

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

FARMERSVILLE, WEDNESDAY, August 6, 1884.

NO. 14.

THE REPORTER

Is issued every Wednesday at the office, corner of Church and Mill streets, Farmersville. Terms, 75 cents per year in advance or \$1.00 if not paid within six months. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid.
Professional and business cards of one inch space and under, per year three dollars. Editorial notices in local column five cents per line for first insertion and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. A limited number of advertisements inserted at special rates.
The Reporter office is supplied with a good equipment of poster as well as fine job type.
BETHUEL LOVERIN,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Stroll No. 7.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Half an Hour in Front of an Hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anti-Scott Act Meeting.

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on fourth page.)

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

FARMERSVILLE, WEDNESDAY, August 6, 1884.

NO. 14.

THE REPORTER

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

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

The Reporter office is supplied with a good equipment of poster as well as fine job type.
BETHUEL LOVERIN,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Stroll No. 7.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Half-an-Hour in Front of an Hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anti-Scott Act Meeting.

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on fourth page.)

INTECH (1984) associates

1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3,
London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970
After Hours: 657-0390

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
And both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan she thought;
The corn did pop and patter.
Then John cried out: "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan! what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock!
You'll die of indigestion!
I'm first of all this popping corn!
Why don't you pop the question?"

MURDER WILL OUT.

Some ten or twelve years ago a terrible and mysterious murder was committed at a quiet little village in one of the Midland counties. This place it will be convenient to designate as Leland. The local police used their utmost efforts to discover the perpetrator of the crime, but, as their exertions were attended with no result whatever, I was sent down from Scotland Yard to take the matter in hand.

The following is a resume of the main facts in connection with the tragedy.

On the afternoon of the first of June at about four o'clock, a gentleman walked up to the "Reindeer," the principal inn at Leland, and secured a bed there for the night. He was a tall, handsome-looking man, apparently about five and thirty years of age.

He carried a fishing rod and a small black bag, and from the fact of his making inquiries respecting the rivers of the neighborhood, it was conjectured that he was on a fishing excursion.

He dined at seven, and after leaving instructions with the "boots" to call him at six the following morning, he retired to his room shortly after ten.

The night passed as usual, nothing whatever occurring to alarm the occupants of the inn, and at the appointed hour next day the "boots" proceeded to the visitor's bedroom for the purpose of awaking him as arranged.

He knocked several times and called out the hour, but failing to elicit any reply, he tried the handle with a view to entering the room, but the door was locked. He again knocked violently and shouted loudly through the key-hole, but still to no purpose.

Actuated now by a vague feeling of alarm, he summoned his master, and the latter, finding it utterly impossible to rouse the stranger, burst open the door and entered the room.

Here a terrible sight presented itself. In the bed, the clothes half turned down, was lying the stranger, stark and dead.

He had been stabbed in the heart by a white-handled, clasped knife, which still remained in the wound. From the position of the body and the expression of the countenance of the deceased, it was plain that he had been

slain while asleep, and had died without a struggle.

His black bag, which he had taken to his room with him, was missing, there was not a single coin in his pockets, and a gold watch and chain and several rings—which a waiter was certain he had noticed the preceding evening—were also nowhere to be found. Hence it was inferred, and very naturally, that plunder had been the object of the crime.

The window was wide open, and through this, as the door was locked on the inside, the assassin must have entered the room. Repairs were going on in another part of the premises and a ladder which had been left standing against one of the walls by the workmen had been shifted and placed close to the murdered man's window. Here it was found in the morning, and by it the murderer had undoubtedly ascended and made his escape.

The deceased clothes were carefully searched but nothing calculated to throw any light on the crime could be found. It was impossible, too, to ascertain his name or position, for his linen was unmarked, and no letter or scrap of paper of any kind was to be discovered.

Pending the coroner's inquest, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and the police left no stone unturned in their endeavors to unravel the mystery. But, as I have already remarked, failure, absolute failure, attended their exertions.

The little they were able to discover amounted to this: A porter at the station identified the stranger as having reached Leland on the 1st of June by the 3:30 train from Byfield (this was a market town eighteen miles distant). He was certain of this fact, and also of the date, for this reason: His wife had come from Byfield on that day and by this train; she and the gentleman in question were the only passengers, and when he took the tickets he noticed that the latter's was marked Byfield, and was struck by the slight coincidence of both the solitary arrivals having come from the same place.

Inquiries were at once instituted at Byfield, and soon the proprietor of a hotel in that town came forward and recognized the deceased as having stayed three days in his house, from the 30th of May until the 1st of June. He had announced it as his intention of remaining for a much longer period, but after luncheon on the last-mentioned day, he called quite unexpectedly for his bill, and took his departure shortly after two. But as to who the gentleman was or where he came from, the landlord could not afford the slightest clue.

