

ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

No. 24.

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Vol. 1.

ST. THOMAS REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

CHAS. BURKE.

Mailed to Subscribers at \$1 a year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in the ST. THOMAS REPORTER at the following rates: Business Cards, one year, \$ 5 00 An inch space, each insertion, 0 25 Full column, per month, 10 00 Half " " " " 5 00 Quarter " " " " 2 50 Business Notices, five cents per line, each insertion. Transient Advertisements, five cents per line, each insertion.

CHAS. BURKE.

CURRENT CITY CHAT.

COLLECTED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

Monday was the longest day in the year.

The fast kid wants to go it while he's young.

And now the farmer gay, is thumping the new mown hay.

Dominion Day on Thursday next. Excursions are the main features here.

Bill, you had better not go down Forest Avenue or you will get chinks first thing you know.

Hanlan's race with Trickott, should it take place, will be "the last rows of summer."

A London firm advertizes for fifty pant makers. How would a number of our ours do!

Father Flannery's picnic takes place at the Port on Tuesday next. Look out for a riotous time.

The doors of the Molson's Bank in the East End will be thrown open to the public to-morrow.

The midsummer holidays are now at hand, and the school boy rejoices and is correspondingly happy.

"Not dead but gone beef-o'er," as Bromell & McIntosh said when they shipped a cargo of beef over to England.

At the regular shoot of the East End gun club, Mr. N. Potitt broke 9 balls out of 10, defeating his competitors.

Should the carbonate deposit, supposed to be found up west, turn out as anticipated it will be a great boon to the entire population of Canada.

The C. S. R. cook was observed taking a walk on the Macadamized road one evening a short time ago. Well, what of it! There is nothing mean about that.

Wm. Wegg won the glass ball cup at the regular match of the Gun Club, on Monday last, breaking fifteen balls in succession.

The C. S. R. issue tickets at half fare from all points along the line, on Dominion day. The G. W. R. hold excursions at Port Stanley and other places.

Robert Sifton was brought before the P. M. on Friday, on a charge of being drunk. The festive Robert was discharged, and departed on his way rejoicing.

The girl lives in Alvinston who has lions on her feet like door knobs, and shoes two stories in height, but still is not prouder than common people.

War against the canine race, undertaken with tags, is to be carried on extensively, and the old dodge of putting the dog in the cellar when the assessor comes, fails to connect this trip.

Mr. Ainsley had the misfortune to break a leg on Sunday last, while engaged in the delightful occupation of trying to catch an escaped pet canary. P. S.—hered songster escaped.

On Friday a gentleman named Thomas was introduced to his C. S. R. boss with breaking into a gentleman's office. For 20 days to come in a facility will exercise his breaking into a wood-pile at the Macadamized road.

Mr. Ed. Smith left town last night for a trip to Europe, combining business with pleasure by going in the employ of Messrs. Caughlin & Regan, cattle and sheep shippers.

Mrs. Patterson, nee Abbott, states that the shooting of her lord and master was purely accidental. Probably Mrs. P. realizes now that the revolver is a dangerous animal to fool with.

The Woman Scout bumping for dust—M. H.—y better let up on steering Miss T—r out in the bush and working her for dust. Because she wouldn't give up, Mike gave her the shake. He's no sucker.

Geo. Nunn was charged with liquor selling on Sunday, at the Police Court yesterday, but owing to insufficient evidence the case was dismissed. There is nunn better than George in the liquidating line.

The members of the Presbyterian congregation have decided to proceed with the erection of a new edifice, the church now occupied by them not being commodious enough to supply the wants of a fast increasing congregation.

Thirty-two to thirty was the score made by base ball clubs at Yarmouth Centre lately, and the Chicago's seeing the smallness of the score are beginning to practice very hard. They fear losing the championship.

Lads around town have been practising tight-rope walking a great deal, lately. Charlie, son of Mr. P. Butler, terminated his performance on the fence, by falling off and breaking his arm. He is now progressing favorably.

H. Odell was fined \$4.40 at the Police Court yesterday, for teaming without a license. John Wilson, vagrancy, was fined \$3 or 30 days. A queer thing, that, fininga tag. Dave Cavanagh had tackled the flowing bowl till bowled over. Discharged.

There is a time for all things, but the small boy says that the time to stop and argue with the orchard proprietor, in regard to the error of his ways, is not when you've been sampling his cherries, and he's after you with a club.

Now that the question of whom the respective candidates for the Presidency of the United States are, is satisfactorily settled, Irishtowners are breathing freer when they see Mayer Wiggins' name is not among them, and they are not likely to lose his services.

"It's a long lane that has no turning." Alexander Lane was turned into the classic domains of castle Rich for thirty days, on Tuesday last. Alec had been rye wrestling and got floored. James Tehan at the same time was fined \$3 for a like offence.

Peter Dunn and Jas. Murphy, drunks, stood up before his worship yesterday. Peter's work is "dunn" for 30 days as he retires to a secluded spot, far away from the noise and bustle of the busy world for that period. The festive James paid \$2 and departed.

