

ST. THOMAS REPORTER.

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ST. THOMAS REPORTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY CHAS. BURKE.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Transient Advertisements, five cents per line, each insertion. CHAS. BURKE.

CURRENT CITY CHAT.

CORALLED, CONDENSED AND CHRONICLED BY OUR OWN REPORTERS.

The grangers are getting enough of that sweet by-and-by, now.

Neil, of the 10th concession, lot 16, should beware of balky colts.

What's in a name, anyway? One of our noisiest councillors is called "Still."

Mr. A. Caughell, at a game of nine-pins, made 12 scores in succession at the Excelsior Alleys.

No arrangements have as yet been completed for holding the annual picnic of the Air Line employees.

Prompt attention is the watch word at Vogt's new jewelry store, next the post office. Superior workmanship.

How about that sauceman? Now, see here, Jack, when you bring down those spoons it will be all right, maybe.

Beer must have a very exalting influence, as they have to keep a "Copp" all the time in a St. Thomas brewery.

St. Thomas possesses every facility for holding good races. We should like to see some of our sports take the matter up.

Over two hundred applicants for admission into the High School, presented themselves for examination last week.

It took four policemen and a spotted dog to take a 100 lb. man to the Port Stanley cooler the other day. It was a joyful party.

It is the intention of the town band to procure a supply of new uniforms should the citizens contribute for that purpose.

Mr. Chas. Roe recently made a score of 290 out of a possible 300 in a game of ten-pins at the Excelsior Alleys, East End Bally for Charley!

Excursioning is booming in the east end. There are men who go the Port every day. Wine is its other name, however.

Mr. Frank Nelson, a well-known St. Thomas boy, now embarked in a lucrative business in Chicago, is visiting his friends in this town.

Lucy has entered into partnership with Ann, the immense, to treat, trade or travel. Jim was registered there one night this week.

The missing man, Vol Bruntz, has evidently started out to seek his fortune, his whereabouts being a mystery to his relatives.

An honest St. Thomas hotel keeper used to put the water in first, and the whiskey in the water, then he would solemnly and truthfully say that he put no water in his whiskey.

Mr. A. Ware, town engineer, left for Woodstock one day last week to arrange for the construction of Waterworks in that hamlet. We were not A. Ware that Mr. Ware was a waterworks authority.

Canada is becoming to be a favorite resort for American poets, Walt Whitman being in London, Will Carlton, of farm ballad fame, at St. Clair Flats, and Joquin Miller, the wild poet of the Sierras, in Guelph. As yet none of them visited St. Thomas, so our citizens have something to be thankful for after all.

That C. S. R. yardsman had better keep his eye on that little Tailoress or she may give him the slip. Better quit the yard and try for a job at the kaoka factory.

Cole, that young lady from Buffalo is here now, therefore you need not take any interest in the races. Look out, Cole, for your best girl.

Clark, I've de oldest barber in de town. Don't give Chalk-eye so much music on the street. She says you are the slickest talker in town.

That young man with the Nellie fever is very fond of riding on the train. Take care, young fellow, some one else may catch the fever while you are away. When are you going to have another sore toe?

A London man is said to have fallen from a large brick block and escaped uninjured. Persons who do not believe this will please remember that the story comes from London.

The Fingal town hall is to be enlarged. This is the hall of which a person truthfully remarked "You could sit in the furthest back seat and shake hands with the man of the platform."

Matrimonial.—It is rumored that an Air Line brakeman will shortly join his fortunes with a gushing and beautiful widow. He is then going into the cutting-up-ham business.

No. 11,232, the cook of a Quebec boat. Lighting fire with coal oil. Flowers and solemn decorations. Gone but not forgotten. Another warning to our servant "gals" who daily light the fire with kerosene.

Wrecks would not occur if St. Thomas boys had the authority over the vessels, the smallest of them can manage a schooner. Lager beer sellers will see into this anyway.

Now that the first of July is passed away, the next question which disturbs the tranquility of the public mind is, when shall our civic holiday be.

There is a prospect of a large number of American visitors being present to witness the lacrosse match in the park between the town club and the Indians, which takes place shortly.

Tears stood in the eyes of a Millersburg man as he watched the fierce hyena in Forepaugh's circus. It reminds me so much of my dear dead and gone mother-in-law, he sadly remarked to a friend.

This terrible hot weather is killing lots of people in New York, but then they haven't Reiser's splendid ice cool lager there. "What d'yer say?" Sot 'em up again, boys.

Walden's is the place for a nice dish of ice cream, a glass of lemonade or other beverage, in elegantly furnished parlors. Girls, make the young men step up to the front with their loose change.

Sam, it was very wrong for you to invite those dusky ladies from Muncy to remain at your Cole house over night. What would big Injun say?

Annie Mills, a well-known prostitute, is at the point of death at Chatham, from the effects of an ill-spent life. Annie formerly resided in this town. Her fate should be a warning to all young girls of a fast character.

We are pleased to observe that the council have fallen in with the views first expressed in the REPORTER, and decided to decline the paltry contribution of the county council to aid in entertaining our coming Royal guests.

There is a great demand for carpenters at present, large wages being the order of the day. The carpenters who left this town for Chicago and other western points, would no doubt regret their departure were they aware of the prices paid at present in this section.

Tom Turner had turned a number of drinks down his capacious throat on Saturday last, and was having a little picnic, when he was turned into the cooler. He was discharged at the Police Court, as it was his first offense.

A handsome basket satchel, containing a School Book, has been left in Trinity Church some time ago. The owner can it by applying to the sexton.

Jack S., the baker, and his ward, hill-is partner, should be cautious how they promenade with tall females, as by looking up at them some fine night they might get moonstruck, and the moonny business is a terrible thing. Beware boys.

We understand that John, of the clan McKillop, having disposed of a large quantity of dried apples to one of the clan Cameron, expects to take the cake awarded at the Irishtown fair for the finest sample of fruit.

Mr. Gordon informs us that ever since the recent bathing expedition of the Irishtown Council the water in the pond near his residence has turned very black. Never mind, Thompson, they only do that sort of thing once a year, you know.

Parson Graves has left for Florida. He proposes to do missionary work amongst his colored brethren of the South. His eloquence will be sadly missed by the L. D. S. in this town. He leaves a handsome grass widow behind, and the colored brethren of the church are greatly consoled, therewith.

The members of the B. M. E. church, encouraged by the flattering reception tendered them at their recent entertainment at the town hall, are, we believe shortly to give another grand parlour concert, at which no doubt the elite of the town will assemble.

That high-toned young man you observe with desperation and fearful anguish plainly imprinted in his countenance, is not contemplating suicide, not a bit of it; he has only been tackling the green but enticing apple, and is sadly troubled with bel-ah—stomachache.

