

# ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

No. 13.

APRIL 9, 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.

The following article was unavoidably crowded out last week:—

### AMOROUS ELI.

LOVING LUCAS, A GIDDY YOUNG WIDOWER OF ABOUT 45, MARRIES IN HASTE AND IS SERENADED.

Eli Lucas, a machinist, who works in the C. S. R. shops, had the misfortune to lose his wife a couple of months ago, but Eli not being of a very susceptible nature, did not mourn his loss very long, but to use his own language "Prayed to the Lord to send him another spouse," and he thought that his prayer was answered when a gay young (?) grasswidow made application for the position of housekeeper in Eli's mansion. The widow whose naughty husband is now living with a fair but frail damsel on the other side, and from whom she has obtained a divorce, had been installed in her new position, but about two weeks when the amorous Eli made advances towards her, and she being nothing loth, the loving couple proceeded to the preacher and were made one. The neighbors did not appear to like the idea of Eli marrying so soon after the death of his wife, and a party of the boys showed their displeasure by following the newly-married couple near the Baptist church with tin pans and a stuffed figure. The brave Eli dealt the figure an awful rap, and at once proceeded for a policeman, leaving the blushing bride to be escorted home to the music of the tin pans. Upon Eli appearing at the shop next day he was treated to a serenade by the shop boys, old iron, oyster cans, and other articles being utilized as musical instruments.

### WHY A LETTER DOESN'T GO.

Because you forgot to address it.  
Because you forgot to stamp it.  
Because you forgot to write the town or State on the envelope.

Because you used a once-cancelled stamp.

Because you cut out an envelope stamp and pasted it on your letter.

Because you used a foreign stamp.

Because you wrote the address on the top of the envelope, and it was surely obliterated by the post office dating, receiving and cancelling stamps.

And because you put your letter in a blank envelope, and sealed it and forwarded it to the Dead Letter Office, where thousands of valuable letters are destroyed, because the people are either careless or ignorant of the postal laws.

And to the above we would add a few reasons why an answer don't come.

Because you do not sign your name.

Because you sign it so indistinctly it cannot be read.

Because you do not give name of post office.

Because you do not give name of county.

Because you do not give name of State.

Because you write with a pencil, which is rubbed off and illegible.

Because you write so poorly no one can read it.

Because you do not enclose stamp to prepay postage on the answer.

The Boston papers tell of a stage-struck woman who got a divorce from her husband in order to become an actress, failed dismally behind the footlights, returned to her home, and begged to be made a wife again, which was done by remarriage.

An agent stepped into one of our hotels and pomposly said—"I'll bet the treats that no one here can tell what Eve's full name was!" "Begorra, I can tell," spoke up an Irishman present. "What was it?" asked the agent, sure of victory. "Her name was Mary Murphy, an Irish girl," replied Paddy, "and you prove that it wasn't!" The agent forked over in silence, and subsided.

### CURRENT CITY CHAT.

CORALLED, CONDEMNED AND CHRONICLED  
BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

The gassman's delight, [a moonlight night.]

The Rifle Club meet at the Lisgar House to-night.

The streets are to be paved this year—with mud.

Mr. G. W. Boughey has inspected all the Aylmer weights and measures.

The Air Line Boating Club commence practice on Yarwood's Pond shortly.

A large number of Brick Stores are to be erected in the East End this summer.

In the Thornton-Nunn case the Magistrate decided in favour of Harry, and dismissed the case.

Messrs Kerr Bros. have disposed of one of their trotters to Mr. Finley. It was shipped to the other side.

A Sparta maiden never appreciated the power of the Press till she got her fellows arm around her waist.

The License Commissioners meet on or about the 15th of this month, to decide who are the lucky ones to get licenses.

There are seventeen criminal cases in Walkerton Assizes. Mr. C. Macdonall, of this town, conducts the Crown business.

There are men in the East End who are so sharp that they can catch a winkle to come and take something before its given to them.

Elijah's word is said to be as good as his "Bond," but his liquors are better than either. Try the "Globe" and be convinced.

One of the saddest things in life would be the sight of "Our Tom," of Parliamentary fame, with a pair of boxing gloves on.

The judge has at last rendered his decision in the Hovey extradition case, and L. Cook Hovey will be extradited unless a high court decides otherwise.

Another indignant cry for the honour of being the handsomest man in town disturbed the elements. A. McKinnon steps forward this time.

The Ball and Supper held at the Mechanics Institute by the Torrent Fire Co. under the management Mr. N. McDonald was a complete success.

