

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If that lady don't refuse?  
Or—to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know—  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a beau?  
If a person is on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person  
As he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any of your business  
What his business may be there?  
The substance of your query  
Simply stated, would be this:  
Is it anybody's business  
What another's business is?  
If it is, or if it isn't,  
We would really like to know  
For we are certain if it isn't,  
There are some who make it so.  
If it is, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part  
Of the tattlers and defamers  
Who throng the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher,  
Until each meddler learns  
It were better in the future  
To mind his own concerns.

### THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"To my oldest son, Richard, the tavern-stand known as the 'Red Lion,' and twenty acres of ground attached thereto; and to my other son, Jacob, the grist-mill on Dart Creek, and the residue of my landed property."

So the will read. A deep silence, and then a single word of dissatisfaction. It came from Jacob, the youngest son of the deceased Richard Cragan. His brother looked up with a troubled expression on his face, and their eyes met.

"The will is not your mind," said Richard, gravely, but kindly.

"No, it is not," answered Jacob with a hardness in singular contrast with his brother's subdued and gentle manner.

"You prefer the tavern-stand?"

"Of course I would," rejoined the brother.

"And I would prefer the mill. So all can be satisfactorily adjusted," replied Richard, in a frank and cheerful way.

Jacob's face was not the only one that showed surprise. But as none present had a right to question Richard's decision, there was no remonstrance or deprecatory remark.

"Well, you are a precious fool," said Henry Glenn, in an angry voice, on meeting Richard Cragan next day; "and if Katy follows my advice, she'll give you the mitten."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard showing some resentment at this rude assault.

"Just what I say. Didn't your father leave you the 'Red Lion' tavern-stand?"

"Yes."

"And you've given it to Jacob for that miserable old grist-mill on Dart Creek."

"Yes."

"Humph!" — contemptuously — "I

knew you was not remarkable for wit, but I did not imagine you was such a cursed fool as you are. Why, the tavern stand is worth forty times as much as the grist-mill."

"Maybe so and maybe not," replied Richard, with a flash in his eyes that was unusual to their blue tranquility. "Time will show. As for me, I am satisfied; and no one has a right to question any decision I may make touching my own affairs."

"I have a right," said Glenn, with something offensive in his voice, "as the brother of Katy—"

"Stop there, Harry!" interposed Richard, in a voice so stern and indignant that Glenn moved back a step or two in surprise. "I never permit any one to meddle in my affairs, and you cannot be made an exception. Katy has cast her lot with mine, and her happiness is in my keeping, not in yours."

"Not quite cast in yet," muttered Harry Glenn, as he turned away from Richard, whose ear caught the sentence. Its meaning he well understood.

On the evening of the same day Richard met Katy Glenn, and noticed with a sudden chilliness about his heart a change in her manner.—She was very dear to him. He had loved her ever since he was a boy—loved her with a steadiness that no coldness on her part, nor flirting with other boys, or, as the years went on, other young men, could diminish.—She was pretty, but wayward—the very opposite to Richard Cragan, who was so quiet, reserved and true of purpose. After a long series of tender vicissitudes, of pains and discouragements, of hopes and fears, Richard at last had the ineffable happiness of giving her the kiss of betrothment. This happened only a short time before his father's death.

A cloud that looked no larger than a man's hand at first now appeared in his sky. But it grew rapidly, and in a little while filled the whole horizon, obscuring the sun.

"Is this true that I hear?" said Katy.

"What?" asked Richard, his heart falling like lead, for he understood what she meant.

"That you have given Jacob the handsome tavern-stand your father left you, and taken the old grist-mill and a few acres of poor land for your share."

"It is true," answered Richard.

"What could have possessed you to do this?" said the maiden, all the beauty in her face dying out under the hot flushes of a selfish indignation.

"Because I would rather have the mill and earn my bread by useful work, than burden my heart and life with evils that are inseparable from tavern-keeping."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Katy, in no amiable tone. "As good men as you have kept, and still keep tavern. Are you better than your father?"

"I don't set up as being better than any one, Katy," replied the young man, whose face had become very pale; "I only determine for myself what I ought or ought not to do. If I had not let my brother take the 'Red Lion' it would have made no difference as to my future—I should have sold it and put the money into a farm or something else by which I could make a living."

Katy bit her lips and looked angry and disappointed.

