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CANADA SOUTH RAILWAY LINE



CHANGE OF TIME.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

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

FOR THE EAST.

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

ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.55 a. m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 1.25 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, 5.35 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 8.30 p. m.; leaves Court-right 6 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11 a. m.

ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.00 a. m.; leaves Port Erie 6.25 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.00 p. m.

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

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

A REVIVAL TO THE BIDDULPH HORROR.

MURDER THE WHOLE AT \$100 A HEAD.

Two years ago a murderous shooting affray took place at Tear-Down Church, Warren county, Ia., in which two families—Howrie and Westfall—were concerned as murdered and murderers. To the present day, when these people meet there is a fight. Worse consequences have resulted. One evening lately Reuben Westfall, the elder of the family, went out to look after his hogs, when he was shot by some person in ambush. The ball struck his head just above the ear, and passed along the skull, making only a slight wound. Suspicion at once attached to the Howrie gang, but no clue could be got as to who did the shooting. The second morning at 4 o'clock, Geo. Wheeler arrived at the residence of his brother-in-law, near Boone, in Boone county. His clothes were dripping with water. He said he had swum across the Des Moines River, and wanted his clothes dried and no questions asked. His peculiar conduct aroused the suspicion of the family, and he was questioned closely, until finally he confessed having shot at Westfall. He then endeavored to induce his brother-in-law, in case he should be arrested, to testify to an alibi by declaring that he (Wheeler) was at his house on the night of the shooting. Instead of this, however, the brother-in-law notified the law officers, and Wheeler was arrested, brought here, and lodged in gaol. While there a detective was placed in the cell with him, who professed to have been watching him for months and knew the whole matter. He succeeded in drawing out of Wheeler the details of a most diabolical scheme to murder the whole Westfall family, in which scheme a large number of persons were engaged. There are nine persons in the Westfall family. Wheeler had agreed to do the job, and was to receive \$100 a head for every one he killed, and when the last one was disposed of he was to receive \$200 extra. His first attempt was in May last. He was to assassinate one while on his way from the church to the scene of the murder of the Howries two years ago, but for some reason the Westfalls did not go to church that evening. No further attempt was made until that of last week, which failed. The following Tuesday night was set to murder one or all of the family and burn the house, but on Monday he was arrested. He said the gang had frequent meetings, but were obliged to observe great caution that their wives and daughters might not know of the plot and expose them through fear. Wheeler was taken to Warren county, where the crime was committed, and while in gaol made a full confession, which was taken down by a stenographic reporter. It is as follows:—"Some time during the last fall I started with David Howrie from his house to go the Tear-

Down Church. There was a protracted meeting there at the time, and when we started Dave strapped the revolvers on and asked me if I had one; and, when I told him no, he gave me a carbine and said it was well loaded, and that there was a bad crowd there. The next day Dave and I went fishing, and during the time he said he would give me \$100 to kill old man Westfall; and, further, that there were nine of the clan and that he would pay \$100 apiece for their scalps, and that he would furnish the tools to do it. After I agreed to it, he took me down to the straw-stack and showed me where he would leave the gun and ammunition. 'It was understood by Sin Blackford, Joe Hoover, Doug Howrie, and Dave Howrie that I was to report that I was going to Kansas. I was to do it as a blind. I went to Sin Blackford's and stayed all night and fixed up to go, and started and met Doug Howrie, who took my clothes and took them to the house. Blackford said they wanted me to get the main backbone of the crowd first—that was old man Westfall and Ben. I was not expected to do anything the first night. The next day I saw Dave out in the woods, and he told me that he would fix up a sack of provisions for me and leave it at the back kitchen window and I went there that night and got it. I left there soon afterward, before I got a chance to shoot any of them. About three weeks ago I went from Des Moines and out to Howrie's. As Mr. Ragsdale was there I told Howrie that I was going to work on the railroad. It was then agreed with Dave Howrie that I should kill one of them on Tuesday (that was on the day before the shooting was done). On that day Dave Howrie, Joe Hoover, Sin Blackford, and Doug Howrie all went to Des Moines so as not to be at home when I was done, but I could not get any chance. I was then to do it the next night if I could; and he went over to get Mr. Ragsdale to come over, so as he had done a witness that he was at home and in the meantime a peddler came and stayed there. Doug came out to where I was, and brought me Dave's revolver, and told me the gun was well loaded, as he had done it himself, and it had eleven buckshot in each barrel; and told me when I got through with them to leave them on Ragsdale's fence—the fence running east and west. I then started down the side of the fence towards Westfall's, and when I got within about fifty yards of the house he came out, and some little children with him. I waited until he reached the hogpen, when I raised the gun and fired. He turned his head and said, 'Who is that?' and I fired again, and he fell, and I ran and left the gun and revolver where I had promised. Dave Howrie had told me he would leave the money in the straw-stack where I had got the gun. I went back the second night afterwards and there was no money there. I then went to the house and rapped, and Dave came out and said, 'You made a damned bad job of that; that I had only scratched him a little. He said he only had a dollar then, which he gave me, but he said he would borrow \$10 more in the morning, which he did, and I was to have returned there and get the other \$80 on last Tuesday night, and at the same time I was to have help, and we were going to clean out the whole party. The gun belonged to Leep, Dave's son-in-law. The revolver belonged to Dave, and had a small piece broken off the ramrod. Mart Ruggles was to have met with us once, but did not come, and I don't know whether he was in the secret or not.' On this confession four of the Howries were arrested, with others of the gang. Others will be when they can be found. Wheeler's statement as to the shooting of Westfall is confirmed by several circumstances.