Raspberries have made their appearance in town and the festive squads and red men are daily rugging paths of the luscious fruit around town. The principal quantities of berries are gathered along the C. S. R. line, but even in Irishtown they are Johnny Berryring.

There is some talk of forming a social club at the East End, to be called the "East End Truthseekers," the object being to see who can tell the biggest lie. Brodie, Jake, Jimmy, Mousby, Reddy and several others are interested. Full particulars shortly.

By the way, the local scribe of a contem seems to be greatly exercised over the number of cats which roam throughout the corporation. He appears to keep a catalogue of the various feline monsters who now inhabit St. Thomas. They are really naughty girls, anyhow.

Capt. N. Stark, of the schooner "New Dominion," Port Stanley, reports finding the spars and boom of a fore-and-aft schooner protruding from the waters of Lake Erie, near Fairport, a short time ago. The name of the ill-starred craft and the fate of her crew remain a mystery of the deep.

Those dining room girls at the C. S. R. depot had better stop their fooling on the platform on such a stormy day, or H. A. G. will make scatter around there, Annie especially. There might be a complaint made against that nobby little passenger brakeman. The little one with the blue dress should not use those napkins on the little fellow's head so, or H. A. G. will charge them. Be careful, next time.

St. David's ward can boast of a prize fight nearly every week. The latest thing of that kind occurred a short time ago. Two old bucks, who were too C(h)ute to be Farr from peaceable, had a set-to:

Their hoary hairs stood up on end,
Their passions they did rise;
And with one another they did contend,
As they banged each other's eyes.

The latest discovery by antiquarian scientists at the ruins of Pompeii and Herculanium is the form of a man with mud-stained clothes, who appears to be vainly trying to unlock his door with a toothpick, while his wife is waiting inside with a big club. And still people will tell us that civilization did not exist at that period. Why, the same old game is enacted nightly in St. Thomas.

The citizens of St. Thomas who were formerly residents of Uncle Sam's Dominions celebrated the glorious fourth, or rather fifth this year in a quiet manner.

Mr. R. B. Davey, formerly proprietor of the hotel now occupied by Mr. S. Martin, has been visiting his friends in this vicinity, this week.

When the Town Council appoint their next Auditors it is to be hoped they will choose between Individuality and Spirituality. If they take this little hint they will choose the former and omit the latter.

There is one room left in the London Asylum for one of our Councillors, the Workington's friend. Don't all grins at once.

Nelson W. M. the very next time you get up so early in the morning to shoot off your blunder-bus-gun at poor old Tom and Fanny Oats, use an air out, and not disturb the whole parish, otherwise Jim Mace will be after you.

We have received the first number of a new paper entitled the Ridgetown Standard. It is twenty-eight columns in size, presents a neat appearance, and it is creditable to the publisher, Mr. Johnston. We hope the inhabitants of Ridgetown will give it that encouragement which the enterprise deserves.

Dick, don't open telegrams any more, as Jack read the message and met the party at the depot, but it would not work. Jack, you had better stay at home and take care of the blonde, and leave that other fellow's girl alone, as she is preparing for a wedding. Wonder who is going to be best man?

The Brantford Grand River Camp Meeting commences on Friday July 16th, On Saturday 17th, reduced rates from St. Thomas and all intermediate stations by way of Loop Line to Tilsonburg. One half rate tickets good till July 26th. It is expected Henry Ward Beecher will be present on Wednesday. The following are members of the Executive Committee: Thos. McLean, Esq., J. Van Gleet, Esq., B. H. Rothwell, Esq., J. R. Kerr, Esq., W. S. Wisner.

House breakers are beginning to appear in town. Mr. D. Ferguson was awakened the other evening by hearing a suspicious noise. He investigated matters and perceived half the body of a man protruding through the window. On seeing Mr. F., the robber at once took to flight, taking a wheelbarrow he had stationed under the window, evidently to carry away the "swag." In his hurry he forgot a small basket, which he may have by calling at the police station.

We were out to Mapleton a short time ago, and during our stay we were invited to attend a bee, which took place on the 10th concession, at Neil Mc's. A pleasant time was spent during the day, and in the evening, the boys, to make matters interesting, concluded to engage in athletic sports. After a foot race between Colin and Warren, a dispute arose, and Colin led off with his right bower and planted one on the left optic of Warren. A ring was formed at once and fair play shewn to both parties, notwithstanding Malcolm Mac. would like to use his talent and tact.

Some people are jealous because it's a fact,
Their "taters" are smaller than others,
And carry green monsters so much in their heart,
That causeless they'd slander their brother.

Such was the case in your paper last week,
When a poet (?) who tried composition,
Attempted to slander a square honest man,
Who never does fear competition.

Because Uncle Jake successful has been,
By honest industry and truth,
That covetous writer their malice must write
Some scurrilous slander forsooth.

'Twould be well in the future for such men
to think
Before taking the muse's pen,
That those who are strictly honest through
life,
Are only considered as men.

If your neighbor succeeds and your efforts
should fail,
To "wear a plug hat or dress well,"
This principle only that causes success,
And dishonesty always must tell.

The precepts laid down in the best of all
books
As a guide for the conduct of man,
I'd advise you to study, and do all in your
power
To do justice to all—if you can.

QUEER COUNCILLORS.

MESSRS STILL AND HUNT.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE POLLY OF APPOINTING MEN OF LITTLE INTELLIGENCE AND LOTS OF SELF-CONCERN TO IMPORTANT POSITIONS.

We were unavoidably absent from the council meeting on Tuesday evening, and consequently were not aware of the remarks made by a couple of the lesser lights who legislate for the benefit of St. Thomas, until our attention was attracted to the report of the meeting in the Times. If the report be truthful, which is a matter of considerable doubt, judging from the source from which it comes, Finance minister Still, assisted by the great orator, Frank Hunt, did their best to make occupants aware of themselves, and we are happy to state that they succeeded as only they can. Mr. Still endeavored to make himself conspicuous by attacking this office at every opportunity, and he invariably succeeds in making himself so, and ridiculous also. He is a man who should never have been appointed to the position which he now occupies; his only qualifications being a splendid supply of self-conceit, and a considerable portion of bad arithmetic. He enjoyed a monopoly in his line of business for a length of time, which may possibly account for his being elected councillor, but when a pushing, energetic firm enters into opposition to him the true spirit of the man reveals itself, and he decides to retire from business. His ambition, it is rumored, is to be elected mayor, but it stands to reason that he is not a fit or capable person for that position. The other loud-mouthed councillor, Frank Hunt, is not responsible for his actions. It is one of the comical features of the meeting to listen to a speech from him. At some future period we will insert a speech from the eloquent lips of Frank, word for word, and all the "haws" in. Look out for a startling oration.