A waiter, however, was able to throw a little extra light on this sudden departure. He said that the stranger had intimidated his intention of going fishing in the afternoon, and, after ordering lunch for half past one, had set out for a stroll through the town. Shortly before this time he hurriedly entered the hotel, looking, the waiter observed, as if he had just seen a ghost. Something had evidently occurred to upset him, for he trembled visibly, and his face was pale as ashes. Walking into the coffee-room, he called for half a pint of brandy, and drank off nearly the whole of the raw spirit

at one gulp. As he did so, his hand hook so violently that he could scarcely raise the tumbler to his lips. He tried to eat his luncheon, but could scarcely swallow a morsel; and then, after paying his bill, he took his bag and rod, slunk out of the house by a side entrance, and hurried away down one of the back streets.

(To be continued.)

Guarding Against Cholera.

The following sensible rules should be regarded by those who desire to keep free of the cholera:

Observe strict cleanliness in your person and clothes.

Change your undergarments daily. Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep.

Dress comfortably for the season and avoid the night air as much as possible.

Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks.

Live temperately; avoid all excesses in eating crude, raw and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and unripe fruits.

A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes.

Partake of well-cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruits.

Take your meals at regular seasons.

Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise you increase susceptibility of the system to disease.

SCOTT ACT NOTES IN LEEDS & GRENVILLE.

REAR YONGE AND ESCOTT.—Canvasers are about through in this township and report about 80 per cent of the electors signing the petitions.

AUGUSTA.—Jas. Bissell, vice president of this township, gave us the cheering intelligence that Augusta would poll a large vote in favor of the Act. He gave an instance of the tactics pursued by the anti-Scott Act party to intimidate the people against voting for the Act. A leading brewer of the county drove out to see one of the largest growers of hops and barley in the township, and commenced with the query:—"Are you going to support the Scott Act?" The hop grower responded by saying that he had not hardly made up his mind what he would do. "I tell you what!" said the brewer. "If you support the Act I shall not buy your hops or barley." Our hop growing friend quietly told Mr. Brewer that he could live without growing either hops or barley, and if that was his little game he would vote for and use all his influence for the Scott Act.—And he will.

SOUTH ELSLEY.—Saunders Frayne, of Lombardy, reports that one canvasser in this township had the names of fifty electors in his district. On canvassing he secured forty-eight of them to the petition.

Official returns place the majority for the Scott Act in Arthabaska county at 1,252.

ELIZABETHTOWN.—Enthusiastic temperance meetings have been held at Lyn, Greenbush and New Dublin during the past week. The canvass is progressing favorably. This township will poll a large vote in favor of the Scott Act.

Ladies' Department.

Sally Lunn.—Three tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda.

Layer Cake.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, three teaspoonful of baking powder.

Clear Soup.—Four pounds of beef, one-half gallon of water, boil slowly eight hours, skim and strain then add two onions, three stalks of celery, salt and pepper and boil twenty minutes and strain.

Fig Pudding.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of figs chopped fine, one-half pound of beef suet, one-half pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little spice, three eggs; mix with milk, tie in a cloth and boil for four hours.

Chicken Soup.—One chicken jointed, two and one-half pounds of beef cut into strips, two onions, two turnips, one-half cup of sage, pepper and salt; chop onions and turnips; put all to boil in seven quarts of water. Take out meat and put into a jar. Strain soup through a sieve. Cool two hours more.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—One quart of cold-boiled potatoes cut into dice, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, three tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped fine. Fry the onion in butter till yellow, then stir in the potatoes and parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Stir carefully with a fork so the potatoes will not get broken.

Common soft soap well rubbed in, on mildew stains and exposed to the sun will take them out entirely.

If a little kerosene oil is mixed with stove polish, it will assist greatly in improving the looks of rusty iron.

Oxalic acid will always remove mud stains, which cannot be removed by soap and water.

If Cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will resent the inhospitable treatment and will retire from the premises.

If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap suds, the lustre appears immediately and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does. Give it a trial.

Knives with ivory or bone handles which have become loosened, or fallen out entirely, can be cemented at home and with small expense, by using this cement: take 4 parts rosin, 1 part beeswax and 1 part plaster of paris. Melt the beeswax and rosin together, then while hot add the plaster. Pour the compound into the hole while hot and press handle in firmly.

Success in raising house plants may be forwarded by using 2 parts garden soil and 1 part fine red sand. Stir the soil around the roots of the plants. Water only when the plants seem to need it. When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of throwing them away, make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth where they decay. This is the best fertilizer known.

INTECH (1984) associates

1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3,
London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970
After Hours: 657-0390

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
And both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and Susan she thought;
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan! what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock!
You'd die of indigestion!
I'm tired of all this popping corn!
Why don't you pop the question?"

MURDER WILL OUT.