It is surprising how many of our young men are changing their boarding houses. Why not bring your collar box along like a little man? Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

We learn that it is the intention of Mr. Fred Walker, Bandmaster of the 25th Bat. Band, to resign. An effort should be made to retain Mr. W.'s services as he is a first-class cornetist.

Mr. T. W. Crothers, the candidate who was defeated by Dr. Cascaden has announced his intention of "hanging out his shingle" in this town. No doubt he thinks his chances are looming up.

There is every prospect of a grand Southern Counties Fair being held in this town, and the council deserve credit for so generously contributing towards it. The Merchants also are coming forward rapidly with subscriptions.

The Trees are beginning to blossom and leave, and the landlords wish that the "bums" who are blossomed already, would follow their example and leave their places forever.

A wealthy Talbot street man who is also a prominent church member, is said to have contributed 50 cts. towards the Irish Relief Fund. It is perfectly awful the reckless manner in which some men are throwing wealth around nowadays.

Schooner has tried several times to work a plan to escape from the jail here evidently not relishing the idea of going back to Sandusky, but the officers have been too wary for him. He left here for Sandusky, Ohio, this morning.

## 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.

### MARRIED.

We copy from the Ann Arbor Courier of April the 2nd, the following marriage:

Mr. William J. Howard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and Miss Maud Kelsey, of this city, were united in marriage on the evening of the 24th of March, at the residence of Mrs. Mary E. Foster, on West Catharine street. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. H. was engaged for several years in giving instructions in the art of elocution in Canada, as also in our city, and various portions of our State. During her residence in Ann Arbor she has formed many strong friendships, and has become known very favorably to our citizens in general, as a lady of talent and worth of character. During the last two years she has been a student in the law department of the University, from which she graduated at the last commencement. Mr. H. came from England to St. Thomas, Canada a few years since, in which place he has been engaged in journalism. He is a gentleman of culture and ability. On the evening before mentioned, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the home of Mrs. Foster, where, at the hour of eight o'clock, Mr. H. and Miss K. were united in holy wedlock by the Rev. Mr. Alabaster. A very happy occasion passed, and at a late hour the company left for their homes with the hearty wishes that the pathway of life for bride and groom might be forever one of great felicity.

Mr. Howard, we have known since he came to Canada, about seven years, and a more gentlemanly man we could not wish for; he was connected with us on the St. Thomas Dispatch for several years, and his literary articles were of the highest order. We wish him and his fair bride all the happiness this world can bestow on them.

### SPOILING A ROMANCE.

### INTERESTING FACTS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

A acre contains 4,800 square yards.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1,155 yards (this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile).

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.

A cubit is two feet.

A great cubit is eleven feet.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches.

A palm is three inches.

A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A pace is three feet.

A barrel of flower weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A barrel of powder weighs 25 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.

A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

About a year ago, we mentioned that the Alvinston girls had formed a society, each one agreeing not to marry any young man who touched intoxicating liquor. We had been to Alvinston and predicted that there would be a great many old maids in that locality; but we have again been there lately, and we are happy to say we were wrong, and the dear girls are marrying as fast as can be expected; but that society has gone the way of all things, long ago.

At the regular shooting match of the Gun Club for the Glass Ball Goblet, that trophy was won by Mr. J. Baker of Port Stanley, he defeating Mr. H. P. Forrest after the two had tied on a score of 9 balls out of 10, each. The tie of the last match was shot off between Messrs D. Barnes and P. Stover, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Stover.

Miss Mary Walker, daughter of Mr. John Walker of this town, who has been teaching in the Guelph School for a long period was presented with an address and valuable gift by her fellow teachers and pupils, to show the esteem in which she was held by them, on the occasion of her retirement from her position. Miss Walker is one of the most popular lady teachers in Ontario.

Some of the prominent citizens contemplate getting the Mayor to call a public meeting shortly to discuss the manner in which the town money is laid out by some of the council. A lively time is anticipated, as the finance and other interesting matters are to be brought up, and the "why and wherefore" demanded. Probably the skilled finance minister will find his hands full in answering the questions pertaining to that department, without interfering with the printing committee, though we trust the matter of letting the printing will be brought up and thoroughly sifted.

The annual meeting of the St. Thomas Cricket club took place at the Lisgar House on Monday evening. The report for the past year was presented and read, showing a balance of 10 cents in the hands of the treasurer. The following officers were elected: Patron, Rev. G. G. Ballard; Hon. President, Dr. Gustin; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Messrs. B. W. Gossage and J. Mann; President, Mr. C. O. Ermatinger; Vice do. Mr. H. B. Wilson; Secretary, R. H. Smith; Treasurer, A. Jukes; Committee, Messrs. Clarke, Hunt, Bowles, and Scott. The club has been materially strengthened by the addition of several first-class cricketers, and expect to be able to tackle anything this season.