THE CENTRAL PRISON.

WHAT THE CONVICTS ARE DOING.

There are at present 346 convicts in the Central Prison. Of these there are 135 making brooms, a number are employed in the shoemaking room, another lot is employed in tailoring, others again are employed in the carpenter and machine shops, and there are about 40 engaged at the big sewer from the Mercer Reformatory. During February 41 prisoners arrived, 40 obtained their discharge. The Central Prison authorities have contracted for 250 cots for the Mercer Reformatory; 150 dozen brooms are turned out daily in the prison. The brick yard is also highly profitable. Last year those employed made 2,500,000. This year they will make 3,000,000.

A GREAT WORK.

A dame well along in years yesterday got into a Michigan-avenue car, with a pound of tea under one arm and a chromo under the other, and she was hardly seated before a man leaned forward and asked:

'I beg pardon, but have you any objections to my inspecting that work of art?'

She handed it over, and he looked at it closely for a long time, and then said:

'How beautiful and lifelike! If ever I get rich, I shall have at least three of these beautiful oil paintings. I don't want to seem impertinent, but may I ask if you purchased that beautiful masterpiece for less than \$5,000?'

'Y—yes,' she admitted.

'Ah! perhaps they made a discount in order to secure your patronage. Perhaps you got it for forty-five hundred. Cheap enough. I wish I had a million dollars: How I do revel in these delicious landscapes!'

The woman looked from her tea to the picture, then at the man, and her eyes began to bulge out in astonishment.

'Yes, this is indeed a masterpiece,' he sighed as he held it up. 'No one but a lady of refinement and culture could have selected it. Pray, madam, let me ask if you recognized the handiwork of Gonzia De Moria in it as soon as you saw it?'

'Oh, yes,' she replied, while her eyes grew larger than ever.

'If I had \$5,000 to spare I should try and purchase it of you; but as it is, I can only wish you much joy over its possession. Had you noticed that tree in the background?'

'Y—yes,' she answered, as she leaned forward.

'How wonderfully true to nature! That knothole there was never excelled by the hand of man. I always identify the works of Gonzia De Moria by the knotholes in the trees. Will you bear that in mind in your future selections?'

'Yes, sir, and I am very much obliged.'

'And in the foreground you observe a cow standing under a tree. This is a tree without any knothole, but what foliage! Ah! if I only had money—money to enable me to indulge my taste for such exquisite things! See what a cow! See that expression of contentment in her face! Observe the majestic curve of those horns! Here is the figure I was looking for. Ah! it is a 4. This cow gives four quarts of milk per day. Gonzia De Moria always marks the quantity of milk on every cow, and customers then know what they are buying. If I should send a friend to you to buy this picture for \$3,000—But no! You are able to hold it. You cannot be tempted.'

'I'll sell it for—'

'For five thousand,' he interrupted, 'but, alas! I cannot raise that sum! Here in the foreground is an opening in the rocks. Do you know what is in there?'

'No.'

'A jug!' he hoarsely whispered—'a jug containing a remedy warranted to take off moles and freckles. Try it once and be convinced!'

He sank back and shut his eyes. She sat up very straight, and seemed to reflect. She had moles and freckles, but it was none of his business. Presently she stood up, rang the bell, nashed the chromo over his head, and walked out without a word. Every man laughed but the man with his eyes shut. He opened them after the car started, looked down at the ruined chromo, and sadly sighed:

'Ah! masterpiece of Gonzia De Moria, alas! that such a fate should come upon thee.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

To convince his Mohammedan neighbors of his friendly feeling, the Czar has granted them permission to erect a mosque at St. Petersburg. It will be situated in the central part of the city, near the Newski Perspective in Tolerance street, where there are already a number of edifices belonging to religions tolerated nowhere else in the empire.

But two months have scarcely elapsed, and yet a Philadelphia girl is already disgusted with leap-year. The other evening as she began, 'Will you—' her young man, without waiting to ascertain whether or not she was going to propose, sprang from the sofa, rushed off, and has carefully avoided the house ever since. And yet, aware that she possessed a very large mouth, she was merely about to ask, 'Will you please shut your eyes while I gape.'

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 the market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHILL, 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 UPHOLSTERER Talbot Street, St. Thomas, opposite the Lisgar House. Repairing Done on the Shortest Notice. Jan. 15, 1880. 1-3m

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. 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-ft

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.

H. E. HUGHES.

THE BOUNTY FOR TRIPLETS.

ANOTHER INTERESTING AND STRUGGLING INDUSTRY CRUSHED.

THE QUEEN'S PURSE CLOSED TO COLONIAL ENTERPRISE OF THE PROLIFIC VARIETY.

Peterboro', March 20.—Another struggling industry has been crushed. A few weeks ago the wife of Joseph Spencer, of Burleigh, blessed the happy husband with triplets. Herebefore it has been the custom to ask and receive the Queen's bounty of five pounds sterling for the benefit of the fortunate or unfortunate person accomplishing so much maternity at one accouchment. The usual application was made on behalf of Mrs. Spencer, and the following reply from Mr. Langevin, the Under Secretary of State, shows that the Imperial purse has been closed for the future to this interesting and decidedly struggling industry:—

OTTAWA, MARCH 16.

