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OVER FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS

Every Year Trade Increasing.

To-Day  
The Largest in Farmersville.Proof Positive of Giving Customers  
**GOOD VALUE.****Professional Cards.****Drs. Cornell & Cornell.**  
FARMERSVILLE, Ont. Dr. C. M. B. Cornell will be at home Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for SPECIAL CONSULTATIONS.  
C. M. B. CORNELL, M.D. S. S. CORNELL, M.D. D.C.M.**Dr. Vaux.**  
COURT HOUSE AVE., Next Door to Post Office, Brockville. "Diseases of women." Office hours from 1 to 3 p.m.**J. C. Judd,**  
BARRISTER, ETC., BROCKVILLE, Ont. Money to Loan at the Lowest Rates.**Hutcheson & Fisher,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, ETC., Brockville. Office two doors East of Court House Avenue. \$50,000 to loan at 6 per cent.  
J. A. HUTCHESON. A. A. FISHER.**B. J. Saunders, B. A. Sc. C. E.,**  
DOMINION & PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Draftsman, &c., Farmersville, Ont.**The Gamble House,**  
FARMERSVILLE.**THIS** fine new brick hotel has been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention paid to the wants of guests. Good yards and stabling. **FRAN. PIERCE, Proprietor.****Wm. Webster,**  
HOUSE PAINTER & GRAINER,  
Kalsominer, Paper Hanger & Glazier.**CONTRACTS** taken for inside and outside work, at closest prices. Residence next to Horney's Livery, Main St., Farmersville.**Boots and Shoes,**AT THE  
**New Boot and Shoe Store.****A. C. BARNETT AND DELORMA**  
WILTSE have entered into partnership and intend to carry the largest stock of Boots and Shoes in town. All Factory Made Boots and Shoes cheaper than the cheapest. Factory Shoes and Slippers, very neat. Boots and Shoes made to order and warranted to fit. Repairing promptly attended to.

A large quantity of Flour and Ground Feed in stock.

All kinds of Farm Produce taken in Exchange.  
**BARNETT & WILTSE.**  
FARMERSVILLE, May 18th. 1887.**FASHIONABLE****TAILORING**  
**EMPORIUM,**  
DELTA.**MY** reputation as a good tailor has become generally established, and I can assure my many customers and others of my careful attention to their future requirements. I make a specialty of**NICE FITTING PANTS.**Careful attention given to cutting garments for home wear.  
**R. M. PERCIVAL.****FARMERSVILLE & MALLORYTOWN****STAGE LINE.****SAM'L L. HUBBARD, PROP'R.****LEAVES** Gamble House, Farmersville, at 11.30 a.m., arriving in Mallorytown in time to connect with G. T. R. express east and west. Returning, leaves Mallorytown on arrival of train from west, reaching Farmersville about 6.30 p.m.

Will wait arrival of Westport stage for passengers, if notified in time by mail or telegraph.

**FARMERSVILLE****INSURANCE AND LOAN**  
**AGENCY.****Royal Insurance Company.****ASSETS** \$7,000,000. Rates as low as the lowest. For liberal settlement and prompt payment of losses the Royal has no equal.**Brockville Loan & Savings Co.****CAPITAL** \$200,000.00. Persons wishing to borrow will find it to their advantage to deal with this Company, as they charge no heavy fees, like outside companies, and bring a local institution correspondence is in a great measure avoided.

For further particulars as to loans and insurance, apply to

**SA. JAMES.**  
Farmersville.**FARM FOR SALE****THE** subscriber offers for sale that well-known farm commonly called the Weatherhead farm, being west half of lot No. 11 in the 7th con. of Beaurivage containing 100 acres, and a part of lot No. 11 in the 7th con., being 40 acres. The two lots adjacent and well watered and supplied with plenty of wood for fuel. Terms, one third down; balance to suit purchasers. Apply to**CHANCY BELLAMY,**  
Tolide.

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**THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER**  
& COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

VOL. III. NO. 26.

Farmersville, Wednesday, June 22nd, 1887.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

**Keep the Ball Rolling**  
— AT —  
**BROCKVILLE'S**  
**One Cash Price Dry Goods House.**LOW PRICES FOR EVERY ARTICLE!  
CHOICE & COMPLETE ASSORTMENT!LIVELY DEMAND FOR  
**COTTON WASHING MATERIALS**  
FOR SUMMER DRESSES CONTINUES.**ROBT. WRIGHT & CO.**

Are showing their own Importations in these Lines.

Plain pale blue Chambrys, pink Chambrys, the new grey Chambrys, navy blue Chambrys, dark garnet Chambrys, bronze Chambrys, cream Chambrys, black Chambrys, black and white Chambrys. Stripes and checks to match. Embroideries to match.

**FINE SATEENS**In a Large Choice of Patterns. Black and White  
Sateens, &c., &c., &c.**20 Cents per Yard All-Wool French**  
**Dress Goods,**Browns, Garnets, Greys, Bronzes, etc., etc. A rare opportunity  
at only 20c. per yard. Usual 80c. quality.**NEW HOOPSKIRTS AND BUSTLES.****NEW MILLINERY PARLOR.**

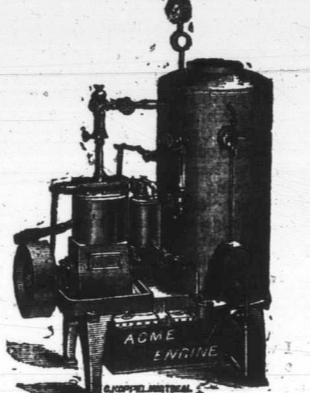
WELL ASSORTED

**Boys' Navy Jersey Suits**

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

**Robert W. Wright & Co.****PHIL. WILTSE,**  
**GENERAL MERCHANT.****BIG RUSH TO PHIL WILTSE'S.**

OBSERVE. - That this gigantic animal would be fully laden with the goods which a small sum will buy at Phil. Wiltse's.

**NEW SPRING MILLINERY, FASHIONABLE**  
& **ELEGANT.****TAKE THIS IN!**We are determined not to be second in our business, but mean to be the first. Our goods are the best in quality and quantity, and will be sold at **Low Prices, for Cash, Approved Credit or Farm Produce.****OUR SPECIALTIES:** Family Flour, Pastry Flour, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Rolled-Outs, Gleaned Oatmeal. Our Sugars are the **Cheapest.** Self-praise is no praise; but a trial of our TEAS will do away with any need of our praise. In Coffees we defy competition. Half a dozen different kinds to select from, including a line imported from Botanic Gardens; warranted pure.When you want any and everything in our line for a small sum of money, the place to get it is at  
**J. THOMPSON'S GROCERY.****STEAM POWER IN THE "REPORTER" JOB ROOM.**  
A Description of the Latest Addition to our Plant.

