a courageous disposition, he made a third trial and expressly stipulated that he should not be given a back room nor a front one. The gentlemanly clerk assigned him a cheerful parlor on the west side, and the guest went to bed happy. He arose feeling decidedly more cheerful, and drew his curtains to feast his gaze—on the only Granary cemetery, with tombstones three hundred years old moulding before him! It was too much for the stranger. He paid his bill and departed to hunt up a town 'where it wasn't so unhealthy that they had to have a graveyard attached to every hotel.'

The lady looked at him through her tears, and, as she said afterwards, felt like hugging him around the neck. His were, indeed, the first kind words she had heard for weeks from any one in power, and she naturally became at once deeply impressed with Mr. Wade's kindness of heart. She dried her eyes and told the old Senator all about it. Mrs. Wade, who heard this good lady's story, was affected to tears herself, and placing her arm about the distressed sister's waist, patted her on the head and said: "There, there, don't grieve; I am sure my husband will help you all he can; you don't know what a kind heart he has, and how deeply he feels always for those who are in trouble."

"And the husband of such a wife could not be otherwise than a good and kind man, but they told me was so rough," exclaimed the lady.

"Who—me?" roared old Ben.

"Yes, sir; you."

"They lie," cried old Ben.

"I know now they do, and that it is not so," said the lady.

Very well, let it go at that," remarked the Senator. "Just now we have other and more important business on hand than discussing our public reputation; but," he added after a pause, "they do lie about me, and if they say that again in your presence just tell them, 'won't you, for me, they are a set of liars!' Here was a message for a lady to deliver that might well have astonished any one, and Mrs. Wade turned his earnest face toward her and uttered these words she could not help smiling, though she had been crying but a moment before.

"Then you do know this man to be really loyal?" said Wade.

"He certainly is," replied the lady.

"And he would not fight against the Union under any circumstances whatever?"

"Never! never! never!"

"Then," said Wade, "we must have him fight for it; not in the ranks, but as one of its best officers, I trust."

"Mr. Wade learned, as the others had done, the place had been filled and the new officer confirmed. Just here, where almost any other man would have stopped, Wade began to work. The officer had held the commission of Major in the service, and as there was no vacant majority to which he could be appointed, Wade tried to find him a captaincy. Not even a lieutenantancy was vacant, so the War Department folks said, but Wade one day incidentally learned there was a vacant lieutenant-colonelcy, and without the slightest hesitation urged his man for it.

He carried his point, and the ex-officer was made a lieutenant-colonel. An attempt to defeat his confirmation was made, but Wade defeated it and had him triumphantly confirmed.

HANGING HER INFANT BROTHER

Bridget McGee, the eight-year old daughter of a coal miner in Bear Gap, near Pottsville, Pa., on February 26, enticed her infant brother into an outbuilding and, under the pretence that she was about to give him a swing, fastened around his neck a noose depending from a rude gallows that she had constructed there, and pulled him up several inches from the floor. She copied the noose and manner of its arrangement from descriptions of similar apparatus that she had read. The little child's screams brought his mother to the rescue. When he was taken down his face was black and his eyes and tongue protruded. It was several days before his recovery was assured.

Bridget threatened her father when he attempted to chastise her.

"You old fool," she said, "I will kill you if you touch me."

She quitted her home and remained away two days. In the village school she was at the head of her class, among children much older than herself. A passion for sensational story reading is said to have brought about the attempt on her brother's life.

LAWYERS WHO ARE POOR.