I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and its enclosure, applying on behalf of Mrs. Spencer for the Queen's bounty in consideration of her having given birth to triplets. In reply I am to inform you that a communication has been received at this Department from the proper authorities in England, to the effect that these cases occurring in the Colonies do not come within the Queen's rule on the subject, which is to give a small donation to poor people of good character on occasion of triple births where the children survive, the money being given to assist the parents in providing food and clothing shortly after the birth of the children. It is added that the length of time which must elapse before a triple birth in the colonies can be reported to the proper quarter makes it next to impossible to admit the case as coming within the rule laid down, and that the money when given is by no means as a reward, but simply as an act of charity.

I have the honor to be, etc., EDWARD J. LANGEVIN, Under Secretary of State.

DOTS AND DASHES.

A pork-packer at Indianapolis has invented machinery which will scrape 7,000 hogs a day. This will be good news for Chicago, which is always getting into scrapes.

An exchange says that Jem Mace, the fighter, owed his success to the fact that he began early in life to strike out for himself. He has also made several lucky hits.

The Prince of Wales dines hereafter at 7 instead of 9. Put that down in your note-book and remember the change the next time you drop in to have a bite with Albert Edward.

A Cheyenne beer-seller who could not pay his debts, and whose stock was levied on by the sheriff, now says that all his worldly possessions were swallowed up by the 'foamy seizure.'

Mrs. Partington—Well, I declare! Here's an ingenious young man who has invented an arrangement by which the deaf can see and the blind talk. Such talons as his should be reorganized by a statute.

According to the report of Undertaker Smith, 132 Hillers have crossed the range during the brief period in which papers were headed 1879. Out of these 92 went the good old way, 22 shuffled off this mortal coil by accidents, 5 died with their boots on, being shot by Sunday school teachers from the East, and 3 hadn't the gist to face the storm and sunshine of life, and hastened their exit by resorting to poison and other equally effective banes.

A printer does not run to the doctor every time he is 'out of sorts.' Nor to a baker when he gets out of 'pi.' Nor to a wood pile when he wants a 'stick.' Nor to the Bible when he wants a good 'rule.' Nor to a gun-shop when he wants a 'shoot-ing-stick.' Nor to a cabinet shop when he wants 'furniture.' Nor to a bank when he wants 'quoins.' Nor to see his girl when he wants to 'go to press.'

The poetical language of the Orient differs vastly from the plain common-sense brusqueness of our own land. For instance, when a Persian meets a friend he says: 'Thy visits are as rare as fine days.' But when an American woman sees a caller coming up the front walk she remarks: 'There! if there ain't that everlasting Smith woman again.' It's a big difference in form at least.

ART THOU LIVING YET?

(The following sweet tribute to a mother's memory is full of tender meaning, and is worthy of the poet-singer who wrote it.)

Is there no grand immortal sphere Beyond the realm of broken ties, To fill the wants that mock us here, And drive the tears from weeping eyes— Where winter ends in endless springs, And June stands near with deadless flowers,

Where we may hear the dead ones sing Who love us in this world of owers? I ask, and, lo! my cheeks are wet With tears for one I cannot see; Oh! mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o're me thrill, Thou unseen angel of my life; I hear thy hymns around me shrill An undertone to care and strife, Thy tender eyes upon me shine, As from a being glorified, Till I am thine and thou art mine, And I forget that thou hast died; I almost lose each vain regret In visions of a life to be; But, mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade, The waters blow along my way, But over every light or shade Thy memory lives by night and day; It soothes to sleep my wildest pain, Like some sweet song that cannot lie, And, like the murmur of the main, Grows deeper when the storm is nigh, I know the brightest stars that set Return to bless the yearning sea; But, mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me?

Sometimes think thy soul comes back From o'er the dark and silent stream, Where last we watched the shining track To those green hills of which we dream Thy loving arms around me twine; My cheek blooms younger in thy breath, Till thou art mine and I am thine, Without a thought of pain or death. And yet at times my eyes are wet With tears for her I cannot see— Oh! mother, art thou living yet, And dost thou still remember me?

A FAMOUS EYE-WATER.

A COMPOUND THAT BEATS COL. SELLERS GREAT REMEDY ALL OUT OF SIGHT.

(From the New York Times.)

For ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain the Yankee peddler can give the heathen Chinese points. A bright young fellow who was driven not long ago travelling country roads with a basket over his arm, selling a little article on which there was just a trifle of 2,000 per cent. profit, fell in, down in the wilds of New Jersey, one day, with one of these interesting specimens. 'That man,' said the young fellow, 'taught me more about peddling in the few days we travelled together than I ever knew before. He could turn a jack-knife into a horse and wagon. Late one afternoon we were making for a little tavern, kept by an elderly woman, where we intended to pass the night. The Yankee, as we passed a little pile of pebbles, stooped down and picked up two round white ones, one about twice as large as the other. 'I am going to pay for my supper and lodging,' said he, 'with these two pebbles.' He put them in his pocket, and I thought no more about them till, after we had eaten our supper, we were seated in front of a comfortable fire—the Yankee, the landlady, and I. He was a spectacle-peddler, and carried his wares in a little green box. He had a charming habit of saying to people whenever he got a chance. 'Your eyes are in a pretty bad way. They won't last you long.' He said this to the landlady, and she replied that she was afraid that was true, for they had been troubling her a good deal lately.