Owing to the large increase in the demands upon our job department during the past year we found it necessary to employ other than manual power to run our presses, and we have been quietly looking around for some motive power that would combine the qualities of safety, economy, durability and cheapness. We spent some time investigating the merits of the different makes of wood and coal engines, and during our visit to New York last fall inspected several new and improved engines in the printing offices of that city; but they all seemed too complicated and expensive to answer our purpose. Early this spring our attention was directed to the merits of the "Acme" coal oil engine, manufactured by J. Gillies &amp; Co., of Carleton Place, and a few weeks ago we took a trip out to the shop and personally inspected the engine in course of construction, and also visited the office of the Central Canadian, in that village, and saw one in operation. We were so well pleased with what we saw and heard of the "Acme" that we ordered one, which has now been in operation in our office for the past three weeks. The engine did not work very satisfactorily at first, owing to a small pipe being damaged in shipping; but on our reporting the difficulty to the company, they promptly replaced the damaged piece and put the engine in proper working order. We make this explanation in justice to the manufacturers, as the report had gone abroad that the engine did not work satisfactorily. During the past week scores of people have visited our office and have seen the Acme at work, and all are loud in their praise of the wonderful amount of power, and the compactness and simplicity of the little giant. Perhaps a short description of the engine and its manner of working would not be uninteresting to our readers. The "Acme" engine occupies less space than an ordinary wood stove. The reservoir for coal oil stands about fifteen inches from the engine, on one side, and an old milk can (which does duty as a water tank) about the same distance from the other side. When the engine is to be started a hand pump attached to the side of the boiler is used, and air pumped into the boiler until the pressure is from 20 to 30 lbs. A small lamp is lighted and placed so as to allow the blaze to pass through into the fire box. By simply turning down a small lever the air in the boiler passes through a small tube and sucking the coal oil from the tank, forces it through the atomizer in a spray past, the lamp, which ignites it, and a powerful blaze is at once thrown under all parts of the boiler, generating 50 lbs. of steam in four or five to twelve minutes. When the steam pressure reaches fifteen pounds, the steam does what the air has been doing, and thereafter there is no further attention, only to occasionally regulate the water supply. When the steam gets to a certain point beyond the power needed, that wonderful little regulator puts the fire out, and as given as the steam runs down below a given point the same ingenious contrivance relights the fire again, without any assistance. No fuel is consumed when it is not required, and the moment the work is done the expense ceases. There cannot possibly be any danger of fire from it, and its use in any building does not increase the rates of insurance. For printing offices where steam has to be used, we firmly believe that there is nothing on earth to equal it. Ours is only a one horse power and we can run our large Chromatic press with a full chase of solid matter with only 40 lbs. of steam on, and we believe we can run that press to make 10,000 impressions at a cost of less than 30 cents for fuel. The out at the head of this article gives a good representation of the "Acme" engine, only that the oil tank is placed as above stated, and a tin pan occupies its place to catch all drippings of oil. With the increased facilities which this motive power gives us we hope to be able to turn out all work entrusted to us with promptness and at prices that will be found lower than that of competing offices.

**THE "TIMES" OFF ITS BASE.**

Six half-starved Hebrews arrived in Syracuse yesterday from Brockville. They are unable to speak English, but tell a pitiful story. They seem to have been the dupes of a contractor, who hired 78 of them in New York City to work on the construction of a railway. They say that after working two weeks they demanded their pay, which was refused. Sixty of them accordingly left, and the other half dozen made their way to Syracuse, under heavy packs, in seven days. They are fifty beyond description, and entirely destitute of money.

This paragraph appeared in the Brockville Times of the 16th inst., accompanied by the following editorial comment:—

"The above is a sample of the news dished up by our Farmersville contemporary. There is hardly a word of truth in the whole paragraph."  
Will the editor of the Times kindly tell us in what issue of the Reporter the paragraph quoted is to be found. We are positive of the fact that it never appeared in our columns. If, however, our contemporary will send us a Reporter containing the item complained of, we will present the editor with a copy of the paper for the remainder of the year, and thus save him the trouble of running around to borrow it from our subscribers in town. We have no quarrel with the Times or its editor, and do not see why he should go out of his way to injure us by a false charge of this nature, especially when it is considered that our news items are always as truthful as those published by our contemporary. When the publication of the Reporter was commenced, we sent the Times a copy, expecting the courtesy of an exchange. But no doubt we were too insignificant for our big cotem., as it never reciprocated. Now, however, far from being insignificant, we have become a thorn in the side of the Times' editor, whose only motive for this outburst of childish ill nature is contained in the fact of the Reporter's rapidly increasing popularity, and the consequent transference of subscribers from the Times to ourselves.**THE BUILDING BOOM.****Description of the Numerous Structures in Course of Erection in Farmersville.**

On Saturday last we took a run around town, and noted the improvement going on in the way of new buildings and repairs to buildings already erected.

Commencing at the east end of Main street, we first visited the new shop and show room in course of erection by William Layng. This is a large frame building, 26 x 40, with wing; two stories in height. There are 28 windows in the building and a large collar under the wing. Mr. Layng expresses to have the building ready for occupation in about two weeks. When completed it will be one of the largest and best shops in the village. Nearly opposite the residence of Wm. Webster, Messrs. Lamb &amp; Ross have placed the large building lately moved by them from the spot where they are erecting their new brick block. They propose dividing this building into two tenement houses, and as the structure is 32 x 44, two stories in height, there will be plenty of room for two fine dwellings. Z. Derbyshire has the contract to finish this work in a first-class manner.

On the adjoining lot Chas. Rowsome has the cellar wall laid for a good sized dwelling to be of brick.

Mr. S. A. Taplin has commenced making some very fine improvements on the building next to the Great Bargain House, by remodeling the interior of Chasell's tailor shop and placing a neat little awning at the front, adding very much to the appearance of the building. Mr. G. K. Brannon has also received orders from Mr. Taplin to paint this building on the outside.

As stated in our last, the cellar wall for the Ross &amp; Lamb block is under way, and will be finished next week, when the work will stop until about the first of July on account of not being able to get a supply of brick before that time.

The fine brick block of A. Parish &amp; Son is well under way. The iron lintel for the front, which was made to order in England, was placed in position on Saturday.

Passing down Main st., is A. E. Wiltse's new two-story building, which stands next to Gilroy's carriage shop. This is a frame building 24 x 32, and the ground floor will be used as a shop and the upper flat as a dwelling. A little further down Main St., J. H. McLaughlin has completely remodelled the old W. M. parsonage, having about finished it into two nice dwelling houses, with a lean-to for kitchen and wood house. Mr. McLaughlin has also added very much to the appearance of his property by the erection and painting of a neat fence in front of his lot. Down at the corner of Main and Sarah sts. Arza Wiltse has put up a neat and substantial woven wire fence around his lot.

On the same street W. G. Parish has made the building formerly occupied by Geo. Balfour as a tailor shop, into a snug and neat looking tenement house. On Mill St. David Deak has erected a large building, which he has converted into a blacksmith shop.

On Church st., Mr. E. Witherill has a new balloon-frame dwelling house enclosed and the roof on. Henry Hagerman has the contract to finish the building.

At the west end of the street Irwin Wiltse's fine residence is nearly completed. The work on this building is creditable to Messrs. Parish, Bush and Johnston.

Passing on to Elgin St., we find the fine new dwelling commenced last season by A. E. Donovan about completed. The painters are now at work and the building will be ready for occupancy on the first of July.

On the next lot Ira M. Kelly has a dwelling in course of construction. At the farther end of Elgin St. Philip Slack has spent about \$200 remodeling the house formerly occupied by Wm. Layng.

On Wiltse St. John Hulse has a fine two story dwelling commenced, 22 x 30, with cottage roof, of iron. This building will be veneered with brick and have a verandah on three sides. Wm. Sherman and A. Wiltse did the stone mason work, and Henry Hagerman has the contract for the carpenter work.

On the adjoining lot Chas. A. Kincaid has the house commenced last fall about completed. The carpenter work was done principally by H. Hagerman. Jas. Hanna has just finished painting the cornice, and the building as it now stands is a credit to the town.

Directly opposite the residence of James Ross, John A. Rappell has the foundation laid for a building 26 x 36 with attachments 18 x 26 for kitchen and woodshed. This will be done off into two tenement houses.

Mr. E. Gilroy has just put up a very neat and substantial iron fence in front of his lot at a cost of about \$75. He proposes continuing the same style of fence along the Wiltse St. side of his property. This will make the neatest and most expensive piece of fencing in the village.

The trustees of the Model and Public schools have just completed a very strong and convenient fence around the grounds at the school house. It is constructed of cedar posts put down nearly four feet into the earth, with two rows of iron piping through them. It makes a fence that will turn any kind of animal allowed on the streets, and will be very convenient for the scholars to get over and through.

Coming down to Wellington st., we find Mrs. Wm. Howe erecting a dwelling, 22 x 56, with wing 16 x 18, two stories in height. A new carriage and horse barn is also being put up. Messrs. Kilbourne and Brown have the contract for the job.

Early this spring Wellington St. was extended in an easterly direction for some distance, and on this extension Alex. Compo has a house 22 x 26. John Cooper occupies the next lot with a building the same size, and on the adjoining lot W. Allingham has a dwelling well under way, 20 x 24.