Now, let us look into the grievances brought forward by these gentlemen. The first is in regard to the auditor's report, in which the learned Mr. Still states that mistakes occur. Now, we printed the report, word for word, and figure for figure, from the copy handed in to this office. It was certainly not our place to make corrections, although we did mention the matter to an auditor. He informed us to go on with the work and never mind. That was the way the books were. Let us see, does not Mr. Still have the handling of those self-same books? But surely he would not make a mistake. The next question was the insertion of the town advertisements. Now the other papers receive them, and why not us as well? It was stated that the Printing Committee had no power to authorize the insertion of the ads. If not, to use an expression more forcible than polite, "What in thunder are they appointed for?" A surprise awaited us in the statement reported to have been made by Mr. Ellis, the town clerk. We have always entertained a deep respect for that gentleman, and can not, as yet, believe him guilty of the falsehood as reported in the Times, in regard to the number of subscribers to the REPORTER, which number he is stated to have said was about one hundred. Now, should he have made this remark, we brand it at once as a falsehood. Any of our subscribers who wish to learn the number of papers printed have only to visit the office on publication day. Probably Mr. Ellis meant one thousand, but that too would be wide of the mark. Verily, as the poet remarked, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and this finance minister and unlearned blacksmith are very good exponents of the truthfulness of that assertion. All we ask is justice and fair play, which we are pleased to observe, the intelligent portion of the council are willing to concede to us.

INNOCENT ROBBERY.

The Evangelist tells the story of a man who, returning home rather late at night while it was snowing, felt for his watch to see the time; but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant that only three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a very complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a most daring affair, the robber lifted an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things.

"That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it."

"Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife, "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed robbery?"

"So it turned out."

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

ONLY A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

It was only a kindly greeting
And the touch of a friendly hand;
But it stirred my soul like the accents
Of home in a foreign land;
And life grew fair and winsome,
That had seemed but a joyless thing,
And beauty is born of darkness
At the touch of the angel of Spring.

It was only a few words spoken
With a smile of girlish grace;
But their music lifted me upward
From the day's dull common place
And as I looked into the star-depths;
Of her eyes of heaven's own hue,
The real darkened and vanished
And only dreams were true.

It was only a sweet voice singing
The words of a dear old song;
But, when music melted to silence,
It had carried my heart along;
And whenever in life's dark struggle
The right would plead in vain,
From the depths where my treasures are
Hidden
I shall hear that sad, sweet strain.

She is only a chance acquaintance,
I dare scarcely call her friend;
And as Summer withers the blossoms
It may be that this will end;
Yet to me the earth and heaven
Cannot seem as far apart,
For mine is the best gift of either,
To have known the pure in heart.

SHE TRAVELLED IN TROUSERS.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A WIFE IN SEARCH OF HER HUSBAND.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO LEADVILLE, AND
THENCE TO CHICAGO—FOUR DAYS AND
NIGHTS WITHOUT FOOD IN A
LOCKED BOX CAR.

At a late hour at night a few days ago, a person who appeared to be a young country lad was escorted to the Armory Police Station, Chicago, by a little girl. Said person reported that he was out of luck, and would be thankful if the hospitalities of the "house" were extended to him for the night. He seemed to be exceedingly weary, and whatever resolution may have been taken to keep back an interesting secret, it was very soon broken. The station-keeper was informed that

"HE" WAS NOT A MALE YOUTH, but a young woman. She had become tired of the inquisitive and doubting looks that she had so extensively received, and she resolved to make a full confession.

In the first place, she was very thirsty and hungry; if she were given something to eat and drink and a place to rest, she would tell a truthful story of her strange wanderings and unfruitful search for a husband who had deserted her. The young lady was given the best of the establishment afforded in the line of eatables and a good bed to sleep in. Soon after a reporter called at the station and was permitted to hear from her own lips a history of one of the most interesting experiences on record. She married John Randolph Kuhns on January 14. John was a miner at Connellsville, Fair County, Pennsylvania. Their wedding was celebrated the eighth time they had ever met, but it was a case of

SUCH LOVE ON HER PART that she was willing to leave her parents and marry against their will. They lived with John's brother for a time, each family paying half of the household expenses. Finally she became tired of that, and wanted to keep house. John consented, and bought furniture to start them. They lived happily enough, with never a word of dispute between them. Seven weeks ago last night John left the house, saying that he was going to the post office. He never returned. He had often expressed a desire

TO GO TO LEADVILLE, and a few days after his departure he wrote to his brother from Fort Wayne, Ind., that he would next be heard from in Leadville. That letter came on the Tuesday following his departure. On Wednesday she bought a man's outfit, had her hair shingled, sold her furniture, and resolved to go to Leadville herself. It was her purpose to drop in upon him some day, and shame him by her unexpected and probably undesired presence, for abandoning her. On Tuesday she left Connellsville in the habit of a boy of eighteen. She had just \$30 in her pocket.

SHE BOARDED A TRAIN, and paid her fare to Pittsburg. At that station she bought a ticket to Chicago, and on her arrival here spent two hours in the city. Her next ticket was purchased to Bonaparte, Iowa, and she went over the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. From Bonaparte she hastened to

Omaha, at which point she found her money supply getting low. She parted with a fine overcoat which her brother-in-law had lent her for \$3. A gold ring worth three times as much as she got for it, was sold for \$14. At Cheyenne, she had but \$14 left.

In the meantime she had written home and informed her parents for the first time where she had gone and for what purpose. She "confessed" that she had done very wrong, and wanted to get back home. If they would send her money she would return by the next train. The scheme was successful. Her father sent her \$30, which she proceeded to use as she intended, in getting to Leadville.

THAT EPHEMERAL TOWN was safely reached, but her search for her husband proved fruitless. She was in the place eight days. The time was spent from daylight to dark each day in the mines, until every one in that vicinity had been thoroughly canvassed, but no one answering in name or description to Ran Kuhns could be found or heard of. She boarded with a private family, and kept her expenses within a demand for the simple necessities of life. But her funds were bound to become exhausted, and at the end of eight days she had nothing left. She had seen many hardships and been looked upon suspiciously by many a person, but not one succeeded in learning who she was or what was her mission, aside from the allegation that she was looking for a brother named 'Ran' Kuhns. Her money did not give out until she had become convinced that 'Ran' had not come to Leadville, and that her long and perilous journey had been as futile as it was foolhardy. Her determination was still equal to the occasion, and she decided to start for home, although she had neither means of getting there nor ability to secure the means.

