





# St. Thomas Reporter.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
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FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1880.

## YES OR NO.

You ask to-night my daughter's hand;  
As you'd request a toy—  
Do you know the weight of your demand  
On a mother's heart, my boy?  
You say you love her wildly, well,  
Will it last till the end of time,  
Or will the ring of the wedding-bell  
Resound it dying chime?

The heart you crave is a holy thing,  
So tender, trusting, true;  
Can you to her devotion bring  
As warm as hers to you?  
Will you love her through the changing years  
As tenderly as now,  
When ill she shall pale, or sorrow's tears  
Recloud her sunny brow?

When age shall bow her graceful form  
And bleach her jetty hair,  
Will you protect her through each storm  
And shelter her from care?  
When time shall dim her sparkling eye  
And winter furrows show,  
Will your love be the last to die?  
If not I answer, No.

Remember that her future life  
Would every day be yours;  
A loving woman when a wife  
To one that she adores,  
Has no existence of her own  
Apart from him she loves;  
She lives henceforth for him alone,  
And in his orbit moves.

She molds her wishes to his will,  
Her ways to his desires;  
He leads her by love's willing web  
Through life's refining fires;  
She walks with him through thorny fields,  
And o'er life's rugged road;  
He is her idol and ideal,  
Her guide and household god.

So if your love will live and burn,  
And bless her future years;  
If you will give her in return  
The trust that life endears;  
If you will guide her destiny,  
And shield her from distress,  
Will always live adoring her,  
Why then, I answer, Yes.

## WHAT HE COULD DO.

THE ACT OF A TAILOR'S APPRENTICE IN A SEA FIGHT.

'When shall we know that the enemy has given in?' asked a lad, a tailor's apprentice, who had run away from his master and entered the British Navy as a common boy about the year 1680.

'When that flag is hauled down,' answered the sailor addressed, 'the ship will be ours.'

'Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do.'

Now this tailor's boy, when he ran away from his master, joined a ship which had the good fortune, a few hours after he entered the service, to fall in with a French squadron, and a warm action, bravely fought on both sides, was maintained. After fighting for a short time, the boy was impatient for the result, and addressed the above question to a sailor. No sooner had he been told that the withdrawal of the flag from the enemy's masthead would be the signal that the action had been decided, then he determined to 'see what he could do.'

At that moment the vessels were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and were obscured in the smoke of the guns. In an instant the boy mounted the shrouds, passed from the yard of his own ship to that of the enemy, ascended with agility to the mainmast, struck the French flag unperceived, and got back to the yard-arm of his own ship in safety. Before he could get down to the deck, the British saw that the flag had disappeared, and shouted 'Victory, victory!' The French crew, seeing also that the flag had gone, and thinking that it had been struck by order of the Admiral, fled from their guns; and, although the officers attempted to rally them, the confusion was hopeless. Then the British, availing themselves of the opportunity, boarded the French vessel and captured it.

In the midst of the excitement the new boy came down from the shrouds with the French flag wrapped round his body, and displayed it with no little glee to the astonished tars. The news spread quickly to the quarter deck, and the blushing boy was led into the presence of the Admiral, who praised him for his gallantry and promoted him there and then as midshipman; and it was not long before promotion followed promotion; and the tailor's apprentice was known as one of England's most gallant sailors.

## A LADY ON GYMNASTICS.

YOUNG PEOPLE WALKING AND WASHING THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

Correspondence of the New York Times.

For years past I have been convinced that the mania for gymnastic exercise, athletic development and muscular power has been productive of a great deal of harm. Years ago the theory in vogue for gaining health was dieting, and hundreds of people dieted themselves into insanity or the grave. Now the mania is for exercise, and hundreds of young men, and (although it may seem a ridiculous statement) young women also are killing themselves by 'exercise.' Nature rebels at knotted muscles, and requires the full payment of a serious penalty whenever the folly is perpetrated of developing muscle as a business, through the swinging of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. The long walks, which are taken too frequently and with quite too much vim, under the influence of a spirit of emulation or to win a bet, are productive of far more injury than benefit. But, most of all, I want to call attention to the idea of daily bathing. It is a simple form of suicide, lacking the element of crime, because done through ignorance, lacking the horror, because it also lacks the crimson stains and mangled form of the ordinary suicide.

Our young men are not content until they are scrubbed bald-headed by the willing barber, and look in their youth very 'near of kin,' indeed, to their aged grandsires. Were it not for the exceeding tenderness and the quick rebellion raised when the whiskers are tampered with, and the fact that fashion benevolently and fortunately guards them, no doubt they, too, would be shampooed out of existence so effectually as to have the 'coming man' without that becoming adornment.

The poor body is literally scrubbed out of existence. Nature guards her outposts very jealously, but she cannot do double duty in one direction without signal failure in some other. Consequently when the surface of the body is daily denuded of the article under the vigorous application of the barbarous 'coarse towel,' she must repair damages at the expense of the digestion or the natural eliminations of the morbid matter, some organ loses in the harmony with its fellows which is necessary to a 'perfect whole. Cleanliness is not only 'next to godliness' but a very important part of it, and it is highly important that bathing should be employed as a hygienic force, but not the shower bath when an exhausted body is slowly waking from an unnatural sleep; nor a cold sponge when the day's duties have exhausted mind and body both. To exchange the clothing frequently and permit a thorough airing of the body for a few moments to the air of the room on rising and retiring, a light brushing with soft brush or fine towel, and a good bath once or twice a week are all that an American can endure and retain health. Light exercise of those muscles not called into play in the daily routine is also desirable, but it should be calisthenic, not gymnastic, and should not include a vigorous pounding of the chest, than which nothing can be worse for the lungs.

