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# THE REPORTER.

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## THE REPORTER

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BETHUEL LOVERIN,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

### Stroll No. 7.

Six o'clock has come again. Our day's work is finished. We hurriedly brush off the outer man and replenish the inner, then put our beast before the wagon and start out for a breath of fresh country air and a hearty shake hands of the many intelligent farmers found in the vicinity of Farmersville. Taking a run across the country in the direction of Addison, we reined up in front of the residence of Mr. C. Stowell. Knowing Mr. Stowell to be one of the owners of the Elbe cheese factory, the opportunity seemed to us to be a fitting one to inspect his herd of cows. We were fortunate in arriving at the farm while the milking was being done. There were drawn up in line twenty very fine animals in the pink of condition. Mr. Stowell evidently has an eye for the beautiful, for we never saw a finer looking lot of cows than he possesses. The complete outfit also indicates refined taste and superior intelligence. The cows are milked in a well-covered open shed having a saw-dust floor, which is kept scrupulously clean. By an ingenious contrivance each animal is secured in the shed so that the milkman does not lose any time chasing the cow while he is milking.

Understanding Mr. Stowell to be a typical farmer of this part of the province, we proceeded to obtain from him some valuable information regarding his method of exacting tribute from mother earth.

Mr. Stowell's farm consists of 170 acres. He grows grass and hay principally. No grain is grown to sell, only sufficient to feed the stock. When pasturage becomes scarce the cows are fed bran. Sometimes cornstalks or millet are substituted for bran. It is not unusual for him to feed from three to four tons of bran during the summer season. In his opinion cheese-making is the most profitable kind of labor the farmer ever engaged in. Mortgages are yearly becoming scarcer since the advent of the cheese-factory. Mr. Stowell informed us that his twenty cows would give over \$700 worth of milk this season. This is sufficient to show the great profits realized by the farmers. No calves are raised here. It is found more profitable to buy cows than raise stock. This we deem the greatest weakness in this system of farming. We were told that stock had nearly doubled in value during the last four or five years. The

question in our mind was how long will it be before Mr. Stowell will find it profitable to raise stock.

On looking over the farm we found the same thrift and neatness carried into every part of it. No noxious weeds were to be found, and this was something truly astonishing. And stranger still every field was devoid of stones. Only those who are, or have been, farmers can correctly estimate the amount of labor necessary to put a farm into the excellent condition here described.

The trim rows of trees in front of and around the house, the neat and tidy farm house securely sheltered in their midst, the grass-covered lawns and gravel walks all indicate the aesthetic bent of mind of the occupants.

Mr. Stowell, we believe, is tilling the farm on which he was born. His father, when a young man, left his home near Boston, and came to Canada. He taught school for a number of years and finally settled on the farm now owned by the subject of our sketch.

The shade of "Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth," rose up before us as we looked into the kind and genial face of our friend, and as we recalled to our mind the well-known lines:

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron. Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

Our fancy wandered far back to "the old colony days," and we saw the gallant Mayflower rocking idly at rest in Boston harbor, and Plymouth Rock crowded with those who left their native country for conscience sake to seek a home in the wilds of New England.

Truly, thought we, as we drove off from the home of our host, times are changed since then, but the face of man remains the same. The same solar look glows on the countenance of the good man and true, as lit up the faces of the Pilgrim Fathers when-cast weary and worn on the friendly shores of the New World.

### Half an Hour in Front of an Hotel.

The day is Saturday, the time 6:30 p. m., the place in front of a hotel. The crowd sways and surges as the dreaded seven o'clock approaches. The "bar" will be closed in a few minutes. Man's right to make a beast of himself will then be taken from him until the following Monday morning. The hotel-keeper will be denied the privilege of taking from the debased laborer the money that should keep hunger from the door of his squalid home. The vendor of liquors is gruff and the thirsty inebriate furious. To quit work at six and stop drinking at seven appears to him cruel in the extreme, but he trudges home nevertheless, muttering imprecations against the Scott Act agitators and all those who attempt to rob man of his liberty to ruin himself

and bring disgrace upon his family. The children are out in the yard playing as the father comes up to the little rickety gate. His appearance at once excites their attention. The younger ones are at a loss to account for the change, but the eldest, a bright little girl of ten summers, divines the cause at once, and rushes into the house exclaiming: "O, ma! Pa's come home sober to-night!" The gleam of joy that lit up the poor, broken-hearted woman's face might have made angels weep. Would she not pray for the success of the temperance movement? There is no doubt about that.