Joseph claims that he was merely endeavoring to initiate his servant maid into the mysteries of the culinary art, when the damsel got her little mad up and tackled him. But alas, we fear Josie belongs to that highly respectable class, the gay deceivers.

A branch of the Molson Bank is to be established in the East End, under the management of Mr. McIntosh, formerly teller in the main bank here. And now Brodie, Jimmy, Mousby, Jake, and other men of wealth will not need to carry their enormous piles around in their pockets.

Some young farmers had imbibed a considerable quantity of bug juice the other night, and while roaming the wilds of their native haunts, Yarmouth, took occasion to enter the house of a defenceless lady, and after using profane and obscene language, dragged the handsome young servant maid out of her bed, *en deshabille*; but became alarmed and fled. They were brought before Wm. McKay, J. P., at the Court House on Wednesday, but owing to their having settled the case with the prosecutors, they were discharged. We refrain from giving their names this time, but look out, boys, in future.

POCOCK BROS.

The new Boot and Shoe Store, lately opened in St. Thomas, by the above named firm, has found favor with the people in every quarter. They are undoubtedly selling boots and shoes very cheap, and we would advise all to examine their goods before buying elsewhere.

194 Talbot Street, } 133 Dundas Street,
ST. THOMAS. } LONDON.

Mr. W. J. Fitch has come amongst us a resident, and has opened a jewelry and engraving establishment in the shop adjoining Strong & Co's furniture store. From appearances he is a skilled workman, and we predict for him a share of public patronage. He is a brother of Mr. Chas. Fitch, the piano and organ dealer.

We understand that Mr. Chas. Fish's place, next to the Wilcox House, is shortly to be sold to a gentleman from London for a steam baking and confectionery establishment, all to be manufactured on the rear part of the place. The people are greatly in favor of it, and no doubt the gentleman will succeed in his new undertaking.

Our local cotems go into rhapsodies over the Floral entertainment, "Ravished Ear" and other strange and wonderful things appear in one, while the scribe of the other must have studied the dictionary for about six months for this special purpose, for the perfectly reckless manner with which he slings strange words in—words which are liable to explode at any moment, is "quite too perfectly awful."

Messrs Deacon & Hyslop, the popular East End Barbers, will, on Monday, remove their hair dressing and shaving emporium to the new Dier Block, opposite the Wilcox House, to occupy the basement of the corner store. Their new premises will be fitted up in first-class style, possessing every convenience required for a model shaving parlor. Hot and cold soft water baths a specialty.

A young man named David Ogiliby who has been working since a boy upon farms in Bayham and Malahide, was taken to the House of Industry on Sunday. Davis is about twenty-two years of age, and is decidedly out of his mind, he has been frequently found entirely naked lying in the centre of the road, and has acted in other ways that rendered it necessary to have him conveyed to a place of safety. Self abuse is said to be the cause of his derangement. He has since been sent to the London Asylum as a dangerous lunatic.

Mr. Thomas Lipsey, of New Montreal, near Iona, where he conducts a mill, was taken ill a short time ago and removed to his father's house in this town. In the course of his illness he became delirious, and required constant watching. Monday evening, during the temporary absence of his attendants, in the course of his delirium he made his way to the kitchen and securing a knife endeavored to cut his throat. Fortunately the knife was dull and he only partially succeeded in doing so, lacerating it however. He is now progressing favorably. Mr. Lipsey is well-known and esteemed in this town.

Pay your subscription to the REPORTER. Do it at once.

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

A GAY OLD CITIZEN MAKES LOVE TO HIS SERVANT—SHE GETS ON HER MUSCLE AND THUMPS THE GAY OLD CITIZEN.

A short time ago a certain gallant old gentleman, residing in St. Thomas, taking advantage of his wife's illness, made amorous advances towards his servant girl. Although he is well up in years he still possesses rare admiration for the fair sex, and lets pass no opportunity of displaying said admiration. However, in this instance his passion was, we are sorry to say, not reciprocated, and instead of flying to his arms, the lovely maid indignantly attacked him and gave the gay old buck a severe thumping. He is not so fond of making love now "as he used to was."

FLORAL EXHIBITION.

Immense crowds are visiting the magnificent and superb Floral Exhibition at the skating rink. The rink is beautifully decorated in a tasteful and artistic manner, and the scene which greets the eye upon entering is inspiring and exhilarating in the extreme; a sight which partakes more of the character of a scene in fairyland than in this mundane sphere, while the graceful and handsome young ladies would answer very well for the occupants of fairy bowers. Especially one visitor we observed there, a maiden who was gracefully reclining in flowery retreat, while a No. 10 foot slightly peeped from beneath the folds of her dress. Fancy a fairy with number ten feet. Oh, yum, yum! Cool and shady walks and beds of flowers temptingly display themselves. Cozy retreats, amid beds of roses. Mimic waterfalls gracefully play and desport themselves. All the livelong day and evening inspiring music attracts the ear of the visitor. Gay couples sit in and out among the flowers. The rink is brilliantly illuminated, and shines resplendent, with more light than three hundred and two (302) tallow candles would produce. Distinguished singers raise their voices in glorious song and greatly add to the evening's enjoyment. Flora, the fair goddess of flowers, would revel in such a scene. Lofty, ennobling thoughts present themselves to the mind of the visitor, how unsurpassably great and grand are the marvellous beauties of nature as exhibited here. Then he goes and gets a glass of lager, (sometimes).

