

THE REPORTER.

VOL. II.

Farmersville, Wednesday, February 25, 1885.

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Publisher and Proprietor.

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Sir John replied in a characteristic fashion. He spoke in a manner that apparently tickled the whole delegation, and yet he told them absolutely nothing. He said the Government fully recognized the importance of the matters referred to in the memorial, but as with one exception they were all matters for parliamentary legislation, the Government could not speak finally. He could not, of course, say what action parliament would take, but said that their representations would be fully discussed during the present session. As to appointment of a commission, which comes within the power of the Executive, he said he thought it would be well to consult parliament before making any move in the matter. Regarding compensation, he said "For myself I voted for the Scott Act, though in opposition, and it was carried by the Liberal Government of Mr. Mackenzie. But as to the question of compensation, if total prohibition were introduced, I certainly as one would vote for compensation."

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The High School Law.

The amendments proposed by the Minister of Education in connection with the consolidation of the High School law, though not of pressing importance, are yet calculated to redress existing grievances, and to render the working of high schools and collegiate institutes more thorough and effective. As in the consolidation of the laws relating to the public schools, any legislation that has for its ob-

ject condensation and simplification, if at all wisely ordered, must prove beneficial.

The amendment of note gives a statutory standing to collegiate institutes, and defines their standing, fixing the average rate of attendance for each half year.

At present the chairman of the high school board possesses the power of voting twice on any question, once as a member of the board, and again if a casting vote is necessary. It is now proposed, and with good reason, to limit his voting power to the casting vote, in short, prescribing his prerogative the same as that of a reeve or any other presiding officer.

The proposal to give the high school trustees power to suspend or expel a pupil for cause, and also, as in the case of the proposed change in the public school act, the appointing of the township treasurer to be treasurer of the high school boards, are measures whose utility cannot be questioned. It is also intended to have the legislative grant paid directly to the treasurer of the school board, and not to the county treasurer as heretofore.

Hon. Mr. Ross frankly admits that he has been unable to devise a scheme, whereby aid can be given to those high schools situated in towns that do not receive a county grant. He believes they should have some additional assistance, but fails to hit upon an equitable scheme whereby this aid can be rendered.

Hereafter the examiners for the entrance examinations will be remunerated alike. The inspector is now paid, but the head master of the high school is not. It is also intended to have the high schools close for holidays on the same date as the public schools, thus removing a fruitful source of annoyance.

Finally, it is the intention to have the distribution of the high school grant made on a wider basis. At present the money is distributed on the basis of average attendance. But it is found that some schools are very liberal in the salaries they allow their teachers, thus securing the very best teachers, while other schools expend large amounts in the equipment of the buildings and grounds, and in the purchase of appendages for facilitating instruction. It is thought desirable to encourage both of these classes of expenditures, and, therefore it is proposed to take them into consideration in apportioning the legislative grant. In England, even in the public schools, payment on the basis of results prevails, and the adoption of a similar system in connection with our high schools, it is hoped will be found to work beneficially. The only apparent objection is that greater power over the schools will be placed in the hands of the education department, but as the legislation seems judicious, the objection will have to be borne with.

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SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Miles of Railroad in the United States
—Making Leather Waterproof
—Instantaneous Photography—&c., &c.

There are 124,000 miles of railroad in the United States, or seven times as many miles as there are in the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

An announcement was made a short time since before the Linnean Society of New South Wales by Mr. William Macleay that the total numbers of Australian fishes now amounts to 1,291 species.

An establishment in Bavaria for the manufacture and preserving of railroad sleepers is able to turn out 500,000 sleepers a year, which is about one-tenth of the number required annually for the maintenance of the German railroads.

There has lately been constructed by MM. Challiot and Gratiot, of Paris, a new tool to which they have given the name of the bi-radical drilling machine. The arm is jointed or hinged in the middle so that the drill can be brought to any point on the table without shifting the latter. Bevel gear transmits the power.

Cast-iron may be so hardened as to resist cutting by an ordinary file by the following method: When the iron is brought to a cherry-red heat, sprinkle some cyanide of potassium upon it, raise the temperature then little above red heat, and, lastly, dip in the tempering tank. Cyanide of potassium may be used for case-hardening iron also with decided effect.

For the first time in the history of the Academy of Sciences, Paris places have been offered by the Government to selected members to take part on a diplomatic commission. That learned body has recently received a requisition from M. Ferry to appoint three delegates to the international commission which is to meet in Washington on the 1st of October next to determine the choice of a first meridian.

When transplanting the strawberry, an expert forbids the removal of the runners, recommends leaving six inches of them attached to each side of the plant. The end of these runners are then to be bent down and buried with the roots. Plants thus treated are provided with means for drawing nourishment at once, and will thrive in adverse conditions which prove fatal to plants stripped of their runners.

In making the fluid extract and tinctures of cinchona, artemisia flowers, &c., Mr. Alfred B. Taylor has found it especially serviceable to use a portion of the finished preparation from a previous operation to macerate and partially exhaust the drug before applying the new portion of the mens' rau'm; and as there's no limit to the quantity of finished preparation that can be used when necessary, it is possible to exhaust completely the drug operated upon.

Prof. Thompson, in a recent lecture, informed his audience that the magnetic pole is now near Boothia Felix, or more than 1,000 miles west of the geographical pole. In 1657 the magnetic pole was due north, it having been eastward before that year. Then it began to move westward until 1816, when the maximum was reached. This is now being steadily diminished, and in 1976 it will again point due north. Prof. Thompson says that the changes which will have been observed not only on the direction, but in the strength of the earth's magnetism, will show that the same causes which originally magnetized the earth are still at work.

For making leather water-proof the following receipt has been printed: Twenty-four parts oleic acid, 18 ammonia soap, 24 water, 6 raw stearine acid, and 3 tannin extract are thus incorporated. The oleic acid is first melted with the raw stearine, then the ammonia soap is added, afterward the tannin extract, and finally the water. The ammonia soap is obtained by treating oleic acid with ammonia until the smell of the latter is not perceptible after a prolonged stirring. By adding to the whole mixture a solution of two parts copperas in six parts of water a deep black color is secured, admirably adapted for dyeing shoe leather.

The instantaneous photographs taken of various animals in motion have received marked attention from the Berlin Physical Society. It was seen on examining the several photographs separately that the conventional and customary representations of moving animals produced by artists were

not always correct, and some of the pictures as photographed seemed to be impossible. A whole series of views of the different positions assumed by the horse when trotting, on being looked at through the stroboscope, gave instant proof, however, of their fidelity to nature. These achievements of Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco, in photography have won for him a deservedly high European reputation.

Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surgeons to account for sudden death caused by apparently inadequate wounds in the heart, such as those made by the prick, without penetration even, of a needle. Herr Schmey, a student of the Physiological Institute, Berlin, has, however, just discovered that when a needle pricks a certain small spot on the lower border of the upper third of the septum cordis, quite instantaneously the movements of the heart are arrested and forever set motionless in death. "It is now the task of anatomical investigation," says Prof. Kromeker, who verified the discovery of his pupil, Herr Schmey, and communicated it to the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre, the existence of which has been proved experimentally."

Flints, including chips and cores and a large tomahawk weighing four pounds, from U.K., collected by Dr. H. B. Guppy, of the British Government vessel Lark, were lately exhibited and described by Dr. Liversidge before the Royal Society of New South Wales. Dr. Liversidge remarked that some years ago Mr. Brown, the Wesleyan missionary, brought from New-Britain a soft white limestone which was quite indistinguishable from chalk, not only physically but chemically, and pointed out that this discovery of flints afforded another very strong proof of the probable presence of true chalk of cretaceous age in the South Sea Islands. The flints which were shown before the society possessed all the characteristic of those from the chalk of Europe, and can not by mere inspection be distinguished from them.

English Preachers.

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two finest preachers of the Established Church. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome, though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mark Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again in bowsing head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name, but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought, and lucidity in reasoning could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember in particular, a sermon of his on the text, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophesy the gradual progress of the world toward a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of the responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

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Australian Defences.