ON THE EIGHTH DAY she bade her kind landlady farewell, and with her small bundle swung over her shoulder, started out of town with a cheerful heart and a light step. The first few miles were passed on foot, when she resolved to try 'dead-heading' her way. She got on a freight train and was put off. Twice she was put off the same train, and as many times got aboard unobserved and succeeded in making several miles. In short, she 'beat her way' to Denver, to Pueblo, Cheyenne, and finally to Omaha. She lived on what kind people would give her, and never found one who refused to give her all she wanted. At Omaha, or near there, a kind-hearted old farmer gave her \$1 in money, when she told her story of having left her home in Pennsylvania, a wild and headstrong boy,

TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE in Leadville, but had met with hard luck, and wanted to get back home. He advised 'him' to spend the money sparingly, and steal all the rides 'he' could on the cars. At Mondon, Iowa, her money was again spent, and she was tired of begging. It occurred to her that she might do some work. Her story of a fruitless venture was told to a genial farmer, and she hired out to him for \$18 a month. A good night's rest was better than an installment of wages. In the morning she was sent to the barn to harness the horses, drive to the field and do some harrowing. After a persistent but patient endeavor she could not even put a bridle on the horses, but her failure was attributed to her inexperience, and the good farmer came to her assistance. She had never driven a team, and yet by luck got safely into the field and spent half a day in sketching on the plowed ground with a harrow the most majestic figures. On the following morning she got out of bed before the family rose, and ran away. At Cochran she

ENGAGED TO TEND BAR and did her work for a week. As she began to be scrutinized closely, as though her sex was suspected, she left that town and walked to Shelby, six miles distant. That place was reached on last Wednesday night. With no money and without any supper, she crawled into an empty car of a freight train that was headed East, and was soon locked in. Without food or drink she remained in that car until last night, when she succeeded in making her escape almost dead from hunger and thirst, and found herself near what proved to be Grand Crossing. She learned that Chicago was near, and got on a train, which brought her into the city. When the train stopped she asked a man where she might find the Mayor, believing that a truthful story to that functionary would bring her relief. She could find no satisfaction until she brought up at the place of a pawnbroker near the depot. It was his little girl who conducted her to the station. Mrs. Kuhns is a woman of pleasing appearance, and 22 years of age.

Rockaway Beach is not far from the cradle of the deep.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

The early cucumber catches the best cramps.

A fiery speech should invariably be read hot.

The little peach catches the early market.

The man who was stage-struck had the driver arrested.

A political necessity is the mother of convention.

The politician who figures himself into office is a work-in man.

Many a man is thought a perfect brick, when in fact he is only a little sunburnt.

In the Salt Lake City flats appears this sign: 'Ring the top bell for the oldest wife.'

A place for everything and everything in its place—The baby's mouth.

The best strawberries and the best men are generally found at the top.

When a man is climbing the ladder of fame he likes rounds of applause.

Men who go fishing carry large quantities of remedy for snake bites.

Jeems makes his wife chop the stove-wood on the ground that when she married him she promised to cleave.

A great many people complain of buzzing in their ears since telephones came into use.

In purchasing a house, the buyer should be sure the seller is not too deep for him.

A facetious census enumerator calls his book of names a new addition of the 'Conflict of ages.'

Feminine Detroit amuses itself with \$100 pet poodles. We wouldn't consider such dogs pet-ty.

Starch is said to be explosive. It causes explosion in the family when the old man finds it has been left out of his collars.

The census people are getting ahead; but at two cents ahead they are not making much money.

It was the man caught by a prairie fire on his own section of land who ran through his property rapidly.

Two Bridgeport children playing with a cat pulled it so violently by the legs as to kill it. It must have been a very cheap cat.

It is not a fair thing for a wealthy congregation to go off on a summer tour and leave a clergyman to preach all by himself.

A story in an exchange says: 'The boy stood with bated breath, waiting for his father.' Had his mouth full of fish worms, we guess.

A gentleman on getting a soda and brandy, was retiring from a railway station refreshment bar. 'Recollect sir,' said the polite barmaid, 'if you loose your purse, you didn't pull it out here.'

There is a fortune in store for the milliner who shall devise a bonnet that can be worn in any part of a church and always present its trimmed side to the congregation.

An Ichthyophanous club has been started in New York. It is calculated to ruin the reputation of any husband who goes home late at night and tries to tell where he has been.

Many persons who rake through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with less trouble by going over their own character with a horse-rake.

'Then you'll remember me' was the air which a New York organist chose to play during a wedding ceremony last week. Considering the opening words of the song his choice seems rather strange.

He went into a prominent drug store, and said to the dentist: 'You pulls out mitout pain?' 'Certainly.' 'What does dat cost?' 'One dollar.' 'Py shuminy—you dinks that don't hurt none, py gracious.'

It is said that the deepest gorge in the world has been discovered in Colorado. We always had the impression that the biggest gorge in the country might be witnessed at a railway station where the train stops 'five minutes for dinner.'

A Sheffield manufacturer is reported to have told his workmen to vote just as they pleased—in fact I shan't tell you how I am going to vote,' he said. 'After it is over I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard.' ['Hear, hear, shouted the men.] 'But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Wortley, the tory candidate, gets in.'

A small boy of Bath, Me., had just gone to bed the other night, when he began to dream about cows. Some slight noise woke him up and he said, 'Mamma, I saw some cows.' 'Where?' she asked. 'Up there,' said he pointing to the ceiling.

His mother remarked that that was a queer place to see cows, and the little fellow got slightly angry and said, 'Well, I guess they could be angel cows, couldn't they?'

LOOK OUT

FOR THE NEW



JEWELER'S STORE,

Next to the Post Office.

H. VOGT

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

Watches, Clocks

—AND—
JEWELERY

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

H. VOGT.

J. G. NUNN,

AUCTIONEER, ETC

ST. THOMAS, ONT.,

Begs to inform his numerous friends and the inhabitants of the Town of St. Thomas and Counties of Elgin and Middlesex generally that he has leased the

RUSSEL HOUSE

PORT STANLEY,

which he will conduct as a First-class Hotel, and that it will in no way interfere with his Auction business, which he will continue as usual. Particulars next week. 16
April 30, 1880.

BELFAST HOUSE!

Opposite Canada Southern Park,

ST. THOMAS, EAST.

Jas. O'Shea, Prop'r.

THIS magnificent new hotel has been fitted up throughout in an elegant and superior manner, no expense having been spared to make it one of the handsomest and best furnished hotels in Western Ontario. In the bar department will be kept only the best brands of Wines and Liquors, imported by the subscriber. Ale, Porter, and ice cool Lager constantly on hand. Also, a choice assortment of Cigars. A commodious dining room, comfortably fitted up, and guests can rely on procuring the best of the market affords. Oysters and game in season, served up in any style required. Polite attendants. A call solicited.
JAMES O'SHEA, Prop'r,
May 14, 1880. 3m

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-tf

PERFECT-FITTING SHIRTS

of all kinds
Made to Measure
at Lowest Prices.