As we stood gazing upon the turbulent crowd, an old man of majestic bearing came to the front. "Upon his brow command sat throned serene," but it was only the ghost of his former self, for intemperance had made deadly ravages upon his once brilliant intellect and now the beams of cultivated intelligence struggled fitfully through the mists of dissipation that obscured his mental vision.

This person we learned to be one of the champions of the anti-Scott Act party, and that he was now to deliver the opening ode of the campaign. For want of a better platform a huge whisky barrel was placed in proper position and the "speaker of the evening" mounted this rostrum and delivered himself as follows:—

"Bless me what a noise is made About this rum and spirit trade. One cannot brew or buy or sell Or pull or touch a tap-room bell, But some kind friend the news doth spread, And thunders roll above your head, As loud you'd think, any louder, too, Than cannons roared at Waterloo. Men sprung up of lowly station, Men of tap-room education, Mount the platform, shout and sing, And call good ale the accursed thing. Some say 'tis a sin to taste of brandy, rum or gin Whilst others rail at God's good creature, Nay, railing is their leading feature. Had I the power as I've the will; Had I the talent or the skill, I'd out their speakers, tear their banners And teach the rascals better manners, Than thus to spread their lowly notions, To strive to rob us of our potions. Potions drunk by priests and kings, Upheld by Esculapian wings; Blessed liquors which our thirst assuage, Defended by the sacred page, Drunk by the best of men, Supported by a prophet's pen. To Hebe's sons by heaven's command, The prophet went with wine in hand; Can that be wrong which is Divine? 'Twas God himself said give them wine. St. Paul a very pretty 'pistle penned, Its beauty baffles all description, In fact, it is a medical prescription. It seems he understood the case, And wished all things to have their place. Drink water! Ay, when times lead, But wine to those who wine may need. Water cried he, drink it no longer, But wine which makes the body stronger."

At this stage of the oration the speaker gesticulated so furiously and stamped with such force that the end of the barrel on which he was standing gave way, so that he was precipitated from our view, and the speech brought to an abrupt termination, but from the depths of the punchon resounded ere we departed,

"And when their foolish cry shall cease, We then may take our glass in peace."

When their cry shall cease intemperance will no longer curse this fair earth. How long before that time will come we cannot say; but come it surely will, and for its speedy advent we all look forward with feelings of unmixed pleasure and hope.

### Anti-Scott Act Meeting.

Yesterday evening the opera house of Brockville was densely packed by a respectable and attentive audience to hear a discussion on the merits and defects of the Scott Act. Although the meeting was called by the Anti-Scott Act party, it was evident to the most careless observer that it was really a Scott Act audience. At 8:15 o'clock Mr. E. King Dodds and his satellites entered the hall. The cheers that greeted them were so faint hearted and fitful that any enthusiasm in favor of the Anti-Scott men at once became hopeless.

Mr. John McMullen took the chair without any preliminaries, and ostentatiously announced his intention of giving both sides a hearing; which, for justice to the gentleman, we are happy to say, that he did without fear, favor or partiality.

Mr. Bell, of Dundas, then addressed the meeting for half an hour. He attempted to show that the Scott Act does not promote temperance, and claimed that he is, and always was, a temperance man. The Act had proved a failure elsewhere. It had been two years in force in Halton and still liquor was sold in large quantities through the druggists. The Act was all wrong in principle and worse in practice, for the drinking habits of the people were worse under prohibition than under a license law. The failure of prohibition in various parts of the American union proved that it would be a failure in Ontario. The Act would stop the sale of beer to a great extent, but that beverage would be replaced by the more injurious drinking of ardent spirits. More people become drunk now in Halton than before the passage of the Act. The Act ruins business and does not stop drinking. The speaker would do his best to defeat the Act because he believed it injurious to the best interests of the country. He opposed the Act conscientiously.

Mr. Bell spoke with apparent earnestness, though we fail to understand how a person as intelligent as he appears to be could mistake his plausible sophistries for solid and convincing arguments.

The Rev. Mr. Bailey, of Aultsville, was next called upon to speak in favor of the Act. The reverend gentleman began by saying that he was speaking to free men. Mr. Bell he said was the paid agent of brewers. He held that so long as parties had to go out of the county for liquor as much could not possibly be drunk as when they had it on hand. In his opinion one saloon in Brockville sells more liquor than all the druggists in Halton. He stated that crime had decreased 75 per cent in Halton during the last sixteen months, and that the number of arrests for drunkenness proves nothing, for before the Act was passed drunkards were seldom or never arrested, but since its passage every man found drunk or disorderly was at once arrested.

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