The admission fee is only ten cents, but there are very wide doorkeepers, and any person who thinks he can slip in for 20 cents will be caught at it, and severely reprimanded.

Candidly speaking, the exhibition, apart from its beautiful attractiveness, is got up for a laudable purpose, and should meet with the hearty support of the whole community.

A LONG TRIP.—Last evening on the six o'clock train Mr. Frank Cutton and Miss Cassie Cutton, son and daughter of Mr. E. Cutton, proprietor of Strong's Hotel, returned to London from a voyage around the world. The trip was commenced nearly fifteen months ago and proved a very enjoyable one, though not without thrilling perils experienced on the face of the "Great Deep." The travellers are in splendid health though very much bronzed by exposure in southern latitudes, and express themselves as willing to take a good long rest in their native land.—Free Press.

There was a wild scene at a Jersey Church on Sunday. A sensational preacher had given out that he would talk on "The Lessons of the Narragansett Slaughter." There was a large congregation, whom the preacher did his best to delight with horrors. He got along swimmingly until he cried "there never was a greater set of cowards than the officers and crew of the Narragansett proved themselves to be on that occasion." This holy sentiment was too much for much for one of the audience, who rose in his seat and roared, "That is a lie, and you are a liar." It was the captain of the Narragansett who thus spoke, and for that freedom of speech he was carried to a police station, while the reckless parson prayed for him.

The firm of M. T. Moore, of St. Thomas has become possessed of the York Tannery, Aylmer, and will at once commence to put the same in working order. New machinery will be added and it is to be run to its full capacity; besides making the best quality of leather it is the intention to keep on hand a full stock of findings of every description.

A JEALOUS WOMAN'S REVENGE.

John Patterson is the name of an express fireman on the Canada Southern, and a short time ago he was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mrs. Abbott, who resides at the East End. They do not appear to have lived very happily, and the troubles culminated on Tuesday last, when Mrs. P. accused her husband of being too intimate with another woman. After some words had passed the husband started to pack his trunk, declining to live in that manner any longer, when his wife produced a revolver and fired at him, the ball entering his breast and passing round his ribs. He then took the revolver from her and proceeded to a doctor, walking above half-a-mile, where the wound was dressed. He is now progressing favorably, although the ball cannot be extracted.

TILSONBURG RACES.

The following are the names of owners of the horses that took prizes in the races at Tilsonburg, on Wednesday:—Open three minute trot—First, Little Dan, owned by M. B. Morrison, Ingersoll; second, Spotted Colt, owned by Upper; of Dunville; third, Carlton, owned by Smith, Round Plains. Named race—First, Ed. Burns, owned by A. D. Merrill, Tilsonburg; second, Gray Frank, owned by William Waller, Tilsonburg; third, Eden Girl, owned by Becker, Eden. Open trot—First, Hazer, of Brantford; second, Johnny Gordon, of Dunville, owned by Ed. Haney; third, Spotted Colt, of Dunville, owned by Upper. So says the Free Press.

Mr. Sam Shaw's Rettie took third money in the three minute trot, although she does not get credit for it. Mr. Miles Ketchum of this town also had a horse there, but it seems the St. Thomas horses were not given a fair show at all, the greatest of partiality being displayed by the judges, and the tactics resorted to by the drivers in jockeying and otherwise hindering them from doing their best were disgraceful. Tilsonburg will have to resort to more honorable means if they wish to hold successful races. Mr. Ketchum's sulkey was run into and broken, purposely, it is believed. When the Tilsonburg and other sports come to St. Thomas we can assure their horses fair play and impartial judgment.

Doc. Ellison of New York has struck a bonanza in the fast trotting colt, "Trumpeter," which was presented to him by his father, Mr. R. Ellison, of this town, former owner of the celebrated horse "Trumpeter," winner of the Queen's Plate. Driven by Budd Doble, Dexter's former driver, at Jerome Park, the other day, the colt made his mile in 2:18, and promises, when completely trained and a little older to surpass any horse on the American turf.

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1880.

A PRUDENT LOVER.

The thrush in the thicket is singing, The lark is abroad on the lea, And over the garden gate swinging A maiden is waiting for me.

She will wait till she's weary, I'm thinking, Though eager I am for the tryst; She will wait till the bright stars are blinking, And sigh for the kisses she miss'd.

But her father is watchful and wary, A very ill-tempered old churl, And I'm not the sort of canary To be kicked for the love of a girl.

THE GUILTESS WITNESS.

'Do you know the prisoner well?' asked the attorney. 'Never knew him sick,' replied the witness.

'No levity,' said the lawyer sternly, 'Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?' 'Took many a drink with him at the bar.'

'Answer my question, sir,' yelled the lawyer. 'How long have you known the prisoner?' 'From two feet up to five feet for inches.'