On Reid St. north, Mrs. S. Stone is erecting a balloon frame (to be veneered with brick) two stories in height, 29 x 32, with wood shed 18 x 24. The work on this building is being done by the day under the supervision of R. M. Arnold, of Addison.

R. D. Judson has put up a store-house on his lot on Wiltse St., and is making preparations for extensive additions to his premises on the corner of Main and Victoria Sts.

Mark Moore is making an addition to his dwelling next to the town-hall, and directly opposite, Ira M. Heilly has a building erected for a workshop.

No doubt there are several other buildings in course of erection or will be commenced shortly, but they did not come under our observation during a half day's tramp along the different streets of the village.

**Barnum on Printers' Ink.**

Addressing a body of business men at Bridgeport the other day, P. T. Barnum said: "You do not advertise enough. You ought to use printers' ink every day. You are asleep and want your business to run itself. Standing advertisements in a paper command confidence. The man who for a year lives in a community and leads a reputable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar to the eye of the reader. It may sell and be read, but still it makes the name and business of the man familiar and its presence in the columns of a paper inspires confidence in the stability of his enterprise."

Application has been made to increase the capital stock of the Gananoque Carriage Works Co. to \$100,000.

**W. G. P.**  
**LUMBER.**  
LARGE STOCK OF  
ALL KINDS  
OF  
BUILDING MATERIAL.  
**LUMBER.**  
Call & Get Prices.**W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.****The Second Convention of the Leeds County Unions a Great Success.**

On Wednesday evening last a large and representative audience assembled in the North Church, the occasion being the first session of the W. C. T. U. Convention. The auditorium was tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreen branches, and appropriate mottoes hung upon the walls. In the absence of the Provincial President the chair was taken by Mrs. Elliott, County President, who opened the proceedings with the reading of a portion of scripture. The opening prayer was offered up by Mrs. A. Parish.

The Address of Welcome was read by Mrs. Rogers, and was very appropriate to the occasion. It opened with an affectionate greeting to the officers and members of the W. C. T. U. and to the delegates who had come from a distance to attend the Convention. It recited the fact that all were working untidely for the promotion of human welfare by fighting the curse of intemperance, and the necessity there was for a multitude of councillors in the work. Local workers had looked forward to this Convention with pleasure, and hoped to gain fresh inspiration from it. The concluding paragraph invoked the Divine presence and blessing.

Mrs. French, of Brockville, responded with an address in reply. The opening clause expressed thankfulness for the hearty welcome accorded the delegates, and pleasure at the fact that Farmersville had been chosen for the scene of the Convention. There was encouragement in reviewing the past, with such facts as the vote in the Dominion Parliament on the Monday previous. God was on the side of Temperance, and no one could successfully oppose the cause. The Churches were manifesting increased interest in helping on the work, and it was the Church of Christ which should be the most concerned about this matter, for nothing hindered the advance of Christ's kingdom so much as Intemperance. It would be a grand thing for our young men—the future legislators of Canada—to form Prohibition Clubs and train themselves in the principles of Temperance and Prohibition. The importance of personal effort in the cause was adverted to. The country needed men and women who would vote and work for Temperance every time. The address concluded with an expression of firm faith in the ultimate attainment of the ends for which the members of the W. C. T. U. were striving.

A choir composed of five good voices, under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, rendered an appropriate selection at this point, and also sang other pieces during the evening.

The president then introduced the lecturer of the evening, the popular J. R. Clarke, familiarly known as the bookbark orator.

The lecturer was received with hearty applause, and at once plunged into his subject—“A Night with Gough.” The great character of the world left the scene of their earthly labors at various stages of their career. Gough was called away in the evening of his grandly useful life, and no man ever left behind him a purer record or a sweeter memory. Although the lecturer had witnessed many attempts to imitate Gough, none of these attempts had been successful, nor could they be. But so great was Gough's influence, that he was unconsciously imitated by thousands of admirers, and his genius would be reproduced in the generations to come. Granted, that Gough's wonderful lectures were deficient in logic; they were rich in a far more powerful quality, the living and varied experience of the graphic word painter. Gough was never content about the subtlety of his logic but was always mindful of the power of his logic to influence the masses. The great lecturer was a master of facial expression, and was astonishingly effective in relating anecdotes. Although Gough's expressions were at times very broad, they never even bordered upon vulgarity. He had all the elements which would have made a successful comedian, and was sometimes irresistibly pathetic. The lecturer then told several of Gough's characteristic pathetic stories. These were followed by a number of anecdotes illustrating Gough's humor, his power of timely illustration, and his scathing and withering condemnation of the drink curse. Gough was very fond of children, and adopted four of them—a most praiseworthy consideration of his means. His own childhood was one of hardship, a fact to which some of his greatness may be attributed. A boyhood of luxury was a very dangerous opening for anyone. The lecturer here made a digression by singing two songs illustrating Gough's love of children, and continued his lecture by relating his own conversion to Temperance and the Gough while listening to Gough in Exeter Hall, London, in 1853.

[For lack of space we are obliged to hold over the balance of Mr. Clarke's lecture, as well as our report of the second day's session of the W. C. T. U.]

It is to be forty.  
To discover a speck of gray in your beard,  
To know how you take to your slippers and  
down,  
And how to the fire when you get home from  
town.  
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow is practical, your  
voice has a peculiar, business-like  
note,  
That your vision is tricky, which once was  
sight,  
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—  
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A slight-ride, a party, a dance or a dine;  
Why, of course, you will be present, you never  
decline.  
And there's no invite, your not "young  
folks," you see;  
You've bought a dash, but a crab-apple tree,  
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,  
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,  
Who develops a grace in the dress of green,  
Both a duke and a duke to carry off soon;  
And a leg that is long, and the price you  
pay,  
Is aching smoking cigarette on the sly—  
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;  
At thirty his fire has a sober flame;  
At forty he knows and he feels as he never did  
before.  
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

Ah, we're young and we're old, and we're green  
In the land of living is change and decay;  
Come, see the loss in the Valley of Tears,  
Where your baby looks in the mirror  
When no longer on earth he is forty.

**SIR HUGH'S LOVES**

There was little work for either of them in Sandyliffe, but they carried their own energies farther a field. Pierpont had a large population, and the vicar was old and supine; he accepted gladly the volunteer services of his zealous curate, and led by his faithful Johnnie, Mr. Ferrers penetrated into the winding alleys, and carried comfort to many a sick and dying bed. As Sir Hugh's great-grandson inform, it became a rule for Mr. Ferrers to occupy his pulpit on Sunday evenings, and it was always remarked that on these occasions the church was crowded; people would come ten to twelve miles to hear the blind clergyman from Sandyliffe. It was even mooted by the Bishop whether, after Mr. Ferrers's death, Pierpont should not be offered to Mr. Ferrers.

After the first few weeks Raby Ferrers never spoke of his blindness to any one. Even his half-sister Margaret, who loved him, and was his dearest and closest friend, never heard a reprimand word from his lips; neither did he waste his strength by silent brooding—the sorrow which gnawed him no time for this; when he was not occupied with his ministrations, or preparing his sermons, Margaret would read to him for hours.

Yet, it was evident to any keen observer who studied the quiet face that some load of care lay on the bowed shoulders of Mr. Ferrers; so that one day he went to see him, and he was distressed and almost seemed to crush him. Sometimes when Margaret was reading to him he would make a sign for her to stop, and, laying down the book, she would watch him as he went up and down the green alleys of the Grange garden with his sightless eyes turned to the sun-shine; but she knew that it was not of his blindness he was thinking, but of a heavier trouble still.

Few people about Sandyliffe knew that Margaret Ferrers was only Raby's half-sister; there were only a few years between them, and in the close intimacy that grew up between the brother and sister was seldom remembered by either of them that they had different mothers. Colonel Ferrers had married within two years of his first wife's death, and the second Mrs. Ferrers had brought to the Grange and a wealthy dowry of land and property. But the marriage had not been a happy one, and the three last years of Mrs. Ferrers's life had passed away from her husband. There were little and little known in the village; only when Margaret was 7 years old, and Raby a year or two, there was a grand funeral, such as Sandyliffe had never witnessed, and Mrs. Ferrers was laid in the same marble tomb where her predecessor had been buried, and the young Raby and Hugh seemed overjoyed with grief.

