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St. Thomas Reporter.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1880.

IRISHTOWN COUNCIL.

DR. FORBES' INDIGNATION—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION—COMMUNICATION FROM THE PREMIER—A LIVELY TIME.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the Irishtown Council was held on Tuesday evening last, all the members being present with the exception of Dr. Forbes, besides a large number of intelligent looking spectators.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been passed, the clerk, Mr. Algonon Page Webb, stated that Dr. Forbes had resigned his proud position, of Councillor.

Andrew Little moved that the learned doctor's resignation be not accepted, but that he be expelled. He (Ald Little) stated that the doctor had been around the adjoining village of St. Thomas, making serious charges against this honorable body, calling them dirty thieves, blackguards, low Irish and other names, and had announced his intention of writing to the New York Herald in regard to the matter. The doctor had better be careful in the use of his language, or he would instigate legal proceedings against him. The motion was seconded by Johnny Barry, and carried. It was then

Moved by Billy Wiggins, seconded by Harry Babcock, that Charlie Mitchell be elected Councillor, in place of the learned doctor.

Moved in amendment by Johnny Berry, seconded by Con. Caughlin, that Billy O'Neal be elected Councillor.

Johnny Berry said that 'be the powers of mud', he thought Billy O'Neal would be the right man for the position; he had won some notice of the diplomacy, exhibited by him in negotiating for a quart of whiskey, and he acquitted himself fairly.

The amendment was then put to the vote and carried, on the following division: Yeas—Alderman, Berry, Caughlin and Little.

Nays—Ald Wiggins, Babcock and Jones. Billy O'Neal was declared elected, and as he took his seat he remarked: 'Gentlemen, I thank yees from the bottom of me bleeding heart for the honor done me, and I will always endeavor to keep up the morals of the Council, and vote for the man who pays the most money. (cheers.)

Johnny McNearney said that he had been after hearin', that a plot on an extensive scale had been discovered, to assassinate Billy Wiggins, and he asked for full particulars.

Billy Wiggins, in reply, stated that the origin of the rumor was this: An urchin had seen a man (supposed to be the Mayor of London, or some city, actuated no doubt, by jealousy) lurking around the outskirts of the village, with vengeance in his eye, and a big club in his hand, and had heard him mutter 'revenge, revenge, I'll be rewaraged on Wiggins'. The lad at once informed Messrs. Milne and Mitchell, and those brave citizens armed themselves with a plasterer's trowel and a hay-rake, and started in pursuit of the man. The last seen of the supposed Mayor of London was the end of his coat-tails, as he almost flew around the side of my barn, towards town. He (the speaker) had come to the conclusion, that 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown', although, to be sure, of late three high and mighty personages, himself, the Czar of Russia and the King of Swain, had escaped assassination, he would

Move that this honorable body, the Irishtown Council, do hereby send their congratulations to the Czar, on his late escape. Johnny McNearney had great pleasure in seconding the motion; in his extensive travels through Russia, Mr. McN had often met the Czar, and was great friends with him, though to be course the Czar's breath did smell of inguns, sometimes. The motion was put and carried.

A petition to unseat Con. Caughlin, as he does not now reside in Irishtown, was presented; but Con. pulled a big club, a revolver and a cheese knife from under his coat, and kindly asked them to show him the man who want fur that petition; there was silence, so the petition was declared null and void.

Johnny Berry then arose, and said he

had received a private communication from his dear friend, Sir John McDonell, in which the writer stated, that he heard the Irishtown Council were not going to support him; if that be the case, he will immediately retire from parliamentary life and go into the green grocery business.

H. Babcock said the Premier need not be alarmed, as long as he kept things all right; also, that it was not the intention of the Council to get the Parliament Buildings removed to Irishtown till the roads get better. There was one thing however, Mr. B. wanted to bring before Mr. Mowatt, and that was to get the creek, over in the woods beyond, dredged out to Port Stanley, so ships could come up; he noticed that the people of the Village of London, were trying to get the ditch, called the 'Thames,' which goes by that peaceful hamlet, dredged, and why not us as well? The Clerk was authorized to communicate with the Premier in regard to this matter. It was then

Moved by Billy Wiggins, seconded by Billy O'Neal, that Charlie Mitchell be appointed assessor and collector.—Carried.

A slight incident occurred just here, to mar the harmony of the proceedings, occasioned by the entrance of a nobby young man, arrayed in a broadcloth suit, primella shoes, lavender kids, and a frilled shirt-front. He was at once seized by two angry citizens, and kindly but firmly taken to the door and dispatched with a parting kick.

'We have stud sickness,' said Johnny McNearney, 'and misfortunes, and even bad whiskey, but when a man wid frilled shirt-front and lavender kids, comes among us, it's too much for sufferin' human nature. (cheers.)

Mr. Jones stated that the roads were in a deplorable condition, and asked that steps be taken immediately to improve them.

The Mayor replied that this subject was meeting his earnest consideration, but he had not yet decided between Nicholson pavement, or flags. After which

Con Caughlin arose and presented a petition from Miss Emma Page, and a large number of ladies and gents, to change the city's name to Sunnyside. Mr. C. stated that the petition had been published in the papers a long time ago, but the Council had always shirked the question.

