

ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

No. 2

JUNE 11, 1880.

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.

CORALLED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED
BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

Hhoa! Humphrey.
Steady, oh! Alvinston.
Bail the little doan, P. G.
The Guide has ceased to guide.
Jim, "what are you doing dar?"
Woollen goods cheap on C. S. R.
Read the Irishtown Council this issue.
The REPORTER poet is hard on Garret.
Too much Bella Donna will not fix on the tail of Shorty.
Jim, you are the solid Muldoon! Ain't he, Ann?
A fashionable wedding on the tapis at the West End—widows, cats and goggles.
Two youths from Buffalo on a bender. What say you, Rad?
Jerry thinks of starting an alley in Irishtown.
Bear hunting is good. What dy'r soy, Rodgerson?
The directors of the Southern Counties Fair meet in the Town Hall to-night.
A man on St. George street wants a few more lady tenants. Eh, Hellow-away.
There will be no demonstration in this town on the 12th of July. The Orangemen go to Sarnia.
The bill-board, opposite the C. S. R., twice took a tumble; too much wind and scarcity of nails the cause.
That Rocky horse from Hamburg was hitched to a fine bus circus day, and picked up two passengers on Talbot street.
A number of Emigrants principally Swiss and Germans, passed through on the Air Line, this week.
The pupils of the High School, assisted by local amateurs, hold a concert in the Opera House, this evening.
"No one to love me for 40 cents," reads a music advertisement handed into this office.
Chas. Shanahan, yard engineer C. S. R., had the misfortune to break his arm the other day. He is progressing favorably.
Charlie, the type slinger, had better let up chewing the pickets off of Mr. Sumner's fence, or else the boys will put a knoll over his eye.
Frank was heard to say that he did not care a nickle if he put his fish in the pickle, if he did her fancy tickle; but, alas! she was so fickle.
The town girls are wondering how Mr. Gos—ge, of the C. S. R., disposed of the show tickets, given him for distribution among the boys.
John Webb has been observed in the East End, lately, evidently on the lookout for the dutch whelper's calf, to add to his curiosities.
There has been a large increase in Fisher Sandales family of ferrets, and no doubt they will be detrimental to the increase of rats and other vermin, in town.
There are a large number of barbers in St. Thomas at present, but still some of the East End ladies prefer the old and time honoured custom of combing their husband's head with the rolling pin.

The Springfield Horticultural Society, now has sixty members on the roll, and the other inhabitant must feel awfully lonely.

The steeple of the R. C. Church was struck by lightning yesterday morning, about 8 o'clock, during a terrific clap of thunder.

Will, the nobby tailor, how about getting left at Port Stanley, and having to hire a rig to bring those girls back? Take a tumble, pretty, and don't take fits next time.

A Chatham paper states that Emma Goss and Lillie Hughes, who claimed to hail from St. Thomas, were charged with vagrancy at the police court. Who are they?

Detective Stockton, who recently removed from St. Thomas to Glencoe, refused to pay a fine of \$5, imposed for non-payment of poll-tax, consequently the gay detective now languishes in durance vile for one week.

A young lady sent twenty-five cents and a postage stamp in reply to an advertisement of 'How to make an impression,' and received an answer, 'Sit down on a pan of dough!'

Ed. Lang, one of our newboys, is about to visit the several villages throughout the county, as a Tight Wire Walker, and we trust he will meet with a good reception wherever he goes.

Smith & Waddell, of Springfield, ran a covered bus to St. Thomas on circus day in opposition to the C. S. R., and the directors of the C. S. R. are said to feel terribly bad about it.

Lucinda Bain, of Aylmer, together with her two fair daughters are now up at Aylmer, on a charge of keeping a house of ill-fame. It appears they have a "bane" there, too.

Chub, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to use a nice young lady that way. The old man will fan you if you take any more of his girls for all night rides.

The Wimbledon Team leave for England about the 19th June, consequently it is thought that the Messrs. Graham will be unable to participate in the Western Rifle Association matches.

Angus Henderson was charged by a woman of questionable character with the larceny of a silk wipe, but she afterwards wisely forgot to make her appearance, as her charge was evidently a trumped up one.

A sorrel-topped young man of one of our principle hotels is to be seen nightly serenading the cook in his shirt tail and drawers. Look out, young man, and don't do things so openly.

