

INTECH (1984) associates

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
And both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan she thought;
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan! what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock!
You'd die of indigestion!
I'm tired of all this popping corn!
Why don't you pop the question?"

MURDER WILL OUT.

Some ten or twelve years ago a terrible and mysterious murder was committed at a quiet little village in one of the Midland counties. This place it will be convenient to designate as Leland. The local police used their utmost efforts to discover the perpetrator of the crime, but, as their exertions were attended with no result whatever, I was sent down from Scotland Yard to take the matter in hand.

The following is a resume of the main facts in connection with the tragedy.

On the afternoon of the first of June at about four o'clock, a gentleman walked up to the "Reindeer," the principal inn at Leland, and secured a bed there for the night. He was a tall, handsome-looking man, apparently about five and thirty years of age.

He carried a fishing rod and a small black bag, and from the fact of his making inquiries respecting the rivers of the neighborhood, it was conjectured that he was on a fishing excursion.

He dined at seven, and after leaving instructions with the "boots" to call him at six the following morning, he retired to his room shortly after ten.

The night passed as usual, nothing whatever occurring to alarm the occupants of the inn, and at the appointed hour next day the "boots" proceeded to the visitor's bedroom for the purpose of awaking him as arranged.

He knocked several times and called out the hour, but failing to elicit any reply, he tried the handle with a view to entering the room, but the door was locked. He again knocked violently and shouted loudly through the key-hole, but still to no purpose.

Actuated now by a vague feeling of alarm, he summoned his master, and the latter, finding it utterly impossible to rouse the stranger, burst open the door and entered the room.

Here a terrible sight presented itself. In the bed, the clothes half turned down, was lying the stranger, stark and dead.

He had been stabbed in the heart by a white-handed, clasped knife, which still remained in the wound. From the position of the body and the expression of the countenance of the deceased, it was plain that he had been

slain while asleep, and had died without a struggle.

His black bag, which he had taken to his room with him, was missing, there was not a single coin in his pockets, and a gold watch and chain and several rings—which a waiter was certain he had noticed the preceding evening—were also nowhere to be found. Hence it was inferred, and very naturally, that plunder had been the object of the crime.

The window was wide open, and through this, as the door was locked on the inside, the assassin must have entered the room. Repairs were going on in another part of the premises and a ladder which had been left standing against one of the walls by the workmen had been shifted and placed close to the murdered man's window. Here it was found in the morning, and by it the murderer had undoubtedly ascended and made his escape.

The deceased clothes were carefully searched but nothing calculated to throw any light on the crime could be found. It was impossible, too, to ascertain his name or position, for his linen was unmarked, and no letter or scrap of paper of any kind was to be discovered.

Pending the coroner's inquest, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and the police left no stone unturned in their endeavors to unravel the mystery. But, as I have already remarked, failure, absolute failure, attended their exertions.

The little they were able to discover amounted to this: A porter at the station identified the stranger as having reached Leland on the 1st of June by the 3:30 train from Byfield (this was a market town eighteen miles distant). He was certain of this fact, and also of the date, for this reason: His wife had come from Byfield on that day and by this train; she and the gentleman in question were the only passengers, and when he took the tickets he noticed that the latter's was marked Byfield, and was struck by the slight coincidence of both the solitary arrivals having come from the same place.

Inquiries were at once instituted at Byfield, and soon the proprietor of a hotel in that town came forward and recognized the deceased as having stayed three days in his house, from the 30th of May until the 1st of June. He had announced it as his intention of remaining for a much longer period, but after luncheon on the last-mentioned day, he called quite unexpectedly for his bill, and took his departure shortly after two. But as to who the gentleman was or where he came from, the landlord could not afford the slightest clue.

A waiter, however, was able to throw a little extra light on this sudden departure. He said that the stranger had intimated his intention of going fishing in the afternoon, and, after ordering lunch for half past one, had set out for a stroll through the town. Shortly before this time he hurriedly entered the hotel, looking, the waiter observed, as if he had just seen a ghost. Something had evidently occurred to upset him, for he trembled visibly, and his face was pale as ashes. Walking into the coffee-room, he called for half a pint of brandy, and drank off nearly the whole of the raw spirit

at one gulp. As he did so, his hand shook so violently that he could scarcely raise the tumbler to his lips. He tried to eat his luncheon, but could scarcely swallow a morsel; and then, after paying his bill, he took his bag and rod, slunk out of the house by a side entrance, and hurried away down one of the back streets.