### HE TURNED THE TABLES.

There is nothing like presence of mind, after all. One dark, rainy night last week, old Dr. Botts, who lives on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, was trudging homeward, when he discovered that he was being dogged by a burly ruffian, evidently intent on robbery. They were in a lonely part of the town, and the man was just at his heels, when the doctor, buttoning his coat up to his chin, suddenly turned back and said to his pursuer:

"Please, sir, give me a dime to buy something to eat. I don't want to get whiskey, indeed I don't; haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the footpad, repocketing his shotgun with profound disgust, "to think, here I've been piping off a d—d pauper for over a mile." And he walked off cursing his infernal luck.

Eight car loads of emigrants bound for the North-West passed through London last night.

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

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

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

### CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY LINE



### CHANGE OF TIME.

#### WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

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

##### FOR THE EAST.

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

ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.55 a.m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 1.29 p.m.

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

NEW YORK EXPRESS, 8.30 a.m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.15 a.m.

##### FOR THE WEST.

MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 8.35 p.m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.00 p.m.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.5 p.m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

PACIFIC EXPRESS, 5.00 p.m., (daily) for Detroit and Toledo.

CHICAGO EXPRESS, 5.15 a.m., (Mondays excepted) for Detroit and Toledo.

ST. CLAIR BRANCH, 3.30 p.m., arriving at Court-right 5.30 p.m., leaves Court-right 6 a.m., arriving at St. Thomas 11 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 4.00 a.m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a.m.; leaves Fort Erie 6.25 a.m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 a.m.

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

### St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.

#### A WAR STORY.

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

General Brisbin, in the Philadelphia Press says:

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

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

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

The brother, who was a strong Secessionist, at once sent in the resignation, and it was accepted. His State did not go out of the Union, but the officer went out of the army. Soon after forwarding his resignation the officer made up his mind to stick to the Union come what might.

He behaved with great gallantry, and saved some three hundred soldiers to the Union army when General Twigg surrendered. With these he made his way North, and marched all the way to Fort Riley, Kansas. He was dumbfounded on reaching this place to learn he was no longer an officer, in fact had been out of service over three months, and had not a cent of pay due him with which to get North. Borrowing some money, he hastened to Washington and laid his case before the authorities, but could not, or would not, do anything for him.

The officer, after visiting all the Departments, gave up in despair, went home and told his wife they must starve, as the North would not have his services and he could not go South and fight against the old flag. The good wife cheered him up, and for weeks she went about the Capitol trying to get her husband's case reconsidered, without success.

The lady became discouraged, but she had a large family of little ones, and for their sake she resolved to persevere and see what would come of it. She knew not what to do when a friend of hers said to her:

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

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

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

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

Mr. Wade's looks, and she soon, under the most gentle encouragement, confided to him everything about her husband's case. When she came to speak of her children she quite broke down and sobbed most bitterly. Mr. Wade, who had been listening to her attentively, rose from his chair, handed her a glass of water, and said kindly. "Pray do not cry, madam; compose yourself; it may not be so bad a case as you imagine, and you should not despair until I have tried what I can do about it."

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

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

"Who—me!" roared old Ben.

"Yes, sir; you."

"They lie," cried old Ben.

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

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

\* \* \*

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

"He certainly is," replied the lady.

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

"Never! never! never!"

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

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

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

\* \* \*

HANGING HER INFANT BROTHER

Bridget McGe, the eight-year old daughter of a coal miner in Bear Gap, near Pottsville, Pa., on February 26, enticed her infant brother into an outbuilding and, under the pretence that she was about to give him a swing, fastened around his neck a noose depending from a rude gallows that she had constructed there, and pulled him up several inches from the floor. She copied the noose and manner of its arrangement from descriptions of similar apparatus that she had read.

The little child's screams brought his mother to the rescue. When he was taken down his face was black and his eyes and tongue protruded. It was several days before his recovery was assured.

Brigid threatened her father when he attempted to chastise her.

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

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

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

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

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

### HOTELS WITH CEMETERIES ATTACHED.

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

### LAUGHAGRAPHS.

Always lonely—Borrowers.  
Clerical errors—long sermons.  
It's a sneezy thing to take snuff.  
Home rule—Your wife's opinion.  
Among the things that wear—Corduroy pants.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.

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

The women who do fancy work do not fancy work.

He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.  
It's soap deferred that maketh the heart sick—of the spectator.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### LAWYERS WHO ARE POOR.