The area of South Australia is so great, and its population and resources comparatively still so undeveloped, that no attempt to defend the country districts or the numerous small towns on the sea-board can at present be contemplated. The heart of the country boats in Adelaide, which is at once the seat of Government and the repository of the national wealth. It is estimated that once in the hands of an enemy the sum of £5,000,000 sterling could be levied from it in a few hours, by placing Government banks, and private individuals, alike, under rigorous contribution. The whole duty of local defences have been thrown upon the colonists themselves. Under no obligation to the Imperial Government to protect themselves, bound by no tie of federation to inter-colonial uniformity of action, and imbued with a touching belief in the ubiquity and omnipotence of the British fleet, the different Australian Governments drifted on vaguely for several years. This state of apathy was rudely dispelled by the Russo-Turkish scare of 1877, when the Antipodeans suddenly awoke to their defenceless condition. Soldiering is very popular in South Australia. There is a steady and ever-increasing flow of recruits into the ranks of the Militia, so that notwithstanding a severe medical examination, the inevitable waste is amply provided for. About 30 per cent of the time expedit men rejoin for a second term of three years, for which they receive £1 bounty. Many more enrol in the Reserve, where they annually attend twelve drills and fire through their classes to keep up the knowledge acquired with the colors. Between Militia and Volunteers about three thousand men have passed through the ranks, and are now more or less trained to the use of arms; they form a considerable, though unenrolled, reserve upon whom it would be safe to rely in case of emergency. The rising generation are also being steadily drilled at the State (anglice School Board) schools throughout the Colony. All teachers have to pass in company drill before appointment, and so well do they train their boys that more than once six or seven hundred lads, collected from various schools, have been marched on to the battle-ground and have gone through a long battalion drill with great success. Throughout the force the physique is excellent. The infantry in height, build and age, are decidedly superior to the line regiments of the present day, and the Artillery can hold their own with their brethren at home.

Of the remarkable loyalty and affection for the Old Country which prevades not only the South Australians, but all the Australasian troops, we will give one instance. Within four hours of the arrival in Adelaide of the news of our defeat at Majuba Hill three hundred men from the small defence force, we have been describing, had volunteered for active service in the Transvaal, "to help our chaps against the Boers." The offer had already been telegraphed home when the other colonies hearing of it, instantly began to follow suit, and in twenty-four hours 2,000 sturdy Australians had placed themselves at the service of the Home Government, eager to help to avenge the honor of the British flag. It is greatly to be hoped that the colonies will lose no time in federating for military and naval purposes.

At present each member of the Australian group works independently, without concert with her neighbors—a state of things which in time of peace is expensive, and in time of war might become dangerous. Even more pressing is the necessity for establishing a colonial government manufacturer of small-arm ammunition in some central locality, whence the magazines could be replenished without need of constant application to the British authorities.

Out of the population, which we may roughly estimate at 2,900,000, there are more than 16,000 men who voluntarily undertake military duties. The capital sums spent, or about to be spent, on permanent fortifications since 1877 (without reckoning naval defences) amount to a million sterling; while the estimated annual military expenditure is calculated at £272,000. In the face of these figures no one can accuse the Australian colonists of too exclusively relying on Imperial protection in case of war.

A Forfar bailie, being told recently that he was ambiguous, declared that the charge was false, as he had not drank anything for year.

The Honolulu Fish Market.

A visit to the fish market of Honolulu on a Saturday afternoon, Winter or Summer, (for there are no seasons here, remember,) is a sight seldom elsewhere to be met. Situated on the street lying beside the still surface of the bay, it seems as if the fish had only to be angled for with the fingers from the piers in order to be caught, cleaned, sold, cooked, and eaten. Every variety of fish is to be seen in this market, pre-eminently the nutritious mullet. Fish-wives, fish-husbands, and fish children barter the sea-merchandise from stalls or counters covered with fish and specie. Nowhere else that I know of could vendors leave in parallel piles upon their tables with impunity gold and silver coins often amounting to scores of dollars. A good deal of chattering, joking, and bargaining accompany proceedings in this place of trade, the picturesque natives preponderating both as buyers and sellers, while all around is life, noise, flutter, and business eagerness. The scene reminds one of the Neapolitan fish market in the square where Masaniello organized his popular uprising and revolutionary revolt—that bold fisherman, king of but three days' reign. Fish is a favorite food of the Hawaiian at all times, which, with a bowl of poi, makes up his usual meal. Shellfish, shrimp especially, are sold for salads *a la mayonnaise*, but there is no native edible oyster. The oyster of the Pacific, anywhere I have ever been, even on our California coast, in no wise equals our Atlantic Bay Points, Chesapeake, or East River bivalves, either as regards size, flavor, or subsequent epicurean satisfaction.

The Unexpected Visitor.

The uninvited visitor drops upon us at most in even times and seasons, quite a matter of course, like a *pooh* relation, and proceeds to make herself thoroughly at home without molestation. Naturally we do not expect any great amount of difficulty on the part of a person who is bold enough to intrude upon the privacy of another without a special request, and we are therefore but little surprised when we find her investigating the upper storey of the house, or devising means for invading the rooms that have been closed to her, or interviewing the servants; when she demands eatables not upon the table, and tells us about the luxurious surroundings of her last home: when knowing the breakfast hour, she wilfully lies in bed till that meal is served, till all the delicacies prepared for her delectation have lost their relish and become indigestible; when she is impatient if nothing is not being done for her entertainment; when she complains of the temperature of the dining room in warm weather, and the torment of the flies, the persistence of the mosquitoes, without seeming to realize that they are annoyances to which she has voluntarily subjected herself; or when she is curious about our work. At the same time that she aggravates us with her peculiarities, her audacities interest and amuse us; we find ourselves wondering what she will do or say next, and if she has exhausted her impertinences. And her peculiarities afford a constant theme for mirthful thought long after she has left us.

Selling Eggs by Weight.

There is from twenty to thirty per cent difference in the weight of eggs, yet the custom is almost universal in the Eastern markets, of selling them by the dozen at a uniform price. Even ducks' eggs, which are much larger, and by some regarded as richer, bring no more than the smallest hen's eggs, of not half the weight. In California, eggs, fruits, and many other articles that are here sold by the dozen, the bunch, or by measure, are sold by weight. The practice is a good one and works beneficially for all parties especially for the producer. It operates as a premium upon the cultivation of the most productive varieties of fruits, vegetables, and farm stock. The farmer, who is painstaking with his poultry and gets the largest weight of eggs, has a fair reward for his skill and industry. The present custom is a premium to light weights, and good layers. We need a change in the interest of fair dealing in trade, and, if necessary, it should be enforced by legislation. If the legislature is competent to fix the weight of a bushel of corn or potatoes, it can easily regulate the weight of a dozen eggs, and thus promote justice between buyer and seller.

A hearty meal taken while excessively fatigued has often destroyed life.

MY FIRST READER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

I see a book. It is a First Reader. A First Reader is a book for very young children.

And being a book for very young children, containing in a condensed form the milk of literature, who would have imagined that it ever could have by any possibility become the means of bringing the greatest confusion and vexation to a grown-up? But it did. I, Samuela Golden, am that grown-up. And I am the author, or nearly the author (under the ablest supervision, I frankly confess), of that First Reader.

The way it came about was this. I have always been passionately fond of children. When but a decidedly small specimen of humanity myself I adored all the smaller specimens with whom I chanced to meet. At the tender age of six, there being then no baby at my own home, I deliberately entered the home of our washer-woman one day, knowing her to be absent at the time, and stole her five-months-old Patsy from the cradle in which he was peacefully sleeping, and in spite of his kicks and yells, when he awoke to the situation, I managed to carry him safely to our house—fortunately not far distant—and place him in the arms of my very much astonished mother. And when he was reclaimed and carried away again by his rightful owner, I sat me down on the floor with a bang, and opened my mouth to its utmost width, and lifted up my voice to its utmost height, and refused most emphatically to be comforted.

This love of little ones did not diminish in the least as I grew in stature and in years. On the contrary, it seemed to increase, and it became as natural for me to talk baby talk to and make baby rhymes for every wee darling that came in my way as it was for me to breathe. And for the older youngsters I had always a story ready—some simple thing about simple things, but, by virtue of creation, my own. And having contrived to be an unobserved listener to several of these stories, and having also learned from Sue, his little niece, that I “made up out of my own head” the jingles with which she often sought to entertain him, Mr. Erickson, our school-master—and a very clever fellow too—said to me one afternoon, “Miss Golden, I have undertaken a task in which I think—nay, I am sure—that you can, if you will, be of great assistance to me.”

“And pray what may that task be?” asked I, wonderingly.

“The preparation of a First Reader,” he replied. “I do not expect the pecuniary results to be princely, though no doubt you would realize enough to compensate you for whatever time you might expend; but the practice would be excellent for you, and perhaps open the way for better paying literary work.”

“Literary work,” repeated I. “Why, I never even dreamed of such a thing.”

“Did you not?” he said, with a smile. “Well, you are not the first person who has remained in ignorance of his or her particular talent until a friend discovered it. But are you willing to give me a helping hand with the book?”