A dead horse, attached to a broken buggy, was found on the Fingal road Thursday morning, evidently the wind up of a bad runaway. It was afterwards ascertained that the wreck belonged to Mr. Patterson of Dunwich.

George O—r, the dealer in horseflesh, if you do not pass by respectable woman at the West End, who are minding their own business, without you throwing out insults, you will receive what Paddy gave the drum. Don't you forget it either.

A young lady told a gentleman that smoking was injurious to the health. 'Why,' said he, 'there's my father, he has smoked daily, and he is now seventy.' 'Well,' said she, 'if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty.'

An old lady recently visiting a prison asked one of the attendants why the prisoners received such coarse food. He told her it was to keep their blood from becoming impure. And when asked what they would do if their blood was impure, he dryly responded, 'Break out.'

The horses attached to the lion van, in Forepaugh's procession became restive and started on a dead run below Penwarden's hotel. The driver displayed some magnificent driving and finally brought the horses to a standstill, but not before considerable excitement was created by the roaring of the lions and their frantic efforts to get loose.

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.

INCIDENTS OF THE CIRCUS.

A large crowd of people from all parts of the country assembled in St. Thomas, on the circus day, and, although in the morning the weather indications were not very favorable, the day turned out remarkably fine. At 10 o'clock the magnificent procession wended its way through the streets, much to the delight of the juvenile community, and persons of a larger growth. The performance, especially the remarkable manner in which young Forepaugh has the herd of elephants trained, was excellent. The huge unwieldy beasts performed wonders at the slightest bidding of their young master. Several persons took advantage of the facilities afforded by this day and looked upon the wine when it was red, as the coop of drunks next day testified. An intelligent little fellow of about five years of age, named Cole, got separated from his father, who he stated lived near Fingal, and was kindly taken care of by Mr. Poulton, furniture dealer, next door to the "Belfast House," and Mr. Upper, till his friends were found. Considerable excitement was produced during the evening performance, when the ringmaster announced that the little bridge at the east end, on the C. S. R. had given away; and requesting all the wrecking gang who were present to proceed at once to the scene of the disaster. Several persons, whose principals will not allow them to uphold a circus, were noticed at this one just taken the children, to please them, but it sometimes took four or five full grown persons to take one small child.

A FIGHT BETWEEN BEARS.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.
It was found necessary recently to repair the polar bear water tank at the Zoo, and for this purpose the brown bears were driven into the right compartments, so that their pit could be occupied by the white bears temporarily.
One of the iron doors of the compartment not being fully closed, one of the small brown bears discovered what he considered intruders in his family's domain. Every time one of the visitors passed this opening he rammed one paw through and tried to give him a swipe. Finally the male polar, when the paw was stuck out, grasped it and dragged its owner through the narrow opening into the pit. The fight was terrific. The contestants were unevenly matched, but nevertheless the little brown bear stood up to the work with admirable pluck. Up and down the pit they went in the deadly struggle, the little fellow scoring the first point by bringing blood from the polar's head, for which he received a rap that made his teeth rattle, and knocked him about ten feet. They came together again like a flash, and quicker than thought the polar rose on its hind legs with his enemy in his embrace. As the pressure was applied the bones could be heard to crack. Presently the hug relaxed, and the dying bear dropped to the pavement. The polar now for the first time seemed to be fully enraged, and with great leaps jumped up and down on the prostrate foe, uttering deep, hoarse growls that called forth an answering chorus from all the animals surrounding. He at last held the carcass down with one paw and commenced rending the bear with his teeth.
The keeper, who had opened the door, making a passage way through to the polar's quarters, now went to work with a long, pointed iron rod, and succeeded in driving the polars back to their quarters.

The Canadian cricket team in England is making just the sort of poor show as predicted. As yet they have met only third-rate teams in the country places, and have hardly held their own with them. When they come to play a first-class club, like the Marylebone Cricket Club, or one of the county clubs, they will have a bad quarter of an hour, during which they will wish they had taken the friendly advice of those who recommended them to remain at home.

'There is something about your daughter, Mr. Waughop said reflectively—'there's something about your daughter—' Yes,' said old Mr. Thistlepod, 'there is. I have noticed it myself. It comes every evening about 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about two. And some of these nights I'm going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it.'

CRICKET CHALLENGE.