JOHN WILSON

SHIRT FACTORY

534 Richmond Street,
London, - Ont.

April, 9, 1880. 13-tf

GLOBE HOTEL!

No. 268, Talbot Street,
ST. THOMAS.

E. BOND, Prop.

KEEPS THE REST OF
Liquors, Cigars,

AND
Accommodation for Travellers.

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

CHARGES MODERATE.
2-3m E. BOND, Prop'r

W. H. WENDELL'S

HAIR-DRESSING

Shaving Room!
Opposite C. S. R. Station.

MR. WENDELL having secured the services of a first-class workman is now running two chairs, will be ever ready to wait on his friends and the public generally. Special attention to Ladies' and Children's Hair-cutting. Thanking his customers for past patronage, would respectfully request them to call again.
SHOP—Next to Branton's Bowling Alley and Billiard Parlor. 12-4

T. ACHESON, CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER

Talbot Street, St. Thomas, adjoining
Pewarden'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

BOARDING.

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

QUEEN'S HOTEL, opposite C. S. R. Station, St. Thomas, Ont. This house is open night and day. Hot and cold Baths at all hours. B. F. QUEEN, Prop'r. 10

DOMINION HOTEL, TALBOT STREET St. Thomas, opposite C. S. R. Shops. Table supplied with the best of the market affords. Choice liquors and cigars. First-class stabling in connection. A. CAUGHELL, Prop'r. 7

WEST END BARBER SHOP, Talbot street, opposite the Town Hall, St. Thomas. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-dressing. Switches and Curls made to order. Combing dressed in the latest style. Charges moderate. Wm. DAVIS, Prop'r. 8

JOSEPH LAING, Jr.,

Accountant, Conveyancer, &c.

Office—Southkirk Block over McPherson & Armstrong's Store, Talbot Street, St. Thomas. Books made up; accounts and rents collected; titles searched and conveyances drawn promptly, and on reasonable terms. Also servants' registry and general Intelligence office.
Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents Insurance Companies.
\$20,000 to loan at reasonable rates for five, six, or seven years, and renewable if satisfactory. 4

St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, Single Copies, Two Cts.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

ONE BASHFUL BRIDE.

WHO FLIES FROM THE ALTAR TO HER MOTHER'S HOME.

AN ASTONISHED BRIDEGROOM AND HIS DEJECTED FRIENDS—TEARS AND PERSUASION—THE CEREMONY COMPLETED IN THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

The Rev. Father Schwaiken, of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Baldwin avenue, Jersey City, on Sunday afternoon last had arrived at that most interesting portion of the marriage ceremony where the declaration of the words, "Let those whom God has joined together, etc." would have made two hearts that "were in unison beat as one," when suddenly and without the slightest preliminary warning, the bride, a sprightly and vivacious brunette named Katie Minough, to the astonishment of her friends, the chaperon of the bridegroom, and the amazement of the Rev. Father, broke away from the circle by which she was surrounded, and ere the bridegroom or her friends had any idea of what she was about to do, rushed swiftly down the main aisle of the church, through the half closed portals, down the broad stone steps that "give on to the church," and reaching the curbstone, fled like a fawn along the avenue to the corner where it is crossed by Newark avenue. Reaching that avenue Miss Minough, without slackening her speed, ran up it until she reached the "Five Corners," when she struck into Summit avenue, along which she also ran at a break-neck pace, never stopping until in like manner she had turned down St. Paul's avenue—where her parents reside—and passing through the garden gate of her own residence, gasping and panting for breath, entered her mother's presence, and to her bewilderment sank exhausted into an easy chair and burst into

AN AGONY OF TEARS.

This at least is what those living in the neighborhood who have taken a great interest in the young lady's private affairs, apparently in the best of good faith, positively assert. Five minutes after Miss Minough had returned to her home in the unexpected manner already mentioned, the bridegroom, James John Martin, a young and handsome looking man, made his appearance at the corner of St. Paul's and Summit avenues. He had his hat in his hand and his hair wildly disheveled, as was that of a number of young men, his friends, who followed him, all looking more or less exhausted, their faces flushed, their foreheads running with perspiration, and all wearing a look of unconcealed dismay. Arrived at the Minough mansion, the party disappeared, and in a few minutes were followed by several of Miss Minough's friends, who, all panting and breathless, likewise hurried to the brides home, and were lost to view as the front door closed upon them. Little more than three years ago Miss Katie Minough, then a young lady still in her teens, met James John Martin. Mr. Martin was a mechanic of well known and appreciated skill, and been in the navy, and just previous to being introduced to Miss Minough had returned from

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

in a well-known clipper ship, on which he held the responsible position of ship's carpenter. The acquaintance thus began between Miss Minough and Mr. Martin proved other than a passing one, and within a very few months after they first met the young couple became engaged, and Mr. Martin, giving up all idea of going again to sea, obtained employment in Jersey City, and was constantly in the company of his intended. Both being prudent young people they determined not to commence housekeeping until in a position to have a thoroughly comfortable home. During the last six months everything has been in readiness, the home furnished and the bridegroom "ready and willing," but

THE BRIDE WAS BASHFUL

and diffident, and whenever John would bid her name the nay, would coyly beg him "just to wait a little longer." Three weeks ago Miss Minough was induced to "name the name," and Dr. Seton, of St. Joseph's Church, having been duly notified, proclaimed the bans, and on Sunday the Rev. Father Schwaiken was in the act of completing the interesting ceremony when Miss Minough's wild flight, for the time being, prevented its completion.

Found by the anxious bridegroom and their friends at her father's house, Miss Minough refused to give any explanation of her conduct; she admitted that she was

as much in love with her intended as ever and had no desire to break off the match. For a time, though, she was inexorable, refusing to return to St. Joseph's church to have the ceremony completed. Her intended husband, as well as her own father and mother and all friends urged her to overcome her silly fears, but pleaded long in vain. Finally, after some three hours' persuasion she consented, the bridal procession was again formed, and hedged by a phalanx of anxious friends, the bride and bridegroom again made their way to the church, where Father Schwaiken

COMPLETED THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, taking it up at the exact place where the interruption had occurred. Meantime the residents of the neighborhood, who by some mysterious means had become cognizant of all that was going on, resolved to outvie all former attempts of the kind that ever occurred on the Hill, and give the young couple a serenade that should live in the memories of all. Accordingly all the old tin and iron pots, pans and kettles that could be procured were stealthily stowed away in the family mansion of the Corrigan's, near neighbors of the Minough's. Fish horns and penny whistles, concertinas, and trumpets were also fished out from hidden corners and all was made ready. Soon thereafter the victims of the bridal party hove in sight, and following their lead the rest of the party were soon all safely housed in the Minough mansion. This was between half-past eight and nine o'clock in the evening.