“Most willing,” said I. “Tell me plainly what I am to do, or to try to do, and I will begin this very evening.”

And I did begin that very evening, and extremely glad I was to do so. For I had already, although April had scarcely set in, trimmed my usual amount of spring hats and bonnets, which—our community not following strictly, for good and sufficient reasons, the decrees of fashion—also included most of the summer ones, thereby cutting off that source of income for four or five months. And it had been highly necessary that another source should be discovered immediately. From which statement you will naturally infer that the Golden family was golden only in name. It was. Otherwise, of course

I mean in a money sense, it was nickelly, and not that to as great an extent as desirable.

Father—well, any kind of steady business seemed to disagree with father; consequently he contributed to our support only by fits and starts. Daniel, our eldest boy, worked faithfully as an assistant book-keeper in a publishing house in New York city, and sent nearly half his salary to mother the first of every month. George, our youngest boy, was clerk (with a hope of some day becoming one of the firm) at the Willwood general store; and I, as I have intimated above, was the Willwood milliner. But work as hard as we might, Daniel, George, and I, we could do no more, even with the intermittent helps from father, than take care of ourselves and the rest of the family in the humblest way. (The rest of the family consisted of mother—a darling—grandmother—another darling—and three of the sweetest, cunningest little girls, two, five, and six years old, that ever needed to be taken care of.) So, as you may well imagine, I was not only delighted, but extremely delighted, to get the chance of assisting Mr. Erickson with the Reader. And I confided as much to Matt Brewster when we were coming home from church together the next Sunday evening. “Because, you see, Matt,” said I, “if I succeed with this, maybe I can go on writing until”—and I caught my breath at the boldness of the idea—“I am found worthy of a place in the juvenile magazines, and, as a successful writer, I could help the family much more than I can now, for literary work is for all seasons, and millinery only for two or three months out of the whole year.”

“You forget,” said Matt, “your rich uncle who is coming here from Australia soon, and who will, no doubt, so arrange things that the family will need no help at all from your hands.”

“Oh dear!” said I, “so I did. But he has forgotten us for so many years—ever since I was five, and I was nineteen on my last birthday—that now he has descended to remember our existence, and promise us a visit, it’s no wonder that I can’t keep him in mind. And we are not sure that his coming will benefit us any. He may be a cranky old man, and very hard to please. It is more than likely he is, for father (with whom he could never agree, though he is his only brother) tells me he was an unusually cranky young one.”

“Oh, you must make him pleased with you,” declared Matt, decisively. “You have one advantage, and a great one, over the others. You are his goddaughter, you know.”

“I know it to my sorrow,” I assented. “Samuela! What a name to give an unfortunate girl baby! If it hadn’t been for that saying ‘Ella,’ what would I have done? Fancy a woman’s being called ‘Sam’ all her life!”

“But you will do your best to get into the old chap’s good graces, won’t you?” said Matt, coaxingly.

“Well, yes, I will, since your heart seems to be set upon it,” I promised, though I wondered at the time why he was so anxious that I should become a favorite of Uncle Sam’s. “I’ll do everything but give up the Reader.”

Matt Brewster was chief proprietor of the store where my brother George was clerk, and he was also my acknowledged lover. The latter fact made me the envy of half the girls in Wildwood, for Matt was considered the handsomest and most fascinating young bachelor in the place. He was tall and slender, with very fair hair, light blue eyes, a straight nose, and a small mouth.

Mrs. Leroy, the young wife of old Captain Leroy—looked up to with great respect by three-fourths of the population of Wildwood, because she had her bonnets and gloves straight from Paris,—gave it as her opinion that his brow was too narrow, and his chin too retreating. “Give me,” she said, calmly and coolly, “the schoolmaster, any day, in preference. He is not quite as tall, but his shoulders are

broad, so is his forehead, and he has a certain manly look and way about him that is utterly lacking in Mr. Matthew Brewster.”

Strange as it may appear, I did not feel as indignant at this adverse criticism of my betrothed (by-the-way, I had stipulated at the time of our engagement, now two months old, that marriage should not be thought of for at least two years) as some of the other girls did. Nettie Haley, for instance—daughter of Haley the builder, with a snug little fortune in her own right, inherited from her mother—was particularly wroth.

“She only talks that way,” she said, referring to Mrs. Leroy, “because she wants to seem different from everybody else, just as she sends to Paris from this out-of-the-way village for her bonnets and gloves. Why, there’s no comparison between the two men. Matt dances beautifully; Mr. Erickson don’t dance a step. Matt sings lovely; Mr. Erickson can only join in a bass. Matt has a complexion like a girl’s; and Mr. Erickson has one like—like.”

“A man’s,” I suggested, mischievously, as she paused for a comparison.

“Oh, pshaw, Ella, what a tease you are! And about your own beau, too! But I don’t really believe you know”—and here she heaved a deep sigh—“what a lucky girl you are.”

Well, I began the Reader, and soon became so absorbed in my work that everything I cast eyes upon instantly resolved itself into a First Lesson. Did the butcher stop at the door, “I see a man; he is a butcher; a butcher sells meat,” immediately flashed through my brain. Did one of my intimate friends call, I greeted her in my mind with, “I see a girl; her name is May” (or Lib, or Molly, whichever it might be); “she comes to tell some news.” My very dreams were haunted by like examples. I saw the queerest things. Their names were gibberish. They played strange and ridiculous pranks. But for all that—perchance in consequence of all that—the book progressed rapidly, and the first hundred lessons were almost completed, when mother received a letter from a cousin of hers, dated from the same place in Australia from which Uncle Sam’s had come. It read as follows:

“DEAR SARAH,—Your brother-in-law starts for Wildwood in a few days. I trust that he will arrive safely, and bring you permanent relief from your pecuniary troubles. You will find him much changed in personal appearance—the result of several hard fights in which he has been engaged—since you last saw him. Never handsome, he is now—peculiar-looking. I write this especially to warn you, and to have you warn the others, not to allude in the slightest way to the physical blemishes it will be impossible for you not to observe, as any such allusion would have the effect of rousing him to furious anger. With love to Samuela, upon whom he seems inclined to look with favor, and kind remembrances to the rest, I am yours faithfully, TOM.”

And not very long after the reception of this letter Uncle Sam made his appearance. He was “peculiar-looking,” to use a favorite remark of one of our oldest citizens, “with a vengeance.”

His head was bald in spots, as though the hair had been pulled out by great handfuls, and his face was all awry. Add to this the expression of an ogre, and you will not wonder that the children, who had been hastily dressed at news of his approach, were as hastily withdrawn to the kitchen when he arrived. Poor little darlings, we got them away just in time, for their lips had begun to quiver and their eyes to grow big with frightened surprise. “They will get used to him by degrees,” whispered my mother, as I gave each of them a reassuring kiss. “And now, Ella dear, go back and do your best to entertain him until your father comes in, while I see about the dinner.”

I returned to the parlor. I sat down opposite our visitor. I found a dreadful fascination in his unsymmetrical face. I could not remove my eyes from it. I essayed to speak, but before my mouth was fairly open Uncle Sam bent his shaggy brows and growled, “And so you’re Sam, are you? And what do you see that you stare in that way?”

And then the spirit of that First Reader, in spite of all that I could do to resist it, took complete possession of me. I replied slowly and distinctly: “I see a man; he is a queer-looking man; he has a crooked nose; he has a crooked mouth; he has a crooked chin; he has crooked eyes; he has an awful scowl; he is a rich man. I am a poor girl. I would rather be a pretty poor girl than a rich crooked man.”

And that was the last of our expectations from Uncle Sam. He arose, thundered forth some words which I can not repeat, broke all the mantel ornaments at one fell swoop, and left the house never to return again.

I’ll just add, to whom it may concern, that soon after the hopes of a fortune from my godfather were thus destroyed, my engagement to Matt Brewster was broken, and that young gentleman married Nettie Haley.

As for me, I was “lucky” enough to become the happy wife of John Erickson. And our First Reader proved a perfect success.

Tooth Drawing Extraordinary.

