

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPOPTER.

### "GO FEEL AS I HAVE FELT."

Go feel what I have felt!  
Go hear what I have borne—  
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt,  
And the cold world's scorn;  
The suffered on from year to year—  
I've sore relief, the scorching tear.  
Go kneel where I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray—  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be dashed with curse aside,  
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.  
Go weep as I have wept,  
Behold the strong man bow—  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
A cold and livid brow,  
Go catch his withering glance and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.  
Go hear, and feel, and see, and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known:  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone—  
Think if its flavor you will try  
When all proclaim, "'tis drink and die!"  
Tell me I hate the bowl—  
Hate is but a feeble word;  
Flaunt—abhor—my very soul  
With strong disgust is stirred,  
Whene'er I hear, or see, or tell  
Of that dark beverage of hell.

### ON A BRIDAL TRIP.

#### Some of the Troubles that a Western Pair Encountered.

[From Peck's Sun.]

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green-looking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name, and added "and wife" after it.

"Can a newly married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their rooms and stay three days or three weeks and never come out to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat.

"But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed! that dont express it."

We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about one hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rung the bell for the boy a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel real bad.

"I didn't know they were drummers, until the next day or I should have killed some of them. I rung the bell for coal and a traveling man who posts railroad cards around and then works up excursions came in and fixed the fire and stayed and poked it for nearly half an hour. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him; but my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was half an hour before she came, and I went to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of a creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found

out that it was a smooth-faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid \$3 to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel and asked her for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid and encourage her, I wanted to kill him; and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smooth-faced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs into our bed, and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably into bed when there was a knock at the door and I got up, and the watchman was there and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire-escape, so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out in the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came into the room and told her to fly and save herself and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back in our room half froze. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a hearse factory at Rochester, N.Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big grey mustache and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at the time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning before we were up a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was kind in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a reaper factory at Rockford; and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife, I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think that half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were shown in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets and they would steal them. I had about twenty blankets put upon my bed and in the morning there was not a blanket but a sheet over us. And every time there was a different porter put it on, and I think all were traveling men. Every little while somebody would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots and I would tell him the berth was occupied and that he must have made a mistake, and he would look around at us as in-

nocent as could be and ask our pardon and then go out and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow said he was looking for his wife's shoes to black. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red lantern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway, it looked like a porous plaster when I got up in the morning. I think it was the traveling men who were playing conductor, but I was sleepy and I thought the best way was to let them punch it. Well, about three o'clock in the morning somebody punched us and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up and we would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best we could, lying on our backs and kicking our clothes up in the air and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants on wrong side before and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths made up and sat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to a curtain of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosh, and he kicked and got mad about it and wondered how it got there and swore about it, and I think he travels for an Oshkosh carriage factory. Oh, I never had such a night, or such two nights in all my life, and what I want to know is, if I can be quiet here and get a little sleep and not be annoyed."

The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him to knock them clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bride groom took his satchel and wife, and the colored man showed them a room and they have not shown up since.

It is confounded mean in traveling men to get snowed in and form a syndicate to have fun. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.

### MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

#### TOWNSHIP OF REAR OF YONGE AND ESCOTT.

A special meeting of the above named council was called by the reeve of the township on the 29th day of April to re-arrange road divisions and other business.

Present the reeve and a full board.

The following papers were laid before the council:

Report of committee to revise and re-arrange road divisions No. 10, 20, 21 and 22. Report of auditors, laid over from last meeting, both of which were on motion received and approved.

Mr. Wight moved, seconded by Mr. Alguire, for leave to introduce a by-law to amend by-law No. — to re-arrange certain road divisions in the township of Rear of Yonge and Escott, and to appoint pathmasters for the same. Carried.

By law introduced and read first and second times.

Mr. Alguire moved, seconded by Mr. Wight, that the blanks in the by-law be filled with the names of George Nash as pathmaster of road division No. 10, Amasa W. Kelly for road di-

vision No. 21 and Benjamin Livingston for No. 22. Carried.

The by-law was then by resolution read a third time, and finally passed, entitled by-law No. 291, to amend certain by-law of this municipality and re-arrange certain road divisions and appoint pathmasters for road divisions No. 10, 21 and 22, was signed by the reeve and clerk, and the seal of the municipality attached thereto.

Mr. Phelps moved, seconded by Mr. Berney, that Geo. Hall be allowed to do his roadwork on the town line opposite lot A, and that the road overseer of road division No. 1 be notified of the same. Carried.

Mr. Alguire moved, seconded by Mr. Berney, that providing a suitable programme for the celebration of her Majesty's birthday be provided for the village of Farmersville, the reeve be authorized to give an order on the treasurer for \$10, to be paid to the secretary-treasurer of the committee of arrangements. Carried.

Mr. Alguire moved, seconded by Mr. Wight, that the reeve be appointed to confer with Walter Beatty, P. L. S., to adjust, arrange and make right any errors and mistakes that may be found in the map of the village of Farmersville and that the reeve be authorized to have said corrected map recorded. Carried.

Mr. Wight moved, seconded by Mr. Berney, for leave to introduce a by-law for the appointment of collector of taxes for A. D. 1884. Carried.

By-law introduced and read first and second times.

Mr. Berney moved, seconded by Mr. Wight, that the blank in the by-law for the appointment of collector be filled with the name of Henry Rowsome, at a salary of \$30.

The by-law was then by resolution read a third time and finally passed, entitled by-law No. 202, for the appointment of a collector of taxes for 1884. It was signed by the reeve and clerk and the seal of the corporation attached thereto.

An account of \$6 in favor of T. G. Stevens & Bro., for coffin for an Indian was then laid before the council and by resolution ordered to be paid.

Messrs. Alguire and Berney were then by resolution appointed as road commissioners for road division No. 10 to direct the disposition of the statute labor and see that the commutation was expended on the sidewalks and generally supervise the whole.

The council then adjourned.

JAS. H. BLACKBURN,  
Township Clerk.

The following paragraph contains a very sensible suggestion to young men, and at the same time a very sensible plea in the interests of plain maiden ladies of uncertain age:—A young man was about to marry when his parents reminded him of the fact that the lady of his choice was neither young nor handsome. "That's just the kind I want," replied the sensible young fellow, "I want 'em old, so they will have some sense and know something; and I want 'em homely, so they'll generally stay at home." Just think of that, young fellow. It may never have struck you just that way before. The whole subject is one of such general interests as to warrant thorough consideration.