This roused the ire of Billy O'Neal, or, in other words, he got his 'Irish' up. 'Be gob,' says he, 'devil the one of me will vote for the change of name, fur that lady or any other man. Many's the toime I've fought and died for that glorious name 'Irishtown,' and I will do so again. It will be handed down from generation to generation, and our ancestors, who are now children, will hold our names with pride. Mr. O'Neal then

Moved, and Johnny McNearney seconded, that the city retain its ancient name. Carried, amid enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. A. Page Webb, the Clerk, now asked for a specified salary; he stated that the clerks of other municipalities were well paid, and he thought that he ought to receive something. It was

Moved, seconded, and carried, that the sum of \$5.00 per annum, be granted him, (if he can get it); after which, it being a late hour, the Council adjourned.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum the skeleton of a dog was found stretched over that of a child. It was conjectured, on the discovery, that this dog, from his position, was attempting to save the child when the eruption of Vesuvius was fatal to that city. The opinion was confirmed by the collar which was found, of curious workmanship; its inscription stated that the dog was named Delta, and belonged to a man called Severinus, whose life he had saved on three occasions. First, by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned; then, by driving off four robbers who attacked him unawares; and lastly, by his destroying a she-wolf, whose cubs he had taken, in a grove sacred to Diana, near Herculaneum. Delta afterwards attached himself particularly to the only son of Severinus, and would take no food but that received from the child's own hand.—*Ex.*

We recommend the following toasts to be offered on great occasions: 'The army—may it never be so rude as to turn its back upon an enemy! The navy—may it never be 'at sea' in the performance of its duty! 'May the face of good-fellowship never be washed by the waters of oblivion.

DESERTED IRISH FISHERIES.

Writing from Kenmare (Kerry) the special correspondent of the London Standard says:—"On the southern side of Valentia Island and separated from it by an inlet from the sea lies the peninsula commonly known here as Port Magee. The fishing village, properly so called, is situated in the center of an extensive district, which stretches away for many miles to the southward. The land here may be described as a poor mountain pasturage, interspersed with occasional stretches of bog. Seaward it becomes poorer and more bleak and utterly unfit for cultivation. The people of Port Magee and other little villages along the coast were always accustomed to earn money by fishing during the Summer season, but of late years that industry has declined. Seine-fishing furnished at one time a profitable employment to the young men of the district, and the returns from this source were often very large. Very few seines are now to be found along the whole line of coast from Dingle to Kenmare. The hardy fellows who once manned the fishing-boats have emigrated and the work is too severe for the old men who remain behind. The poverty of the people has also contributed to the decline of the fishing. Formerly the inhabitants of every hamlet on the coast subscribed toward the expense of seine and supplied the men to work it, but this is the case no longer. The young men have fled, the boats and gear have rotted, and poverty of the people now is too great to afford any chance of providing new ones even if the men to work them were not wanting. Twenty years ago some thirty seine nets were worked along the shores of Dingle and Kenmare. These afforded profitable employment for half the year to about five hundred men, and the cleaning and curing of the fish also furnished work for their families. Every evening at sunset the sound of a horn summoned the fishers to the beach, and their departure to their usual fishing-grounds furnished a scene of pleasant excitement to the villagers. They fished all night, returning every morning with their spoils, which were at once divided and removed by the women and children. The earnings of a single seine in a good season would average £200. The finer fish were conveyed in land and sold, the coarser lots being reserved for food during the Winter and Spring. There are not at present a dozen seines in all this district, and even for these the past few seasons have been bad ones. The fishing industry here has, of course, tended largely to increase the distress existing among the people. Evidences of this are observable everywhere. I entered a village school in this neighborhood and found the little ones looking wretched and ill clad, and I was told that many of the children are unable to attend for want of clothing. The average attendance has declined so much that the salary of the assistant teacher usually engaged in the school has been withdrawn by the Board of Education. Decline is visible everywhere, and the description of things in any one parish will be found to apply with equal force in the adjoining ones."

A BIG STORY.

An Ottumwa (Ia.) paper tells this rather improbable story: "Tuesday morning a gang of hands were working on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railroad, just this side of Belknap. They found it necessary to tear up some track, and placed out a signal a quarter of a mile this side of the gap to flag the train. The engineer failed to see the flag. The section men had a ten-foot rail out when the train bore down on them, and consternation was in every eye and fear blanched every cheek, as it was supposed there was no possible hope of preventing a dire disaster. A passenger who was on the caboose, tells us, however, that the engine and freight car rolled over every one of the ties, struck the end of the next rail, mounted it and went on just as if the rail had not been misplaced, and rolled along in perfect order. The hood raised by the truesman alarmed the engineer, and when he succeeded in stopping the train the forward wheel of the last car rested on the rail and the rear wheel on the ties."

The fishing season must be pretty good at Alexandria, Va. One woman has fished thirteen boys out of the river within the last six weeks.

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

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 market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHMILL, Prop'r. 7

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

JAMES WHEATLEY, CABINET MAKER AND UPOLSTERER Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House. Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice Jan. 15, 1880. 1-5m

T. ACHESON, CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining Postcarden'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. 1 80 1-1y

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE. FOR SALE, beautiful building Lot, one-fifth of an acre, situated on Queen St. opposite the residence of Capt. Sisk. There are on the lot several choice fruit trees—apple, plum, pear, peach and smaller fruits, in variety. For terms, &c., apply at the office of this paper. 3-11

Change of Business! TINWARE GAS FITTING AND SILVER PLATING. H. E. HUGHES

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, next to Moore Block. 6-11 H. E. HUGHES.