'Will the court make the—' 'I have, Judge,' said the witness, anticipating the lawyer: 'I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—'

'Your Honour—' 'Its a fac' Judge; I'm under my oath,' persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said: 'Will you tell the court [what you know about this case?'

'That ain't his name,' replied the witness.

'What ain't his name?' 'Case.'

'Who said it was?' 'You did.' You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith.'

'Your Honor!' howled the attorney plucking his beard out by the roots, 'will you make this man answer?'

'Witness,' said the judge, 'you must answer the questions put to you.'

'Land o' Goshen, Judge, haint' I bin doin' it? Let 'em fire away. I'm ready.'

'Then said the lawyer, don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends.'

'Never,' promptly responded the witness.

'What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?'

'No sir, I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in 'im.'

'Stand down,' yelled the lawyer in disgust.

'Hay?' 'Stand down.'

'Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up.'

'Sheriff, remove that man from the box.'

Witness retires muttering, 'Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest coon I ever laid eyes on.'

HE COULD NOT REACH THE BRAKE.

There is an old story of a California stage-driver who dreamed of a journey down the mountain side under perilous conditions. In his dream he started from the top of the mountain, with a crack of his whip and a shout to his horses, and the stage rolled grandly along the gently declining road. Soon the descent became steeper, and the horses were dashing along on the full gallop, but the driver, confident of his power to check them when the necessity should come, still cracked his whip and urged them onward. The stage was now going at a fearful rate, and the passengers became affrighted; but the driver only grasped his lines more firmly, and pulled steadily upon them. At length he could no longer disregard the danger from the headlong speed at which he was driving, and he reached forward to place his foot upon the brake, when he found that it was beyond his reach! To loosen his hold upon the lines would be to give up all control over his frightened horses, and he made another and a more determined effort to reach the brake, but the brake was still beyond his reach. Faster and faster went the stage down the steep road, and more and more frantic became the efforts of the driver to stop it; but the brake was beyond his reach! Just below there was a sudden turn in the narrow road. Upon one side was the solid wall of the mountain height; upon the other a fearful precipice. To pass that, at the speed at which he was going, would be to court instant death.

Once more the driver gathered all his energies together for one last frenzied effort to check the speed of the flying stage! but alas! it was of no use! He could not reach the brake! Who has not known men who were on the down grade of intemperance, and who could not reach the brake!—whose destinies were freighted with the lives of near and dear friends whom they were bearing down to lives of misery and disgrace, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw wealth, honour, love, happiness, being left behind them in their flying descent, but who could not reach the brake!—who saw before them the yawning abyss of eternal death for themselves and their children, but still they could not reach the brake!

IS THIS TRUE.

A woman will take the smallest drawer in the bureau for her own private use, and will store in it dainty fragments of ribbon and scraps of lace, foamy ruffles, velvet things for the neck, bundles of old love-letters, pieces of jewelry, handkerchiefs, fans, things that no man knows the names of, all sorts of fresh looking, bright little articles that you couldn't catalogue in a column, and at any time she can go to that drawer and pick up any one of them she wants without disturbing anything else. Whereas a man having the biggest, deepest, and widest drawer assigned to him will put into it a couple of socks, a collar-box, an old necktie, two handkerchiefs, a pipe and a pair of braces, and to save 'his life he can't shut that drawer without leaving more ends of things sticking out than there are things in it.

ALL SORTS.

Feed slow people on catch-up. Sweating for one's daily bread is a pore way of getting it.

The good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, carries them over the dam—and don't you forget it.

It is a poor man who can't carry through life with him at least one remedy for the sore throats he may meet on life's highway.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

A wag got hold of an editor's whisky bottle and labelled it, 'To be continued in our necks.'

'Good morning, Patrick: you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you rather too much.' 'Och, there's nothing surprising in that; sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it.'

Imagine the horror of an up-town mother, whose three-year old daughter addressed her with 'Mamma, my doll's played out and I don't want any more rag doll's, I want a meat baby.'

Bilkington has passed away. Mrs. B., who has just read the notice of his death in the newspaper, said: 'What a pity John couldn't read this. He would be so pleased to see his name in print.'

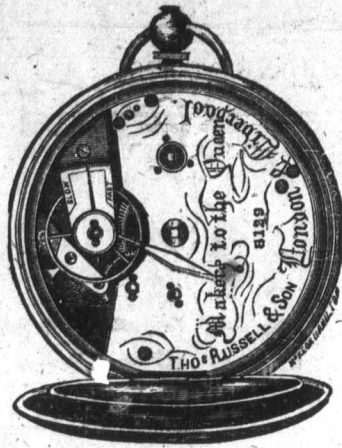
'Ah me,' said a pious old lady, 'our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God among us he banged the in'ards out of five bibles.'

A man who offered for \$5 to put any one on the track of a paying investment seated an applicant between the rails of the Boston and Albany railroad.