'Then the spectacle-man brought out the larger of his two pebbles. 'Look at that, madam,' said he. 'What do you think of that?' The landlady said she thought it looked like any other white pebbles that could be picked up anywhere. The spectacle man, laughing at the poor woman's ignorance, said if she could pick up a few stones like that she'd soon make her fortune. It was a genuine eye-peg imported from Germany. 'I make an eye-water from those pebbles,' said he, 'that strengthens the eye and restores the failing sight. That stone will dissolve to nothing in ten minutes in salt and water.' The old lady was incredulous, and for some time nothing more was said about it. Presently she asked: 'Is that eye-water of yours very expensive?' 'No,' he said, 'not very expensive.' 'Then,' said she, 'I guess I'll have to get you to make me a bottle of it.'

The peddler told her to bring in a tum-

bliful of luke-warm water, with a table-spoonful of salt in it, and a teaspoon. The articles were soon brought, and the peddler, dropping the larger pebble into the glass, began to stir it with the teaspoon with great deliberation. For fully five minutes he continued to stir, the pebble, of course, showing no signs of dissolving.

'I thought,' said the old lady, 'that that there little stone wouldn't dissolve.' 'It does seem a little stubborn, that's a fact,' said the spectacle man, 'but the trouble is you haven't put in quite enough salt. Just get me a teaspoonful more salt and it will soon be all right.' The old lady left the room to get the salt, and the peddler quickly whippid the large pebble out of the tumbler, and dropped in the small one. 'I declare,' said she, when she returned and saw the diminished size of the pebble, 'it is takin' hold, after all, ain't it?' 'Certainly,' said the spectacle man, looking very wise, and pouring in the remainder of the salt, 'it will be ready now in about five minutes, and you'd better have a bottle handy to put it in, for it spoils it to stand in the air.'

The landlady had him this time, for the bottle was standing on the mantle-shelf. It was necessary to get her out of the room once more to remove the little pebble, so he asked: 'Haven't you a colored glass bottle?' 'No,' she said, she hadn't one in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'you had better paste some dark paper around this one, for the light weakens the eye-water, and in time spoils it. The old lady went out in the kitchen to hunt some thick paper, and out came the little pebble. The eye-water was made.

'Rub your eyes well with this three times a day,' said he, as he corked the bottle, 'and by the next time I come around you'll have a new pair of eyes in your head.'

Next morning, as we were about to pay our bills, the landlady enquired how much she owed for the eye-water.

'It will be a dollar for the pebble, just what it costs to import them from Germany,' said he. 'I won't charge you anything for making it.'

A dollar was just what he owed the hotel. He and the landlady were 'square.'

INTERVIEWING AN ACTRESS.

Maybe the reporter didn't know how to interview an actress, and maybe that's why he had so much trouble. Having sent up his card and been admitted to her presence, he stated his business, and she said, languidly: 'I'm sorry you've come; I don't fancy you newspaper men, and hate being interviewed.' Maybe he knew this was just said for effect, and that she wouldn't miss the interview for a heap, but he replied, 'Oh, well, then, I won't trouble you. Sorry I intruded. Good day.' However, she got to the door first and said, 'Oh, now you're here, I'll oblige you.' And he answered, 'Oh, no; won't trouble you for the world.' 'But it won't be very much trouble.' 'Well, never mind; I don't care particularly about it.' 'But—but—in fact—it will be a pleasure. I only object because reporters always ask the same questions, and then don't print just what you say.' 'Well, I'll try and do better than that,' and they seated themselves. Then he asked: 'How did you celebrate your 34th birthday?' 'Eh?—jumping up—'What do you mean, sir? You're a mean wretch to ask such a question!' Steps on her lap dog—addresses dog. 'Drat your pet,' get out!' Then she observed him writing, and asked what he was doing. He replied: 'I promised to print exactly what you said, and I have taken down your very words.' 'About the dog?' 'Yes.' 'Good gracious! You won't print that?' 'I will.' 'But that wasn't meant to print.' 'Can't help it.' 'Oh, but it won't do. You mustn't. Let's begin the interview, now.' 'Very well. Which do you prefer as an advertisement? Being robbed of diamonds, run away with by a back, or having a divorce suit?' 'Sir, I—I—don't do such things! I never heard such questions!' 'I promised to vary the list you said had become so monotonous. How many husbands have you living?' 'See here, if you don't stop this, I'll send for one of 'em. That is—please state that I'm not married.' 'Just so. Do you shave your head?' 'Sir; of course not! Are you crazy?' 'No, ma'am. Which is your favorite liquor?' 'Do you wish to order some sent up? Of course you won't say in the paper that I ever take anything?' 'Look here, ma'am, I was to print just what you said.' 'But I don't want you to.' 'It must be done.' 'Well, then, if you don't ask me if the audience everywhere are as enthusiastic as they are here, and what I do with all my bouquets, and if I don't almost feel that I ought to be in a boarding-school instead of on the stage, as I'm so young, and if I don't find it very embarrassing to have all the men so madly in love with me, and several bank directors committing suicide because I

won't marry them—if you don't ask me those questions, I won't say another blessed word! So there! And if you print what I've said I'll sue you for libel!

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. QUIGG; 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 assistants 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.

WANTED

A NEW GOOD MAN sell Genuine... Special inducements to good men. Apply to The Singer Mfg 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 rate for five, six, or seven years. 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, 1880-74

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

BEER AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROP'RS.