"I will never consent," he resumed, "to bring up a family amid the baleful associations of a tavern. There are only two of us left out of six brothers. Four of them died years ago—and it is better that they died. Oh, Katy! try to think and feel as I do. The mill has a good run of custom. I shall improve it in many ways and double its capacity. We shall get along well—trust me for that, and be, oh, so much happier!"—As for me, I should have a restless, miserable, guilty feeling all the time I kept a tavern and sold drink to the young men of our place—hurting all and doing good to none."

And he shuddered at the bare thought of such responsibility.

"As you like," answered Katy, in a chilling voice. "But one thing is certain, I'm not going to be cooped up in the little pigeon house over at the mill, you may count on that as settled."

"I will have it done up new all over and make it the nicest place in the world," said Richard.

"But you'll never put me into it," cried Katy, with a sudden passion in her voice.

"You are not surely in earnest, Katy," remonstrated Richard.

"I surely am," she replied, tossing her head in a way that hurt and amazed the bewildered young man.

Richard Cragan sat silent and still for a long time. Then, rising slowly, and with a quiver of pain running over his pale face, he put out his hand to Katy. She let hers fall into his coldly, not returning by the slightest motion the pressure he gave.

"Good night, Katy."

The girl would never have known the voice as that of her love.

"Good night." Not a pulse of feeling beat in her tones.

Richard turned slowly away and left the house—but all the while, as he went farther and farther from her his ears harkened for her voice breaking out in a repentant cry, but he harkened in vain!

It was all over with Richard and Katy. The selfish, fickle and worldly minded girl, who was incapable of such a love as glowed in the heart of this young man, broke off her engagement and in no less than a year became the wife of his brother Jacob, who installed her as mistress of the "Red Lion," which had been fitted up in the most attractive style, and was known as the best tavern for miles around. The custom had more than doubled since Jacob became "mine host," and the new owner was beginning to reap an abundant harvest of profit.

Katy had her horse and carriage, her fine clothes, her personal ease and comfort; pride and vanity were gratified in many ways. Yet she was not so happy as she had expected to be. Jacob was a different man from Richard. He was a harder, more selfish, less scrupulous and had little hesitation about trampling down with a ruthless foot whatever came in the way of his purposes. He had no tenderness toward his wife and never seemed to regard her feelings, comforts or wishes in what he did. Not that he was unkind to her—only different.

(To be continued.)

### UNIONVILLE FAIR ASSOCIATION.

#### The President's Excursion.

The sun rose bright and cheerful and all nature seemed refreshed after the rain of the preceding night, when we left our home on Tuesday, the 8th inst., in the village of Farmersville, and after a two hour's drive arrived in Brockville for the purpose of attending the excursion tendered the officers and directors of the above association, by the genial president, W. H. Neilson, Esq., of Lyn.

Having a few moments to spare we leisurely wended our way down town and found everybody in a hurry, and everything in confusion. In several places we found the street scavengers busy at work cleaning up the last remains of the rubbish from the streets. At another point men were busily engaged stretching ropes across the streets preparatory to displaying mottos, bunting, etc., while others were busy assorting out their best and most costly wares and merchandise, all designing, no doubt, to make everything show to the best advantage at the morrow's demonstration.

But the time at our disposal being limited, we wended our way to the dock, where safely moored, awaiting the arrival of her live freight, we found the trim little steam yacht "Blink Bonnie." A few moments after our arrival the cheery cry of "all aboard" was given by our skipper and away we steamed up through the magnificent water stretches and alongside the many bush-covered and rock-girted islands, for so many years famed in song and story as one of the most magnificent scenes to be found on this continent. After a short run we arrived opposite the wreck of the "Sam Cook." Here we found wrecking company busily at work endeavoring to raise the vessel. Two large pontoons were firmly anchored one on each side of the sunken vessel and immense timbers laid across from deck to deck. From these strong cables were placed under the wreck which was being slowly drawn to the surface. Passing on a short distance we came to the six-mile (or more) familiarly known as Cole's) light-house. Within a short distance of the light-house lies another wreck, the "Erie Queen," a large schooner laden with wheat, which went ashore in the gale of the previous Friday night.

A little farther on and we came abreast the St. Lawrence Central camp ground. Coasting along the shore we passed Mallorytown landing on the right and Allen's dock on the left side of the river. A little farther on we came in sight of Poole's summer resort, which, we believe, is something of a peculiarity for summer resort on the river St. Lawrence, from the fact that there is no whisky saloon connected with it. Mr. Poole proposes to feed people without furnishing them with whiskey, and the result is that he has a quiet, peaceable house, where respectable people can stop and not be annoyed by drunkenness and rowdiness. Temperance people especially will seek out this house when they go to recreate the river. It is located in the town of ship of Yonge Front, about three

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