The fashionable and eccentric physician, Dr. Monsey, who lived in Sir Robert Walpole’s time, took so keen a delight in drawing teeth by this particular process that, in the absence of a patient with a fee for the service, he would sometimes be his own dentist, and operate on himself from a pure love of art. The process was this. Round the tooth to be drawn the doctor fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the other end of which a bullet was attached. A pistol having been charged with this bullet and a full measure of powder, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could rarely prevail on his friends to let him remove their teeth in this singular and startlingly simple manner. Once a gentleman, who had agreed to make trial of the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, turned craven at the last moment. “Stop! stop!” he exclaimed, “I’ve changed my mind.” “But I haven’t changed mine, and you are a coward for changing yours,” answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. Even at this distance of time it would be pleasant to discover that the patient of this comedy was his grace of Grafton, and that to avenge himself for the loss of a place in the lord chamberlain’s gift, the operator attached the catgut to the wrong tooth.—*Leisure Hour*.

A Story of a Pocket.

A fire broke out in a dwelling house the other night, and after the man and his wife had safely reached the street the latter said that there was \$50 in the pocket of her dress, hanging in a second-story back room.

“I’ll go for it,” said the husband, and he plunged into the burning building.

The flames raged furiously, and the man did not return. At the expiration of an hour the fire was extinguished and the back building caved. Firemen groped their way up the rear stairs through water and blinding smoke, and found the man in the closet still fumbling at his wife’s dress, looking for the money.

He was nearly suffocated with smoke, but had strength enough to say that he thought he would have found the pocket inside of two hours. It never occurred to him to seize the dress and rush out with that. Some men get so excited and nervous in time of fire.

The fame that comes from hanging is but hemp-tie honor.

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

The Lace Wale, —OR— THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

Founded on fact, except as to names & places.

BY ENG.—A FARMERSVILLE BOY.

"Who owns that nice house and that cluster of neat looking out-buildings down at the corner, about a mile from here?"

This question was asked by a young man travelling on foot of a farmer who was working near the road on which the young man was travelling. The place was some ten or eleven miles north-east from what was then the thriving town, but now the flourishing city, of Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A. The time of the year was about the first of June, when farmers had just finished sowing and planting for the season. In the interim between sowing and hoeing all nature looked gay and cheerful. The grass was growing green by the roadside and in the pastures and meadows. Apple, plum, and other fruit-bearing trees and shrubs were in full blossom, while wild flowers were scattered in profusion over the fields and woods. The bees were busy among the flowers, the birds were singing in the branches or building their nests, and even the cattle and sheep appeared to be enjoying the situation to an extraordinary degree after the long confinement of a New-England winter. The newly sown grain was beginning to cover the fields with its beautiful mantle of green, thus reminding men of the beautiful and encouraging promise, that seed time and harvest should continue while the earth remained. The whole combined tended to dispose people to acts of generosity, benevolence, and hospitality.

"You don't live in these parts," said the farmer, "or you wouldn't be asking that question. That's Squire Gibson's place, or Roddy Gibson, as they used to call when he was little, and the name stuck to him till they elected him Justice of the Peace, three years ago, since which time we call him Squire Gibson. He has lived down there now for over twenty years, he and his wife, who was Susan Edwards. She was an orphan, and was brought up by her grandfather and grandmother, old Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell, and to tell you how he came to get her for a wife would be as good as a novel, in fact, in one sense, it's better, because it's true, and that is something which can very seldom, if ever, be said of novels, for, as a general thing, they don't even pretend to be true."

"Well, no," replied the traveller, "I don't live very near here. My home is within a few miles of Hartford, Connecticut. Father brought me about twenty miles this morning, and he thought I could go the rest of the way on foot. I am going down to Providence. My uncle, Charles Ripley, lives there. He keeps a grocery and liquor store. His boy, Fred, who was three years younger than I, used to help his father tend shop, and he began once in a while to taste the liquor he was selling, till by frequently tasting he soon became very fond of the stuff, and one night,

having tasted rather too much, he walked out and either walked or staggered off the dock and was drowned. They got his body the next day, and held an inquest over it. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death by drowning, but neglected to say anything about the cause of the accident. Uncle Charles wrote me to come to him and I am going to see what he wants. Father thinks he will want me to stay in the shop with him, but he advised me by all means to return to the farm by or before the harvest time, but I do not know what I shall do till I get there. In the meantime, I wish you had time to tell and I had time to listen to more about Squire Gibson (I think you called him) and his marriage. You say it is as good as a novel, and if it is, I should like to hear all about it—but I suppose I ought to be going as the day is wearing away."

"Do not be in a hurry, young man," said the farmer, "you will have plenty of time to walk ten miles after two o'clock, and I see by the smoke coming out of the chimney that dinner will soon be ready. Stay, and after dinner I will tell you all about Roddy and Susan, and if you don't say it's better than any novel you've read this last winter, I shall be disappointed, that's all."

The traveller consented to wait for dinner, and after partaking of a substantial, old-fashioned New England dinner of baked meat and beans, together with such other accompaniments as are found on a farmer's table, the young man reminded his host of his promise, who immediately began as follows:

"Well, you see, Roddie's father was from Scotland, and that's the way he came to call his boy Roderick, but whether in honor of Roderick Dhu or some other Roderick, I don't know. Any way, he was a Presbyterian Minister and brought up his family in a strictly religious observance of the Sabbath and in the practice of other religious duties, and no doubt that, together with a good education, has been the principal means of bringing Squire Gibson to be where and what he is. For whatever some people may say to contrary, in at least nine cases out of ten, the training of infancy and childhood exert a powerful influence in forming the character of the man or woman, especially if precept and example are alike, and that is the reason why the precept and example of the mother are so much more powerful and abiding than that of the father.—But I'm off the story. Well, then, Susan, she was the daughter of James Edwards, a boot, shoe and leather dealer, down in Providence, where you are going. He was doing a good business till his wife died of consumption, leaving Susan only eighteen months old. Mr. Edwards, himself, by being so much in the same room with his wife during her long continued sickness, also caught the disease, and only lived a year and a half after his wife. He had accumulated a considerable amount of money and property, and in his will left thousand dollars to Susan, to be paid to her on her marriage, or when twenty-one years of age, if unmarried."—To be Continued.

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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.

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PYE'S SPACE.
Look here next week.

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BOOTS & SHOES

No More Credit.
THE undersigned begs to inform his old patrons and the public generally that he has re-opened the manufacturing branch of his Boot and Shoe business, and is fully prepared to do all kinds of work in first-class style, and at prices that defy competition, stock and workmanship considered. Sewed and fine work a specialty. Having engaged a competent foreman, Mr. J. W. BATSTONE, a good fit is guaranteed, and work made as ordered.

Give us a call and inspect our stock.
For cash only.

In the old stand, Mansell Block,
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J. H. McLaughlin.
All parties indebted to me will save costs by settling with me at once.

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Over Kincaid's Tin Shop, Main St.
Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing done in latest City Style.

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THE STEVENSON PIANO.
The following is an unsolicited testimonial as to the merits of this excellent Piano:—

To Stevenson & Co.:
Dear Sirs.—As a matter of justice I wish to give my unsolicited recommendation of the Stevenson Piano. The Stevenson Company warranted the Piano for a term of years. They have thus far more than fulfilled their contract. The Piano in our Parlor in Albert College delights all musicians who test its fine qualities. After the instrument had been in use a few weeks, I gave a willing testimony to its many excellencies. Now, after nearly two years of constant use, my opinion has not changed, except for the better. The true test of a piano is in using it one or two years. The Stevenson Piano has borne that test. I am more than satisfied.

J. R. JACQUES, D. D., Ph. D.,
Pres. of Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

Go to the People's Store,

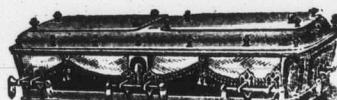
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THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR 50,000 lbs OF

WOOL.
C. L. LAMB,
Farmersville, May 20th, 1884.



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Our old established Grocery Store is as usual supplied with a full line of GOOD AND CHEAP GROCERIES.

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GENERAL MERCHANT,
MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE.
Has a Large and Carefully selected stock to which he invites

The inspection of Intending Purchasers,

Particularly at this time as he is now offering unprecedented

Bargains in all Lines,

His assortment of Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds and worsted Coatings are pronounced by all

SUPERIOR IN STYLE AND QUALITY
to any shown in town.

Call and see us, we will be pleased to show our goods and you will be more than pleased with the value we offer.

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MAIN ST. FARMERSVILLE.

Dealer in New and Cheap

GROCERIES &c.,

Including Sugars, Canned Goods of all kinds, Tobaccos, and Soaps.

Flour & Tea a Specialty,

Hyson, Uncolored and Basket Fired Japan Teas. Fresh Oranges and Lemons constantly in stock. Our Groceries will be found Good and Cheap.