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

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

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 boots. 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

### BUILDING LOT

#### FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, beautiful building lot, one-fifth of an acre, situated on Queen St., opposite the residence of Capt. Sick. 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-ly

### GLOBE HOTEL!

No. 268, Talbot Street,

ST. THOMAS.

E. BOND, Prop.

KEEPES THE BEST OF  
Liquors, Cigars,  
AND  
Accommodation for Travellers.

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

CHARGES MODERATE.

12-3m

E. BOND, Prop'r

### Caution to Farmers!

### Timely Warning!

FARMERS AND OTHERS BRINGING  
any article to market for sale must first come on the market and pay their fees, otherwise they will be prosecuted. Parties purchasing produce of any kind from a farmer without first going to the market, will also be liable to prosecution. Therefore, both buyer and seller, take warning, as it is my attention to carry out the law.

FRANK BOGGS,  
Market Clerk.

St. Thomas, March 1st, 1880-7ff

### W. H. WENDELL'S

#### EAST END HAIR-DRESSING

AND

Shaving Room!

Opposite C. S. R. Station.

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

Shop—Next to Branton's Bowling Alley and Billiard Parlor.

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

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

The busy day is over,  
The household work is done;  
The cares that fret the morning  
Have faded with the sun;  
And in the tender twilight,  
I sit in happy rest,

With my darling little baby  
Asleep upon my breast.

White lida, with silken fringes,  
Shut out the waning light;

A little hand close-folded.

Holds mamma's fingers tight;

And in their soft white wrappings,

At last in perfect rest,

Two dainty feet are cuddled,

Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy

Depart at this sweet hour;

All pure and noble longings

Renew their holy power;

For Christ who in the Virgin,

Our motherhood had blest,

Is near to every woman

With a baby on her breast.

SCANDAL AT RIDEAU HALL.

HOW LOVE LEVELED RANKS AT OTTAWA.

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

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

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

SHORT ENDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY AND HER LITTLE BEAU.

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

BOIL IT DOWN.

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

Chauncey Slater, a foreman at the shop of the Elastic Frog Company, in Mansfield, Conn., has fallen heir to \$100,000.

A few days ago he received a check for nearly the whole amount. He put it in his pocket, and kept on at his work. He tells his fellow workmen that he intends to remain at his work, wearing his working clothes, and not imitating in any way the behavior of Coal Oil Johnny and the great caravan of which he was the type.

*Liberal Inducements*

LADIES'

and

GENTS

VISITING CARDS

Neatly Printed

AT THE

'Reporter' Office

Call and See Samples.

Society Cards

a Specialty.

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.

JAMES WHEATLEY,  
CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER

Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House.

Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice.

Jan. 15, 1880.

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

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.

St. Thomas, March 1880. 9-tf

JOSEPH LAING, & Son,  
AUCTIONEERS,

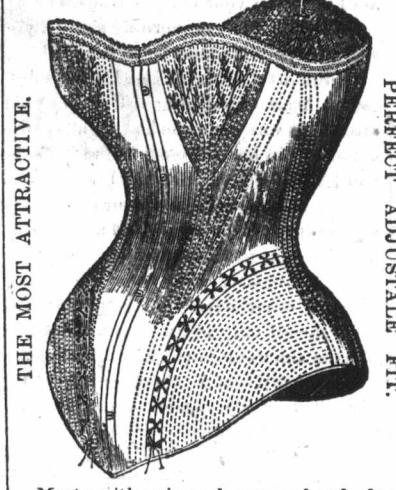
Accountants, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Imperial Bank, opposite the Division Court office, 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.

THE NEW CORSET.



Meets with universal approval and adoption, being the most lasting Corset ever designed. For sale at

W. F. MARTIN'S,  
233 Talbot street, next Opera House.

EAST END

WOOD YARD

M. M. MUIR

is prepared to

DELIVER WOOD!

to any part of the town.

Wholesale and Retail

at the following prices:

Single cord, block wood, \$2.00

Ten cords and upwards, 1.75

per cord. 16 and 18 inches in length.

Yard, next to Gordon's Livery Stable.

M. M. MUIR, Prop'r

Change of Business!

TINWARE

GAS FITTING

AND

SILVER PLATING.

H. E. HUGHES

Having purchased the stock and trade of W. S. Hicks, is now prepared to furnish the inhabitants of St. Thomas with all kinds of

TINWARE,

STOVES, LAMPS,

COAL OIL, &c.

Repairing done on the shortest notice, as cheap as the cheapest, and none but first-class workmen employed.

Stand, Talbot Street, next to Moore Block.

6-tf H. E. HUGHES.

NEAT

PRINTING.

CHEAP

PRINTING.

CALL AT

BURKE'S OFFICE

FOR

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Posters,

Cards,

Sale Bills,

&c., &c.