Some ten or twelve years ago a terrible and mysterious murder was committed at a quiet little village in one of the Midland counties. This place it will be convenient to designate as Leland. The local police used their utmost efforts to discover the perpetrator of the crime, but, as their exertions were attended with no result whatever, I was sent down from Scotland Yard to take the matter in hand.

The following is a resume of the main facts in connection with the tragedy.

On the afternoon of the first of June at about four o'clock, a gentleman walked up to the "Reindeer," the principal inn at Leland, and secured a bed there for the night. He was a tall, handsome-looking man, apparently about five and thirty years of age.

He carried a fishing rod and a small black bag, and from the fact of his making inquiries respecting the rivers of the neighborhood, it was conjectured that he was on a fishing excursion.

He dined at seven, and after leaving instructions with the "boots" to call him at six the following morning, he retired to his room shortly after ten.

The night passed as usual, nothing whatever occurring to alarm the occupants of the inn, and at the appointed hour next day the "boots" proceeded to the visitor's bedroom for the purpose of awaking him as arranged.

He knocked several times and called out the hour, but failing to elicit any reply, he tried the handle with a view to entering the room, but the door was locked. He again knocked violently and shouted loudly through the key-hole, but still to no purpose.

Actuated now by a vague feeling of alarm, he summoned his master, and the latter, finding it utterly impossible to rouse the stranger, burst open the door and entered the room.

Here a terrible sight presented itself. In the bed, the clothes half turned down, was lying the stranger, stark and dead.

He had been stabbed in the heart by a white-handed, clasped knife, which still remained in the wound. From the position of the body and the expression of the countenance of the deceased, it was plain that he had been

slain while asleep, and had died without a struggle.

His black bag, which he had taken to his room with him, was missing, there was not a single coin in his pockets, and a gold watch and chain and several rings—which a waiter was certain he had noticed the preceding evening—were also nowhere to be found. Hence it was inferred, and very naturally, that plunder had been the object of the crime.

The window was wide open, and through this, as the door was locked on the inside, the assassin must have entered the room. Repairs were going on in another part of the premises and a ladder which had been left standing against one of the walls by the workmen had been shifted and placed close to the murdered man's window. Here it was found in the morning, and by it the murderer had undoubtedly ascended and made his escape.

The deceased clothes were carefully searched but nothing calculated to throw any light on the crime could be found. It was impossible, too, to ascertain his name or position, for his linen was unmarked, and no letter or scrap of paper of any kind was to be discovered.

Pending the coroner's inquest, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and the police left no stone unturned in their endeavors to unravel the mystery. But, as I have already remarked, failure, absolute failure, attended their exertions.

The little they were able to discover amounted to this: A porter at the station identified the stranger as having reached Leland on the 1st of June by the 3:30 train from Byfield (this was a market town eighteen miles distant). He was certain of this fact, and also of the date, for this reason: His wife had come from Byfield on that day and by this train; she and the gentleman in question were the only passengers, and when he took the tickets he noticed that the latter's was marked Byfield, and was struck by the slight coincidence of both the solitary arrivals having come from the same place.

Inquiries were at once instituted at Byfield, and soon the proprietor of a hotel in that town came forward and recognized the deceased as having stayed three days in his house, from the 30th of May until the 1st of June. He had announced it as his intention of remaining for a much longer period, but after luncheon on the last-mentioned day, he called quite unexpectedly for his bill, and took his departure shortly after two. But as to who the gentleman was or where he came from, the landlord could not afford the slightest clue.

A waiter, however, was able to throw a little extra light on this sudden departure. He said that the stranger had intimidated his intention of going fishing in the afternoon, and, after ordering lunch for half past one, had set out for a stroll through the town. Shortly before this time he hurriedly entered the hotel, looking, the waiter observed, as if he had just seen a ghost. Something had evidently occurred to upset him, for he trembled visibly, and his face was pale as ashes. Walking into the coffee-room, he called for half a pint of brandy, and drank off nearly the whole of the raw spirit

at one gulp. As he did so, his hand shook so violently that he could scarcely raise the tumbler to his lips. He tried to eat his luncheon, but could scarcely swallow a morsel; and then, after paying his bill, he took his bag and rod, slunk out of the house by a side entrance, and hurried away down one of the back streets.

(To be continued.)

Guarding Against Cholera.

The following sensible rules should be regarded by those who desire to keep free of the cholera:

Observe strict cleanliness in your person and clothes.

Change your undergarments daily. Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep.

Dress comfortably for the season and avoid the night air as much as possible.

Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks.

Live temperately; avoid all excesses in eating crude, raw and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and unripe fruits.

A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes.

Partake of well-cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruits.

Take your meals at regular seasons. Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise you increase susceptibility of the system to disease.

SCOTT ACT NOTES IN LEEDS & GRENVILLE.