St. Thomas, June 7th, '80.
To the Editor of the ST. THOMAS REPORTER.—Sir, I notice in your last issue, (dated 4th June), that some one "claiming himself an English Cricketer, just from home, challenges any man in this county, (Elgin), to play a match at Cricket, single w'k't. Now, as an amateur, cricketer, I ask the individual to name time and place where a meeting can be had, and the undersigned will accommodate him with a match; the match to be played according to the English Cricket (single w'k't) rules. The Old Country Cricketer need not be afraid of meeting professionals here. We are simply amateur Canadians, and are anxious to get points in the noble game. Hoping the gentleman will respond to this at once, and any communications left, addressed to the undersigned, care of Commercial Hotel, will receive my prompt attention.
Respectfully, your,
WILL ROGERSON.

THE DEATH OF "OLD TOM."

Thomas Goodwin, an old typo, commonly known as "Old Tom," died at the Ladies Home on Saturday last from the effects of a paralytic stroke, experienced the day before. Tom was well known around town; he was a faithful worker, and had been in the employ of Mr. P. Burke, of the St. Thomas Weekly Dispatch, on which paper he had worked for upwards of eighteen years, till old age and increasing infirmities rendered him unfit for service any longer. Many of our citizens well remember his short figure and bent head, the result of a fall from a horse, as he regularly plodded to and from his work. Tom visited his sister at St. Paul, Minn., and through lack of funds, walked every step of the way to St. Thomas, requiring four months to do so. Before coming to St. Thomas he had worked for Lovell of Montreal and Sutherland of the London Free Press, and is well known to all the old stock of Canadian printers. Tom has set his last stick, and no doubt has gone to a land where printers, as well as others, meet their just reward. *Requiescat in pace.*

Kleptomaniacs seem to be prevalent around Aylmer lately. Little Miss Millard, aged 11, had a little way of her own of till-tapping from Taylor & Co., but the little lady began carrying the practice too far, consequently her recreation was put a stop to on Monday last. On the same day a couple of elegantly attired females entered the dry goods store of Mr. Farthing, and while the clerk, Mr. Farthing and while the clerk, Mr. Wrong, was waiting on them one slyly slipped a lace collar into her pocket, but the clerk was the "wrong" man to be fooled that way, and he mentioned the fact to the lady. As she tearfully apologized for her absent mindedness she tried to collar a roll of silk, but was ignominiously caught at it and invited to get out.

St. Thomas Reporter.
 ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
 Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

DON'T STOP IT, PRINTER.

Don't stop my paper, printer;
 Don't strike my name off yet;
 You know the times are stringent
 And dollars hard to get;
 But tug a little later
 Is what I mean to do,
 And scrape the dimes together,
 Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
 I find it doesn't pay
 To do without a paper,
 However others may.
 I hate to ask my neighbors
 To give me theirs on loan;
 They don't just say, but mean it,
 Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
 If it by any fate
 Should happen not to reach us,
 Or comes a little late.
 Then all is in a hubbub,
 And things go all awry;
 And, printer, if you're married
 You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it;
 It is no use to try;
 For other people take it;
 And, printer, so must I.
 I, too, must keep me posted,
 And know what is going on,
 Or feel, and be accounted
 A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
 If pay be somewhat slow,
 For cash is not so plenty.
 And wants not few you know.
 But I must have the paper,
 Cost what it may to me;
 I'd rather dock my sugar,
 And do without my tea.

So printer, don't you stop it,
 Unless you want my frown,
 For here's the years' subscription
 And credit it right down;
 And send the paper promptly,
 And regularly on,
 And let it bring us weekly
 Its welcomed benison.

A GREAT SHOCK.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spouse (the straight eye) so she snapped:
 "Well, what do you want?"
 "Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.
 "What for?" she queried, suspiciously.
 "Madam," said the cross-eyed man, have you a child?
 "Yes, I have," replied the woman, "what of it?"
 "A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.
 "No, a boy," replied the woman.
 "Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"
 "About that age," said the woman.
 "What about him?"
 "Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."
 "Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise, "what's the matter?"
 "Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "retain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"
 "Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"
 "Is there not a railroad track crossing the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.
 "Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened, what—?"
 "Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."
 "Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"
 "Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this morning saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—"
 "Oh, dear! oh, dear," screamed the woman, wringing her hands; tell me the worst—is he—?"
 "He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted—"
 There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the

gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology, with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

A curious story has just come to light in Boston, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the changes which time brings forth.
 Many years ago, a young fellow named Bigelow was sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in great style at the University. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college.
 The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore went to work and learned a trade as a machinist.
 While he was at work his old associates cut him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, refused to recognize him when they met.
 One day, when going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as 'Tom,' and insisted he should call and see her, as he always had done. She said, 'There is no change in you, as far as I am concerned.'
 The years rolled on. The young work-boy became immensely wealthy, and is now the Mayor of New Haven, with an income of 100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for his indebtedness, and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the woman who was faithful and true to the young work-boy who had once been at college.

WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT

The other day a lady accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a C. S. R. train at Amherstburg, bound for St. Thomas. The woman had a careworn expression hanging round her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.
 "Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.
 "Hush."
 "Why must I hush?"
 After a moment's silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"
 "Hush, I tell you. He's bald."
 "What's bald?"
 "His head hasn't any hair on it."
 "Did it come off?"
 "I guess so."
 "Will mine come off?"
 "Sometime, maybe."
 "Then I'll be bald, won't I?"
 "Yes."
 "Will you care?"
 "Don't ask so many questions."
 After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at the fly on that man's head."
 "If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."
 "Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight! look at 'em."
 "Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hienna?"
 The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.
 "One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.
 "Here, you young Hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."
 The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.
 "Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"
 "I'll slap you again, if you don't hush."
 "Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"
 "Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the shebeards to kill children for making fun of his head, but now I am forced to believe he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher, rather than remain here.
 "The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

HERE AND THERE.

He was a festive lawyer and as he read the will of the dear departed, he tenderly remarked to the widow, 'you have a nice fat leg-acy. As he lay in bed next morning with his face all scratched up he wondered what on earth he said.
 Maid, (an aristocratic child): "How pretty and clever you are, mother! I'm so glad you married into our family."

A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

When a fond parent sees a boy walk through a gateway, instead of climbing the fence, he is worried for fear the lad isn't quite himself.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked: 'What is mist?' vaguely responded, 'An umbrella.'

'Lemmy, you're a pig,' said a father to his son, who was five years old. 'Now do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?'
 'Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy.'

The latest sweet thing is entitled 'Kiss Me Quickly, Birdie, Darling.' It is described as serio-comic—the serio part probably beginning upon the arrival of the old man.

'Zephaniah,' said his wife with a chilling severity, 'I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon.' 'Well, my darling,' replied the heartless man, 'you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?'

A clergyman, preaching a very dull sermon, set his congregation asleep except a poor fellow, who was generally considered deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking around, exclaimed: 'What, all asleep but the poor idiot!' 'Ay,' quoth the fellow, 'and if I had not been a fool I should have gone to sleep, too.'

A New Hampshire woman has a husband who is addicted to joining secret societies. One of her exasperated outbursts is thus reported by the Manchester Mirror: 'Jine! He'd jine anything. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden, but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in, and if he had to pay to get in, he'd go all the suddener.'

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

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

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

Important to Gardeners.

FOUR ACRES OF LAND, suitable for a Market Gardener, to rent or for sale, on the London and Port Stanley Gravel Road, adjoining the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Apply at this office. 9-11

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 Lasts**. All work left at my shop will be done in the best style of workmanship, equal to any in the Dominion. 1-1y

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

Office—Southkick 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

THE WEEKLY GLOBE
 GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN 1880.

THE BEST! THE LARGEST! THE CHEAPEST IN NORTH AMERICA.

NEW PRESS—NEW TYPE—INCREASED SPEED IN PUBLICATION.

On 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 80-column paper to that of a 96-column paper; and the length of each page will also be extended so 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** WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

For 4 Copies and up to 10... \$1.90 per copy.
 " 11 " " 20... " 1.80 " "
 " 21 " " 30... " 1.70 " "
 " 31 " " 40... " 1.60 " "
 " 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.

NOTICE

TO OWNERS

OF STALLIONS

ROUTE BILLS

HORSE CUTS

Owners of Stallions will find it to their advantage to call at this office for

as we have the largest and best assortment of

in the County of Elgin.

BURKE,
 JOB PRINTER,

St. Thomas, Ont.

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

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**

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. 13-1f

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 in now running two chairs, will be ever ready to wait on his friends and the public generally. Special attention to Ladies' and Childrens' 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

J. G. NUNN,

AUCTIONEER, ETC

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Begets 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.

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 p. m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.10 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, 12.50 p. m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.
PACIFIC EXPRESS, 6.00 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 9 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 10.35 a. m.

ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.40 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 6.15 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m.

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

IRISHTOWN COUNCIL.

INTERESTING COMMUNICATIONS—A VISIT FROM PRINCE LEOPOLD ANTICIPATED—DEMOSTHENES SPEAKS—OTHER IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS.

The usual punctuality in attendance was displayed by the wise men of Irishtown, on Tuesday evening, all the members of the council assembling to the regular meeting, and exactly at half-past eight o'clock the mayor majestically took his seat on an upturned nail keg, and the cow bell called the council to order.

A. Page Webb, the competent clerk, then read the petitions, the first of which was from

The Irishtown Dramatic, Debating, High Opera and Burlesque Company, asking for the use of the town hall, as they wished to produce a sterling drama, of the blood and thunder order, from the fertile pen of the great dramatist, Dr. Oxley, in Irishtown shortly.

From Sam Doan, asking a bonus to establish a herring pond, and ginger ale manufactory in Irishtown. Sam stated that he was willing to demonstrate to the council at any moment, his capability of running a business of great proportions, and his wonderful fishing qualifications, he having once caught eleven thousand and three fish at one haul of his seine. He wasn't a mean man, and if the council did not believe this he was willing to throw the three odd fish off, the council to furnish the whiskey.

From a number of residents of Irishtown's aristocratic street, Hog Pen Boulevard, asking that a double decked sidewalk, with silver headed nails, be built at once on that street, and that the dead cats &c., which now decorate the street, and are sometimes used as hash, might be sold to beverage manufacturers to flavor their mixture with.

From Demosthenes O'Brian, asking a remission of taxes. The council had taxed him for three pigs and a cow, and the only animal he possessed was an ould hen.

It was moved by Andrew Little, seconded by Billy O'Neal that the use of the town hall be granted to the dramatic society. Carried.

Billy O'Neal then said that "begol, he thought Samuel Doane wor a grate man and fisher; he wor after seein' him fishing for a drink of wh-water, and begor he got it; he would be happy to see Sam established in Irishtown, and would move, seconded by Sim Thayer, that a bonus of fifty-two dollars and eleven shillings be granted to him. Carried.

Much discussion ensued over the next question brought up—the petition of the residents of Hog Pen Boulevard.

Mr. Jones could not see the necessity of building side-walks for such flannel-mouthed micks as resided there. One gentleman, an honest, skilful, independent man, which his name was Jones, a councillor, required an elegant sidewalk built in front of his palace, but the rest could do without. These remarks aroused the ire of

Alderman McNearney, he said, "You dirty wretch; you shemalae rascal; niver insult me agin by such personal remarks, I'll be after clubbing yees to dith, an' then killin' yees wid my bit of a stick. Flannel-mouthed micks, indade! Be the paws of Killkelly's cow, ivery lady on that strate is a gentleman, and the lads, faith, are the darlint ones.

Johnny Barry moved, and Con Coughlin seconded, that the petition be laid over to another meeting. Carried.

Demosthenes O'Brian, an ancient Greek, now stepped forward and addressed the council in regard to the remittance of his taxes, he said, "Beloved feller citizens of

the greatest city of inland Europe, a city greater by far than Montre-bee, New York, or New Sarum, where the festive hog and the noble bed-bug roam the depths of the corporation; and the old pioneer gathers his childer an' his wife, an' his cow an' dog, an' his pig an' the rist of his family, I pause for a reply.

No one seemed anxious to reply, so the intelligent speaker sat down.

His eloquence did nothelp his cause much, as the council decided to reduce his taxes by making them ten shillings more.

After which his worship, Mayor Wiggins arose, and in a reply to a question propounded by an Irishtown citizen, enquiring the reason why the original programme was not carried out in the city the Queen's Birthday, stated that the council had decided to do away with the minor attractions of trivial interest and introduce the main featare—the whiskey. Cheers.

Harry Babcock then stepped forward and an almost inaudible voice, stated that he had serious intentions of joining the Latter Day Saints, as it were. The unfortunate man was taken to the corner and interviewed with the stone jug, after which he came around all right.

Johnny Berry remarked that he had been to Ottawa, begar, an' seed his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. The Prince stated that his Royal mamma was in excellent health, only slightly solicitous of the health and prosperity of her loyal subjects in Irishtown. He (the speaker) had kindly informed the Prince that the Irishtowners wor afther bein' all right, and invited him to visit the great city.