In connection with the above

Mrs. JOS. THOMPSON,

Has a large assortment of

Millinery, Feathers, Flowers, & Ribbons, With the Latest Styles in

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

Remember we guarantee satisfaction to all; and if goods are not what we represent them we will refund the money. Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

New Grocery AND PROVISION STORE.

Wiltse & Mayhew.

The subscribers having opened up business in the building formerly used

As a Meat Market, (which has been fitted for the purpose) we wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared to furnish them with

CHOICE GROCERIES,

Prices Lower than any house in Town, for Cash or Ready Pay. Look at these prices and then judge for yourself:

24 lbs good Muscavado sugar	\$1 00
13 lbs Granulated sugar for.....	1 00
13 lbs Prunes for.....	1 00
13 lbs Currants for.....	1 00
13 lbs Raisins for.....	1 00
8 lbs Soda for	25
5 lbs Tea for.....	1 00
5 gallons Coal Oil for.....	1 00

The best brands of Teas from 25 to 40 cents per lb. Tobaccos at a great reduction

ALL KINDS OF CANNED GOODS,

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Pork and Lard always on hand. Brooms, Tubs and all kinds of Wooden-ware kept in stock and sold at the lowest prices.

BREAD & BISCUIT Fresh From the BAKER'S

Fresh Oysters 35 cents per qt
~~Cash Paid for HIDES.~~

The highest price paid for Eggs.

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Forty Different Styles to Select From.

Get my prices before ordering as I can sell cheaper than any dealer in the county.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

All the important events of the week ending on Tuesday evening.

The revised version of the Old Testament will be published at Easter.

The next yearly meeting of the A. O. U. W. will be held at St. Catharines.

The public debt of Canada is increasing at a tremendous rate. On the 1st inst., it amounted to \$255,966,416.

The Pope has refused to see Davitt. He fears that England would deem an interview with Davitt, under present circumstances an unfriendly act.

The committee on Naval Affairs at Washington has adopted a report exonerating Capt. DeLong from any misconduct in connection with the Jeanette expedition.

The delegation of Millers that recently interviewed the Government at Ottawa regarding an increase in the duty on flour, report that they received a promise that in future the duty would be increased from 50c. to 75c. per barrel.

The House Committee at Washington takes the ground, in its report, that the power to control the liquor traffic rests wholly in the States, and that stringent restrictions and safeguards are more practicable than any attempt to enforce prohibition.

A Bill was passed in the United States Senate on Wednesday last, making it a misdemeanor for any man or corporation to employ any alien or foreigner who may go to the United States without the fixed purpose of becoming a citizen.

The Dominion Government has issued a circular directing license commissioners to proceed with the issue of liquor licenses for next year. This means that that the recent Supreme Court decision is to be taken up to the Privy Council.

The propeller Michigan of the Grand Trunk service, on the 18th inst., was frozen in the ice 23 miles west of Grand Haven. Seventeen of the crew crossed the intervening ice and reached the shore after a perilous journey. Thirteen remained on board. The ice extends into the lake as far as the eye can reach, and the propeller will have to await a thaw.

An extraordinary story comes from the United States. Agnes Booth, daughter of the Salvation Army Commander, General Booth, is said to be visiting Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities, organizing a regiment of girls who will be trained in "Sacred dramatic matters" for the purpose of furnishing entertainments to offset those of the variety theatres and concert halls. Scenery is being prepared for the presentation in dramatic form of some of the most solemn scenes in Biblical history. Miss Booth is reported to have said that thirty girls are already giving performances in a variety theatre in Whitechapel, London, illustrative of the "Triumph of God in the soul," and that the experiment has proved a success. The story seems incredible, but if it be true, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to prevent such an outrage on propriety.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.

Omens of Good and Evil That Sailors Believe in.

There is probably no class of people in the world so full of superstitious belief as the average sailor, unless, indeed, it be the negroes of the south. This belief in omens of the sea is not confined alone to forecastlemen, but is to a greater or lesser extent shared by captains and mates. In conversation a few days ago with a grizzily-bearded and bronzed old mariner, who has trod the quarter-decks of ships as master for upward of a quarter of a century, a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter broached the subject of the superstition of sailors. "Do sailors believe in omens?" said the captain, repeating the reporter's question, "well you can bet your starry top-lights they do. They are the crankiest lot of men in the world, and you would be astonished to know what trifling matters sometimes causes them to give up going on a voyage. I have known sailors to predict the direst calamities to a ship because they happened to sneeze while going on board. Then again, if a vessel is delayed in port and does not sail at the appointed time, it is a bad omen, according to Jack's ideas. They have good omens too. A fair day when they ship is a good sign, and if the sun is shining brightly on the day they sail, it is a sign that the vessel will have a speedy and prosperous voyage. A baffling head wind leads sailors to believe that there is a Jonah on board, and they do all sorts of things, such as burning a piece of old sail or rope-yarn, and the throwing overboard of a sea biscuit to exorcise the evil effects of his presence, and when the wind does shift and becomes fair they attribute it to their sorcerism, their good spirits return, and all goes merry until something else happens to disturb their fears.

"I remember an old fellow I once shipped at Liverpool for the voyage home to New York," continued the captain. "He was a veritable old sea-dog, and the crew at once set him down as a Jonah. He was called Liverpool Jack, and was the queerest chap I ever saw. He wanted the voyage prolonged as much as possible, and one day the men caught him in the foretop whistling for a head wind, and, sure enough, the following morning the wind shifted and came dead from the head. This, of course, necessitated the frequent tacking of the ship, and the curses of the crew were loud and long. That wind stuck to us for three days, and the crew decided to chuck Jack overboard, and I verily believe they would have carried their threat into execution had the wind not changed. Sailors also have an aversion to clergymen's sons, and if they know that one is on board a vessel they will not ship under any consideration. Why they dislike a vessel with a minister's son on board I have never found out, but it is considered one of the worst 'hoodoos' by sailors. Out at sea if, as is frequently the case, a shark follows in the wake of a vessel, it is a sign that some one on board will soon die, but it is one of the worst omens to kill it. Of all the seabirds what are known as a 'Mother Cary's chicken,' a dark bird somewhat resembling a gull, but about the size of a chicken, is held most sacred by the forecastle men. Its presence foretells an approaching storm, and this sign hardly ever fails. A seaman would as soon think of swimming across the Pacific ocean as to molest one of the chickens. Then, again, it is bad luck, so sailors say, to kill the sea-gulls that follow ships out at sea, as they are considered the harbingers of good luck. If dolphins accompany the vessel, it is also considered a good omen."

A singular incident happened some years ago on board an American ship en route to this city. A few days out from New York a booby, a bird somewhat like a gull, but much smaller, alighted on the foretop, and one of the sailors went up and caught it. The booby was brought on deck, where it was attacked by the ship's dog. The animal flew at the bird,

which drove its bill down the dog's throat, and thus the two remained until separated. The booby was thrown overboard, and was not seen for some time, when suddenly it reappeared perched in the foretop again. A sailor went aloft and captured it, and it was brought down and taken into the forecastle, where the sailors held a trial, and the bird was sentenced to death. The executioner was the carpenter, and the unfortunate booby was beheaded. The dog disappeared after the encounter, but immediately after the bird had been killed it came on deck and began running around in a circle. This was continued for some time, when suddenly it made a dash for the stern of the ship and jumped overboard. Even the captain, a Boston man, was affected by the incident, and for several days the deepest sort of gloom prevailed among those on board, and some of the crew predicted some disaster before the end of the voyage, and none felt entirely easy until port was reached.

In addition to being superstitious sailors have queer names for things on ship-board. His bunk in the forecastle he terms his pew; he says "aft" for "abait" and "fornst" for "forward." The captain is known as the "old man," the carpenter as "chips," and the cook is the only man abait and foremost that has the distinction of having his office mentioned in connection with his name, and he is referred to as Ben or Joe the cook. An old sailor is called "a whale." A drunken man is referred to as being "three sheets in the wind," no doubt because he staggers like a ship in a storm under shortened sail. As to the use of profanity, sailors are peculiar. They do most of their cursing in heavy weather, when sails are being furled and when the wind is howling through the rigging with terrific force. Take him in fair weather, however, and he is a mild sort of a person, seldom swears and cheerily braces the yards around to the tune of "Ye heave ho, a ho, for to Hongkong we will go."

Greeley's Casual Lunch.

Speaking of Horace Greeley, the anecdotes which have been going the rounds of the press about his wonderful powers of digestion, recall one of Parton's stories. Greeley was much interested in the log-cabin campaign, and during it could think and talk of nothing else. One night he was invited out to tea. The hour came. All were present, but Greeley did not appear. After waiting a reasonable time, the rest of the party sat down and ate their meal. A half hour after they had finished, in came Mr. Greeley. He said nothing about being late, and apparently had forgotten about taking anything to eat. He sat down, and at once began to talk about the campaign. The lady of the house attempted to ask him if he had had his tea, but he brushed the question aside, and went on talking.