MIRTH AND REVELRY

Immediately were heard from within the closely closed doors, and the crowd of neighbors precluded from joining in the festivities within no longer could control their desires to signify the pleasure at the auspicious proceedings of the interrupted ceremony. A crowd between three and four hundred, therefore, with full band accompaniment already alluded to, marched in solid procession down St. Paul's avenue to the Minoughs' residence, and ignoring the wooden fence that protected the closely kept turf and garden from vulgar tread, walked right over it, levelling it to the earth, swarmed over the garden rapped at the front door, and finding their knock unheeded overcome the difficulty by quietly forcing it in; and then unmindful of the dismay their unexpected obstruction wrought, and grotesque method of wishing the newly married pair happiness occasioned, with

FISH HORNS, TIN POTS, PANS, KETTLES and trumpets, began a serenade of so unique a character as to defy further or more complete description. While this was going on another portion of the serenading party had formed themselves into a committee of investigation, and swarmed over the house from top to bottom, inspecting the trousseau, the new furniture, the bride's apartments, (which are on the floor above those occupied by her parents, and everything the house contained.

So bent upon festivities were these kindly friends that no amount of importuning could induce them to retire until in despair old Mr. Minough himself sought the third precinct station house, and stating the circumstances of the case to Sergeant McNulty, who was behind the desk, received the assistance of a couple of officers who returned with him. The crowd, which was immensely good natured, then at once retired, without a single arrest having to be made, and the friends of the young couple retiring about the same hour they were left to themselves.

As far as could be ascertained by a general canvass among the neighbors the facts given above are true in every particular.

A REVENGEFUL CAMEL.

We find this Eastern story illustrating the camel's malignity and passion—notwithstanding his patience and good service when well treated:

On one occasion a camel-driver had insulted the animal in his charge. The driver, from the expression of his eye, saw that there was mischief in it, and kept a sharp watch for some days.

One night before he retired to rest, he left his cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent. During the night the camel approached the cloak, and believing that its master was fast asleep under it, lay down and rolled itself backwards and forwards over the cloak; the saddle broke under its weight, and the camel was evidently much pleased at what he thought was the cracking and breaking of its master's bones.

After a time it rose, and looking with contentment on the havoc it had caused, retired from the spot. Next morning, the driver, who had heard all that the camel had done, presented himself to the animal. The disappointed camel was in such a rage on seeing its master safe and well that it died.

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

One day last week a man riding in East Toledo, O., skipped from his family and brought up in Detroit. His wife got a clue to his whereabouts and came on after him, and yesterday she had an interview with him at the Central Station, where he had been run in for the purpose. She had no tears to shed. On the contrary, her hair had a fighting bang, and as soon as she could get her breath she began:

"So, you miserable little apology for a human being, you skipped out, did you?" No reply.

"After I had washed and scrubbed and sewed for nearly twenty years to support you, you got tired of your family, did you? Our style of living wasn't tony enough to suit you, and you wanted a diamond pin and a cane!"

"Say, Lucy, I'm sorry," he mumbled. "Well, I ain't!" she snapped. "No air! On the contrary I'm glad of it! You've chewed tobacco and drank whiskey and whittled shingles and loafed on the corners at my expense just as long as you ever will!"

"What do you want of me, then?" "Want of you? Why, I want to clear my character! All our neighbours say that you run away from me, and some pity me and some laugh. You run away from me! Why, you low-down corner loafer, you couldn't run away from anything but a spade or an axe. I followed you to get this matter straight. I've got to live there and I'm not going to be either pitied or laughed at!"

"What do you want?" he asked. "Here's what I want!" she said, as she seized his collar and twisted him around. "Now you take that—and that—and that—and I'll have those officers sign a paper that I found you and kicked you out to take care of yourself! Now you get! Don't ever write me, don't ever dare to come back to me! Even if I here that you ever tell anybody that you were married to me I'll buy a shot-gun and hunt for you!"

The husband sneaked out doors and down the street, and the wife, having the "docs" in her pocket, walked the other way, muttering to herself:

"Skipped out! Run away from his family! Well, his old shirts will make a mop worth twice the value of his whole body! Now, I want to see some one grin in the face of this testimonial that I raised him 'right of his heels!"

BLIND WITH RAGE.

An accident which has just occurred in a workshop in Paris lends a curious significance to the common phrase, "Blind with rage." An overseer of the works, whose character was in most respects highly esteemed by the artisans under him and who was known to be good-natured enough at heart, had unfortunately a very hot temper. It is reported that a day or two ago, on finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, he fell into such a fury as to strike the man in the face—an outrage which on the continent is regarded with a much more exaggerated horror than would be the case in this country. Almost in the very act of striking, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him, with offers of assistance but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eye had burst, and that the blood had inundated the interior cavities of the eyeballs.

A dog was seen tugging furiously at something floating in a stream at Ithaca, but the weight was too heavy for him. A man ran to help him, and found that the object was a baby, which had just fallen into the water, and was still alive.

A woman slipped out of the house one hot night, at London, Ont., and took a comforting bath in the cistern; but, on trying to quit the water, found that she could not climb out. For hours she was a shivering prisoner, but was finally rescued.

McDonald was spending his honeymoon in Denver. He was using his knife in a fight with Anderson, when his wife interfered to prevent him from committing a murder. He instantly turned upon her, accused her of sympathizing with his adversary, and stabbed her dangerously.

A traveler was badly hurt in a railroad accident—two ribs broken and other injuries. He went to the office of the company to complain. "What!" cried the office clerk, "you want to make a row about so small a matter? Not a month ago twelve of our passengers were killed, and we didn't even hear a word of complaint from any of them!"

Young Ladies and Gents, for good

ICE CREAM

Go to Walden's.

Old Ladies and Gents, for good

ICE CREAM

Go to Walden's.

COOL DRINKS

of all kinds,

Go to Walden's.

Fruits of the Season,

always on hand

At Walden's.

ORANGES & LEMONS

Fresh and Good,

At Walden's.

Opposite Opera House.

CLEARING SALE!

—AT—

W. F. MARTIN'S

—238—

Talbot St., - St. Thomas.

BLACKWOOD'S

GINGER ALE

Champagne Cider,

Super-Carbonated Soda Water.

English Lemonade,

and

Mineral Waters.

Medals awarded at Philadelphia and Paris.

STEAM WORKS,

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

AMERIC'N HOTEL

EAST END, ST. THOMAS.

Directly opposite C. S. R. Depot, Talbot St.

D. alter, - - - Prop'r.

J. SALTER, MANAGER.

THIS House contains all the modern improvement, is well furnished throughout. The table supplied with the best the market affords, and the bar stocked with the choicest Liquors and Cigars. 19

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

THE DELMONICO

SALOON

AND

RESTAURANT!

DELL MCCREADY

is now located in his magnificent new premises in the

Opera House Block,

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

FRESH

OYSTERS

served in every style.