It was about fourteen months before Raby had stood in the large porch waiting for his glass of milk that one summer's day, the little child in the porch was full of loitering villagers, waiting for the bells to stop before they hurried into their places.

Grange, as some of the children called her, had just passed into the porch, after stopping to reprove some noisy nurses eating small round cakes, when Raby came in, and Mrs. Sam as they called him, was the youngest of fifteen, who had all grown up strong and healthy under the staid eyes of the low white-mashed cottage. A little while ago there the fifteen young Tibbes had elbowed, and jostled, and kicked, and metaphorically poked at each other like young rooks in a nest; and Raby, with a strong and hearty on a diet of bread and treacle alternating with slices of bread and dripping, running barefoot over the grass and splashing like a duck in the mud, had until promoted to hoisted boots and bird-scarving, with a promise of riding the plough-horses to water, and an occasional bird-nesting expedition on their own account.

The bell had stopped, and the last loiterer had taken his place on the oak bench, when as usual two strangers took their place in a seat that was usually occupied by any chance worshipper.

Most of the features of the younger man, and every one in the village knew that the tall, broad-shouldered man with the fair beard and handsome aristocratic face was the young master from Redmond Hall, who was to marry Miss Margaret, the vicar's sister.

But even young Sam Tibbes leaves off admiring his hoisted boots to stare at the brown sickly-looking gentleman with the white moustache that occupies the other end of the seat, and Raby, sitting with the school children, looks curiously in the same direction, for this is the first time that she has seen Sir Willfrid Redmond since his return from Persia.

Both father and son are wonderfully alike, she thinks; they have both the same heavy-lidded blue-grey eyes, the same proud carriage of the head, the same presence; but the bright sunny smile that greeted her from Hugh Redmond is certainly not reproduced on his father's face. Sir Willfrid looks a little surprised, and evidently the report that ill-health had brought his researches to a speedy end was probably true.

Sir Willfrid listened with grave attention to Mr. Ferrers's eloquent sermon. The deep, mellow voice and the delivery seemed to rivet him; he was motionless, with his thin hands clasping each other, his eyes fixed on the pale, powerful face which the morning sunshine touched with a sort of glory.

As usual Hugh Redmond's attention strayed to the corner where Margaret sat, the light from the painted window reached her, staining her white gown with patches of prismatic color—a bordering of crimson

and blue and violet—and giving a golden ring to her dead-brown hair; and as Hugh looks here he tells himself again that he has never seen any one to compare with her—his pearl among women.

When the services were over, and the sun came down from heaven to his nest in the church, Sir Willfrid left his seat, and walked up the aisle to inspect the choir. He evidently thought his son was following him, for he turned round once to address him; but Hugh had noticed that Margaret had quietly slipped through a side door, and he had followed her.

She was standing under the shade of a willow, looking at a newly-made grave, but she turned with a smile when she saw him, and she walked on, with the sun shining on his golden-brown head.

"Margaret," he said reproachfully, "why have you not waited to speak to my father?" Raby has just joined him.

"A quick blush crossed Margaret's face—her lover's question seemed to pain her—but she answered with her accustomed gentleness,

"Surely, you must know, dear; how could I meet Sir Willfrid when he is still in ignorance of our engagement?"

"Ah, I have forgotten," with a short laugh Sir Willfrid turned now to look uncomfortable. "What a little Puritan you are, darling, as though half a dozen civil servants have mastered you!"

"But I could not have said them, Hugh," with quiet firmness, "I should have felt awkward and constrained in your father's presence; I should have betrayed our secret by my own silence."

"Ah, well, it will be a secret no longer," with an impatient sigh. "You look as if you were reproachfully this morning, Margaret, but indeed I have not been to blame so much as you think; my father was tired from his journey yesterday. I am afraid I have not been very good at heart, and he said about me, 'He is so full of that wonderful book of his. Come, cheer up, dear; I will have you look so serious; I will promise you that he shall know of our engagement before I sleep to-night.'"

"Really and truly, Hugh; now say something kind to me before I go." Ten minutes afterwards Margaret walked slowly down the churchyard to join Raby, who was waiting for her at the gate. He heard her footsteps, and held out his hand to her.

"I was wondering what had become of you, Margaret. Sir Willfrid has been telling me for a long time, he asked me excuse you, but of course I made some excuse I think I know why you hid yourself."

"That could only be one reason, Raby." "Ah, I was right then. I said to myself, depend upon it, Madge meant to stand on her dignity, and read Hugh a lesson, and I hope to hear that she has done so. Hugh's favorite motto is never do today what you can put off until to-morrow."

"I think you are a little hard on Hugh; he has promised to let him speak to his father to-day."

"I am glad of that," very gravely. "I confess that this procrastination has made me very uneasy; it was most troubling you fairly, Margaret, to leave it to your father these months in ignorance of the engagement?"

"Yes, but you forgot," interposed his sister eagerly, "he did write telling Sir Willfrid everything, but the letter never reached him. You are generally so charitable, Raby, and yet you misjudge poor Hugh so readily."

There was an injured tone in Margaret's voice that made Raby smile; he knew that she was blind to Hugh's faults—he believed in him with all a loving woman's credulity; and yet as she smiled he sighed.

He knew his sister well, the simplicity and strength of her mind; the modesty and purity of her aims—few women had so high a standard—and he revered as well as loved her, for every day showed him that she was a woman of noble character. His knowledge of his sister made him doubt the wisdom of her choice; in his heart he had never really approved of her engagement with Hugh Redmond. He was a capable fellow, he told himself; a pleasant companion, lovable in his way, and not without his special gifts, but he was not worthy of Margaret.

Raby had not always been blind, and his intimacy with Hugh Redmond had given him plenty of opportunity to judge truly of his friend's defects. He knew Hugh was manly and generous, but he was also weak and impulsive, hot-tempered and prone to restlessness; and he marvelled sadly that Margaret's clear grand nature should centre its affections and hopes on such an unstable character as Hugh Redmond.

"She will never be happy with him," he said to himself; "one day he must disappoint her. Oh, I know well there is harm in him; every one would call him a good fellow, he is clever, he has plenty of pluck, he has gentlemanly feelings, and he worships Margaret. But in my opinion love will not be superior to the husband if the husband must be weak, it should be on the other side. And here Raby sighed, and gave himself up to melancholy and more personal broodings, and he thought how strange and baffling were the perversities of human nature, and how hearts clave to each other—in spite of a hundred faults and blemishes—as if they were made of wax. Ever since his marriage he had been full of questions, and he would have liked to ask a dozen, but he had been so full of hope and a deep belief in the goodly land of matrimony, that he had never had a word of question in his mind.

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UNDER THE OLD WALNUT-TREE.

"This of the mountain's wayward heart  
Teaches him to hide his grief and pain,  
To be as hard as stone, and as true as steel,  
To stand to bear a pining love."

How sweet in that dark hour to fall  
On bosoms waiting to receive,  
Our sighs, and gently whirled aloft,  
They love us—and will not forsake.

—Kirk's Christian Year.

"Strangers passing through Sandyliffe always paused to admire the picturesque old Grange, with its curious gables and fantastically twisted chimneys, its million windows and red brick walls that looked in ivy, while all sorts of creepers festooned the deep shady porch, with its long oaken benches that looked so cool and inviting on a hot summer's day, while the ever open door gave a glimpse of a hall furnished with a sitting-room, with a glass door leading to a lawn, and a garden of flowers, and a sun-dial, and a curlew's nest, and a curious yew-tree that stood on the side. This was Mr. Ferrers's favorite walk, where he pondered over the subject for his half-hour's meditation. It was no difficulty for him to find his way through the straight alley. An old walnut-tree at the end of a broad circular seat and a little strip of grass round it was always known as the

and Margaret obediently opened the thin folded paper.