The prediction has often been made by those opposed to Chinese immigration that so soon as the Mongolians invade the Eastern States in any considerable numbers they would be met with the same kind of hospitality on the part of the white working men that they have had to face on the Pacific Slope. These anticipations seem likely to be realized. There are now some three thousand Chinamen in New York and they have encountered bitter opposition from property holders as well as from the working people, and have had difficulty in finding shelter owing to the reluctance of to see a Chinese quarter build up in the metropolis. The anti-Chinese plank in the Republican platform is doubtless a concession to a well-defined popular demand, and the Democrats will probably follow suit. There is not likely to be much opposition on the part of the Chinese Government to a modification of the existing treaty for the purpose of limiting the Chinese emigration if the Americans press the matter, as they prefer to have their people remain at home. The secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington intimates that China does not encourage the exodus, and further states that the Chinese who come to America are from a single province near Hong Kong. Many are said to be returning to their native land owing to the agitation.

LOOK OUT

FOR THE NEW



JEWELER'S STORE,

Next to the Post Office.

H. VOGT

Late of Ingersoll, now a resident of St. Thomas, is prepared to sell

Watches, Clocks AND JEWELRY

As cheap as can be got at any house in town. Repairing a Specialty.

Mr. Vogt has just returned from the East with a new stock of Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c. Call and examine his stock and be convinced. Remember the shop, next the Post Office.

H. VOGT.

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 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

JOSEPH LAING, Jr.,

Accountant, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—Southwick 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.

T. ACHESON, CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining Penwarden's Hotel.

In order to suit my customers, I keep on hand the very latest Style of Laces. All work left at my shop will be done in the best style of workmanship, equal to any in the Dominion. Jan. 1880. 1-ly

BOARDING.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF RESPECTABLE persons can secure comfortable board within two minutes' walk of the C. S. R. workshops. Apply to MRS. G. A. SIMONS, One door west of Dominion House, Talbot street, St. Thomas.



Universally admitted to be the beverage of the day. Try it.

WM. REISER & SONS PROPRIETORS.

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. April 30, 1880. 16

PERFECT-FITTING

SHIRTS

of all kinds

Made to Measure

at Lowest Prices.

JOHN WILSON

WESTERN

SHIRT FACTORY

534 Richmond Street,

London, - Ont.

April, 9, 1880. 13-11

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

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.

2-3m E. BOND, Prop'r

W. H. WENDELL'S

EAST END

HAIR-DRESSING AND Shaving Room!

Opposite C. S. R. Station.

MR. WENDELL having secured the services of a first-class workman 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. 12-4

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.

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A Single Copies,

FRIDAY, JUNE 25,

IRISHTOWN CO.

SOME BEAUTIFUL COSTUME

PETITIONS—BRUDDER M

—A TRIP WITH VAN

OTHER MATTER

Throughout the length this Dominion there is no which display more punctance than that wise, he intelligent council, the cou This was exemplified at t ing on Tuesday evening, being present. The maj ed in fastidious costume cook having a corduroy buttons and yellow trim in done the grand in coat with stovepipe hat with enormous brass o the size of a large turni had a snuff-colored smoc piece of lettuce for a bu while the graceful foru was arrayed in an eleg ed from Detective Steck sion, and flaming red w others were wonderful Little's breast pin, and door knob attracting spe he was enthusiastically dignified manner he er chamber, but not a smi lips at his reception. importance of the occas the dulcet tones of the upon the night air. Mayor Wiggins took empty beer barrel, an called to order. The clerk, A. P. W forward with the pet which was from Neil Duncan, asking Lord high constable, and commander in chi forces at large. Mr. he was capable of att required; he was not; the boys, but would any of them; he wo every person who was town lockup, to see matches or other artic take their money fo council need not be dishonorable with t he would spend it fo The second was fr A. T. Stewart's dr York, asking a bo store to Irishtown. The next was fron ing the council to t to procure his relea He knew very well had only to hold u it would procure hi The next was fr McGinley, asking fo cial dog killer in I derstood they were It was moved by Andrew Little, informed that the of the drunken m his services are not Moved by John Billy O'Neil, that and an old stove b dry goods store on moving to Irishtow Mr. Berry here he would fence th barn, and begar t their store, and th he other half, and dwelling there as l pig in a puddle. It was then resu res were taken to A McKinnon, an Con Coughlin be to lay the case Lorne, an old fr and if he would r Ozar of Ruasy. Much indignat the next comm stating that be t mother's shirt a c live as any other troics to be after they will be ki He moved, seco that the petition contained. Carr Harry Baboo e man at the do dress the council to the entrance Brudder Monab BRUDDER Brudder Mon

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1880.

IRISHTOWN COUNCIL.

SOME BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES—INTERESTING PETITIONS—BRUDDER MOUSBY SPEAKS—A TRIP WITH VANDERBILT—OTHER MATTERS.

Throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion there is no municipal body which display more punctuality in attendance than that wise, honorable and intelligent council, the council of Irishtown. This was exemplified at the regular meeting on Tuesday evening, all the members being present. The majority were arrayed in fastastic costumes. Harry Babcock having a corduroy suit with brass buttons and yellow trimming; Con Coughlin done the grand in a swallow-tailed coat with stovepipe hat and white cuffs, with enormous brass cuff buttons about the size of a large turnip; Johnny Berry had a snuff-colored smock on with a large piece of lettuce for a button hole bouquet, while the graceful form of Billy O'Neil was arrayed in an elegant cloak, borrowed from Detective Steckton for the occasion, and flaming red waistcoat; while the others were wondrously garbed, Andrew Little's breast pin, and enormous brass door knob attracting special attention and he was enthusiastically cheered as in a dignified manner he entered the council chamber, but not a smile played upon his lips at his reception. He recognized the importance of the occasion. At 8 o'clock the dulcet tones of the cow bell rang out upon the night air.

Mayor Wiggins took his seat upon an empty beer barrel, and the council was called to order. The clerk, A. P. Webb, then stepped forward with the petitions, the first of which was from

Neil Duncan, asking for the position of Lord high constable, police inspector, and commander in chief of the Irishtown forces at large. Mr. Duncan stated that he was capable of attending to the duties required; he was not going to be hard on the boys, but would take a drink with any of them; he would carefully search every person who was plucked in the Irishtown lockup, to see that they had no matches or other articles to injure it, and take their money for safe keeping. The council need not be afraid he would act dishonorable with the money, not him, he would spend it for whiskey.

The second was from the manager of A. T. Stewart's dry goods store, New York, asking a bonus to remove their store to Irishtown.

The next was from A. McKinnon, asking the council to take active measures to procure his release from durance vile. He knew very well that Mayor Wiggins had only to hold up his little finger and it would procure his release.

The next was from Miss Mary Jane McGipity, asking for the position of official dog killer in Irishtown, as she understood they were going to appoint one.

It was moved by Sim Thayer, seconded by Andrew Little, that Neil Duncan be informed that the council can take care of the drunken men's money, and that his services are not required. Carried.

Moved by Johnny Berry, seconded by Billy O'Neil, that a bonus of two dollars and an old stove be granted to Stewart's dry goods store on condition of their removing to Irishtown.

Mr. Berry here remarked that begorra he would fence them in half of his ould barn, and begar they cud use that for their store, and the cows an' pigs cud hev he other half, and faith they cud be after dwelling there as happy and contented as a pig in a puddle. The motion was carried.

It was then resolved that active measures be taken to procure the release of A. McKinnon, and that Sim Thayer and Con Coughlin be appointed a committee to lay the case before the Marquis of Lorne, an old friend of Con Coughlin's, and if he would not intercede to try the Czar of Russy.

Much indignation was expressed over the next communication, Billy O'Neil stating that be the powers of his grandmother's shirt a dog had as much right to live as any other man, and if any wan troies to be after killin' thim around yere they will be kilt intirely themselves. He moved, seconded by Billy Wiggins, that the petition of Mary Jane be not entertained. Carried.

Harry Babcock then said that there was a man at the door who would like to undress the council. Mr. B. then stepped to the entrance, and returned, leading Brudder Mousby by the hand.

BRUDDER MOUSBY SPEAKS.

Brudder Mousby upon coming forward

was cheered to the echo. When the cheering had somewhat subsided he said, "Ise not gwine fur to take up much of yer valuable time to-night, yaw, yaw, but Ise a great man ober dere in dat willage of St. Thomas, an' dey wants me for to stay an' not mobs my three-story barber shop to Irishtown, but Ise gwine to do it, yes, Ise gwine to do it. One story ob my barber shop is under and one oder is up in de air and ain't bricked in yet, but Ise gwine to come right to Irishtown, an' den dat willage of St. Thomas will all go to pieces. Mr. M. was then seized with a violent fit of laughing. He went yah, yah, yah, and fell in a limp heap; he was carefully picked up and tenderly laid in the wood box.

Billy O'Neal then said he wud give an account of a trip he was after takin' to Buffalo, to see the water works, as they intended having them in Irishtown. It was the toime Vanderbilt was going through, and I wor after gittin on wid him by special invite, and roiding to Buffalo wid him. At first Vanderbilt and his min seemed to be sorter bashful to be roiding in sich foime company as meself, an' when they spoke they sez, sez they, yes yer honor, an' what, sor, did yees say, an' tuk off their hats to me; but I sez, boys, don't be bashful about roidin' wid me, I'm not proud if I do belong to the Irishtown council. Yees are all wilthy min, an' yees may yet be wan of our great council. We went to Buffalo, an' the mayor came to meet me and invited us to send a committee to view the water-works and the whiskeyworks an' the other works as soon as possible, and sooner if we have toime.

Self praise is no rimidy, said Alderman McNearny, but it was finally decided to send a committee to Buffalo.

REDISTRIBUTION THE WARDS. Mr. Jones, after Alderman McNearny had been called to a point of order, arose, and remarked that the committee appointed to consider the redistribution of the wards had prepared their report, as we wish to get ahead of them wagabones over beyant in St. Thomas, forinist the corporation. It is as follows:

Your comity, in their wisdom, have come to the conclusion that ward number wan should be from Yarmouth Centre to New Sarum, and take in the town line between Dunwich and Aldborough.