A good deal has been said, and said with severity, about the number and rapacity of lawyers, but there is another side to the matter, which a correspondent of the New York Times presents. After referring to the "soft snaps" of young gentlemen, sons of wealthy parents, who enter the profession more for pastime than for anything else, the correspondent makes this statement and gives some sound advice:

The privations and straits of hundreds of members of the legal profession in this city would hardly be credited if told in detail. Yet, in spite of this, and of the supply greatly exceeding the demand, the burning desire to join the ranks of the profession is so great as to be called fanatical. The truth is that only one-fifth of the 6,000 lawyers of the city earn their livelihood and do something better than exist. The rest are half the time doing nothing, dunned by landlords, tailors, shoemakers, and every class of tradesmen. Like Cain, everybody's hand is against them. I am not giving too high a color to facts, and it would afford me no little happiness to know that I have been the means of discouraging at least a few out of the many who are contemplating a choice in the legal profession. Keep away gentlemen, if you have any respect for yourselves. Ambition and fame aside, you must be prepared to suffer greatly in body and mind, and to have frequent recourse to shifts which you would gladly avoid but that the wolf is at the door. I advise parents and guardians to despise agriculture and the mechanical pursuits no longer. There, at last, their children can earn a decent livelihood, and be respected and honored just as much—nay, more than—the half-starved shyster.

LAUGHAGRAPHS.

Always lonely—Borrowers.

Clerical errors—long sermons.

It's a sneezy thing to take snuff.

Home rule—Your wife's opinion.

Among the things that wear—Corduroy pants.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.

How does a stove feel when full of coals? Grate-ful.

The women who do fancy work do not fancy work.

He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.

It's soap deferred that maketh the heart sick—of the spectator.

The fish worm is not so fat as the grub and caterpillar is the plump-est.

It may raise the Dickens, but we'd like to inquire did Oliver Twist old Fagin's nose?

Has any one remarked that "Coming through the Rye" is not a "Bourbon ballad"?

The Maid of Orleans was finally caught, though she did keep D'Arc during her entire career.

Does your mother know your route? asked Tom when Charley and his bride started on their wedding tour.

The girl with the empty pocket-book is the one that looks into jewelry windows most.

No use trying to rouse any enthusiasm in a carpenter; he always keeps his spirit level.

If a hotel clerk smiles pleasantly when you ask him a question, that's a sign he hasn't been there long.

In Norway, every fourth day brings rain. That's a fearful country for a man to lay up money in.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation.

Men of genius make the best of husbands; a fool has too good an opinion of himself and too poor a one of woman, to be easily governed.

If many of us knew the extent of the Lord's information we should take less trouble to inform Him that we are poor miserable sinners.

No man, while unhappy, can show forth a true, noble manhood. Everything short of cheer is medicinal, and medicine was not made for daily use.

Sweeten a dose of unwholesome advice with a liberal allowance of taffy and the recipient will not recalcitrate.

The force of the adage, "Words are cheap," is somewhat lost when you go to the telegraph office to send a cablegram.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my soul if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom."

CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER

T. ACHESON,
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining Fenwick's Hotel.

In order to suit my customers, I keep on hand the very latest style of boots. All work left at my shop will be done in the best style of workmanship, equal to any in the Dominion.
Jan. 1880.

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.

GLOBE HOTEL!

No. 268, Talbot Street, ST. THOMAS.

E. BOND, Prop.

KEEPS THE BEST OF

Liquors, Cigars,

AND

Accommodation for Travellers.

Meals can be had at all hours Good Stabling and a careful hostler.

CHARGES MODERATE.

12-3m E. BOND, Prop'r

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, 1880-74

W. H. WENDELL'S EAST END HAIR-DRESSING

Shaving Room!

Opposite C. S. R. Station.

W. H. WENDELL having secured the services of a first class assistant is now running two chairs, will be ever ready to wait on his friends and the public generally. Special attention to Ladies' and Children's Hair-cutting. Thanking his customers for past patronage, would respectfully request them to call again.
Shop—Next to Branton's Bowling Alley and Billiard Parlor.

ALL ABOARD FOR NEBRASKA!

Land seekers can procure first-class car Excursion Tickets,

Good for 40 days, to Columbus, Neb., and return, on making application to J. P. Griswold, Detroit Agent Union Pacific Railroad, Howard House, Detroit, Mich., or to JOHN MALCOLM, Iona, Ont. Trains leave Detroit every Tuesday at 8.10 p. m., until the 29th June next.

April 2nd, 1880.

12-4

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

ALE AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'RS.

February, 1880.

6-4