SPACIOUS

DINING ROOM

attached, where

MEALS

may be obtained at all hours.

LADIE'S DINING ROOM

UP-STAIRS.

Fine Sample Rooms

and the best brands of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Call and see Dell, at his elegant new establishment.

St. Thomas Reporter.
 ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
 Single Copies, Two Cts.
 FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

AN INDIAN WITCH CONDEMNED.
 HER EXECUTION, HOWEVER, POSTPONED
 AT THE COMMAND OF A UNITED
 STATES OFFICER.

From the St. Louis Republican.
 A recent despatch from the Indian Territory was wired to the newspaper press, stating that a woman in the Seminole nation had been sentenced to death for the crime of witchcraft, and the day of execution fixed for Tuesday last. No other particulars were given of the singular proceeding, so utterly repugnant to the civilization of the present nineteenth century, and the bare mention of which carries the mind back to the days of the Salem witchcraft, when fraud and delusion turned the heads of the misguided Puritans of that period. It may be remembered, however, that New England was not alone in these cruel executions for the supposed crime of witchcraft, but in England and many parts of Germany people were hanged on similar charges.

Mr. Maston, a former United States agent in the Indian Territory, now employed in missionary work, just arrived from a visit to that section, was sought out by a *Republican* reporter recently for information. He said that he had very little knowledge about the reported execution, but stated that he learned this much, that the woman to be executed was a negro woman, and that Major Taft, the present United States Indian Agent of the Territory, had sent a runner named Wheinary to the head chief of Governor John Chupco, at We Wo Ka, the capital of the Seminole nation, with a message ordering him to stay the execution of the woman until he could make an investigation, and there was no doubt he reached the Seminole capital in time, and that the execution has been suspended.

Mr. Maston seems to have little doubt that Chief Chupco will interpose in the matter, as he has the pardoning power and the power of staying execution the same as a Governor of a State. The chief is a Presbyterian, and a very good man. He was old enough to take a part, while a young man, in the Florida war, and was known by the nickname of "Long John."

Mr. Maston said, with regard to the prevailing superstition respecting a belief in witchcraft, it was not uncommon among the Creeks, and the Seminoles were an offshoot from that tribe, who went into Florida during the Jackson war. The superstition prevails to a large extent among the negroes, who compose a large proportion of the Seminole nation. They believe in the absurdities of Voodooism, and that the witches kill off the children. Mr. Maston says during his residence in the Territory he heard of numerous instances in which witchcraft was charged by the negroes; it was subject of talk among them; but of late years he heard of no executions for that cause. The coloured people were more prolific than the Indians. When he took a census of the tribes there were negro families having from ten to a dozen children, while the Indian families were never as large. The missionaries among the Creeks and Seminoles of some forty years ago, say the Indians believe in possessions, that people may be possessed of the devil.

There is among them what they term the spirit sickness, when a person is possessed with some spirit, and of course incantation is needed to cast out the spirit; until that is done they believe the person cannot be restored. They talk of the horse sickness, the cow sickness, &c., in which the patient, as they suppose, is influenced in some way by these animals. The doctors are expected to tell them what the sickness is, and to prescribe the remedies. Sometimes certain portions of the animals may be eaten, or certain portions must be abstained from. For example, a person with the headache must not eat hog's head.

They believe in witchcraft. One person may bewitch another; also animals may become bewitched, and then they will be troublesome to manage. There was much talk about a certain witch bear, against which heavy charges were brought. He was said to come among the cattle and swine at night, and those which he chose to bring under his influence would rove about at a furious rate, and might never be docile afterward.

Take the two Charlies out of the Council and the remainder becomes a myth. The Irishtown Council wants a Finance Minister.

THE IRISHTOWN COUNCIL.

When our reporter entered the council chamber in Irishtown on Tuesday evening last the room was only occupied by Johnny Berry and a big yellow dog. The magnificent apartment was brilliantly illuminated, and the handsome paintings, executed by the skilful brush of Mr. Bruntz, were marvels of artistic workmanship, one beautiful scene, a sadly tender one, representing a night shirt in a storm, was excellent. The regular meeting hour approached and passed, but still no other councillor made his appearance; in vain Johnny grabbed the cow bell and rang it for half an hour, and yelled in a tenor voice, "Yees bether bese afther coming or the roi will all be dranked." No one came, so at nine o'clock Mr. B. called the meeting to order.

Moved by Mr. J. Berry, seconded by Johnny Berry, that Johnny Berry, be appointed chairman. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Johnny Berry, seconded by J. Berry, that Johnny is wan of our greatest min. Carried. An interruption disturbing the tranquility of the meeting occasioned by the entrance of Billy O'Neal, now occurred, Mr. Berry, remarked Billy, faix, but yer losin all the fun, we're having a divil of a time at the Irishtown Timperence House. Come along wid yees to onst. It was then

Moved by Mr. O'Neil, seconded by Mr. Berry, that the meeting adjourn till Tuesday evening next. Carried.

A high old time is anticipated on Tuesday next, as J. McNerry is going to bring some dark matters to light, and it is confidentially reported that the great Roman orator of the east end, John Foly, is to address the meeting.

BULL FIGHTING IN NEW YORK.

Angel Fernandez, proprietor of the bullfighting arena in Havana, is now erecting a frame building to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, in 116th street, New York, and will open it in the middle of July. A dozen toreros or bull-fighters are to arrive from Europe in a fortnight, among whom will be Valdermore, who was one of the three most skilful performers exhibiting before King Alfonso on his accession to the throne, and at the periods of his two marriages. The duties of toreros are to worry the bulls by swaying red cloaks before their eyes, and by various other modes of exciting anger, cause them to give chase. The toreros then run rapidly, and spring over the barrier which separates the ring from the spectators. Though the bulls are generally very close in the rear, it rarely happens that a man is caught. In Spanish-speaking countries it is customary to torment the bull by cruel methods. Little spears with flags at one end are thrown into his neck. To these fireworks are sometimes attached. The poor brute is also pricked and worried in numerous ways. But it is understood that any annoyances practised upon the animals here will be entirely devoid of physical pain. The flagged spears will be thrown, but they will be blunt and dipped in a sticky substance, which will cause them to adhere to the hair of the bull. Three experimental entertainments will be given, and if they are well attended the exhibition may be continued for a longer time.

A POLICE COURT SCENE.

Attorney for the defence of a man charged with having brutally beaten a woman, cross-examining the woman:

"Now, then, state to the Court what your relations with this defendant have been."

"Well I have supported him for two years."

"You have supported him for two years, eh? You positively swear that you have supported him for two years?"

"Well not exactly two years, but—"

"Oh, ho, not exactly two years, eh? Your Honor will observe that she contradicts herself. Very well, miss, what do you mean, miss, by falsely asserting that you have supported this innocent gentleman two years? Answer that, if you can, miss!"