The Prince announced his intention of shortly paying us a visit, as he wor afther wantin to see the biggest American city. Preparations will hev to be made to entertain His Royal mightiness, and begar, alridy I hev bought half a ham an' two loaves of bread, and Billy O'Neal has been afther gettin' a drop of the creatur. Faith, we will intertain him in grand stiole, and perhaps the county council, a liberal body of min; will be afther grantin' us a great sum, sich as seven ciats to help entertain him, if we only don't start in opposition to Yarmouth Centre, Wallace-town, and other great 2x9 fairs. (Cheers).

It was moved by Andrew Little, seconded by Sim Thayer, that life size photographs of the Mayors of all the adjoining places, London and Ridgerton, and other cities, be purchased, to embellish the council chamber, as a warning to candidates after mayoralties, showing the advisability of inexperienced persons refraining from seeking public offices, as in time they might become even worse than these. Carried.

Moved by Johnny Barry, seconded by Harry Babcock, that the council adjourn to the Irishtown Temperance House, where the drinks sold where all temperance drinks, even the whiskey, to partake of a light luncheon after Billy O'Neal had corrected a rumar which was being circulated around that be could drink a half gallon of rye to onst, when everyone knew he cud only drink a quart. The motion was carried.

DISTURBING THE MEETING.

At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry.

When a new speaker came on this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, when the same man as before was heard bawling out at the top of his voice, Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!

The chairman arose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little fellow that told me to holler!"

ECCENTRICITIES OF ENGLISH.

"Did you make the train?" asked the anxious questioner.

"No," said smartly, "it was made in the car shop."

"I mean did you catch the train?" with a slightly embarrassed manner.

"Of course not, it's not infectious," was the cute reply.

"Well, you darned fool, did you arrive at the depot in time?"

"No, you infernal idiot, I arrived in a barouche."

"Great heavens!" shouted the questioner, "did you board the cars?"

"Jumpin' Jerusalem!" howled the smart man once more, "you know I don't keep a boarding-house."

WE ALL KNOW HIM.

The editor was sitting in his sanctum when a man, laboring under considerable apparent excitement, walked in with the paper in his hand, and, pointing to a small paragraph, read: "The genial Col. Mumblechock thinks of taking an eastern journey soon. May he enjoy a pleasant trip is the wish of his many friends."

"Now, Sir!" said the excited man, "I am Col. Mumblechock, and I have called to inquire by what authority you make this use of my name in your paper?"

"First time I ever saw it," replied the editor, glancing at the item, "but I suppose it is all right. My local reporter is quite enterprising in his pursuit of news."

"But I never gave him permission to use my name in this manner," persisted the colonel.

"Very likely," said the editor. "But you are going East, ain't you?"

"Certainly."

"And you haven't any objection to your friends wishing you a pleasant trip?"

"That is all right, but I don't want my name in the paper, and in the future you will oblige me by leaving it out."

"Of course," said the editor, "if you desire it," and the Colonel bowed himself stiffly out.

"John," said the editor to his office boy "follow that man and see where he goes and come back and report."

Jack did as he was requested, and shortly after he came back and reported that Col. Mumblechock went to the counting-room and bought twenty-five papers, which, after marking something in them, he ordered put in wrappers and was busy in directing them.

St. Thomas is full of Col. Mumblechocks. They profess to be highly indignant if their names appear in some trifling item—wonder how the reporter got hold of it, and bluster about terribly, yet they are secretly delighted at seeing their names in print, and invest heavily in papers to send to friends. The only way to really offend them is not to mention them at all.

A FRUIT DEALER'S JOKE.

The other day a fruit dealer on Talbot street, incensed by the liberties taken by the loafers with his wares displayed at the door, placed a half-gallon of cayenne peppers in a basket, labeled them "New Zealand Cherries," and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand. In a few minutes the next door merchant sauntered up, enquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry, placed it in his mouth, and suddenly left to attend to a customer. The Rev. Dr. Bolly next rounded to, observed that the famine news from Ireland was not very encouraging, and—ah! it had been years since he had eaten a New Zealand cherry; whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiped his weeping eyes on his coat sleeve, supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, wishing the dealer good-morning, and departed, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in sunlight.

A chronic dead beat then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out with an appreciation, all over the fruit, stuffed a pear, a banana and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the taste, informed the dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit and went down street to the pump.