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DOTS AND DASHES.

Dental science is called 'tooth carpentry as a fine art.'

The varified atmosphere of Colorado is said to have a good effect on pug noses.

The following words met the eyes of the Home Rulers invited to a recent public meeting at New York: 'Cum sober or don't cum a tall.'

A man in Manchester, N. H., hires men to work at less than regular wages for him by promising to leave each one a legacy. Some of the men are contracting debts on the strength of a prospective fortune.

A beggar who swore he had tasted no food for forty eight hours was taken to a restaurant the other day by a benevolent gentleman and told to eat as much as he wished. He ordered a glass of wine and some olives.

An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite writes to a friend that, if he wants to know what 'illigant living' is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

'Waiter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon.' 'Yes, Sir, nice-spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, Sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?' Customer realizes the said fact, and after an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

At the railroad station in Ballston, Sp., recently, while a young couple were awaiting the train, the gentleman was admonished by the biting keen air to protect his neck from a prospective cold by adding a scarf to his wearing apparel. He opened his traveling bag, and took out and arranged about his throat what he thought was an embroidered scarf, but was convinced of his error by looking into the glass after he had seen the quizzing smiles on the faces of the spectators, and was completely abashed to find that he had adorned himself with the ornately clocked stocking of his beautiful and now deeply blushing bride.

A hall in which an entertainment was given was approached through a large gate, which, by accident or mishap, had fallen to the ground. The lecturer, on making the discovery, requested the hall-keeper, a wild-looking, thick-headed Paddy, 'to hang the gate immediately.' The fellow trudged away as if to execute the order, and after some time had elapsed returned, and was asked if he had done the job. 'Och, yer honor,' said Pat, 'I thried a long while to hang the gate, but faith, Sir, he wouldn't hang.' 'Where have you put it, then?' 'I have settled him, yer honor.' 'Why, what have you done with it?' 'Sure, master, I tuk hold on him and threw him into the pond and drownded him.'

Some of the household receipts given in the papers are calculated to do more harm than good. Mrs. Hopson's servant-girl recently read in the paper that 'potatoes should be of uniform size to cook evenly.' It was more than two days before she found the meaning of 'uniform,' and then she went to work on half a bushel of potatoes. As she couldn't make the smallest size of the largest, she pared down the large ones until they were as small as the smallest, and as the latter was about the size of a walnut, she had a weak lot of potatoes by the time she had them of uniform size, and a quart measure would have held them all. The potatoes were 'short' for dinner that day, and, as an explanation and some very sharp words followed, Mrs. Hopson's servant-girl now cooks potatoes of all sizes in one pot.

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words for the purpose of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation: the loss of a hat is always felt; if you don't like sugar, you may lump it; a glazier is a pane-taking man; candles are burned because wick-ed things always come to light; a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her carriage, and you say, 'Now, est ridendyn' when you step into it; if it be a chariot, she is a charitable person; birds' nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are high trees on; the greatest fibber is the man most to rely on; a dean expecting a bishopric looks for lawn; a suicide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a grocer; your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your aunt's sisters.

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1880.

A SMOKE.

Now do not at these verses laugh,
Nor at the subject joke;
For I'm in earnest when I say
I'm bound to have a "Smoke."
Times are hard and money scarce,
And business not to brag of—
Now how can I, in the face of this,
Pretend to buy "Tobacco?"

Don't be unkind unto a friend
Whom you may see in need;
But extend the hand of charity
And in that hand "Weed."

JOHN HOSIE'S PERIL.

A THRILLING UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE.

By John Erigena Barrett.

"Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found."

Those who live in the large cities, away from the mining industry, know but little of the fearful perils which attend the life of a miner. There are but few, indeed, who stop for a moment to consider how many lives are sacrificed annually in the production of that glowing anthracite coal which fills their cozy parlors with warmth and comfort during the cheerless winter evenings. Occasionally they are startled by the account of some thrilling mine disaster, which meets their eyes as they glance over the pages of the morning paper, but yet that can convey only a faint idea of the innumerable dangers that beset the miner from the moment he descends the deep dark shaft leading to his work until he returns to the light of day once more, or of the anguish that fills the breasts of those who are dear to him, whenever an accident from falling roof or fire-damp occurs in the colliery where he is employed, lest he should be killed or crippled. The number of men killed in mining anthracite during the past six years is nearly 1,500, and over 3,000 others have been crippled in various ways.

What a strange procession could be formed by the vast number of men maimed in the anthracite coal fields during the past decade, while pursuing their peaceful and poorly-paid calling. Some of the narrow underground escapes read stranger than fiction, but the strangest and most thrilling mine adventure I ever heard was that of John Hosie, of Scranton, a veteran miner, who told me his terrible story a few days ago.

I had heard of his experience in fragmentary form from time to time, and I resolved at length on hearing the narrative in detail from the lips of the hero himself.