(To be continued.)

Guarding Against Cholera.

The following sensible rules should be regarded by those who desire to keep free of the cholera:

Observe strict cleanliness in your person and clothes.

Change your undergarments daily. Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep.

Dress comfortably for the season and avoid the night air as much as possible.

Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks.

Live temperately; avoid all excesses in eating crude, raw and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and unripe fruits.

A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes.

Partake of well-cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruits.

Take your meals at regular seasons. Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise you increase susceptibility of the system to disease.

SCOTT ACT NOTES IN LEEDS & GRENVILLE.

REAR YONGE AND ESCOTT.—Canvassers are about through in this township and report about 80 per cent of the electors signing the petitions.

AUGUSTA.—Jas. Bissell, vice president of this township, gave us the cheering intelligence that Augusta would poll a large vote in favor of the Act. He gave an instance of the tactics pursued by the anti-Scott Act party to intimidate the people against voting for the Act. A leading brewer of the county drove out to see one of the largest growers of hops and barley in the township, and commenced with the query:—"Are you going to support the Scott Act?" The hop grower responded by saying that he had not hardly made up his mind what he would do. "I tell you what!" said the brewer. "If you support the Act I shall not buy your hops or barley." Our hop growing friend quietly told Mr. Brewer that he could live without growing either hops or barley, and if that was his little game he would vote for and use all his influence for the Scott Act.—And he will.

SOUTH ELMESLEY.—Saunders Frayne, of Lombardy, reports that one canvasser in this township had the names of fifty electors in his district. On canvassing he secured forty-eight of them to the petition.

Official returns place the majority for the Scott Act in Arthabaska county at 1,252.

ELIZABETHTOWN.—Enthusiastic temperance meetings have been held at Lyn, Greenbush and New Dublin during the past week. The canvass is progressing favorably. This township will poll a large vote in favor of the Scott Act.

Ladies' Department.

Sally Lunn.—Three tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda.

Layer Cake.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, three teaspoonful of baking powder.

Clear Soup.—Four pounds of beef, one-half gallon of water, boil slowly eight hours, skim and strain then add two onions, three stalks of celery, salt and pepper and boil twenty minutes and strain.

Fig Pudding.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of figs chopped fine, one-half pound of beef suet, one-half pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little spice, three eggs; mix with milk, tie in a cloth and boil for four hours.

Chicken Soup.—One chicken jointed, two and one half pounds of beef cut into strips, two onions, two turnips, one-half cup of sage, pepper and salt; chop onions and turnips; put all to boil in seven quarts of water. Take out meat and put into a jar. Strain soup through a sieve. Cook two hours more.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—One quart of cold boiled potatoes cut into dice, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, three tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped fine. Fry the onion in butter till yellow, then stir in the potatoes and parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Stir carefully with a fork so the potatoes will not get broken.

Common soft soap well rubbed in, on mildew stains and exposed to the sun will take them out entirely.

If a little kerosene oil is mixed with stove polish, it will assist greatly in improving the looks of rusty iron.

Oxalic acid will always remove mud stains, which cannot be removed by soap and water.

If Cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will resent the inhospitable treatment and will retire from the premises.

If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap suds, the lustre appears immediately and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does. Give it a trial.

Knives with ivory or bone handles which have become loosened, or fallen out entirely, can be cemented at home and with small expense, by using this cement: take 4 parts rosin, 1 part beeswax and 1 part plaster of paris. Melt the beeswax and rosin together, then while hot add the plaster. Pour the compound into the hole while hot and press handle in firmly.

Success in raising house plants may be forwarded by using 2 parts garden soil and 1 part fine red sand. Stir the soil around the roots of the plants. Water only when the plants seem to need it. When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of throwing them away, make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth where they decay. This is the best fertilizer known.