She went out and brought in a large cake basket, holding perhaps a half peck of doughnuts, rich and greasy, but not bad to taste; these she handed to Mr. Greeley supposing he would take one or two, and then pass them along. He took the dish mechanically, and placed it in his lap. He then took a doughnut and munched away unconsciously as he talked. This eaten he took another, and so went on eating and talking, to the surprise of all, until the half peck was entirely eaten up. As he finished the last one, the lady took away the dish, and I suppose on the principle that cheese is good for digestion, she put a plate of this in its place, Mr. Greeley talking all the time.

A moment later and his hand instinctively sought the cheese. He took it up, block after block, and before he had finished talking, the plate was empty. It was taken away quietly, and the person who witnessed the scene says he don't believe Greeley was either then or afterwards aware that he had eaten anything.

HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS.

Ancient Biblical Parchments Undergoing Examination in St. Petersburg.

A St. Petersburg telegram to the London *Standard* says: Dr. Harkavy has commenced the laborious task of collating his precious Hebrew manuscripts of portions of the Old Testament with the received text, and has already lighted upon variations interesting in themselves and significant of what may be expected when the comparison has extended to as many books as it at present covers verses. It will be seen from the following examples that where the texts differ the new reading is unquestionably superior to the old; and there is good reason to hope that the result of Dr. Harkavy's discovery may be very extensive emendations of portions of the Old Testament.

The parchments number fifty-one, and a close inspection shows that some are much older than others, for not only are the skins themselves in various states (which might be accounted for by accidents or exposure), but the characters employed vary considerably, showing a gradual approach to the square writing of ordinary Hebrew, to which, however, they are evidently anterior. The characters used in the most recent of them originated not later than the second century after Christ; and this is confirmed by the fact that some letters are almost identical with those known to have been used in Jerusalem in the first century before Christ. Others, again, are unlike any known form; while the *shin* approaches the Alt-Indisch, though the resemblance may be accidental.

The date of the manuscripts is another question altogether, and one which can not yet be determined. It seems hardly possible that a colony of Jews still exists employing a writing which points to their isolation from the rest of their race for some two thousand years; but Dr. Harkavy is convinced that there was such a colony once; and indeed, the phenomena presented by these manuscripts can not be otherwise explained.

As to the variations, they may be due, as the professor remarks, either to later corrections or to the antiquity and purity of the text; but in any case they promise to be both interesting and valuable. Thus, in Lamentations ii., 3, *ke* meaning "like," is left out before *esh*, meaning "flaming fire." In the fourth verse of the same chapter the omission of the same word alters the meaning of the first sentence from "He (the Lord) bent His bow like an enemy," to "The enemy hath bent His bow;" while the next sentence, owing to a similar omission, and the word *nitzal* being replaced by *hitib*, reads: "The adversary stretched forth his right hand," instead of, as in the authorized version, "He (the Lord) stood with His right hand as an adversary." In the sixth verse, instead of *vaynass*, "despised," we have *vaygrass*, "crushed," or, as the same word is translated in Judges, "oppressed." The passage in Lamentations ii., 9, of the authorized version reads: "The Lord * * * hath despised in the indignation of His anger the king and the priest;" for which the newly-discovered manuscript would read: "The Lord hath crushed," etc. The seventh verse reads in the authorized version: "The Lord hath cast off His altar, He hath abhorred His sanctuary." In these MSS., *nier*, "abhorred" is replaced by *miggen*, a word translated in Genesis xiv., 29, "delivered," where the passage reads: "The most high God hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand." Finally, in Lamentations iv., 18, instead of *sady*, we have *ssaru*; that is, instead of "They hunt our steps, that we cannot go in our streets"—"Our steps are restrained," etc., etc.

The work of photographing the manuscripts and publishing Dr. Harkavy's memoir will be undertaken by the Academy of Sciences.

The manuscripts were brought to the Black sea in a ship called the *Ekaterina Koupa*, by a sailor named Oria Bashan,

They were found by his father Alexander Bashan, thirty years ago, in the Island of Rhodes, after a great fire; but whether in a private house or in a synagogue is not known. Oria regarded them as an amulet and parted with them unwillingly.

The Name for a Girl.

If we granted the following request, which comes to us from Kentucky, we should do the baby referred to a poor service:

"Please send us some pretty name for a girl baby—something novel and uncommon—and you will much oblige a reader of the *Sun*."

Novel and uncommon, or merely pretty and fanciful names, are the ones of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification which will do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some old and romantic name.

The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves and sweet in their associations. There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion, are inappropriate, except in the nursery, as pet appellations of babies.

There are a score of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are all good, and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them, they are none the less attractive. Those which are most commonly used, are indeed, the most agreeable to the ear—like Mary and Margaret, Catherine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. Affection will never get tired of them. They will be as common a thousand years from now, as they were a thousand years ago, and as they are to-day.

We therefore advise our friend to give up his plan for distinguishing his girl by burdening her with some "novel and uncommon" name, and if she grows to be a sensible woman she will thank us for our refusal to assist him in finding such an appellation.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Alcoholization of Pigs.

Men of low intellectual endowment with a taste for strong drink will derive much comfort from the result of one of the latest experiments which, at the suggestion of the ex-brandy king of Sweden, the French temperance society has been making on the alcoholization of pigs. The experiments which were commenced in 1879 on a number of pigs of the so-called Anglo-Chinese breed have been continued ever since. Each pig was kept in a separate sty, but twice a day they were all fed together in an adjoining yard. Alcohol was mixed with their food, and after each meal they all fell into a deep sleep, but showed no signs of excitement, except now and then a slight muscular trembling. The difference of the effect of alcohol on human beings and pigs is believed to arrive from the smallness of a pig's brains, for the larger the brain the more dangerous the effect of intoxication. Hence, although the companions of St. Anthony may occasionally indulge in their taste for juniper, they are in no danger of being attacked by delirium tremens.

A woman found wandering the streets in Jersey City a few nights ago, when taken to a police station said she had been married three weeks, but had forgotten her husband's name. We have heard of a woman marrying \$500,000 and forgetting her husband's other name, but this Jersey City woman's defective memory is more remarkable, inasmuch as her husband was not worth a cent. Some women and men, too—can forget a great deal in three weeks.

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

MOVING IDYLS.

They were moving, not the ordinary and regular routine of May 1, when distressed families flock from one cramped and inconvenient dwelling into another of the same type, but this was a going

"Out of the old house into the new,"—and the mother's face was serious, for there was one of the little flock missing, not lost, but gone before into the new home, in the city whose walls lie four square.

Thus it happened that one little room was left to the last, and as a rough workman laid his hand on the door, and pushed it open, the mother cried out as if he had struck her a blow:

"Oh, not there! Not there! I will move those things myself. You cannot touch them!"

"That was baby Grace's room and she died in that little bed," said one of the older children.

The rough workman stayed his foot on the threshold. Then he touched his hat, and his voice was husky as he said:

"If ye please, ma'am, I'll handle them things gently. I've a little one of my own in glory—the heavens be her bed—and it's myself will see them not a bit damaged, and I'll settle it beyond with you."

It was "the one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."

THE HELPING HAND

Men are generally conspicuous by their absence during moving time, and shrewd business men have actually been known to have sudden calls by bus telegrams to distant parts of the country, not getting home till the new house had been thoroughly warmed for their comfort, or discomfort as they sometimes find. So it usually happens the man of the house at moving time is woman who drives sharp bargains with carpenters and tackhammers and initiate her family into boarding off barrel-head tables. But the woman is not usually an object of pity, because John has given her his mantle of authority to back her and his pocket-book is at her disposal, and she rather glories in a little brief authority. But there is a class of women to be pitied—women who are widows, who must do battle single-handed against insolence and want and a host of evils; whose little children cannot run and "tell papa," as happier children can, when anyone abuses them, who are dependent for every comfort on the one slender, fragile, black-robed figure, who stands between them and distress.

Such a woman moved last week from one plain house with a moderate rent into another that was plainer and more moderate. When the first night found the new family in its strange quarters all was confusion and disorder. The stoves were down, and there was no one but the tired mother to put them up; the beds were not made, there was no supper, and the children, who had exhausted their curiosity over the new place, were hungry and sleepy. Then they all crowded around the poor mother and raised a dismal cry.