It presents a vivid picture of a peril ever present in connection with mining operations—namely, the falling of roof, and since my informant has granted me *carte blanche* in the matter of using the names of persons and places, I leave no blanks to be filled by the reader.

I found my hero, Mr. John Hosie, at the office of the Scranton Fairlawn Coal Company, of which, by the way, he is now the senior partner, and was kindly received by him.

I was introduced to a plain, practical, prosperous Scotchman, sixty-four years of age, with gray hair, a massive frame, and an apparently iron determination—one who would shrink from no obstacle in pursuit of the honest purposes of life. In every lineament of his face there was firmness, and a determination to carry out whatever he undertook, while his honest eye told at a glance that he would undertake nothing that could not conscientiously be executed. Such was my first impression of the man of whom I had heard so much.

He seemed somewhat reticent at first, and hesitated about giving me the desired information lest the public might misconstrue his motives in so doing, but after I assured him that there were various versions of the adventure afloat, and probably none of them correct, he consented to tell me how, for nearly three days, he was entombed in one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines at Carbondale, while hundreds of men were digging for his body, and his wife and children mourned him as dead.

"It was a sad experience for me," he said, musingly. "I don't like to recall it; but if you'll be seated, sir, I'll tell you in a few words."

Thanking him, I seated myself at the desk indicated and took down his strange narrative. He frequently paused during the recital, as if stirred by the strong emotions awakened by the thrilling experience which he told as follows:

"In the winter of 1846, on the 12th of January—I remember it well—I entered one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines at Carbondale for the

purpose of making an examination to see if it was safe for the boys to pass through the gangway. It was rumored that the roof was "squeezing," and it was my duty as mine superintendent to ascertain its condition. I entered by the tunnel, and was about a mile and a half from its mouth, and over a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, when, without the slightest warning, a fearful fall of roof took place. It came like a terrific peal of thunder, sweeping down about forty acres in that awful crash, killing fifteen miners instantly, and tearing mules and mine cars to pieces. I was flung on my face, and, as soon as I recovered consciousness, found myself fast, lying at full length in a crevice between two massive bowlders of rock, where I was unable to move backward or forward. Fortunately for me, although lacerated a good deal, no bones were broken. I heard the thunder of the fall as it receded and died in the distance, and was expecting every minute to be ground to pieces.

"For twenty-four hours I lay in that prostrate position, unable even to rise to my knees, and suffocating of thirst and foul air. I had no expectation of ever seeing daylight again, but the mind being young and active, kept me working, working to escape when I thought there was no hope. The huge masses around me in that terrible darkness seemed alive, and were moving, sometimes hemming me in closer, and at other times giving me greater freedom. When a fall of that kind occurs the rocks block one another, leaving spaces here and there. I soon learned this, and commenced crawling in a zigzag course toward what I thought was the gangway. But this winding course soon threw me out of my record, and when I reached a wider space it was only to learn that I had gone the wrong way, and was walled in from the outer world by a mile of fallen roof.

"I was inside the fall, and now had plenty of room to stand up. I found what I thought a miner's oil-can, and being terribly oppressed with thirst, kept it with the intention of drinking the oil in case I was pressed closer. It turned out to be a dinner-can after all, but I never opened it while in the mine.

"Finding myself so completely walled in, I knew if I remained there certain death would overtake me soon, and so I thought I would make another struggle for life by crawling back through the crevices of the debris from which I had escaped. I had not been long at this before I found myself fast once more, unable to move one way or the other. I could feel the rocks settling about me, and for several hours I lay expecting to be crushed to pieces. The big bowlders were moving under and over me, as if they too were trying to crawl to the light. At last a massive rock tilted upward, and set me free to crawl back to the point from which I started. Then I sought a lower level than the one I was in, but on reaching it found that it was entirely blocked. Another idea suggested itself; it was that I might get over the debris and work my way along to the gangway outside the fall. I had to pick my way with my fingers, removing sharp pieces of rock and coal out of the narrow space through which I was dragging my body.

"At last, to my great relief, I reached the gangway, after nearly three days of toil and terror, and without having anything to eat or drink. On reaching the gangway I lay down across the mine track to drink the water out of the gutter, and while my ear was resting against the rail I heard the sound of human footsteps in the distance. Then I staggered to my feet and cried aloud for help.

"I was answered by Mr. Bryden, one of the superintendents, who was going with a fresh gang of men to dig for my body. I heard him say, 'If Hosie is alive, that's his voice.' A little later and I was overjoyed by their presence. The clothing was torn off my back and hung in shreds about me, and the bones were sticking out through the points of my fingers. I presented a fearful sight, I believe. While in the mine the fall of roof extended to a vast area. Mr. Clarkson, of Carbondale, measured it on the surface where it was defined by the large cracks in the snow, and it showed to be over forty acres.

"After I was buried about twenty-four hours, my wife went to Mr. James Archbald, the company's chief engineer, and asked if there was any hope. His answer was, 'There is no hope for your husband Mrs. Hosie; there is hope for all others, but where he is it is impossible that he can be saved. But we will get the body if the company is worth money enough to reach it.'