## St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1880.

ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he may have been all right, if his head and will had been all right, but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genious as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man employed in the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he had received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for the want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went. For two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in the corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the barroom to see what kept her husband up and quickly saw Tom.

"Pete," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left the brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years he had loved and wooed the sweet maiden, Ellen Gess, and he won her, leaving Peter Tinder to take up with the vinegary spinster, who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home? demanded Mrs. Tinder, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snif and a snap Betsy turned away; and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes." Then rise up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter, I won't drink any more tonight."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left, 'I know it won't.'

And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye" he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tinder is taking the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk; and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life, just that Peter Tinder may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see."

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen one upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see," he replied, setting his feet firmly upon the ground, and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom."

She did not tell him that her sister had

given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of old, old cider.

"I wish you would make a cup good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom. What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom! cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping Tom's hand, 'are you in earnest? Is it really the same old Tom?"

"Ia's what's left of him, sir, and we will have him whole and strong very soon, if you will only set him to work."

"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his supervision the engine was set up and tested but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

"How is it now Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom. You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning sir. If you will offer it to me then I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was singing. That morning after Tom was gone she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee-cup. She knew he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her, a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. "Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?"

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom, Tom! You have been to the old shop."

"Yes; and I'm to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom. I've got him now, now—bless him! My own Tom! My husband, my darling!"

And then Tom Darcey realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcey assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into his old habits.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tinder on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up? Yes, I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and children had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

Pay your subscription to the REPORTER. Do it at once

## ST. THOMAS MARKETS.

St. Thomas, April 2, 1880.	
Fall Wheat, white, per bus.	\$1 20 to 1 26
red.	1 20 to 1 26
Spring Wheat.	0 50 to 0 60
Barley.	0 45 to 0 65
Peaas.	0 30 to 0 34
Oats.	0 30 to 0 34
Indian Corn, shelled.	0 50 to 0 56
Corn, cob.	0 50 to 0 60
Common Beans.	0 25 to 0 30
Flour.	8 25 to 5 50
Eggs.	0 12 to 0 15
Butter, per pound.	0 20 to 0 25
Cheese.	0 07 to 0 08
Potatoes, per bag.	0 45 to 0 50
Onions, per bag.	0 04 to 0 06
Beef.	0 04 to 0 06
Mutton.	0 03 to 0 06
Lamb.	0 07 to 0 08
Dressed Hogs.	4 75 to 5 25
Chickens, per pair.	0 25 to 0 40

## THE DELMONICO

### SALOON

### RESTAURANT

### DELL McCREADY

is now located in his magnificient new premises in the

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 Room!

and the best brands of

### LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Call and see Dell, in his elegant new establishment.

### BORN

In this town, on the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. Jackson Frankland, of a son.

At 46 St. George St., on the 5th inst., the wife of James H. Coyne, Barrister, of a daughter.

In Hamilton, on the 31st March, the wife of F. M. Wilkinson, of a son.

### MARRIED

At the Penwarden House, on the 24th March, by the Rev. M. Frazer, Wm. McMullen, to Sarah Bennet, both of Dunwich township.

At 105 Wellington Street, by the Rev. Elmore Harris B. A., Eli Lucas to Mrs. Doan, all of St. Thomas.

### DIED

In this town, on the 3rd inst., Mary A., wife of Mr. Leonard Wilson, engineer C. S. R., aged 48 years.

In this town on the 2nd inst., Ethel, infant daughter of Wm. Jennings, aged 10 days.

In Yarmouth, on the 2nd inst., Colin McIntyre, aged 81 years.

On the 5th inst., Annie Hunsberger, mother of M. Hunsberger, keeper Elgin House of Industry, aged 82 years.

### 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-tf

### EAST END

### WOOD YARD

M. M. MUIR

is prepared to

### DELIVER WOOD!

to any part of the town,

### Wholesale and Retail

at the following prices:

Single cord, block wood, \$2.00

Ten cords and upwards, 1.75

per cord. 16 and 18 inches in length.

Yard, next to Gordon's Livery Stable,

M. M. MUIR, Prop'

### Change of Business!

### TINWARE

#### GAS FITTING

AND

### SILVER PLATING.

Having purchased the stock and trade of W. S. Hickson, is now prepared to furnish the inhabitants of St. Thomas with all kinds of

### TINWARE,

### STOVES, LAMPS

COAL OIL, &c.

Repairing done on the shortest notice, as cheap as the cheapest, and none but first class workmen employed.

Stand, Talbot Street, near Moore Block.

H. E. HUGHES

### JOSEPH LAING, & Son,

### AU