A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't just taste of them—she had never seen any before—simplified the children, and walked away—walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, while the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows, and drove all the policemen off the street.

Thus the fun went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite stores and a shoal of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched, and joining in a ringing cheer as each new victim tried the cherries. Finally a solemn looking countryman lounged up, enquired the price of them 'ere New Zealand cherries, invested in a pint, put one in his mouth, took it out again, gave the fruit dealer a lingering look of mild reproach, pulled off his coat, and 'waded into' him. When he left, the fruitman with tendencies to practical jokes had a blue eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist, and several bushels of fruit scattered among the small boys, while a ringing roar of laughter was going up from the lookers on.

"Mamma," says four-year-old Minnie, "what are we made of?" "Dust, my dear," replies mamma. Not long after Minnie is heard instructing her younger brother. "Do you know what we are made of?" she asks. "No." "Well, now, I'll tell you, and you must allers 'member it. We are made of sawdust!"

THE BELMONICO

SALOON

AND

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

served in every style.

SPACIOUS DINING ROOM

attached, where

MEALS

may be obtained at all hours.

LADIE'S DINING ROOM

UP-STAIRS.

Fine Sample Rooms

and the best brands of LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Call and see Dell, in his elegant new establishment.

BOARDING.

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

JAMES WHEATLEY,
CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER
Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House.
Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice
Jan. 15, 1880. 1-2m

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 market affords, and the bar stocked with the choicest Liquors and Cigars. 19

RAILWAY FASHIONABLE SHAVING and Hair Cutting Parlor, opposite the Wilcox House, East End, St. Thomas. Our motto: to please. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. In hair cutting we excel. D. W. Deacon. W. Hyslop. 3

For Sale.
FIRST-CLASS NEW YORK SINGER Sewing Machine; used only a short time. Will be sold at a bargain, as the owner has no further use for it. Can be seen at F. H. Ferguson's Cigar Store. 1

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. 1

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE.

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

Court of Revision.

TOWN OF ST. THOMAS.
TAKE NOTICE that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the municipality of the Town of St. Thomas, will be held in the

TOWN HALL,

Monday, May 31st, 1880

at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon.
HENRY F. ELLIS, Town Clerk.
May 11, 1880.-td

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

ALE AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'R'S
February, 1880. 6

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1880.

A FREE PRESS.

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

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

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating he just steps into the editorial room and details it with the remark, 'I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE HERO FROM DEADWOOD.

The hero from Deadwood does not have half a show in Detroit, and he cannot be blamed for feeling that we are unappreciative people. These heroes arrived here about once in four weeks on the average, and the latest put in an appearance yesterday morning, proceeded by the rumor that he had struck it rich and made a clean hundred thousand dollars.

He entered a drug store on Michigan avenue he was followed by a dozen or more persons, who wanted to admire him and hear the story of his adventures. He modestly hesitated to begin, as all these Deadwood-heroes do, but he finally started off with:

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I provided myself with mining tools and—'

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

The hero did not deign to reply, but said:

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

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

The hero partially admired the cor-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO CURE A TOOTHACHE.

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

ABAFT THE BINNACLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HIS MEMORY WAS TOO GOOD.

A lying witness will often tell a very glib story, but he generally fails to guard all his weak points. At a recent trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alibi:

Attorney S.—You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November. Witness, referring to note book—

Yes. S.—What did he do on the 30th. W.—He chopped wood. S.—On the 31st? W.—That was on Sunday, and he went squirrel hunting.

S.—What did he do on the 32nd? W.—He thrashed wheat on that day. S.—What did he do on the 33rd? W.—It was raining, and he shaved out same handles.

S.—What did he do on the 34th? W.—He chopped wood. S.—What did he do on the—? But before the question could be finished, the witness' wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside the witness box, yelling in his affrighted ear—

You old fool, don't you know there are only thirty one days in the month of November.

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

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

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

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

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

ST. THOMAS MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Pease, Oats, Indian Corn, etc.

Taken From the Hutchinson House bar, on Saturday last, an umbrella. The person who took it, perhaps by mistake, will oblige by returning it where he got it.

W. A. HOUSE. St. Thomas, June 11th, 1880.

NOTICE.

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

All persons desirous of opposing the passing of said By-law can then attend and they shall be heard.

Dated this third day of June, 1880. HENRY F. ELLIS, Town Clerk.