"When I came out," continued Mr. Hosie, "there was a large force of men digging for my body, and it was thought it would take them a week to reach my remains. The fearful force of the shock

produced by the fall was shown in the concussion caused by the dislodgment of air. Horses were torn to pieces, men killed, and stout coal cars smashed in the gangway, half a mile from where the fall occurred, by this subtle force. I had been engaged in mining about three years before this accident happened, and have been actively connected with it ever since."

While listening to the narrator of this exciting adventure, I could not help reflecting on the fact that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Mr. John Hosie is one of the most reliable and respected citizens of Scranton, where he is still actively engaged in mining operations, being, as I have already stated, the senior partner in the firm of the Fairlawn Coal Company, in which he is associated with his son James, together with Mr. Archbald, of that city. His life has been an eventful one, and among other things I find that he was prominently connected with the construction of the New York Water Works in 1837, and for several years afterward, having been intimately acquainted with the chief engineer, Mr. John B. Jervis. It was Mr. Hosie who built the section next the distributing reservoir, also that between Dobbs' Ferry and Tarrytown. He built fourteen miles of the masonry on the New Haven and Hartford road, also fourteen miles on the Morris and Essex, and had charge of the construction of the New Jersey railroad bridge across the Raritan river at New Brunswick. He it was who helped to open the first mines worked by the Pennsylvania Coal Company in the Wyoming region, and he has been connected with various important enterprises in different parts of the country for nearly half a century. I merely mention these matters to show what manner of man my hero is, and to establish the authenticity of his thrilling underground experience beyond cavil.

Carbondale, the site of the adventure, is situated at the head of the Lackawanna Valley, and at present has a population of twelve thousand. It is principally sustained by the extensive mines and foundries of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the scene of the great "cave-in" where John Hosie was buried for nearly three days, is frequently pointed out to those who visit that romantic region.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

In a certain western town a young man kept a grocery store, and his father occasionally attended to customers. One day the young man came into the store and found his father cracking a filbert. "What are you doing there, father?" asked the careful son.

"Eating a nut," replied the old man. "Where did you get it?" inquired the son.

"I got it of course in this blessed house," the old man answered.

"How many nuts do you gobble up every day?" the young man asked.

"Well," said the father, "I don't think I've eaten more than one day for the last six months."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the son; "no wonder I noticed the pile diminishing. One nut a day for six months! See here father, you can just dig, if you keep on wasting this way. Your extravagance will smash me up before another six months!"

This story puts us in mind of another grocer who was weighing a pound of prunes. When he would put one more into the scales there would be more than a pound, and when he would take the prune out the weight was light. He tried to break the prune in two, but not being able to do so, he ran across the street for the loan of a tenon saw, to saw it apart. While coming back he thought he would bring in an arful of wood, and laid down the saw until he loaded up, while gathering up the wood a five cent piece dropped out of his pocket among the pile of wood. He then began to look for the lost money and moved three cords of wood in his search. He did not find the money, but succeeded in burying up the saw out of sight. Then he began to repile the wood to recover the saw, which he found broken into a dozen pieces. He was pretty wrathful by this time, and made a desperate dive for the store, when to his consternation he found that the stranger for whom he had been weighing the prunes had accommodated himself to several necessary articles, and had departed with the pound of prunes, together with the unlucky prune that would not break. Truly no sphere of life is exempt from difficulties and dangers.

Although I wrote it "the holy bonds of matrimony," the compositor put it up "the lonely bonds of matrimony." The only thing that saved him was the explanation that he was married.

WANTED

A FEW GOOD MEN to sell Genuine Singer Sewing Machines. Special inducements to good men. Apply to The Singer M'fg Co., 207 Talbot Street, St. Thomas. 8-1m

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. 4

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, 1880-7tf

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

ALE AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'RS.

February, 1880.

6-tf

NEAT

PRINTING.

CHEAP.

PRINTING.

CALL AT

BURKE'S OFFICE

FOR

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Posters,

Cards,

Sale Bills,

&c., &c.

SHORT ENDS.

It is a noticeable fact that the average small boy yells "fire" on a false alarm as loudly as for a big conflagration.

A resident of Austin, Texas, drew up a bank check for \$200 on a shingle, and the bank honored it.

The Mississippi river is eating itself out of mouth and home, but it's a good thing for the commerce of the West.

Why is a farmer more loveable in the spring than at any other time? Because he sows wheat (so sweet) then.

The man lives in Canada who can carry four joints of stove-pipe out of doors without spilling soot on the carpet.

A new species of mosquito has appeared in Mississippi. Its specialty is picking up children and carrying them into jungles.

"I had rather smell a good cigar than bad whiskey," replied a Memphis lady to a Memphis loafer, but yet he ceased smoking.

McFlannery heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked: "A 2 be 9 countenance! Phwat a face, to be sure!"

Chemistry has aided a genius in Dayton, Ohio, to make sugar out of sawdust, and the day may come when we shall see saw-logs of sugar being drawn around.

Politics ain't very warm yet, and some of the daily papers scrimp along without using the words "liar," "paltrone," and "knave" more than three times per week.

A Boston man won \$50 the other day on a wager that no American could be found who would sit for an hour without trying to tilt his chair back.

Of course there is a good deal of power in argument and reasoning, but a score of big bumble-bees have been known to win a case when argument would have lost.

Persistency is certain to bring a just reward. After spending \$428 in lottery tickets a man in Des Moines drew a cash prize of eight dollars the other day, and is now encouraged to go on.