Ward number two from Willoughby Clark's divil's half acre to Luxton's hotel, forinist the Southern bridge, and take in the willage of St. Thomas, and half of Michael Barret's hen house.

Ward number three to be from Ross street to Hortonville, and to take in Billy Wiggins' lot in London, so he would not have to pay taxes on it there.

Ward number four to be the main ward, and to take in the present city of Irishtown, and also to take in all the green-horns who visited it, and the council to take in all the hotels in the whole place.

Ward number five to take in parts of Port Stanley, New York, Duntroit, Delaware, and part of Freek's brick yard.

Mr. Jones said that this would work splendidly, in the refined language of the great poet, Sim Thayer, "E pluribus unum." "Whoop," says Johnny McNearny, as he bounded from his chair, "Devil take ye, sor, stop that swearin around here." It was explained to Mr. M. that it was Latin, and not swearing, but he would not stop till Sim Thayer threatened to read some of his poetry. That quieted him at once.

It was then moved by McNearny, seconded by Babcock, that the report be laid over and that the council adjourn to some temperance house where they keep whiskey and water. Carried.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED.

We clip the following from an exchange:—An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good-looking and feeble individual, knowing enough to come in when it rains unless some good-looking girl offers him a shelter for her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last in company with arm around her waist, up the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to stay for stay by MARY E. SMITH.—We are pleased to state that we can assist Mrs. Smith in her researches. The individual inquired after lives in this town, and has every good looking girl in this town running after him. He will not come for the name of Jim, however, but if you call him Sagittarius, Trahaxit, or some other big name, he will immediately prick up his ears. You can have him, Mrs. Smith and welcome.

A man with fame is like a man with a corn. The larger it grows the more apt it is to be stepped upon.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Eleven million dollars was spent last year for hair restoratives, and we can't see more hair than the year before.

The prize-fight season and the strawberry short-cake season always opens at the same time, and both are sure to get folks into trouble.

Woman is called man's better half, but she is not a half at all. When she holds a domestic convention she enforces the two-thirds vote.

No man should make sport of love. The chap who can't love for all he's worth when young is the man whom grocers compel to pay cash down when he is old and bald-headed.

Boston philosophy says: "If there were not so many bad men there would not be so many bad women." If there were no people in the world the mosquitoes would have nobody to bite.

One great and good thing about John Bull is the fact that he takes good care of his countrymen no matter where they wander. If one ship of war can't protect him he can have half a dozen.

Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then with a gilding brush go over your glasses and picture frames, and the flies will not alight on the articles so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

They are building the private dwellings in Chicago with deadened walls, to accommodate lovers and protect neighbors from annoyance. In the early stages of this courtship the kiss of an arduous Chicago man sounds like the splash of an empty bucket in a horse pond.

A fellow stopped at a hotel in Leadville and the landlord charged him seven dollars a day for five days. "Didn't you make a mistake?" "No," said the landlord. "Yes, you did; you thought you got all the money I had, but you are mistaken. I have a whole purse full in another pocket."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before the sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully towards the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good-evening" if it would be agreeable to the company.

A well-know character and noted politician named Ward entered the Methodist Church, Point St. Charles, while laboring under a considerable degree of excitement, and, taking his place in the pew, commenced to denude himself. Six wardens arrested him, and ejected him from the church.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything.

There is a burden of care in getting riches—fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be concerning them. And yet we never saw the man who was not willing to be all those burdens and take all the risks for the sake of riches.

It takes time for young men to become acquainted with woman's ways. When for instance, a young husband steals up behind his wife while she stands at her dressing case and suddenly bends forward and prints an unexpected kiss on her lips, he gains the knowledge that a woman holds about one hundred and ninety-seven pins in her mouth when dressing.

It will be remembered that one Capt. Cany, an Englishman, signalled his visit to Newport last year, by riding into the club house. A similar feat has been performed, possibly by the same gentleman, at Melton, England. A horse went upstairs into a drawing room, but positively refused to come down. Ultimately a part of the wall was pulled down, and the animal was lowered by a steam crane. This funny fellow's joke cost about \$1,000.

God help the man who has outgrown the relish of a hearty laugh. No doubt He who made them loves to see the foxes in their gambols in the snow and the lambs on the green sward, and loves to see the glee of the little children also at their play and is not displeased at the care-dispersing laughter of His burden-bearing servants. Fippant, you say! We would rather see a man fippant, as the anti-smilers term it, six hours a day than one too sour to laugh at a ridiculous thing; or too dignified to cut across lots to a picnic.

CLEARING SALE!

W. F. MARTIN'S

238 Talbot St., - St. Thomas.

BLACKWOOD'S GINGER ALE

Champagne Cider, Super-Carbonated Soda Water, English Lemonade, and Mineral Waters.

STEAM WORKS, 44 William street, St. Thomas; 35 Notre Dame, Montreal.