February, 1880.

6-4

NEAT

PRINTING.

CHEAP

PRINTING.

CALL AT

BURKE'S OFFICE

FOR

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Posters,

Cards,

Sale Bills,

&c., &c.

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. 9-4

A STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

Mr. Joseph Quigg and his horse Billy serve's milk route in New York city for the Borden Condensed Milk Company. Mr. Quigg has been on the route for over eleven years, and Billy no more than three. Many customers take milk twice or three times a week. They are intermingled with those who receive it every day. While Mr. Quigg is serving a customer, Billy passes on to the residence of the next person, crossing the street whenever the schedule requires. He seems to do this as a favor to his partner. Not long ago Mr. Quigg lost his reckoning on a customer in Macdougall street. He ordered the horse to stop at the door on Tuesday. The animal paid no attention to the order, knowing that Wednesday was the regular day for serving the family. Mr. Quigg yanked Billy by the check rein, and forced him to stop. The man of the house came out and remarked that it was not his usual day for receiving his supply, but as the measure was filled, and the milk ready for delivery he would take it, and Mr. Quigg might pass him by on the following morning.

On Wednesday morning Billy marched up to the house and stopped. His friend Joseph followed along the sidewalk and ordered him on. The horse refused to obey the order, tossing his head in a manner that indicated that he thought his friend was labouring under a mistake. Thereupon Mr. Quigg sprang into the wagon, and was forced to severely lash Billy. Before the horse started the head of the family interfered, and protested against the cruel treatment of the dumb animal. Mr. Quigg told him to attend to his own business. The gentleman did so by visiting the office of the company and entered a complaint. The result was that Billy got the better of his friend Joseph, for Mr. Quigg was discharged and the horse was retained in the service of the company.

The matter was set right some weeks afterward, and Mr. Quigg was again employed. The two friends got along quite smoothly for some time, when the horse again got Joseph into trouble. He was crossing Charlton street, while Mr. Quigg was serving a customer behind him. On nearing a livery stable a wagon approached the horse from an opposite direction. Its occupant wanted Billy to pass him on the left, so as to give him an opportunity to drive into the stable. Billy, however, insisted on passing to the right, as the law directs. A collision occurred, and the livery stable wagon was broken. The owner complained to the company. Mr. Quigg's explanation, however, coupled with Billy's well-known disposition, convinced the superintendent that Joseph was not to blame, and he retains his situation. In both cases the friendship of the horse was nearly fatal to the interests of the man. Since that time, however, the friends have served the route and themselves faithfully. Mr. Quigg implicitly trusts to the memory of Billy, and Joe and Billy may be seen walking up Charlton street any forenoon, Sundays excepted, as happy as May flies.

The Brown family lived near Indianapolis. One of their hands, named Hunter, had \$300 of savings in his trunk when he left the place, but no trace of that or himself was ever found afterward. He had no friends, and nobody took the trouble to make any particular inquiry. The Browns said he had gone West, and about that time they plowed their garden for no apparent purpose. A miner from Colorado came into the neighborhood, wearing \$600 in a belt. He boarded with the Browns awhile, and then, they said, departed for the East, and the Browns' garden was plowed again. A physician, who was known to carry a considerable amount of money in his pocket was missed from the neighborhood. He had been seen going towards the Browns' house, but never coming away, and the garden was plowed once more. The idea has at last struck the neighbors that the three men have been murdered and ploughed under, and the garden is to be searched.

'How do you get on with your wife nowadays?' was the question asked on one of the boulevards. 'Splendidly,' was the reply, 'we have just discovered a secret and it works admirably.' 'And pray what is it?' was the next question. 'Why, you see,' was the reply, 'my wife and I are never at home at the same time. When she comes in, I go out, and when I come in she goes out. The plan works admirably, and we are both very happy.'

St. Thomas Reporter.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
Single Copies, Two Cts.
FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

THE BOYS WHO RUN WITH THE "MASHEEN."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FIRE BRIGADE; OFFICERS ELECTED.

The Firemen of the East and West Ends of the town held their Annual Meeting at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, a large number being present. The Report of Chief Engineer, W. F. Martin, was read by the secretary, which showed the amount of property now in the hands of the department is valued at \$4,060, divided as follows:—No. 1 Waterworks Hose Co., \$1,786; Torrent, No. 2, \$1,060; H. & L. Co., \$545; Department Officers, \$67; and the reserve engine, \$600, while the uniforms are worth \$613, and the furniture \$30. The Council had granted the department \$906 during the past year. The companies voted \$40. The private subscriptions amounted to \$104.50, and the subscriptions of the firemen to \$113, making in all \$862.50, which had been expended, with \$26.50 additional, which is to be met by a future council grant.

Twenty-nine fires or alarms of fire took place last year, the firemen being called out 28 times. 5 incendiary fires occurred; 4 causes unknown; 2 caused by engines; 3 from exploding lamps; 2 defective stove pipes; 8 chimneys; 2 out of bounds, and 2 false alarms. The department had saved about \$50,000 worth of property. The Chief's Report recommended that the Council be asked to grant \$700 for the ensuing year; that two hose carts be purchased; that a new central hall be erected; that some ladders be purchased for the H. & L. Co., and that the Waterworks be extended to some unprotected portions of the town.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, W. F. Martin being elected by a majority of 19 over his opponent, Mr. J. H. Thompson, who was elected first assistant, Mr. B. Allen being elected second.