People who live in houses likely to be crushed by falling church spires don't attend services more regular than some living far away, but it is noticed that they watch the weather reports much closer.

It is quite fashionable in some of the Western cities for a girl to pawn her diamond engagement ring to buy wedding clothes, and then make her husband redeem the ring.

'The Good Side of Captain Kidd, the Pirate,' is the title of a book being written by a Rhode Island man. The public will be anxious to know if the Captain was a three-sided man.

A grocer in Northern Michigan wanted to settle with his creditors for fifteen cents on the dollar, but they wouldn't do it until the debtor spit on his hands and manled them into appreciating the situation.

A Nevada doctor demanded \$30 in cash before starting out to see a patient, but he might as well have stuck to the usual practice, for the messenger robbed him of the money as soon as he was clear of the house.

There is a girl at Kansas City who plays on a jewsharp so exquisitely that it makes all the young men shed tears. She plays 'Tommy Don't Go,' and Tommy stays until two o'clock in the morning.

The richest man in North Carolina at the present time had no ambition, and never was worth \$50 until he fell over a precipice. A fall is as good as a kick for some men.

The Turks brag that their doors have no locks. American houses might as well not have, for burglars have a great fondness for opening a window to give a family fresh night air.

A French writer has spent five years in trying to convince the world that such beings as mermaids do exist. The world wants to shake hands with one or two before believing with the Frenchman.

A soldier left the battle-field of Gettysburg in a thunder storm, and when he went back there the other day it was still raining. His disgust for such a neighborhood knew no bounds.

Red frogs hopped around the outskirts of Camden, New Jersey, the other day, and the *saxans* were just getting ready for a wise explanation when a boy owned up to having used the paint-brush.

Bees are very obstinate and absurd acting insects. A California swarm settled on a Chinaman's hat, and they wouldn't let go even after he passed the county line on a dead run, and all went into the Pacific ocean together.

A young lady, whose application for a position as school teacher in Wyoming, was rejected on account of her orthography, explained that she had three different ways of spelling, and would use any way that the committee thought best.

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 1.25 p. m.

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

NEW YORK EXPRESS, 3.30 a. m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.15 a. m.

FOR THE WEST.

MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 3.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.00 p. m.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.3 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 8.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 8.25 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.50 p. m.

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

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1880.

THE TOWN PRINTING.

The Times of Thursday, actuated, no doubt, by petty jealousy, malice and ill-will, contains an unwarranted attack upon the character of one of our most prominent and respected citizens, Mr. D. Drake, in regard to the awardment of the contract to execute the Town Printing. The statements made in that paper, though they may sound very well to the unsophisticated reader, are utterly false and devoid of foundation. The true facts of the case are as follows. Mr. Drake, as authorized by the Printing Committee, called at the printing offices to ascertain how cheap the work could be done. The proprietor of the Times had the audacity to state the price he would execute 500 copies of the pamphlet, which would leave the price of the balance, in the neighborhood of 1000, to his own option. Of course Mr. Drake would agree to no such amendment as that, and endeavored to ascertain the amount per copy which would be charged for the number over the 500, but failed to illicit any satisfactory information in regard to the matter. He accordingly proceeded to the other offices, and was informed with the characteristic business energy usually displayed by the Reporter, at what rate the work would be done. He also ascertained the rate charged at the Journal, and finding the tender of this office to be the lowest, he at once, as any man of common sense would have done, awarded the contract to us. We were not at all surprised at the action taken by our contemporary, which is well known to be of a cantankerous nature, but the action of a man supposed to possess the business ability of the chairman of the finance committee, in opposing the granting of the contract, certainly surprises us, and does not reflect much credit either on the business qualities or the oratorical powers of the said chairman.

The Kaoka Manufacturing Co. are turning out an immense quantity of their popular beverage, but notwithstanding that, they are constantly enlarging their premises and adding to the number of employees, they still fail to keep up with the fast increasing demand for Kaoka. It seems to be generally used throughout Canada and appears to be fast supplanting both tea and coffee, in the public favor. Not only in Canada, is it coming into general use, but in the United States also, and large orders have been received from European countries. To appreciate the large quantity which is exported from this town, one has only to look at the huge dray-loads which are almost constantly passing to the stations. It is but another proof of the popularity of Kaoka, to notice the number of counterfeiters which are being thrust on the market by unscrupulous individuals, but the Company announce their intention of prosecuting, to the full extent of the law, any person caught palming off spurious stuff for the genuine article. They have now in their employ upwards of 60 persons, and the works are kept going day and night, but the demand is so great and constant, that they fail to manufacture one half the quantity that could be disposed off; however, when the large addition, which is now in the course of erection, is finished, the Company will be in a better position to fill their many orders.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Guin steamer, Montana, is on the rocks at Church Bay, England.

And the bould O'Leary didn't weary. Score at the close of the San Francisco walking match: O'Leary, 515; Weston, 485.

Lizzie McMahon, of Norwich, Conn., tried the old and well known experiment of lighting the fire with kerosene. Gone, but not forgotten.

The tug 'Lamont' capsized while in a race with another tug, on Lake Michigan, all hands were lost.

The ocean steamer, City of Sydney, was burned near San Francisco the other day.