Mr. Ross DALING—At last we have heard from you—at last you have yielded to my entreaties, and I know you to be a true child. God bless you for lifting a little of the weight of my, for telling us something about yourself and your work. I could not help crying my tears over you, when I thought that a humble folk shelter our child; you are compelled to work for living; you, Crystal, who have never known what it is to want anything, upon whom my rough wind was not suffered to blow. My child, come home. What need is there of penance expiation when all are blessed forgiven? The evil spirits that tormented your child have been cast out, and you are clothed afresh in your right mind now; come home for Raby's sake, and be his darling as of old. Do you know how long for gray that? Daily asks 'Any news of her, Margaret?' and last night, as I was passing his study door, he called 'Tell me, and bade me give you this message—' 'Tell me, I said, 'how is she? Has she any more night I bless her and fall asleep breathing her name; tell her that for me, that there is no longer any danger, that she cannot escape from my love; and that it will follow her to the world's end. And he said, 'Margaret, that if she does not soon come home, I will take her by the hand, and lead her, unless as I am—I will seek her through God's earth till I find her and bring her to the clearest sermons of the blind vicar of Sandyliffe little know how much of that precious store of wisdom and scholarly research was owing to Margaret's unselish devotion; Miss Ferrers's daughters, and him in his blindness were not more devoted than she."

When their early Sunday repast was over, Margaret, as usual, led the way to the old walnut-tree seat; she had kept the volume of Herbert's poems—for he wore by his name, Raby often preferred some of the poems to poetry or interesting biography to be read to him between the services, or often he had her close her book or read to herself if his thoughts were busy with his evening sermon.

The strip of lawn that surrounded the walnut-tree led to a broad gravel walk with a sundial and a high southern-hemlock, where peaches ripened, and nectarines and apricots sunned themselves; here there was another seat; where on cold autumn mornings or mild winter days one could feel the mild chastened sunbeams stealing round one with temperate warmth; where a beehive stood under the wall, where sweetest honey from the surrounding clover-fields was made by the busy bumble-workers, "the little liveries of industry," as he called them, "or his preacher in brown."

Margaret glanced at her brother rather anxiously as she took her place beside him; he looked more than usually tired, she thought; deep lines furrowed his forehead, and the firmly compressed lips spoke of some effort to repress heart-weariness. "I am thinking of our poor child," she said to herself as she turned to the vicar's poem for the seventh Sunday after Trinity: "From whence can a man satisfy his restless mind with rest here in the wilderness?—the very text as she looked at it, Raby had selected for his evening sermon at Pierpont; but as her smooth melodious voice lingered involuntarily in the air, Margaret, could she care for the blind man still?"

"More than ever, dear. If I know anything, Raby, my heart has belonged to you from a child."

"There speaks my comforter"—with one of his usual smiles, "you are always good to me, Madge. Now, when I have to let me be, Madge, these few thoughts. One little clue—a faint hint—and I would keep it, I mean towards him with a sense of sympathy. 'That verse was beautiful; it reminded me of our child at once,'—but well as loved her, for every day showed him that she was a woman of noble character. His knowledge of his sister made him doubt the wisdom of her choice; in his heart he had never really approved of her engagement with Hugh Redmond. He was a capable fellow, he told himself; a pleasant companion, lovable in his way, and not without his special gifts, but he was not worthy of Margaret."

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"My DEAREST MARGARET," he began, "I feel to-night as though I must write to you; sometimes the home-sickness is so intense, the longing so intense to see your dear face again—that I can hardly endure it; there are times when the restlessness is so unbearable that I cannot sit still. I have, when I feel as though I had but one wish in the world, just to feel your arms round me again, and hear from your lips that I am forgiven, and that the day is over. You suffer too, you say, in the one letter that has reached me; I have over-shadowed your happiness. You and Raby are troubling your kind hearts about me, but indeed there is no need for any fresh anxiety. I have met with good Samaritans. The roof that shelters me is humble indeed, but it shelters loving hearts and simple, true natures—natures as true as yours, Margaret—gentle high-souled women, who, like the charitable traveller in the Bible, have sought to pour oil and wine into my wounds. You would love them for my sake, but still more for their own!"

"These kindly strangers took me in without a word," he said, "and I was young, friendly, and unhappy, that was all they cared to know."

"I must tell you very little about them, for I do not wish to give you any news to my home at present; they are a mother and two daughters in reduced circumstances, but having unmistakably the stamp of gentleness; both mother and daughter, for the second is only a child, have high cultured natures. The mother—forgive me, Margaret, for I dare not mention her name—teaches in a school close by us, and her daughter is also a daily governess. I am thankful to say that their recommendations have procured me work of the same kind; I give morning lessons to two little boys, and Fern—that is the eldest daughter's name—and I have also obtained some hours, or employments to fill up my leisure. Always passed to admire the picturesque old Grange, with its curious gables and fantastically twisted chimneys, its million windows and red brick walls that looked in ivy, while all sorts of creepers festooned the deep shady porch, with its long oaken benches that looked so cool and inviting on a hot summer's day, while the ever open door gave a glimpse of a hall furnished with a sitting-room, with a glass door leading to a lawn, and a garden of flowers, and a sun-dial, and a curlew's nest, and a curious yew-tree that stood on the side. This was Mr. Ferrers's favorite walk, where he pondered over the subject for his half-hour's meditation. It was no difficulty for him to find his way through the straight alley. An old walnut-tree at the end of a broad circular seat and a little strip of grass round it was always known as the

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AGNES HUNTINGTON IN A MIFF.

She and Tom Karl Won't Sing in St. Paul and With a Popular Amateur.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: Agnes Huntington, Maria Stone, Tom Karl, and M. Donald, of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, came here a week ago to assume the leading roles in the first performance of Agnes Huntington's opera by Sig. Janata, a local composer of some celebrity. The opera was to have been produced this week, and the singers named were to receive \$1,000 for each of eight performances. The interest of the occasion was much heightened by the fact that a Miss Murphy, a pupil of Sig. Janata, was to sing the leading part, Lorette, on one of the nights. Miss Murphy, besides being a very clever contralto, is also a great favorite in society here. Miss Huntington had been engaged to sing the part of Lorette, and when she heard that an amateur was to replace her for one night she sought Sig. Janata. She informed him that the people of St. Paul expected to hear her sing, Miss Murphy, and she (Miss Huntington) did not propose to disappoint them. It was in reply to her request that Sig. Janata and Miss Huntington declared that he deserved a thrashing and that his opera ought to be thrashed, and with this declaration of opinion the opera was abandoned. Miss Huntington then took a hand in bedeviling Sig. Janata, and informed him that if Miss Murphy was allowed to sing in her opera he should deliver a thrashing to Miss Huntington and Tom Karl was no proposed.

The Autumn Assises.

GALT, J.

Toronto Civil Assises—Monday, Sept. 12.  
Toronto Criminal Assises—Monday, Oct. 3.  
St. Catharines—Monday, Oct. 24.  
Orangeville—Monday, Oct. 31.  
Mississauga—Monday, Nov. 1.  
Brampton—Monday, Nov. 14.

ARMOR, J.

Hamilton—Monday, Sept. 12.  
Stratford—Tuesday, Sept. 20.  
Galt—Tuesday, Oct. 1.  
Burlington—Monday, Sept. 26.  
Berlin—Monday, Oct. 1.  
Brampton—Thursday, Oct. 6.  
Simcoe—Tuesday, Oct. 11.  
Peterborough—Monday, Nov. 7.  
Welland—Monday, Oct. 17.

CAMERON, C. J.

Barrie—Monday, Sept. 12.  
Owen Sound—Monday, Sept. 26.  
Owen Sound—Monday, Oct. 17.  
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L'Orignal—Monday, Oct. 27.  
Perth—Thursday, Oct. 24.  
Lindsay—Monday, Nov. 7.  
Peterborough—Monday, Nov. 14.

ROSE, J.

London—Monday, Sept. 12.  
St. Thomas—Monday, Sept. 26.  
Catharines—Monday, Oct. 3.  
Stratford—Monday, Oct. 17.  
Sarnia—Monday, Oct. 17.  
Goderich—Monday, Oct. 24.  
Walkerton—Monday, Oct. 31.  
Woodstock—Monday, Nov. 7.  
O'Connor, J.