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 cause 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. Dobbie, Esquire, P. 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.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN 1880. THE BEST! THE LARGEST! THE CHEAPEST IN NORTH AMERICA. NEW PRESSES—NEW TYPE—INCREASED SPEED IN PUBLICATION. The 2nd of January, 1880, THE WEEKLY GLOBE will take another of those upward strides in the march of improvement that have maintained it for nearly forty years in its high position as

THE LEADING FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF BRITISH AMERICA. The increasing necessity for great variety of reading matter in each week's issue, so as to include the news from all sections of the Dominion and meet the varied tastes of its numerous readers, has rendered expedient the enlargement of THE WEEKLY GLOBE much beyond even its present large dimensions. Commencing with the first week of the New Year, therefore, the form of the paper will be changed from that of an 88-column paper to that of a 96-column paper; and the length of each page will also be so extended as to give, in all, an increase of reading matter in each week's sheet of nearly 32 columns beyond its present size.

This vast addition to the capacity of the paper will enable a bill of fare to be presented weekly probably more varied and interesting than was ever before accomplished in any weekly journal. The literary matter will be much increased; more space will be devoted to Household and social affairs; and the Agricultural Department will be rendered more efficient than ever before. Notwithstanding the great enlargements and improvements to be made, the annual subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE will remain as heretofore, only

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. sent postage free to all parts of Canada and the United States, payable invariably in advance. THE CLUB RATES FOR 1880

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. For 4 Copies and up, to 10... \$1.50 per copy. 11 " " " 20... 1.80 " " 21 " " " 30... 1.70 " " 31 " " " 40... 1.80 " " 41 " " " over... 1.50 " "

Any one is at liberty to get up a club on his own responsibility. Each club paper may be addressed separately, and may be for any Post Office. Reliable parties getting up clubs will be supplied with specimen copies of the paper gratis, on application. THE WEEKLY GLOBE will be sent free of postage to any Post Office in Great Britain for \$2.20—or nine shillings sterling. Remittances may be sent by P.O. money order, bank draft, registered letter, or by express at our risk. Orders and remittances to be addressed to the GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY, Toronto.

All subscriptions sent in between this date and the 1st of January, 1880, will entitle the subscriber to receive THE WEEKLY GLOBE from date of subscription to 31st December, 1880.

THE DELMONICO

SALOON

RESTAURANT!

DELL MCCREADY

is now located in his magnificent new premises in the Opera House Block,

specially fitted up and without exception the finest establishment in Western Ontario.

FRESH OYSTERS

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Fine Sample Rooms

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N, ETC, USE, class Hotel, are with his continue as week, 16, TS, sure, SON, TORY, Ont, 13-4, OTEL, M.A.S., ot, Talbot St., Prop'r, ER, e modern imshed through the best stocked with, 19, TEL, reet, LAS, Prop, OF, ligars, Travellers, 12 hours Good er, RATE, ND, Prop'r, DELL'S, END, SSING, boom!, itation, secured the serorkman is now ever ready to ublic generally, and Children's customers for ectually request Bowling Alley 12-4, N, her, on Saturhe person who will oblige by A. HOUSE, 80.

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. As she said, 'Mr. Mickie, I wish you good-day. You're a heartless desaver—now don't speak a word! Pretty tales about you and that Norah I've heard, You know you danced with her the day of the fair, And praised her gray eyes and her very red hair. You called her an angel; quite in love with her fell; And at night, when you parted, you kissed her as well! Then young Mickey gave a sly wink as he said, 'I desaved her, my darlin'—this way turn your head— Yes, faith, I desaved her; my darlin' it's true. For I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied 'twas you!

Yes, that's what I did; Katie, it's true; I shut both my eyes, And fancied 'twas you!

'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. The person who snubs a young sister and crowds her out of sight when others are present does her a sad injustice. The child is to become a woman, and is rapidly becoming one. She needs kind and pleasant culture in everything that tends to make her womanly. A lift on her way helps her to that mental growth which nobody can enjoy if held down under pressure. Her mind needs to be strengthened and quickened by converse and contact with the minds of others. With this lifting and helping and quickening she has a chance to grow in every proper and worthy direction. Without it, she retires out of sight and shrivels into a melancholy existence. The Chinese bind and cramp the feet of their girl children. [We call it unreasonable. To bandage a child's mind and to withhold from her the chance to attain that for which God has made her is as undesirable and as culpable as anything the Chinese do in the way of crippling their girls.

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. Of course there will be hardly enough to give each Smith a glass of soda water when the cash is divided, but that don't interfere with the principle of the thing. We are all glad to hear that the Smiths are in luck.

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. A more lusty, ruddyfaced set of young men could not easily be found. They wore light tweed suits and Derby hats, and displayed the ruling passion strongly in scarf-pins and watch-chains, the favourite symbols being the winged-foot, the wheel, and the horn. The little expedition [was under the lead of Mr. F. W. Weston, the pioneer bicyclist of the United States. A fixed charge—\$250—was levied upon each member, and for this he was promised first-class accommodations throughout his journey abroad.

'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 who wrests 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-i-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.

At St. Thomas, on the 11th inst., the wife of Rev. M. Frazer, 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. 3-11

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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