There was a \$40,000 fire at Stratford on Monday night.

The Lincolnshire handicap was won by Rosycross, the American horses being unplaced.

St. Patrick's day was quietly celebrated throughout Canada, there being no processions.

Slosson and Vignaux are to play a billiard match for \$1,000 and the world's championship, at Paris, on April 3.

The Canadian Contribution to the Irish relief fund, is to be used for purchasing fishing nets and other articles for the Irish poor.

The report that Gen. Melikoff had on a suit of armour when his assassination was attempted, turns out to be unfounded.

They don't do things by halves down in Leadville. They had a Leap Year Ball there the other evening, and the girls pulled out knives and revolvers and commenced making things lively, while the men huddled together in a corner and yelled.

The funeral of the Hon. H. L. Holton, which took place on Wednesday last, was one of the largest ever held in Montreal.

Some of the Canadian Knights of the Macabees have been getting into trouble with their Buffalo brethren.

Denis Kearny was fined \$10.00 and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction for using threatening language against one Claus Spreckles. Any man with a name like that deserves to have threatening language used against him.

The sale of the pictures by the old masters, still continues at Florence. The sum of \$250 was realized on Wednesday.

William Donnelly, of Biddulph, was thrown from his buggy by it being run into by two drunken persons in another buggy. He has brought an action against them for furious driving.

Yesterday was the 32 anniversary of the birth of Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise.

The Royal princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, are to visit Canada soon.

The boat race between Oxford and Cambridge takes place to-morrow, Oxford is the favourite.

Two preachers, a New York and a N. J. one, have been getting into trouble by being too familiar with some female members of their congregations. A good way to extend religion.

An express train in Danville, Pa., ran into a crowd of people who were standing on the track, killing several.

The St. Patrick's concert, at the Opera House on Wednesday evening, passed off very successfully, there being a large and appreciative audience present. Notwithstanding the absence of some of the persons who had promised to take part, the audience were well repaid for their investment; the performers who were there, acquitting themselves in the very best of style, while the lecture by J. Fahey, was admirably delivered. The singing and character delineations of Mr. E. Fitzgibbons, were the source of much amusement, he, mimicking Mr. Michael Barrett and other prominent men. Miss Cantellon, Messrs. Murch, Vogt and the others, were all that could be desired. Mr. Murch's concertina playing was repeatedly encored. The lecturer was troubled by the remarks of a 'wild Irishman,' under the influence of old rye, but he was promptly put out. The band of the 25th Batt. rendered several pieces of selected airs, suitable to the occasion.

'Leap year gives young ladies a gentleman's privileges in making love.' Perhaps it does. But no respectable young man will have anything to do with a young lady who takes a position on the street corner, and not only winks at the gentlemen as they pass by, but also squirts to bacco juice on their coat-tails. Nor would it look well for a dozen or more young ladies to loaf around in front of a church an hour and a half on Sunday nights, sparring, and knocking one another's hats off, and doing a tra-la-lu on the sidewalk, in order to kill time until the congregation is dismissed, and then buckle up to a young man and escort him home. Not any.

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. QUINN, Prop'r.

Firemen Attention!

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE St. Thomas Fire Brigade will be held in the Town Hall, Tuesday, 23rd inst., at 8 o'clock p. m., for the election of a chief and two assistant engineers.

W. F. MARTIN, Chief

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

LADIES'

and

GENTS'

VISITING CARDS

Neatly Printed

AT THE

"Reporter" Office

Call and See Samples.

Society Cards

a Specialty.

Among the 'rulings' of the United States Post-office Department are some that read queer enough: 'The postal law does not exempt postmasters from working on the public roads.' 'Ladies' garters, in packages not exceeding twelve ounces, are subject to a postage of two cents for each two ounces.' 'Packages of human hair, not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, may be sent by mail at the rate of two cents for each two ounces.' 'A husband has no right under the postal law to control his wife's correspondence.' 'Honey-bees are not considered proper matter for transportation by mail.' 'When a lady holding the position of postmaster marries and changes her name, a vacancy is created.'

One day Nasir-ed-Din ascended the pulpit of the mosque and thus addressed the congregation, 'O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?' 'No,' responded the congregation. 'Well then,' said he, 'there is no use in my speaking to you,' and he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, 'O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?' 'We know,' replied the audience. 'Ah, as you know,' said he, quitting the pulpit, 'why should I take the trouble of telling you?' When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers, and when he asked his usual question, replied, 'Some of us know, and some of us do not know.' 'Very well,' said he: 'let those who know tell those who do not know.'

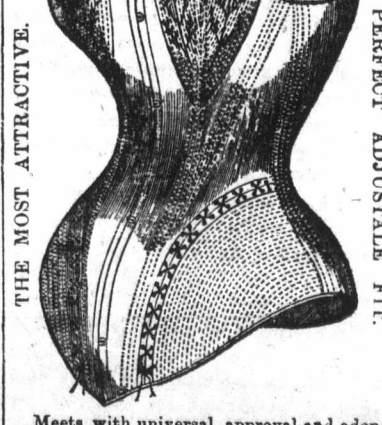
The Rev. J. Griffith, an Anglican Rector in Wales, has been using severe language toward the Established Church. 'Nothing,' he says, 'flourishes in the churches but bricks and mortar. The architects and builders and decorators make a good thing of church money. But the people's soul's are wandering away from God further and further every day. The great work of spiritualizing them is left to poor, helpless young women (referring to the women of the Salvation Army). God knows they do their best, and I pray God to bless them. Their intention is good, and it ought to overwhelm with shame and confusion of face the great spiritual army of the great Church of England, who received all the spiritual pay, i. e., the Archbishops, the Canons, the Rectors, the Vicars, the Curates—20,000 strong—counting heads. Yet a few young women, going about singing and shouting, seem to have a greater hold upon the masses, of people than we have.'

