

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

**A Reminiscence.**

(Continued from last week.)

He then pushed a sheet of paper across the table on which was written a receipt for \$53 accompanied with a declaration that I was discharged from the ship at my own request, and put on shore. This I refused to sign. I said I would sign a receipt and that was all I would do; that he had no cause to treat me so, as I had done nothing to merit such treatment. He flew into a great passion, cursed me outrageously, swore he would put me in irons for mutiny and refusing to obey orders and carry me to Callao, S. A. I replied that he was master, and, of course, could do as he pleased, but put my name to a bare-faced lie like that, I wouldn't do it. "Go to the mast-head," and "I'll show you," was his reply. So to the mast-head I went for a couple of hours till the canoes had closed with the ship, when I was called on deck and with my chest, a bundle of new clothing, and ten silver dollars (to which Mr. Gardner, the 2nd mate, added five more), I was bundled into a canoe and went ashore amongst a lot of savages whose language I was unacquainted with and who were in the same dilemma regarding me. True, I was not the first white man who had lived there, and there were two living on Henderson's Island and one on Simpson's Island, distant respectively about twenty and thirty miles. So I made the best of it and went ashore. A number of natives awaited our arrival at the beach, the fact of a te matung, or white man, coming ashore causing quite a crowd to gather, and I must say I did not feel quite as much at home as I would have done at a landing on some wharf in a civilized country. The chief did not return for some time, and I had quite a time satisfying their curiosity, and guarding my chest and what few "traps" I was the owner of. A small pocket pistol and a sheath knife were the defensive weapons I possessed, and getting tired of their officious but not offensive curiosity, I thought I would try the effect of a shot, so taking aim at a bunch of coconuts at a little distance from us, I fired, and down came two or three. They scampered away in a hurry and I was left in perfect peace for nearly an hour, till the return of the chief from the ship. On his landing, a perfect hub-bub of voices arose telling him of my pistol shot, as he afterwards laughingly told me. King Jack, as we always called him on board ship, came directly to me with his hand extended to shake hands, saying "me friend you—you friend me—you live Kodiak" (the native name of the island). These expressions, I found, formed almost the extent of his English. He then made signs for me to go with him, and speaking to a couple of natives, they picked up my chest and going before us we went to the village, about 500 yards distant, and entered a very neat little house in which he ordered my traps to be placed, and soon a basket of cooked fish, with some taro and bread fruit and a couple of shells full of the sweet sap of the cocoa nut, was brought in and I had the honor, for the first

time of supping with Royalty. After satisfying our hunger, I produced a plug of tobacco, and cutting it in two, handed him a share, and we had a smoke. While smoking, a lot of young cocoa nut leaves were brought to him with which he made two chains, one of which he put over my neck and hung the other on one side of the door, singing a weird song of the words "taboo" and "te matung." This, I found, prevented my being troubled by any of the natives except his personal friends and relatives. You may be sure it did not incommode me in the least. After smoking our pipes, I was introduced to his three wives, one old and two young, the former a pretty well preserved old lady; also to his three sons, two daughters, and two of his brothers. We had quite a jolly time smoking our pipes and trying to understand one another. Nothing, I found, could be done without a smoke. At sunset they left us, and after a while the chief and myself laid down on our mats for the night and slept quite as contentedly and soundly as I would have done on board ship.

(Continued in our next.)

**THE GREAT Bargain House.**

Go to McLaughlin's old stand where \$7,000 worth of Dry Goods and Boots & Shoes are to be sacrificed at prices hitherto unknown. Come one, Come all and see prices.

More Dress Goods, More Cotton, More Print, More Cambric, More Towelling, More Sugar, More Tea, More Boots, More Shoes and MORE of Everything in stock for \$1.00 than any House in the trade.

**Thos Vanarnum.**

Farmersville, Feb. 15th, 1885.

**M. WHITE,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR and CLOTHIER,**  
Main St. Opposite Market, Brockville.

Has and always keeps in stock, a full line of

Scotch, Irish and Canadian  
**TWEEDS.**

Also the best value in

**FRENCH WORSTEDS,**  
in all the newest Shades and Makes.

These goods I am prepared to make up in first class style, according to the Latest Fashions. I also keep a full stock of

**Gents Furnishings**

**Hats and Caps**  
and everything usually found in a  
**First-Class Clothing Establishment.**

**Printing Presses FOR SALE.**

The subscriber offers for sale at less than half original cost,

**ONE WASHINGTON PRESS,**

Size 14x26, and

**One Novelty Press**

Size 6x10.

Apply at the REPORTER office.

Go to the **People's Store,**

For the Choicest Importations of

**New Teas, New Fruits and Spices,**

Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Rubbers, and Everything found in a

**First Class Store.**

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR 50,000 lbs OF

**WOOL. C. L. LAMB,**

Farmersville, May 20th, 1884.

**WAR NEWS.**

Before you leave this place

**Bound for Manitoba,**

—TO—

**FIGHT THE INDIANS**

Don't forget to lay in a good supply of Groceries and Provisions, and the Cheapest and Best place to buy them is at W. E. Mayhew's Grocery, on Main Street, Farmersville, where you will find a large stock of

**FRESH GOODS,**

in Canned Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Fish &c., A large and well selected stock of Fresh Teas, Coffees, Spices, of all kinds; Biscuits, all kinds; Prunes, Figs, &c., Choice family Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour, Provender, Bran, &c.

**Garden Seeds,**

a fresh lot just received.

American Head Light and Canadian

**COAL OIL,**

A large stock of Brooms, Washtubs, Washboards, Butter Ladles, Wooden ware of all kinds. Largest and best

**Stock of Tobaccos, Pipes**

and Cigars in Town. Call and see. Don't forget the place, Shop formerly used as Meat market.

**W. E. MAYHEW.**

Farmersville, April 31, 1885.

**Pay up.**

Quite a few of our subscribers have not paid for the REPORTER. All who wish to avail themselves of the 75 cent rate must send in the money before the 20th inst. All subscriptions remaining unpaid then, will be charged \$1.00.

**NEW HARNESS SHOP.**

NORTH SIDE MAIN ST., FARMERSVILLE.

FARMERS AND LIVERYMEN, look to your interests by buying your Harness from us. We make all our own work, and have

No Machine Work Whatever.

We make our own Collars and claim to have as good a collar-block as there is in Canada. Call and see for yourselves. For sore shoulders, call and see what we can do.

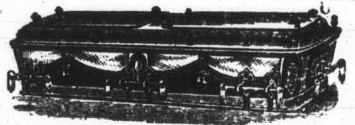
**WE DEFY HONEST COMPETITION.**

Don't be deceived by the gloss and red leather of slop-made work, but buy your harness where you can be sure of getting it made of good material, and by first-class workmen.

Repairing done promptly.

**A. E. WILTSE & CO.**

Farmersville, Feb. 4th, 1885.



**T. G. STEVENS & Bro.**

Always has on hand a large and

**SELECTED STOCK OF FURNITURE**

OF ALL KINDS IN

**BLACK WALNUT, Elm, Ash & Maple.**

We are old experienced Mechanics and we do not make a speciality of any article, but of our whole business.

We have lately purchased the finest Harse in the County and having at all times a full stock of

**Caskets, Coffins and Burial Robes**

We are prepared to attend to all orders with promptness

**Our Prices are Moderate**

in every Department, and we think it will be to your advantage to

**Call and see our Stock**

before purchasing elsewhere.