## A TOUCHING STORY.

Among the crowd, says the Rochester Democrat, that surged forward towards the gates as the St. Louis express rumbled into the Central Depot was a little old woman dressed in black, with a little white face just visible beneath a rusty old bonnet and above a great comforter wound around the neck. Jostled this way and that by the hurrying throng, she was about to pass through the gate when the gateman stopped her by a motion of the hand and a demand for her ticket.

'I am not going away,' she replied. 'I didn't buy a ticket.'

'Then you can't go through here; against orders, you know.'

'But, sir, my son is coming, and—'

'Can't help it,' was the hurried reply. 'Stay here and he will come to you quick enough.'

'Ah, sir, if he only would,' was the reply, and the tremble in the little woman's voice arrested the impatient murmur of those behind; 'Oh, sir, if he only would, but he died at Cleveland last week and now they are bringing my boy home in a coffin. He was the only one I had—Oh, thank you, sir.'

The gate was thrown wide open, an unknown friendly hand assisted her on and in a moment the sad face of the little old woman in black was lost in the crowd.

Selling kisses to swell the Irish relief threatens to be inaugurated by the girls. H'm; if complimentary tickets are issued to editors, we favor the plan.

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

## Important to Gardeners.

FOUR ACRES OF LAND, suitable for a Market Gardener, to rent or for sale, on the London and Port Stanley Gravel Road, adjoining the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Apply at this office. St. Thomas, March 1880. 9-11

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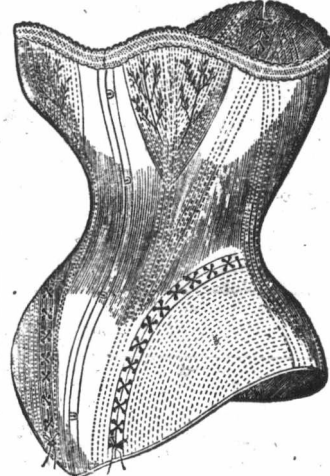
## Caution to Farmers!

## 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, 1880-71

## THE NEW CORSET.



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

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&c., &c.

## COL. SOLOMON'S CISTERN WATER.

'I've been workin' like all possessed to-day,' said Col. Solon last evening, as he borrowed a pipe from the local editor. 'So? what you been doing?'

'My wife, you see, has the rheumatics, an' 'twas wash day, so she sez to me, sez she, Solomon, the water in the cistern is out, an' I can't wash without cistern water, an' my rheumatics is so bad that I can't fetch it. Sufficiently profounded, sez I, Sally, I'll bring the water. An' brought twenty-five pails full of water from my nabor's well an' poured into that cistern, an' then I pumped every blamed drop out for the washin'. Mitey hard work.'

'Why in the name of common sense didn't you put the water into the tubs instead of turning it into the cistern, and then pumping it out again?' said the editor.

'Coz,' said the Colonel, bristling up, 'coz in the name of common sense she had to have cistern water to wash with, yer durned fool.'

## A LAND WITHOUT ELOPEMENTS.

Eloperments are not believed in in Lapland, for if a man marries a maid without her parent's consent the penalty is death. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If a maid overruns her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion for marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend to meet some casualty, and voluntarily halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus, none are compelled to marry against their wishes, and this is the cause in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in any other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

## A DESERVED REPROOF.

A poor old deaf man was arrested in Fife; he was visited by his minister shortly after coming to his pulpit. The minister said he would often call and see him; but time went on, and he did not visit him again until two years after, when, happening to go through the street where the deaf man was living, he saw his wife at the door, and could therefore do no other than enquire for her husband. 'Weel, Margaret, how is Tammas?' 'None the better o' you,' was the rather curt reply. 'How! how! Margaret?' inquired the minister. 'Oh, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ence a fortnight wi' him, and ye hae ne'er darkened the door sin' syne.' 'Weel, weel, Margaret, don't be so short; I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray wi' Tammas, for he is sae deaf, ye ken, he cannot hear me.' 'But, sir,' said the woman, with a rising dignity of manner, 'the Lord's no' deaf!' And it is to be supposed the minister felt the power of her reproach.

## JOSH BILLING'S PRAYER.

From tu many friends, and from things at luce ends, good Lord deliver us!

From a wife who don't luv us, and children who don't look like us, good Lord deliver us!

From wealth without charitee, from pride without senses, from pedigrees worn out and from all rich relashuns, good Lord deliver us!

From snax in the grass, from nails in our boots, from torch-light processions, and from all nu rum, good Lord deliver us!

From pack peddlers, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and from kulera morbis, good Lord deliver us!

From nusepaper sells, and from pills that ain't fasic, from females who faint, and men who flatter, good Lord deliver us!

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger hampmeetings, and from cats that are courtin, good Lord deliver us!

From other folks' secrets, and from our own, and women committees, good Lord deliver us!

From pollytishuns who pra, and from saints who tippie, from ri coffee, from red herrins, and grass widders, good Lord deliver us!

From folks who won't laugh, and from them who giggle, from tite butes, easy vittu, and ram mutton, good Lord deliver us!