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.

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. 9-1f

THE NEW CORSET.



Meets with universal approval and adoption, being the most lasting Corset ever designed. For sale at W. F. MARTIN'S, 238 Talbot street, next Opera House.

BORN

In this town, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. Isaac Nixon, of a son.

In this town, on the 10th inst., the wife of Mr. Frederick Wright, of a son.

In this town, on the 6th inst., the wife of Thomas Whalls, of a son, still born.

In this town, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. John Hopson, of a son.

DIED

On the 8th inst., at St. Thomas, Sylvanus Beamer, son of J. W. Beamer, Esq., late of Buffalo, aged 54 years.

At Ridgetown, on the 28th ult., Thomas Shea, aged 48 years.

At Duart, on Friday, 27th Feb., of Dropsy, Charles Dickens Barr, telegraph operator, C. S. R., and son of Mr. Alex. Barr.

In Ridgetown, on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., Mrs. Betsy Hartwick, mother of John Hartwick, aged 75 years.

DOTS AND DASHES.

What's the use of a girl wearing anklets and then hiding her ankles.

Shares in linen companies in New England are regular silver mines.

A little grated nutmeg will make one sleepy. It's either that of the milk-punch.

Brooklyn thinks it her duty to convert New York, and New York sends her favorite exhorters over to Brooklyn.

The man who wouldn't sell a kicking cow without telling her faults lives in Detroit. He's consumptive, of course.

A Virginia darkey has discovered that music will make hens lay where everything else has failed. The fiddle is what they want.

Ever since it was stated that a kiss drove an Indian girl crazy all the girls have been saying: 'Pooh! I'd like to have it tried on me!'

How any man can rack his head over these new puzzles when he can sit on a log and fish all day without a bite is past comprehension.

Not a single church congregation in Dayton, O., will contribute a cent for the foreign heathen. The result is that there are no heathens in Dayton.

The Boston Post pitches into the moral character of Solomon the proverb writer, but that's too thin. Can't cover up your tracks that way, young man.

'No man must be a Police Justice who is not a lawyer,' says the New York Telegram, but it concedes that any fool is good enough for a Justice of the Peace.

Theodore Tilden was asked by a New Hampshire woman if he really thought Beecher was guilty, and he evaded the question in a way that made her hair stand up.

New England preachers refuse to deliver sermons at the mouthpiece of a telephone for the benefit of listeners a mile away. That doesn't keep up running expenses.

An Iowa clergyman preached against the sin of shaving on Sunday, and next Sabbath the sexton refused to split kindlings to start a fire, and the congregation dispersed.

The New York Observer says that the true way to avoid being burned up in a theatre is to go to church. And the true way to avoid a falling church spire is to live out in the country.

It is now in order to sigh over the fading beauty of the English Mrs. Langtry, who was never any better looking than three out of every five girls found at an American spelling-school.

'Oh, mother, may I go play fifteen?' 'No, no, my dearest daughter; it's the biggest fraud that ever was seen. Go draw the washing water'—and the length of the fair daughter's countenance was expressive of the great length of time it would take her to solve the puzzle.

The girls in the principal cities and towns in Canada are noted as follows:

Montreal, the best dressed.

Toronto, the tallest and most stylish.

Quebec, the smallest feet. All dumplings and lambs.

Ottawa, the most intelligent.

London, the most demure.

Kingston, robust and blooming.

Hamilton, the best musicians.

Halifax, the best complexions.

Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious.

Cobourg, fond of music, the wharf promenade, and flirting.

Brockville, lady-like and graceful.

Prescott, the most amiable.

Brantford, the most indifferent.

Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved.

Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married.

St. Catharines, the wittiest and most refined.

Charlottown, the most truthful.

St. John, N. B., the prettiest.

St. John, Nfld., the most liberal entertainers.

Peterboro, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating.

Belleville, the most freckled.

Lindsay, pretty, sweet tempered, and unassuming.

Barrie, spiritual, with a preference for hot with lemon in it.

Collingwood, there aren't any; they die young, or grow up into boys.

Orillia, anxious but hopeful.

Petrolia, the most intelligent and refined, liberal entertainers, sweet things on ice, and fond, very fond of the boys.

Brigden, genial and pretty, amatory and witty, charming in love song or ditty, with a strong eye for the main chance.

Courtright, handsome, with seaside complexions and fondness for moonlight saile or beach promenades. They know how to court right.

Alvinston, a Penchant for intrigue, with the prettiness and accomplishments necessary to carry their schemes to success.

Wyoming, scarce but darlings all. Fondness for meeting incoming trains. Modest, but charming withal.