

# INTECH (1984) associates

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# THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

FARMERSVILLE, WEDNESDAY, July 16, 1884.

NO. 1.

## THE REPORTER

Is issued every Wednesday at the office, corner of Church and Mill streets Farmersville. Terms, 75 cents per year in advance or \$1.00 if not paid within six months. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Professional and business cards of one inch space and under, per year three dollars. Editorial notices in local column five cents per line for first insertion and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. A limited number of advertisements inserted at special rates.

The Reporter office is supplied with a good equipment of poster as well as fine job type.

BETHUEL LOVERIN,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

## Morning Stroll No. 4,

### Among the Farmersville Industries.

A few mornings ago we laid aside our pen and stepped out of our "den," fully determined to shake off parking care for a few minutes. Strolling leisurely along we happened to notice a magnificent covered carriage in front of one of our many handsome shops, which seemed to say to us: "Please, sir, will you have a ride?" On closer examination, however, we ascertained that this carriage carries people only in one direction, and that no "return tickets" are issued; that its destination is always in front of a narrow and dark house, situated somewhere on "God's acre," where the daisies sleep when it is evening, on the bosoms of the dead.

Having respectfully declined the kind invitation with thanks, and a promise of compliance at a more convenient season, we entered the shop and at once found ourselves in the presence of T. G. and J. Stevens.

From our friends we learned that their father came to this county from the state of New York about forty-five years ago, and began work in Canada by building what is now known as McIntosh's mills. After this he carried on the joiner business for many years. Thirty-five years since, his eldest son, George, began the joiner and furniture business in Farmersville, and it being then the custom to devote half of the year to joiner work and the other half to furniture. After being ten years in the trade, George was succeeded by his brothers, and they have uninterruptedly carried on the business since that time. They have also done undertaking work during the whole of this time. We were informed that their furniture is bought in Toronto, Woodstock and Napanee, and the coffins in Toronto and Hamilton. The stock carried is valued at about \$2,000, and the yearly sales amount to nearly \$6,000. In addition to goods purchased ready to sell, a large quantity is made in the shop, for we found six men at work.

The success of the firm has been uninterrupted, with one exception. Many of our readers will remember the disastrous fire that occurred in our village one bright Sunday morning two years ago last August, which laid the shop and dwelling house of Mr. T. G.

Stevens in ashes. The buildings destroyed were at once replaced by new, superior to the old, and fortune now smiles kindly upon our industrious and worthy citizens. We bespeak for them a liberal patronage of the public, and hope that their financial prosperity may be equal to their endeavor to deal honestly with all men.

Having had an enjoyable talk with the Messrs. Stevens, we crossed the street and entered the carriage shop of Mr. D. Fisher. Here a splendid array of carriages met our view. Our genial friend, the proprietor, kindly allowed us to examine his stock, and, at the same time, in a business-like manner pointed out to us some obvious points of superiority of his buggies over those manufactured elsewhere. Indeed, so lucid were his explanations that we left the shop fully resolved to give Mr. Fisher the job of building our next buggy, provided he would do it as cheaply as anybody else. Mr. Fisher, we are informed, worked in Farmersville twenty-three years, beginning as a day-laborer at \$8 a month. He now runs a large carriage shop two stories high and 60x30 feet, to which is attached a general blacksmithing shop. His trade is increasing every year; his shops furnish constant employment for ten workmen; he has sold fifty rigs this year and expects to dispose of as many more before the close of the year; he sells about fifty cutters each season, and in addition to all this does a very large amount of custom work in the blacksmith shop. It is his intention, we understand, to build a large two-story brick shop next year.

The greater part of the stuff used in this shop comes from Guelph. A specialty of the buggies made here is the "Champion gear." By means of this method of attachment of the springs to the axles, beauty, durability and ease in action are all combined. Mr. Fisher is the only in Ontario who can legally manufacture buggies using this gear. It is at once seen that this gives him a material advantage over other manufacturers of the same article, and it also shows the enterprising spirit of the man who was willing to risk the expense of purchasing a patent right for the purpose of manufacturing a superior article, in order that the work turned out by him might be second to none in the market. All honor to the man who endeavors to make himself king of his profession, be he boot-black or philosopher. The yearly business of this shop foots up to between \$8,000 and \$10,000 a year.

As we leave the premises the sound of the ringing anvil smites our ear. The "dinsome clamour" which made such music in the ears of the poet Burns, resounds through the building, and is carried far away on the shifting atmosphere; each pulsation throbs in unison with the beating of our own heart and says in language plainer than any words ever could, "Work for the night is coming when man's work is done."