Mr. W. F. Martin, in a few well-spoken remarks, thanked the brigade for the honor conferred upon him, as did the other officers, when the 25th Battalion Band, which was present, and furnished some fine music, played "God Save the Queen."

A STRANDED SCHOONER.

TOM SCHOONER, A NOTED U. S. NEGRO DESPERADO, CAPTURED BY CHIEF FEWINGS AT WINDSOR, AND TAKEN IN TOW TO ST. THOMAS.

Thomas Schooner is the name of a well-known negro housebreaker and robber, who was arrested on the other side about six months ago, at Sandusky, Ohio, on a charge of housebreaking, and lodged in the Erie jail for safe keeping. However, he by some means, obtained possession of a knife, which he managed to convert into a sort of saw, and saving the fat of the meat which was given him, he used it for oil, and succeeded in sawing through the iron bars of the jail window, and made good his escape.

Mr. Bergin, who was then Marshall of Sandusky, learned that he was in hiding in a house near the city, and procuring a squad of police, he one night had the house surrounded, and demanded the surrender of Schooner. There was no surrender about him, however, for he at once fired his revolver at Marshall Bergin, and drawing his knife threatened to stab the first man who came near him. He ultimately made his escape by a back window, and at once proceeded to Canada. The then Marshall, now Constable Bergin, had been working up the case for some time, and a short time ago ascertained that the Creole was working at the Lime Kilns near Essex Centre, and received a telegram from Detective Raymond to come to that place, and the (Raymour) would have the prisoner in custody. It appears however, that Detective Raymond was prevented by other business, from going to Essex Centre. Constable Bergin at once came to St. Thomas, placed the case in the hands of Chief Fewings, who, accompanied by Constables Bergin and Sisson, proceeded to Essex Centre on Friday night, only to find that the bird had flown, not having been in that neighborhood for two months. The chief instituted enquiries and ascertained that the Creole had a white wife in the town of Windsor, whom he was in the habit of visiting every Saturday night. They accordingly proceeded to Windsor and endeavored to work up a little plot to get the Schooner across the river, but he was too wary, so they surrounded the house and Chief Fewings and Constable Sisson entered, and before the poor fellow, who was just about to partake of his supper,

knew what they were about he was arrested and the bracelets placed on his wrists. No firearms were found on his person when arrested, the only weapon of defense he had being a walking staff. The arrest was accomplished about nine o'clock Saturday evening, and he was brought to this town by the C. S. R. morning Express, and before five o'clock Sunday morning was safely jailed. A preliminary examination was held at the Court House before his Honor Judge Hughes, on Monday last, but the prisoner refused to be extradited without trouble, so he was remanded for 15 days to await the arrival of the necessary papers and proofs. From the statements made by Sandusky officers, Schooner appears to be a desperate character. He is a large, powerful man, and could easily put up four cords of wood per day. The Sheriff of Sandusky was present at the dedication of the Masonic Hall, but he proceeded to that city before the arrest of the Creole, having to attend a sale there on Saturday morning. Constable Bergin deserves great credit for his successful search for his man, also Chief Fewings for the skillful manner in which he traced him and effected his arrest.

NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. Benj. Seymour, of Port Hope, is dead.

The Colorado Indians are on the war path once more.

The boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, was won by the Oxonidus.

A number of men have been injured while building Hanlan's hotel, at the Island.

A whale, 63 feet long and 8 feet thick, was washed ashore at Pennfield, N. S., recently.

A billiard match, for the benefit of the Irish famine fund, is now going on in New York.

The report that the steamer in which Gen. Grant sailed, was lost, turns out to be unfounded.

By command of the Queen, a stone cross has been erected in Zululand, on the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed.

The large Corlis engine which attracted so much attention at the Centennial, is now in use at the U. S. mint, San Francisco.

Wm. Maskelyne of Simcoe, aged 82, dropped dead as he was about retiring. He was the oldest lawyer in the county of Norfolk.

The Ontario Government has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$4,000 for additional information leading to the conviction of the Donnelly murderers.

At a sale of fast trotters in New York Judge Fullerton, with a record of 2:18, only brought \$3,000, and Valtaire, record 2:21, brought \$5,200.

A by-law was voted on by the ratepayers of Kincardine for a bonus of \$10,000 to Messrs. I. J. Fisher & Co., for the manufacture of the steel horse collar. The by-law was carried by 102 majority.

James Brown, a New Market, Vt., negro, annoyed by the carriages of his employer's little child, took the little fellow to the woods, killed him, and then fled. A party of citizens pursued, captured, and hanged him.

John Cantrell, of Texas, was sentenced to 99 years imprisonment in the penitentiary, by a Texas judge. It is said that influential persons tried to get the sentence reduced to 98½ years, but failed to do so.

People in Dublin, Ohio, oppose drinking saloons. On Monday a new saloon was opened, and on Thursday a keg of powder exploded in the cellar, wrecking the building. It is charged to the temperance people.

The barn and outbuildings belonging to Timothy Collison, on lot No. 10, North London Road, Biddulph, one and a half miles from Lucean, were totally consumed together with all their contents. They are supposed to have been set on fire by tramps staying there over night.

Wm. Harrison, of Lincoln, Ill., was jailed for an unpaid fine and falsely representing himself to be one of Pinkerton's men, it was also charged that he was criminally intimate with a 15 year old girl. A mob attacked the jail to hang him, and he was released and told to run for his life, which he did, escaping amid a shower of bullets.