"Never mind what you meant; don't you dare to tell me what you meant. Tell the Court, now, if you please, what portion of the two years you did not support the honest fellow, my client."

"The only portion of the time I have not supported him, during the last two years was the various times he was in jail."

Attorney subsides.

"I say, mister, this is a double seat, and you can't lay over it in that way," said a stand-up passenger in a crowded car to another passenger who was making himself too much at home. "Can't lay over the seat?" echoed the loafer. "Bet your life I can. See here, I have a lay over check from the conductor, and it is good."

A BAD STORY FROM ESSEX CENTRE.

In a letter from Essex Centre to the *Globe*, under date of June 21st, Mr. A. J. Allen tells a story which is too barbarous to be true. It puts the authorities of that town in an unenviable position. The writer says that "on the night of the 25th of May, about three miles from Essex Centre, on the Canada Southern Railway, a young man got struck by a passing train and had one of his legs broken. Next morning he was brought into Essex Centre by the track-men on a hand-car and taken to the Royal Hotel and laid on a lounge. One of the doctors was called to see him, but he concluded not to do anything for the suffering young man. So it was decided by the human people of Essex Centre to put him in a wagon and take him fifteen miles in a hot sun to the town of Windsor to see what could be done for him there. He was there put in a stable to wait and see what the people of the town of Windsor would do for him. They allowed the young man to lie in the stable all day without anything being done to the broken limb, and at night they got him across the river to Detroit and got him into the hospital there. But on account of the way that he had been neglected he only lived a few days."

A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in Roumelia, smitten by the charms of a young gipsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gipsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surprising beauty that he disregarded these monitions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gipsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having previously strangled his young wife before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authorities as yet succeeded in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.

Deacon Jackson of St. Louis called a sister in the church 'an old cow.' She had him arraigned before a committee, but a majority of the church voted against such punishment. That was the situation when, at a prayer meeting Deacon Jackson took his accustomed place in the amen corner. The pastor suggested that, under the circumstances, he had better take a back seat. He refused to be thus humiliated, then Deacons Smith and Bird ejected him, after a violent struggle.

Stephen Allen was so ill at Jacksonport, Miss., that he could hardly stir in bed, when he was told that Henry Melville was on his way there to kill him. Melville was known to be desperate and vindictive, and there was good reason to fear that he would carry out his threat. Allen told his young son to stand at the door and endeavour to dissuade Melville from his purpose. The boy begged the assassin not to murder a defenceless invalid, but he forced his way in, drew a knife, seized the sick man by the throat, and raised his weapon to strike. Just then Allen feebly protruded a pistol from under the bedclothes and shot his assailant dead.

BORN

In this town, on the 14th inst., the wife of Mr. W. T. Cripps, of a son.

In Ridgetown, on the 30th ult., the wife of Mr. E. D. Mitton, of a son.

In Ridgetown, on the 29th ult., the wife of Martin Lutz, of a daughter.

In this town, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. Alfred Finch, of a son.

On the 28th inst., the wife of T. Cole of a daughter.

MARRIED

At the church of the Holy Angels, St. Thomas, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Father Flanery, Mr. Austin Delair of Union, to Miss Breen, second daughter of Mr. P. Breen of Southwell.

DIED

On the 25th inst., the infant daughter of Thos. and Julia Cole.

A Few More Days

Don't let the chance pass at

W. F. MARTIN'S

GREAT

CLEARING SALE!

—238—

Talbot St., - St. Thomas.

REISET'S BEER IS A CHERRY
 Universally admitted to be the beverage of the day. Try it.
WM. REISER & SONS PROPRIETORS.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY LINE

CHANGE OF TIME.
 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Sunday, May 8th, Trains will leave the St. Thomas Depot as follows:
FOR THE EAST.
 MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 11.05 a. m., for all Stations to Fort Erie.
 ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8.40 a. m., (daily), arriving at Buffalo 12.50 p. m.
 NEW YORK AND BOSTON EXPRESS, 4.40 p. m., (daily) arriving at Buffalo 8.20 p. m.
 NEW YORK EXPRESS, 8.30 a. m., (Monday excepted) arriving at Buffalo 7.15 a. m.
FOR THE WEST.
 MAIL AND ACCOMMODATION, 3.35 p. m., for all intermediate Stations, arriving at Amherstburg at 8.10 p. m.
 ST. LOUIS EXPRESS, 12.50 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, 3.50 p. m., arriving at Court-right 8.30 p. m.; leaves Court-right 6 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 10.35 a. m.
 ACCOMMODATION, leaves Amherstburg 6.00 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas, 11.50 a. m.; leaves Fort Erie 6.15 a. m., arriving at St. Thomas 11.00 p. m.
 E. P. MURRAY, W. P. TAYLOR,
 Div. Superintendent. Gen'l Superintendent.

GLOBE HOTEL!
 No. 268, Talbot Street,
ST. THOMAS.

E. BOND, Prop.

KEEPS THE BEST OF
Liquors, Cigars,

AND
 Accommodation for Travellers.

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

CHARGES MODERATE.
 2-3m E. BOND, Prop'r

W. H. WENDELL'S
 EAST END

HAIR-DRESSING
 —AND—
Shaving Room!

Opposite C. S. R. Station.

MR. WENDELL having secured the services of a first-class workman is now running two chairs, will be ever ready to wait on his friends and the public generally. Special attention to Ladies' and Children's Hair-cutting. Thanking his customers for past patronage, would respectfully request them to call again.
 SHOP—Next to Brant's Bowling Alley and Billiard Parlor. 12-4

BELFAST HOUSE!

Opposite Canada Southern Park,
ST. THOMAS, EAST.

Jas. O'Shea, Prop'r.

THIS magnificent new hotel has been fitted up throughout in an elegant and superior manner, no expense having been spared to make it one of the handsomest and best furnished hotels in Western Ontario.

In the bar department will be kept only the best brands of Wines and Liquors, imported by the subscriber. Ale, Porter, and ice cool Lager constantly on hand. Also, a choice assortment of Cigars. A commodious dining room, comfortably fitted up, and guests can rely on procuring the best the market affords. Oysters and game in season, served up in any style required. Polite attendants. A call solicited.

JAMES O'SHEA, Prop'r,
 May 14, 1880.

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

Office—Southkick Block over McPherson & Armstrong's Store, Talbot Street, St. Thomas. Books made up; accounts and rents collected; titles searched and conveyances drawn promptly, and on reasonable terms. Also servants' registry and general Intelligence office.
 Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents Insurance Companies.
 \$20,000 to loan at reasonable rates for five, six, or seven years, and renewable if satisfactory.

No. 26.
ST. THOMAS
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