Whitby—Monday, Sept. 12.  
Napane—Monday, Sept. 19.  
Thurs—Thursday, Sept. 22.  
Pictou—Monday, Sept. 26.  
Kingston—Monday, Oct. 17.  
Brookville—Monday, Oct. 17.  
Cornwall—Monday, Oct. 24.  
Cobourg—Monday, Oct. 31.

PERSONALS.

Cleveland Plaindealer: Perhaps the reason of Boston's cultured people going wild over Queen Kapilani was because her skin was of a golden-brown hue.

Deputy Attorney-General Johnston of Ontario has been ill for some weeks with rheumatic fever. Yesterday he was able to leave his bed, but it is still very weak.

There died at Yonkers on the 14th ult., aged 73, Alfred Von Skene, a Scotchman, who was a member of the Austrian Parliament. He was one of the greatest and wealthiest manufacturers of Austria.

A Speedy Cure of Whooping-cough.  
Mohn, a Norwegian physician, is reported to have been able to cure whooping-cough by means of inhalations of sulphurous anhydride. In the first instance this was done accidentally while disinfecting some rooms, subsequently it was done by burning six drachms of sulphur per cubic meter of space; the bedding, etc., being well exposed to its influence. After the room had been closed for four hours, ventilation was restored, and the children put to sleep in the beds impregnated with the sulphurous vapors. In the morning the cough had ceased.

A Kansas Incident.

As an incident of the late cyclone a Kansas teller of a ball of wool which was blown against his house. Striking upon the end of the wall, which had been blown through the weatherboarding and plastering, the ball remained outside until being, it was dropped in a loose mass upon the sitting room floor. We do not recall to vote him the championship, as Missouri is yet to hear from, but we take pleasure in congratulating the people of Kansas in that some of the best cotton to break the monopoly hitherto controlled by real estate agents.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wide Awake Town.

One man knocked down, two others kicked in the stomach, Deputy Sheriff McFie laid up by a kick in the groin, several big fair games running, also several pieces of furniture and a horse, valued over \$500 in the pot—a good house at the theatre; all this last Saturday evening in this city would seem to indicate that times are getting livelier.—Talley, Idaho, Times.

A Puzzle.

If from six you take nine, and from nine you (You wish now the puzzle explain;  
And fifty from forty be taken, then then  
Will just half a dozen remain.  
Solution—From SIX take IX and X,  
From NINE take X and I, will remain  
Five—(N. Y. Times.)

Polypionic.

Jack (backwards in his grammar)—"Papa, what part of speech is woman?"  
"Papa (fresh from a verbal engagement with mamma, in which, of course, he has been badly worsted)—"She isn't any part of speech at all, Jack; she is the whole of it!"

Cause for Thankfulness.

"Jim," said a lusty tramp to a companion, "this is beautiful weather, ain't it?"  
"Betcherlife." "We've got'er lot of things to be thankful for, ain't we?" "You bet we have, and specially that wood-piles is our 'osean."—Washington Critic.

One of the teachers in the school at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what his school for Ellbows was like, and was answered as follows:

Episcopal diocese in some parts of Australia has its humorous side," says the Ballarat Courier. "One prelate, on his journey around, was being hung into the deep mud by a restive horse, and, being fully with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the bishop consoled himself by the fact that it was a deep impression in that part of the diocese, at any rate."

Ripe peaches and watermelons are being shipped from Georgia to northern markets. In San Francisco, since last Saturday week, they have experienced the hottest weather ever known in that city.



FARMERSVILLE, JUNE 22, 1887.

We are pleased to announce that we have secured the services of Mr. S. P. Shaw, (Clerk with L. S. Lewis), Newboro, as our canvassing agent for Newboro and vicinity. Subscriptions handed in to him will be promptly acknowledged, and the paper sent to subscribers the following week. Subscriptions may also be given to J. B. Ackland, Forfar; W. B. Phelps, Philippsville; Omer Brown, Delta; C. J. Gilroy, Glen Duell; Alex. Lang, Spring Valley; G. P. McNish, Lynn; H. S. Meffitt, Adkinson; Mrs. I. Knapp, Plum Hollow; R. E. Cornell, Elbe Mills; B. W. Lovrin, Greenbush, or sent direct by Mail, 15c Remember from now to January 1st 1888 for only 10 cents.

**FARMERSVILLE AND VICINITY.**

Our Reporter's Note Book Turned Inside Out for the Benefit of the Public.

Mr. Isaac Cornell, of Canton, N.Y., gave us a pleasant call on Saturday. Full stock of scythes, snaths, rakes and other haying tools, at A. Parish & Son's.

A large and jolly crowd attended the Methodist picnic yesterday. Full particulars next week.

Miss Adams and Miss Miller, of Larry Sound, who had been visiting Mrs. Chamberlain, returned home yesterday.

Yesterday being the jubilee holiday, there was a regular stampede of Farmersville's citizens to Charleston and elsewhere.

Mr. P. Witte has a handsome new top buggy to sell. It is first-class in every respect, and was built at Gilroy's Carriage Works.

Go to A. Parish & Son for Oils, Raw and double boiled paint oil, Peckless machine oil, black machine oil, cylinder oil, castor oil, &c.

It is reported that a prominent professional gent has been "spooning" around a certain Main st. residence nearly every evening during the past week.

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson is in town this week, visiting his sister, Mrs. W. Taplin. He preached a good, plain, practical sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

Miss Jennie Westlake of London, Ont., was visiting at B. Lovrin's this week. Miss Westlake has been attending the Ottawa Normal School, through which she passed with honors.

If the writer of the letter signed "One of many Anxious Enquirers" will send in his name, we will publish the letter next week. We require this from all who send us communications, and no letter will appear in our columns unless we know the name of the writer.

The cheese box rack which did duty as the motto "The County's Hope" in his letters. It was a doubtful point whether the legend referred to the small boys on the load or to the two Sunday School superintendents who rode with them.

The latest amusement is termed the Printer's Delight, and is played by the farmer, the mechanic, and the merchant, as follows:—Take a sheet of note paper, fold it up carefully and enclose a bill sufficiently large to pay up all arrears for your paper and one year in advance. Then address your letter and enclosure to the publisher of the DELTA. Try it. Only 50 cents for the balance of the year.

A very interesting meeting in connection with the Presbyterian Church, was held on Thursday evening, at which after devotional exercises conducted by the pastor, he introduced Mrs. Blair of Pre-cott, and Mrs. Farrel of Kingston, the former of whom is President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with the Presbytery of Breckville. Both ladies were here attending the convention of the W. C. T. U., which held its sessions in the village on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Mrs. Blair gave an earnest and feeling address on woman's work in the cause of Foreign Missions, and after explaining the constitution and working of the Presbyterian societies, which it is aimed to establish in the several congregations, appealed to the ladies present to proceed at once to the forming of an auxiliary among themselves. The suggestion was cordially received by the meeting, and the following steps taken: The following ladies were declared office-bearers for the current year, viz: Mrs. Pullar, president; Mrs. Johnston, vice-president; Mrs. Bryce Saunders, secretary; and Mrs. Jos. Gallagher, treasurer. The society will meet once a month for prayer and conference in the interest of foreign missions.

The president of the Midland fair association states that the fair will be a fair this fall on the old show grounds and that the prize list will be about the same as last year.

Mr. Parmenter, of Ganungo, was cured of erysipelas, it is said, by using the mineral waters from the well on Mr. Grant's farm, Wolf Island.

A cyclone went west picked up a barrel of whiskey and dropped it into a pond in this county.

It is reported that a cyclone is a very respectable institution, and want to know how the country could get along without it.

**COUNTY NEWS-LETTERS**  
Received from Our Own Correspondents During the past Week.

**New Dublin.**

The large circular saw in Mr. Byron Cadwell's mill broke the other day, entailing quite a loss upon the proprietor.