Dr. Butth, of San Francisco, is a wonderful shot, but is no better than his wife. The manner in which this lady handles the rifle ought to secure for her universal respect. On one occasion, now noted, she broke six out of nine glass balls thrown into the air; she shot a glass ball out of one of the attendant's hands at a distance of twenty feet; and repeated the trick with the gun held upside down. Exactly the same experiment she performed with a pistol.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.

Thomas McElrath has for a number of years lived about a mile west of Marlborough, N. Y. He is a farmer in fair circumstances, as also a cultivator of berries. The strange peculiarity of McElrath is that for nearly twelve years he has not slept a wink. He tried everything to woo the drowsy god, but to no purpose. Medicines of various kinds were unavailing, and the aleless berry-grower of Marlborough was the wonder for miles around. A few years ago an account of this remarkable case was published, and was copied by newspapers throughout the land. McElrath at that time offered a large sum of money to any person who would make him sleep. He received offers and advice through the mail from patent-medicine vendors and leading physicians throughout the United States and Canada. One San Francisco man was positive he could 'fix him,' but didn't.

The long, weary nights passed on, month after month, but Mr. McElrath slept not. Some persons insinuated that he slumbered and was not aware of the fact. His family and neighbors sat up night after night and watched, but 'not a wink of sleep did Thomas have.' The fact that McElrath remained in good health, and gained instead of lost flesh, and continued to work hard daily throughout the summer season, was something that philosophers and physicians alike could not explain. McElrath was indeed a phenomenon, and his case was without a parallel. He was positive that he did not sleep, and invited investigation. But his hours of wakefulness came to an end on Friday night of last week, when, for the first time in over eleven years, he slept one long, delicious sleep, and awoke on the following morning refreshed and happy. Words were inadequate to express his feelings both of surprise and pleasure. Since then he has slept naturally every night, and to all present appearances he will not lack for the necessary amount of sleep hereafter. McElrath was born in the North of Ireland. He is a rigid Presbyterian, and for many years an attendant of the Marlborough Presbyterian Church.—Exchange.

AFFECTION FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

It is curious how attached people become to their piano-fortes, or in fact to any musical instrument they have long had in their possession. The thing very soon becomes more than a mere inessential piece of matter; it is a companion, a friend, and the longer it is had the stronger becomes the attachment. This feeling may arise from the fact that the instrument was the gift of a very dear friend, a father, or mother, or favorite brother, or sister; or it may arise from the associations that have grown up and clustered like flowers around it; for when time has separated our loved ones from us by distance or death, the piano-forte, or the violin, or the flute, around which they were wont to gather at evening, is the link between the past and the present, the talisman that conjures up forgotten scenes, recalls the absent friend, and even, let it be said with reverence, raise the dead. Be the cause of the feeling what it may, the feeling itself is indisputable.

We once knew a family that was suddenly reduced from affluence to want. One by one their household effects had to be sacrificed to keep away the remorseless demon, hunger. Among the household goods was a piano-forte, the gift of the father to his elder daughter, a fair and gentle creature. The girl parted with her silk dresses and jewels without a murmur, and held on to the piano-forte to the last. She was an exceptionally good performer, and many a pang of wounded pride at the neglect of summer friends was soothed away, no doubt, by the music she could extract from the instrument. But at last the fatal day arrived; she could keep the piano-forte no longer; it was a question of bread or no bread. The poor girl mourned over the loss of her piano-forte as she would have mourned over the loss of a bosom friend. Her mirthfulness went with it, though she never complained, yet for a long time after, a sudden pallor of the cheek whenever the subject was referred to, betrayed how much of a wound had been made at her heart.

Quite as strong attachments are known to be entertained by professional musicians for their instruments. An incident related to the writer by a member of a travelling opera company, exemplifies this fact. One of the violinists attached to the troupe, while running one day with the narrator to catch a train, dropped the case containing his violin. Observing that he trembled violently as he picked the case up, his companion asked what was the matter. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, with genuine anxiety, 'I'm afraid it's broken!' It was a long time afterwards before he

summoned courage to open the case and examine the violin, and his delight at finding it uninjured was almost ludicrous. The same man some weeks later, while visiting Watkin's Glen, slipped and fell on the edge of a precipice. Although he made a very narrow escape from a frightful death, his composure was not in the least disturbed.

NOVEL CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Alexandre Dumas published once, in a daily Paris paper, a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the slow and gradual symptoms were most naturally and touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine.

One day the Marquis de Dalomieu called on him.

'Dumas,' said he, 'have you composed the end of the story now being published in the—'

'Of course.'

'Does the heroine die at the end?'

'Of course'; she dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?'

'You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe.'

'I cannot.'

'Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's.'

'Your daughter's?'

'Yes, she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live, too.'

'Come, a life to save is a temptation—' 'Not to be resisted.'

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy.

About five years afterward, Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

'Ah, Dumas!' he exclaimed, 'let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is.'

'That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?'

'Yes. She is married, and has had four children.'

'And my novel four editions,' said Dumas; 'so we are quits.'

AN ASTONISHING WOMAN.

From the *Newburgh* (N. Y.) Letter to the *New York Times*.