## OUR BARBER'S SONG.

Oh! brothers, true and trusty,  
Dear friends in times gone by,  
Come listen to my simple song,  
Come, one and all draw nigh.

### CHORUS.

Oh, I'm so very happy now,  
My poor heart is throbbing so,  
For I'm going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love, you  
Long I have lived alone my friends,  
Feeling so very dreary,  
But now my star is rising, brothers,  
And I am never weary.

Oh, I am so very happy now,  
My heart is throbbing so,  
For I am going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love, you  
I've traveled many a mile, brothers,  
In quest of love and pleasure,  
But now I've anchored safely  
In a sea of boundless measure.

Oh! I am so very happy now,  
My poor heart is throbbing so,  
For I am going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love, you  
I see the rifts in the clouds, brothers,  
The stars shine out in the blue,  
And they twinkle so bright to-night,  
That I fancy the heavens are new.

Oh! I am so very happy now,  
My poor heart is throbbing so,  
For I am going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love you  
And the world seems all aglow now,  
With the fervor of my joy,  
And my greatest pleasures heretofore  
Are but as a childish toy.

Oh! I am so very happy now,  
My poor heart is throbbing so,  
For I am going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love, you  
Then here's to you and her, my boys,  
To the old times and the new,  
Three good cheers for my loving bride,  
And three times three for you.

Oh! I am so very happy now,  
My poor heart is throbbing so,  
For I am going to marry, [know,  
To marry mine own true love, you

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Our old friend Sala Blanche arrived home from New York yesterday, looking hale and hearty.

Miss Kittie Kincaid passed the second class professional examination at Ottawa, last week, and is now home.

R. W. Bro. John Minish, of Broekville, is D. D. G. M. of the St. Lawrence district, for the ensuing masonic year.

Mr. A. E. Stevens, of Toronto, brother of our townsmen Wm. M. and A. Stevens, arrived in town on Friday evening, having made the trip from Broekville on a bicycle in 2 hours and 5 minutes.

The number of pupils on the High

School register during the first of the current year was 23 classes as follows: Upper School 15, attendance 12. Average attendance 58.

Albert University conferred the degree of Master of Arts (M. A.), upon Mr. Johnson, of our High School, at its last convocation. Since this degree is now amalgamated with Victoria University, Mr. Johnson is entitled to all the rights and privileges of Victoria University.

The Promenade Concert and Strawberry Festival given under the auspices of the Good Templars, last week, was a success. After a bountiful supply of Strawberries had been disposed of, addresses were delivered by Rev's Sherman, Blair, and Service. The Committee have a handsome sum in hand after paying all expenses.

The following are the officers of Rising Sun Lodge No. 85, A. F. and A. M. for the ensuing Masonic year: Wor. Bro Wm. Johnston, M. A., V. M.; Bro I. C. Alguire, S. W.; Bro C. Pyc, J. W.; Bro S. Blanche, Treas.; Bro Rev. E. Sherman, Chap.; Bro Halladay, S. D.; Bro C. Wing, J. D.; Bro L. N. Phelps, I. G.; Bro H. C. Phillips, Tyler.

The department examinations of the three grades of the Intermediate, First Class and Class began in the High School building Monday, the 7th inst., and ended on the 14th. Forty-eight candidates presented themselves, of whom thirty were from our own town. Messrs. Rowan and ... presiding examiners. The results of this examination will be announced about the middle of August.

A lot of first-class dead beats in the shape of a troupe of Colored Jubilee Singers, visited this town on Wednesday evening last. 500 dodgers were circulated and large colored posters displayed in every available place. In response a \$2.50 house greeted them. The Armstrong house and the Reporter office is minus their bills, but as for us we are willing to buy a wit, and now having got a supply on hand, we hereby give notice to all traveling dead beats that we do no more work for their fraternity, without the all-powerful "pondoolack" paid promptly in advance.

Our big *etern* of the Recorder wax witty over our suspending the publication of the Reporter last week to attend a picnic, and is very sorry for the poor benighted citizens of Farmersville who it says will be lonesome. In reply we mildly suggest that if the people of this town had only the Recorder to keep them from being lonesome, they would be lonesome indeed, when we take into consideration that by actual count the Reporter stands in the ratio of 20 to 1 of the Recorder that reaches this postoffice. Don't be alarmed, brother, we will be able to take our lot of potatoes for some time to come, we trust.