Uncle's Chestnut Hill mare has a young foal that is a living curiosity—cow legged, con footed, hog headed, camel backed and goggled eyed. But there is hope in future that it will be a trotter. It was sired by young Rackadack, of Mud Creek, by Snaping Turtle, of the old Rosenporker stock farm. Young Rackadack's dam was sired by Alf. Avery's Hickory Whip-will Funch. This colt's future looks very promising. Uncle says Young Warrior is nowhere.

**Greenbush.**

On last Thursday, as Mr. Omer A. Willoughby was assisting Mr. Simeon Lovrin to remove the piping from his well, the chain slipped, letting the pipes fall with such force that the ley, or Mr. Lovrin was holding was thrown against the side of his head, rendering him insensible for some time. Dr. Cornell was summoned, and pronounced it a very close call. He said that if his patient had been struck one inch higher death would have been instantaneous. Mr. Lovrin is recovering. Mr. Willoughby sustained a few slight injuries.

As Hudson Davis was returning home from the village one day last week, his horse, a very high spirited animal, became unmanageable and ran away. Huts got quite a shaking up.

The road work in this division is completed, under the supervision of S. Y. Smith. We never saw as good a job done in this division as this year. Sam says it is better to say "come boys" than "go boys." He is the right man in the right place.

**Front of Yonge.**

"Haw-rav!" for the great Jubilee Picnic at Dalrymple on the 23rd inst. O. L. Potter has put a new set of bolts into his flouring mills.

Some parties will go into camp at Graham Lake this summer. Some very fine fish, bull frogs and snakes are to be seen in these waters. That very popular blacksmith, R. Manuel, is at present in the employ of S. Andrews, Pleasant Valley.

Strawberries are almost a failure in this township. The vines are infested with a rust, and the berries will not as a general thing come to maturity.

Crowds of people are daily visiting Mr. James Cain, to find out how that gentleman came through the painful operation of having a large mole cancer removed from his face.

Mrs. Jas. Tennant, of Caintown, has one of the loveliest flower gardens to be found in any rural locality in Canada.

Mrs. Kelly has opened up a drug store in Mallorytown. This is a long felt want supplied to a people who will know how and when to use a small quantity of liquor in compounding their medicines, and for the purpose of lubricating the parts where rheumatism has made serious inroads into the mundane tenement.

**Mallorytown.**

A highly successful social gathering, under the auspices of the Presbyterians of this place, came off in the public hall, on Friday evening. There was a large attendance of residents and friends from the surrounding neighborhood. During the assembling of the audience, the village band, under the leadership of Mr. Jas. Mallory, played a selection of suitable music in the open air. The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Jas. Pullar, who asked the Divine blessing, after which an abundant supply of ice cream and more substantial refreshments were served. Mr. Conly was called to occupy the chair, and gave a brief congratulatory address. The programme which followed was an excellent one, embracing readings by Miss Annie Mallory, Miss Smith, Mr. Wm. J. Heribson and a recitation effectively delivered by Dr. Shaw. The musical portion of the programme, (vocal and instrumental) was contributed by the Messrs. Avery, Mrs. Sanderson, and the Messrs. House, Trillin and Ira Thompson. During the evening, brief addresses were given by the Rev. Mr. Sanderson, of the Methodist Church, and the minister of the congregation, the Rev. Jas. Pullar. The Rev. Mr. Coates was also present and took part in the proceedings. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the ladies, and to all, who by their valuable services, contributed to render the undertaking such a gratifying success. The entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

**Elbe Mills.**

Mr. Jos. Steacy has resigned the office of postmaster, and Mr. John Gibson has been appointed in his place. The office has been removed to the latter's residence.

Three of our citizens took a trip to Charleston Lake last week, and stayed fishing. They had fairly good luck, but the mosquitoes did most of the biting.

The quiet of our peaceful neighborhood was disturbed on Friday morning last by a row at the mills. The present proprietor objected to the removal of some property claimed by the former owner and on the latter attempting to gain forcible possession, a general scuffle took place in which a number of persons were injured by both parties. The "King" who was present but not taking any part in the disturbance, accidentally got a blow from the "fury," who was taking a lively interest in the war, and received one from the same weapon.

While "Charlie" was trying to shut off the wind of his opponent he had a brogan planted in the lower part of his diaphragm which shut him up for a few moments but he soon recovered and was in at the finish as lively as ever. The proprietor of the mills developed a wonderful amount of energy for an invalid and proved himself to be a bad man in a row. The claimant of the property in dispute came out of the battle badly scratched and receiving a terrible blow on the head and was in a fair way of getting more when a bystander interfered and peace was restored. One of our oldest inhabitants says that there has not been such a row in this vicinity for 40 years, and no doubt it reminds him of "ye olden times."

**Glen Duell.**

The Mechanic's Franchising Syndicate, which recently came in possession of the Bell Farm, jr., and adjacent grazing lands, for practical farming, have had difficulty in getting a sufficient number of laborers to do the work required. The president promptly applied for and secured outside labor to protect the corn crop and other valuable crops. This caused the "green eyed monster" to move quickly in the ranks of the local unions, who loudly protested against the Chinamen, made a cruel raid on the camp, and abused the occupants shamefully indeed. The worthy president feels the insult keenly and offers a liberal reward for the union men who set fire to the camp.

The young people of our town are enjoying heaps of fun at the expense of one of their number, a young man who is said to be rather fast for one of his age. He hooked up the "Old man's" horse and carriage a few evenings ago fondly hoping to enjoy for an evening's drive, the company of a fair young maiden. But alas! how soon those fond hopes were doomed to be blasted. The young lady very properly consulted her mother, who advised her daughter to escort the young gentleman to the music room and play for his benefit "Sweet Bye and Bye" to be followed by "Home, Sweet Home."

Jubilee day was generally observed as a public holiday here, many of the people attending a fishing picnic on the beautiful waters of Charleston Lake. They enjoyed the trip very much and returned home highly pleased with the events of the day, hoping that her majesty the Queen may long live to rule the nation with joy and peace.

**Sarah was Upset.**

Up in the mountains about Marietta, Ga., we came across a tall, bare-footed, bare-legged girl, apparently about twenty years old, who sat on the ground in front of a log cabin with her feet in a sand pile. She made no move to get up, and the mother, who came to the door as we rode up noticed her and yelled out: "Sarah! Sarah!" "What?" drawled Sarah. "What's yer manners?" "Hain't got none!" "Oh you hain't! Gents, extra cse me." She picked up a limb and started for Sarah. Sarah jumped up, got a whack on the back as she dodged a stump, and as she sailed over the brush fence in front of the house the limb took her again with all proper energy. "No, she hain't got no manners, and that's so," said the mother as she flung down the weapon and came back to us. "I want her to chop wood and hoe corn and read Shakespeare, and the old man he wants her to trap and shoot and learn Latin, and betwixt the handling and pulling, we've got her manners all upset."

In the general distribution of Jubilee titles Lord Lansdowne has, it is said, been offered a Dukedom.

Mr. Butler, the engineer sent out to make the preliminary survey of the Ganungo and Perth Railway, has finished his work, and reports that there are no engineering difficulties whatever along the proposed line.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS.**

**Married.**  
At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Jas. Pullar, of Farmersville, Irwin D. Forrester, of Hammond, N.Y., to Emma, daughter of the late Wm. Forrester, Esq., of Mallorytown.

**FOR SALE.**  
HOUSE AND LOT on Sarah street, Farmersville. Cheap, and easy terms of payment. W. G. PARISH, 28th.

**Tailoresses Wanted.**  
A GOOD GENERAL HAND and a proficient PANT MAKER. Apply immediately to A. M. CHASSELS, Farmersville.

**G. T. FULFORD, Brockville, Ticket Agent**  
Grand Trunk R.R.  
The old reliable Short line and only Through Car route to MONTREAL, BOSTON, DETROIT, CHICAGO, &c., &c.  
Through tickets sold to all points at rates as low as the lowest.

**EXCHANGE BROKER**  
American Currency Silver and all kinds of un-entitled monies bought and sold at lowest rates.  
American Drafts and Cheques cashed.  
Drafts issued on New York, current for payment in all parts of the United States.  
**MONEY TO LOAN**  
on approved endorsed notes.  
G. T. FULFORD.