Esther Yates, the Amazon of Patekill, Ulster county, died a few days ago at her home, near Break-neck hill, on the mountains, in that town. She was born in the town of Plattekill in 1788, and resided there until the day of her death. Physically she was more like a man than a woman, her shoulders being broad and muscles well developed. She acquired little or no education. She is credited with being self-reliant, and asking no favors from any one. During the winter season Mrs. Yates cut cord-wood on the mountain, and in the language of one of the natives, 'it took a pretty good man to swing an ax alongside of her.' On several occasions she has cut as much as three cords of wood in one day, in addition to performing the household duties in her home after sunset. In the summer time this remarkable woman cut grain for the Plattekill farmers, and was rated as a 'good hand.' She cultivated a small garden patch of her own, the product of which she sold principally in this city. She carried her garden truck in two large baskets. Farmers, while driving here to ship their hay on the boats, would offer her a ride, and her invariable reply was: 'I am in a hurry, take you all day to get there.' She could easily outwalk any team with a load behind them. Six years ago a horse, while passing her home on Break-neck, fell, and became fast in the harness. The driver and several other men could not succeed in getting the animal loose. Mrs. Yates lifted the horse up bodily, but in so doing fractured her leg. The horse never set. Her spirit, however, was not curbed, even if she was an octogenarian and a cripple. Though suffering much pain, her daily employment consisted in chopping up kindling wood on a block while she sat in a chair in front of her house. A short time previous to her death her general health began failing but she retained her faculties to the last. Prior to the accident she never was sick a day in her life. Mrs. Yates was buried from the Plattekill Methodist Episcopal church of which denomination she was an adherent. Mrs. Yates was married twice. She leaves no family.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

The news of the week includes an account of the death of a child under circumstances most painful. The family having moved into Blanchard from St. Mary's, a little boy-member of it about two-and-a-half years old, yearned for his former home. He strayed off with the purpose of returning to it; and when missed could not be found either through the night or the next day. On the second day the poor little fellow was found in the snow three miles from home, dead! We give special publicity to the story as an illustration of the possibilities of such a thing to point out the necessity of watchfulness so as to guard against afflictions so harrowing.

OPERA HOUSE ST. THOMAS.

Engagement extraordinary of the eminent tragic artists, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E.

BANDMANN

Supported by their celebrated English Company, for

TWO NIGHTS ONLY,
Tuesday Ev'g, Mar. 30

—AND—
Wednesday Ev'g, Mar. 31

TUESDAY will be presented Shakespeare's great play including the beautiful Fifth Act so often omitted,

Merchant of Venice

Shylock, MR. BANDMANN
Portia, MRS. BANDMANN

WEDNESDAY, Sheridan's great Society play,

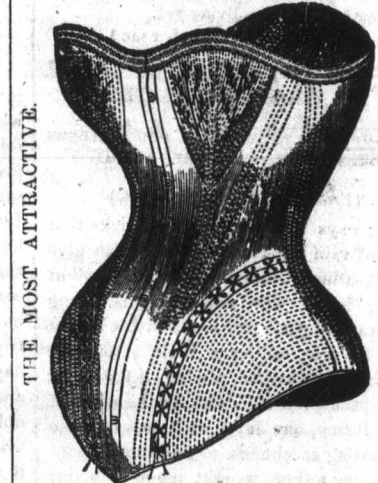
School for Scandal.

Charles Surface, MR. BANDMANN
Lady Teazel, MRS. BANDMANN

A CARD.

I take pleasure in announcing to the public of St. Thomas that I have succeeded in engaging for two nights, instead of one only, the appearance of the world-renowned and widely celebrated Tragedian, Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann and his gifted wife; which engagement will afford you an opportunity of witnessing them in the above excellent programme. I have made this engagement at great expense and risk, and as I am making every effort to elevate the tone of the attractions presented at the Opera House, I trust that you will all liberally support me in my undertaking. Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann are too well known throughout Canada to need any puffing at my hand, and you can rest assured of being fully satisfied. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the attraction I have resolved to make the price of admission as usual, 25, 50 and 75c. Seats for sale at Webb's China Hall.
GEORGE T. CLARIS.

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.

WANTED

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

BORN

In this town, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. A. E. Rosenberger, of a daughter.

On the 14th inst., in the village of Dutton, the wife of Mr. W. S. Jackson, merchant, of a son.

On the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. James Hill, Southwood, of a son.

In this town, on the 24th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Jennings, jr., of a daughter.

In this town, on the 19th inst., the wife of J. Weatherston, C. S. R., of a son.

In this town, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. John Risdon, of a son.

MARRIED

On the 17th inst., by Rev. James Whiting, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. John Axford, to Miss Annie Hepburn, both of Yarmouth.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. R. C. Parsons, at the residence of S. Clarke, Wm. J. Stinson, to Miss Rowden, both of St. Thomas.

On the 53rd inst., by the Rev. R. C. Parsons, at the parsonage, Mr. Silas Sanders, to Nancy J. Gilbert, both of St. Thomas.

DIED

In this town, on the 21st inst., J. W. H. Cranston, aged 3 months.

In this town, on the 19th inst., Agnes E. wife of Mr. David Tennant, G. W. R., aged 24 years, 3 months.

In this town, on the 17th inst., Jessie Caswell, aged 5 years, 10 months.

On the 23rd inst., in this town, Caro Harvey Canfield, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Canfield, Detroit, Mich., aged 17 months.

In Southwood, on the 29th Feb., Mr. Du-gald Campbell, aged 85 years. Deceased came to Canada in the year 1819.