"We want to go home! we want to go home!"

And as the mother looked at them she wrung her hands and sobbed.

"Poor children! in all the wide world you have no other home than this."

But that mother heard, as in the whisper of a secret intelligence higher than that of earth, these words that thrilled her soul with new life.

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head."

She told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem to her little ones as she undressed them and put them to bed. When they wakened in the morning, hungry but rested, they saw the table set and the room in order. Mother had done it all as they slept but who had helped her? Ah! who? The children only knew that it was mother, and here was home.

DIALOGUE A LA SAISON.

"Are you going to help me put down the carpets, John?"

"I suppose so; where's the tack hammer?"

"It's in the barrel of dishes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—oh, I know now; I put it in the band box with your new Sunday hat."

"Just like a woman; never knows where anything is; fat ruined, like enough; where is the handle of the hammer?"

"Or, I packed that up with the chin set; you'll find it, dear, at the bottom of the box."

"Now, who's going to stretch this carpet, hey?"

"Me, dear."

"Well, stand there. Gracious, I can't pull a hundred pounds of dry goods along with the carpet. Oh, dear, I'm going to have a fit, I believe."

"I'll make you a cup of tea, dear. You can drink it out of your shaving-mug. It'll be just like a picnic."

But when she got back with the tea, John was missing.

"Poor fellow! It was too much for him!

He's gone to get the air. He looks pale."

John—at a counter covered with eatables, salads and things: "Two fingers of old crow, and a dash of bitters to begin with. I'm nearly starved! A hot beefsteak will help me out. I tell you, boys, moving is tough work."

It has its compensations. John's wife sits on a roll of carpet and drinks her tea.

"Poor boy! I wish he could have waited for it; it's so refreshing. He'll be half starved by supper time! I know he will."

Not much, little woman.

THE LAND OWNERS OF ENGLAND.

The following fresh statistics in regard to the ownership of land in Great Britain, will prove interesting reading: Twenty-eight dukes in the United Kingdom possess 158 separate estates, comprising nearly 4,000,000 acres. The other members of the peerage, 475 in number, hold 1,436 separate estates, embracing about 10,000,000 acres. Of 33,000,000 acres in England and Wales, more than 17,000,000 are owned by a body of men which probably does not exceed £500. According to Hon. Gen. Beddoe, Warden of Morton College, Oxford, nearly half the enclosed land of England and Wales is owned by about 2,250 persons.

The largest landed proprietor among the peers, is the Duke of Sutherland, who owns more than one million acres. His rent roll, however, is not so large as that of some peers with much less property, his income from land amounting to only \$656,772, while that of the Marquis of Bute, who owns only 116,000 acres, is considerably more than \$1,000,000.

The Duke of Buccleuch comes second to the Duke of Sunderland in number of acres, and second to the Marquis of Bute in size of income. His land comprises 459,550 acres, and his rent roll is about \$1,100,000. The Duke of Northumberland's rent roll ranks next, being \$880,000, and next to him comes the Duke of Devonshire, with about \$25,000 less. The Earl of Derby and Earl of Fitzwilliam, receive rents amounting annually to about \$700,000. Altogether there are ten peers who each receive over \$500,000 a year from land.

A CIGAR FACTORY.

A journalist writes a letter from Seville describing the government cigar factory of Spain, seven hundred feet long and almost as wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule two hundred and fifty young girls making cigarettes, all talking as loud as they want to; one hundred girls in the next room doing the same, and on the next floor three thousand women as close as sardines in a box, in a single room, making cigars, some having their babies with them not a month old, and dogs lying on the tobacco stems. The women were divided up into sevens at each table, three on each side, and the mistress at the top. Around each table were shelves against stone pillars, on which lay children's shoes socks and clothes. There were stone jars of water here and there for drinking, and the air was stifling, and the buzz of conversation only broken by the wail of the babies. The flooring was dilapidated, and it was possible for an cautious visitor to fall through. Two other side apartments one hundred feet long were both packed with laborers. The factory consumes about ten thousand pounds of tobacco a day, and employs over five thousand persons, who receive fifty cents a day for twelve hours' work. The matron at each table gets her pay from the woman she commands. The girls and the superintendents had very little manners

A wife is called man's better half because whenever he does not want to do anything she remarks with significant emphasis: "Well, you better; that's

The Empress of Austria can set type, and the empress of an American farm can set a hen. Customs differ in different countries.

THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

The American and English committees have almost finished their labors in the revision of the Old Testament. It is expected that the revision will be published in the course of a few months. The revision is said to have been made with the sole purpose of placing the Bible in a position in which the people may understand every word as the scholars understand them, and as the text stands in its original. To do this many of the beauties of expression have been sacrificed in order to give the true meaning of the original. The poetical forms and the archaisms will be retained to a larger extent than they were in the New Testament. The fabulous beast, the unicorn, will give place to the wild ox. "The River of Egypt" will be "The Brook of Egypt." "The Book of Jasher" will be "The Book of the Upright." "The Land of Mrah" will be "The rock of Morah." The children of Israel did not borrow of the Egyptians what they never intended to return, but they asked for and received gifts, not loans. "Joseph's coat of many colors" will be a "long tunic." "Judgment a sword" will be, "I will make judgment for a line and righteousness for a plumb line." "In my flesh shall I see God" will be, "yet out of my flesh do I see God."

Some of the changes in the psalms will be:

vii. 20. "If He turn not He will whet His sword," (meaning God) will be, "If a man turn not He will whet his sword."

viii. 5. "For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be, "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." "I will praise Thee, oh, Lord," is often translated, "I will give thanks unto Thee, oh, Lord."

ix. 7. "But the Lord shall endure forever," will be, "But the Lord sitteth as King forever."

x. 7. "For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright," will be, "For the Lord is righteous; He loveth righteousness; the upright shall behold His face."

xxxviii. 8. "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be, "Fret not thyself, it tendeth to evil doing."

lxviii. 11. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be, "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

lxix. 6. "Who, passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools," will be, "Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs."

xvi. 12. "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice," will be, "Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy."

PROFITS OF GREAT AUTHORS.

Profits made by his pen £30,000; Byron, £23,000. Lord Macaulay received £20,900 on account of three fourths net profit for his history. Thiers and Lamartine received nearly £20,000 each for their respective histories. Thackeray is said never to have received £5,000 for any of his novels. Sir Walter Scott was paid £110,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each and nine volumes of "Tales of My Landlord." For one novel he received £19,000, and between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he received £26,000 for literary work. Lord Lytton is said to have made £80,000 by his novels; Dickens, it has been computed, ought to have been making £10,000 a year for the three years prior to the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby"; and Trollope in twenty years made £79,000. The following sums are said to have been paid to the authors for single famous books: "Ruy Blas," George Eliot, £10,000; "Waverley," Scott, £7,000; "Woodstock," Scott, £8,000; "Life of Napoleon," Scott, £10,000; "Almada," Wilkie Collins, £3,000; "Lalla Rookh," Thomas Moore, £3,000; "History of Rome," Gibbon, £300; "History of Greece," Goldsmith, £250; "History of England," Goldsmith, £600; "Vicks of Wickfield," Goldsmith, £60; "Decline and Fall," Gibbon, £10,000; "Lives of Poets," Johnson, £300; "Researches," Johnson, £100.

A society of women, organized to make up clothing for the poor, is a sewing club that should be encouraged.

A Hamilton young man who has a red-haired sweetheart appropriately refers to her as his flame.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S STUDENT LIFE.

During an interview recently, Canon Duckworth, who was for four years and a half—1866-1870—the Duke of Albany's private tutor stated that the extremely delicate health of His Royal Highness interfered, as might be expected, very materially with the progress of his education. During the whole period named no regular system of lessons could be practised. In fact Canon Duckworth was chosen for the responsible post he occupied in relation to the young prince, largely because his connection with public school life had enabled him to deal with pupils who could not submit to the routine and discipline which robust health permitted.

It was in spite of these drawbacks that His Royal Highness attained the singular amount of culture which his after life displayed. His progress was greatly assisted by a wonderfully retentive and accurate memory. The Canon has seen few youths who equalled him in this respect. His favorite study was history, in which his reading was extensive and thorough. He was also proficient in Italian, French and German literature.