**SINGLETON BROS.,**  
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,  
DELTA, - - ONT.

The subscribers in returning thanks for past patronage, beg to inform the public that they have made arrangements to have a full line of Builders and Carriage makers Hardware reach us by the First Boat in the spring.

Our general stock consists of a full line of Stoves, Iron, Steel, Nails, Screws, Locks, Hinges, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Glass, and a full line of Gas fixtures and Cheese Factory Supplies. Prices Low.

**KITLEY MILLS**

The subscriber has a large quantity of FLOUR, and FEED, Bran, and Shorts, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand and for sale at his mills near Toledo. We will not be Undersold.  
CHAUNGY BELLAMY,  
Toledo, March 15th, 1887.

**EAGLE WRINGER.**

**Best in the World!**  
ANTI-FRICTION GEARING, REQUIRING NO OIL.  
SOLID WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS, VULCANIZED TO SHAFTS. CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF MALLEABLE IRON, GALVANIZED IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER.

**CONNOR'S IMPROVED WASHER!**

**Best Washing Machine in the Market.**  
These machines will be left on trial for a reasonable period, and no sale unless a fair trial proves them to be satisfactory to the customer. Read our circulars carefully.  
R. W. CHALIS, Agent, Farmersville.

**THE EXCURSION STEAMER**

**LILY NICHOLSON**  
JAS. GREER, Captain & Owner.

THE LILY NICHOLSON will until further notice be at the disposal of excursion and picnic parties on

**CHARLESTON LAKE,**

and will be at the Charleston dock every Saturday (commencing June 11th) at 9:00 a.m., where arrangements can be made with the captain for the use of the boat any day during the following week. Orders for the boat may be sent to Warburton or Charleston post offices, on Tuesdays or Fridays, or the boat can be arranged for personally by calling at the REPORTER Office, Farmersville.

**SEEDS!**

**ALL KINDS.**  
Fresh and Reliable.  
Linsed Meal For Feeding Purposes.  
Drugs, Dye-stuffs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, &c., &c., AT LOWEST PRICES.

**ALLAN TURNER & CO.,** KING ST., BROCKVILLE.

**- GREAT - BARGAINS -**

**HARNESS!**

Made from the best material and in the latest style.  
In order to meet the demand for CHEAP HARNESS, we have prepared a lot of factory-made goods, which we will sell from \$11 per set up.

**SEE OUR HOME-MADE COLLARS.**  
A large stock to select from.

Nearly 20 sets of harness now on hand. A full line of whips, brushes, curry combs, &c.  
A. E. WILTSE

**THE OLD RELIABLE Tailoring House**  
of  
**A. M. CHASSELS** MAIN ST., FARMERSVILLE.

**SUITS MADE UP BY THE LATEST STYLE - IN SHORT NOTICE.**  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

My reputation as a first-class workman is now so well established in this section that it is not necessary that I should take up space in recommending my work to the public.

**CHINA HALL,**

**BROCKVILLE.**  
GREATEST VARIETY OF  
CHINA, GLASS, EARTHEN-WARE & FANCY GOODS  
In Central Canada.  
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

Just now we are giving Great BARGAINS in China and Printed Tea Sets, Enamelled and Printed Dinner and Breakfast Sets, and Enamelled and Printed Chamber Sets.

When in Brockville call and see the above lines of goods. They are cheap.

**CHINA HALL, F. W. WEST.**

**R. D. Judson & Son,**



**UNDERTAKERS,** FARMERSVILLE.

Cabinet-making in all its Branches.  
Charges Moderate.

**COAL!**

**COAL! COAL!**  
**'WILKESBARRE'**

All Coal WELL SCREENED. Office and Yard, WATER ST., BROCKVILLE.

**W. T. McCULLOUGH**

**HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.**

THAT Fine Dwelling House on Henry st., Farmersville, formerly owned and occupied by J. H. Percival. Also one Top Buggy, used only one season. For terms and particulars apply to the undersigned, or to Geo. W. Green, Farmersville.  
HENRY CUNNINGHAM, Assignee, Kingston.

**Stock Complete.**

**H. H. ARNOLD,**  
IS NOW SHOWING a most complete Stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, carefully selected, and at prices to suit the closest buyers. TO SEE our DRESS GOODS is to ADMIRE them; to learn their price is to wonder at their value. The same can be said of our Dress Gingham over 50 patterns at 10c.) Also our Prints, Shirtings, Cottonades, Grey and White Cottons, are pronounced by the Farmersville of this section. Our Canadian, Scotch and English Tweeds and Suitings are SECOND TO NONE in appearance or value, and to see them before buying may mean to you money saved. An inspection will prove our assertion. Men's Spring Hats in great variety just arrived.

S. M. Switzer, PHOTOGRAPHER, NEWBORO, ONT.

**Brockville Cemetery**



**L. DE GARLE,** Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of HEADSTONES and MONUMENTS. IN MARBLE OR GRANITE.  
P. O. Box No. 10, Brockville, Ont.

**Electric Light PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,**

OPPOSITE NEW POST OFFICE, BROCKVILLE, - ONTARIO.

Photographs taken by Daylight or Electric Light. Bromides a Specialty.

Parties wanting photographs enlarged should send direct to the gallery, as all kinds of work is guaranteed first-class, at lowest prices. None but first-class material used, and first-class artists employed in each department. Those wanting photos, or enlargements should call and inspect our work, as we Advertise Nothing but what we Can do.

**H. GAMBLE, - - Photographer,**  
SUCCESSOR TO A. C. McINTYRE. 3-29

**Farmersville Stove Depot.**

The subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Farmersville and surrounding country that he has purchased the stock and business of J. H. Percival, and will carry on the business of

**Tinsmithing in all its Branches**

**AT THE OLD STAND,**

Karley's Block, Main Street Opposite Gamble House

Having a few STOVES on hand which we are anxious to clear out we will continue the offer made by Mr. Percival and give a

Prize of a Dozen extra steel Knives & Forks to each Customer Who purchases a stove at regular prices for cash.  
W. F. EARLE,

**THE PEOPLE'S STORE,**

**FARMERSVILLE.**

'87. --: SPRING CAMPAIGN. --: '87.

**Bargains for the People!**

We have just received our spring stock direct from the Best Manufacturers and Wholesale Markets of Canada. We bought for

**CASH, SPOT CASH,**

And therefore have secured the Best Discount and Bottom Prices, which goes to show that we can and will give our customers

**NEWER GOODS, BETTER VALUE, LOWER PRICES, and GREATER BARGAINS**

**THAN ANY HOUSE IN TOWN.**

And furthermore, we are bound to sell 20 PER CENT. CHEAPER than any OLD BANKRUPT STOCK or SHELFWORN GOODS can be sold.

**DO NOT Buy until you have Inspected our Stock and Prices. Goods Shown with Pleasure.**

**LAMB & DAVISON.**

**TEAS AND COFFEES A SPECIALTY. Highest Prices Paid for Farm Products.**

**TEA**  
Do you want a Pound of Tea? It so it will pay you to get it at The Tea Store, Brockville.

**TEA**  
Do you want 5 Pounds of Tea? If so it will pay you to get it at The Tea Store, Brockville.

**TEA**  
Do you want a Chest of tea! If so it will pay you to get it at The Tea Store, Brockville.

All Teas Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction, and can be returned if not liked after trial.

Sign of the Big T T. W. DENNIS, The Brockville Tea Store, Bigg's New Block, Main st.

**FARMERSVILLE CARRIAGE WORKS.**

Establish'd 1860.

From my long experience in the business and after closely studying the want of the trade, I believe I have on hand for this seasons trade

**JUST WHAT IS WANTED.**

INSPECT MY STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING. Special attention as usual to Shoeing & Jobbing

Farmersville, March 9th, 1887.  
**D. FISHER.**

**M'COLL'S :: LARDINE :: MACHINE :: OIL**

NEVER FAILS TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Our "English" Wood Gil-Something New—Finest in the Market. Our Cylinder Oil—600 fire test—much superior to Tallay.