In the general features of his character, and especially in the strength and constancy of his attachments, he bore a striking resemblance, said the Canon, to Her Majesty. He was debarred from the ordinary manly exercises in which his brothers indulged. He could not enter into hunting or shooting, or even fishing. The result was that he was thrown largely upon the companionship of older people than himself, and the naturally contemptuous cast of his character was thereby confirmed. Few princes were ever so popular as he was during his stay at Oxford. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the scholarly life which there surrounded him, and he frequently, after leaving the university, alluded to his residence at Oxford as embracing the happiest days of his life. He had the rare power of discerning and attaching to himself the best intellects among his fellow students, and at his rooms the ablest men in residence were found as frequent guests. To his interest in his fellow-students may be traced much of that interest in social and intellectual questions which pre-eminently distinguished him.

His attachment to Christ Church College may be gauged from the fact that he retained his rooms at college in order that he might at any time renew his old associations of undergraduate days.—London Telegraph.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE SICK.

If the doctors sometimes make us uncomfortable, they can also cheer us up occasionally. If they frequentlyadden us by telling us that there is death and disease in the pot, the tea-kettle, the beer-bottle, and the cigar-case, and that most of the things that we eat, drink, wear, or do are unhealthy, they console us by showing us that the human organism is a great deal tougher than is often supposed. Everyone will be gratified to learn from Dr. Mortimer Granville that there is good medical authority for the proper belief that a man is as well as he believes himself to be. Dr. Granville's advice to the sick man is, in brief, not to believe the doctor or anybody else who tells him that he is very ill and likely to die. Even the patient who has an incurable disease, says the doctor rather paradoxically, may live just as long as anybody else. Only let him hope. More things are done by hope than this world wots of. Let a sufferer only firmly make up his mind that he is going to get well, and in many cases his confidence will be justified, and he may throw physic to the dogs. We do not quite grasp the scientific reasons for this; but it is at any rate consolatory to hear it. If the medical men would always talk like this how grateful we should be to them!

A cereal story—The grain report.

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spring Goods—A. Parish & Son.
Clearing Sale—Jas. Ross.
Old Reliable—S. Boddy.
Harness Shop—A. E. Wiltse & Co.
Stevenson Piano—J. Ross.
Re-opening—J. H. McLaughlin.
New Grocery—Wiltse & Mayhew.
Fish—Jos. Thompson.
Great Bargain House—T. Vanarnam.
Permanent Loan & Savings Co.—Ross.

FARMERSVILLE AND VICINITY.

Walks About Town. What Our Reporter Saw, Heard and Noted.

Auction Sales.

William Harper will sell forty dairy cows and other stock, at Dickens, on Thursday, February 26th, commencing at 1 o'clock....Joseph Morris, Lansdowne, will sell by auction, on Wednesday, March 4th, commencing at 1 o'clock sharp, a valuable lot of live stock, implements, furniture, etc.W. Kilborn will sell a number of cows, sheep, horses, implements, etc., on Thursday, March 5th, on lot 30, con. 9, Kitley. Sale at 12 noon.

The Roads.

The road leading to Hard Island is reported as being in a shocking condition, owing to the pitch-holes that have been allowed to remain since last week's storm. We think all township Councils should pass a By-law making it obligatory on Pathmasters to keep the roads in their divisions in a passable condition, as well in winter, as in summer. There certainly requires to be something done to render travelling more safe and pleasant.

The Rink.

Considerable indignation is expressed by season ticket holders at the manner in which Mayor Carson is conducting the rink. The last snow-storm proved too much for the Mayor, or, probably, he resigned in favor of the Saved Army. A mixture of both is perhaps his reason for not cleaning the snow off the rink. But we are assured that the rink will be resurfaced in due form, and that it will not pass away till called hence by the gentle zephyrs of the spring.

The Chinese Question.

The question of the admission of the Chinese into Canada was ably discussed at the last meeting of the L. M. A. Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Wood favored their admission, and Mr. Hagerman and Mrs. Fisher appeared in opposition. The debate was lively and interesting from the start, and the speeches were interspersed with choice vocal and instrumental selections. The papers on the subject prepared and read by Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Wood treated the question concisely, and the points made were clearly and logically defined. The question being thrown open, Messrs. Blackburn, Donnelley, Connors and Reid joined in the debate. The question being submitted for decision to the audience, a majority voted in favor of excluding the Chinese. We believe other debates are being prepared, and will take place at the L. M. A. in due course.

Died in Dakota.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we this morning chronicle the death at Ojata, Dakota, of an old resident of this village, Sterling Alguire, Esq. The only particulars we can learn are that the remains left Dakota on Monday at 4 p.m., and are expected in Brockville at 4 p.m. on Thursday. Should the remains arrive as expected the funeral will start from the Methodist Church here on Friday, 27th at 2 p.m.

No extra charge for this double number of the Reporter.

CORNER for EVERYBODY

With a view of giving the public a cheap mode of advertising, we will insert advertisements in this column at 25c. for 5 lines, or under, first insertion; and 10cts. for each subsequent insertion.

JAS. ROSS has been appointed agent for Farmersville and vicinity for the "Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company" of Toronto.

G O TO JOS. THOMPSON'S for choice Salmon Trout, Boneless Codfish, Fresh water Herring, Finnin Haddies &c., &c.

The Old Reliable Harness Shop is still doing business one door west of the Gamble House, where you will find Harness cheaper than ever. I have the best make of horse-collars in the market—warrant every set. I warrant all my Harness to be hand-made and put together in first-class style. I use nothing but first quality of leather. We manufacture all our own work. Blizzard Horse Blankets, \$3.75 per set. I carry a stock of Ladies' Satchels, Valises, Trunks, Shawl Straps. Give me call, and see for yourself.—S. Boddy.

BROCKVILLE MARKET REPORT.

Brockville, Wednesday Feb. 25, 1885.

Butter, Roll per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Butter, Tub "	0 16	0 18
Mutton "	0 06	0 07
Beef "	0 06	0 10
do per cwt.....	5 00	6 50
Pork per cwt.....	6 00	6 25
Ham per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Lamb "	0 06	0 07
Eggs per doz.....	0 22	0 25
Hay per ton.....	10 00	12 00
Pelts	0 75	0 80
Hides per cwt.....	5 50	6 00
Onions per bushel.....	0 75	0 80
Carrots (table) per bushel.....	0 40	0 50
Chickens per pair.....	0 40	0 00
Geese	0 60	0 65
Ducks per pair.....	0 40	0 50
Turkeys	0 75	1 20
Potatoes per bushel	0 30	0 00
Wheat, fall, per bushel	0 75	0 80
" spring, "	0 75	0 80
Rye per bushel	0 50	0 00
Oats "	0 30	0 92
Peas "	0 58	0 60
Barley "	0 45	0 50
Buckwheat.....	0 00	0 45
Parsnips.....	0 80	0 40
Apples.....	0 60	0 70
Lard	0 11	0 13
Tallow	0 00	0 06
Beans	0 90	1 00

CLEARING SALE

AT THE **7 CENT STORE.**

Having entered into an engagement with Stevenson & Co of Kingston, for the sale of their Pianos, and being desirous of closing out my present stock of fancy goods &c., before the first of April, next, I will offer the entire lot at Greatly Reduced Prices.

China and Crockery Ware in Tea Sets, Cups, Saucers, and all the different Goods in that Line.

FRESH GOODS, viz:- Shaving Mugs, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Teapots and small wares in great variety.

Glassware. Water Sets, Tea Sets, Mugs, Jugs, Ornaments, Tumblers, Goblets, Cake Stands, Nappies, Celery Glasses &c., &c.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELERY.

FANCY GOODS: Jewel Cases, Work Baskets, Ladies' Satchels, Pearl Card Cases, and small wares of various kinds.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Violins, Acordeons, Concertinas, Mouth Organs, Jew's Harps, Metallic Pianos, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Agency for all the fist-class makers of Pianos, Organs, and for the N. Y. Singer Sewing Machine. I shall offer a greatly reduced price, a first-class organ for \$75. Call and examine it before you purchase anywhere else.

N. B.—A fine selection in Candies.

DOLLS LARGE AND SMALL.

LAMPS & LAMP FIXTURES.

Knives and Forks, Childrens' Knives and Forks, Spoons, Butter Knives, Pickle Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Jackknives and Scissors.

Xmas and New Year's Cards, a fine and cheap assortment, call and see them! Prices for everything is down! down! Derry, down.

N. B. All accounts not paid on or before the First day of April next, will be placed in court for collection.

Jas. ROSS.

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.

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.



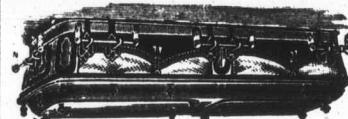
T. G. STEVENS & Bro.

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 specialty of any article, but of our whole business.



We have lately purchased the finest Hearse 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.