REAR YONGE AND ESCOTT.—Canvassers are about through in this township and report about 80 per cent of the electors signing the petitions.

AUGUSTA.—Jas. Bissell, vice president of this township, gave us the cheering intelligence that Augusta would poll a large vote in favor of the Act. He gave an instance of the tactics pursued by the anti-Scott Act party to intimidate the people against voting for the Act. A leading brewer of the county drove out to see one of the largest growers of hops and barley in the township, and commenced with the query:—"Are you going to support the Scott Act?" The hop grower responded by saying that he had not hardly made up his mind what he would do. "I tell you what!" said the brewer. "If you support the Act I shall not buy your hops or barley." Our hop growing friend quietly told Mr. Brewer that he could live without growing either hops or barley, and if that was his little game he would vote for and use all his influence for the Scott Act.—And he will.

SOUTH ELMESLEY.—Saunders Frayne, of Lombardy, reports that one canvasser in this township had the names of fifty electors in his district. On canvassing he secured forty-eight of them to the petition.

Official returns place the majority for the Scott Act in Arthabaska county at 1,252.

ELIZABETHTOWN.—Enthusiastic temperance meetings have been held at Lyn, Greenbush and New Dublin during the past week. The canvass is progressing favorably. This township will poll a large vote in favor of the Scott Act.

Ladies' Department.

Sally Lunn.—Three tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda.

Layer Cake.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk, three teaspoonful of baking powder.

Clear Soup.—Four pounds of beef, one-half gallon of water, boil slowly eight hours, skim and strain then add two onions, three stalks of celery, salt and pepper and boil twenty minutes and strain.

Fig Pudding.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of figs chopped fine, one-half pound of beef suet, one-half pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little spice, three eggs; mix with milk, tie in a cloth and boil for four hours.

Chicken Soup.—One chicken jointed, two and one half pounds of beef cut into strips, two onions, two turnips, one-half cup of sage, pepper and salt; chop onions and turnips; put all to boil in seven quarts of water. Take out meat and put into a jar. Strain soup through a sieve. Cook two hours more.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—One quart of cold boiled potatoes cut into dice, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, three tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped fine. Fry the onion in butter till yellow, then stir in the potatoes and parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Stir carefully with a fork so the potatoes will not get broken.

Common soft soap well rubbed in, on mildew stains and exposed to the sun will take them out entirely.

If a little kerosene oil is mixed with stove polish, it will assist greatly in improving the looks of rusty iron.

Oxalic acid will always remove mud stains, which cannot be removed by soap and water.

If Cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will resent the inhospitable treatment and will retire from the premises.

If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap suds, the lustre appears immediately and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does. Give it a trial.

Knives with ivory or bone handles which have become loosened, or fallen out entirely, can be cemented at home and with small expense, by using this cement: take 4 parts rosin, 1 part beeswax and 1 part plaster of paris. Melt the beeswax and rosin together, then while hot add the plaster. Pour the compound into the hole while hot and press handle in firmly.

Success in raising house plants may be forwarded by using 2 parts garden soil and 1 part fine red sand. Stir the soil around the roots of the plants. Water only when the plants seem to need it. When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of throwing them away, make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth where they decay. This is the best fertilizer known.

INTECH (1984) associates

1025 Hargrrieve Rd., Unit 3,
London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970
After Hours: 657-0390

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

(Continued from first page.)

To those who held that the Act deprived people of their liberty, he would say that all law is against personal liberty. Liberty is the privilege to do what is right. The thief or the murderer is deprived of his liberty, and so too, should the manufacturers of liquors.

The Anti-Scott men talk about *moral suasion*. They say that the true temperance man should *persuade* the people not to drink, but do they do it? They never do.

He was in possession of reliable information from Halton and was happy to inform the meeting that business had not been injured and if the act were again voted upon in that county he believed it would be sustained. Out of forty one constituencies where it had been submitted it had been carried in thirty four. Oxford one of the largest and most intelligent counties in the Province had carried the act by a majority of 750. Arthabasca, a Roman Catholic County, had carried it by 1200. Behold the handwriting on the wall! Gentlemen of the Anti-Scott Act party your doom is sealed. [Great cheers.] His opponents say the Act *grinds the poor*. It gives liquor to the rich, but keeps it from the poor. This is well. No poor man can afford to buy liquor. If he does so he robs his family and wastes his money on that which is worse than worthless to him. (At this stage an old bummer rose excitedly and shouted in hoarse and sepulchral tones: "How do you know?") It is but fair to the party to say that he appeared to be drunker than usual. [Great confusion. Two or three drunk men gave so much annoyance to the speaker that he suddenly left the platform in disgust. This caused considerable confusion, and upon the chairman rising to pass some remarks, not at all complimentary to the reverend gentleman, he was *rigorously hissed* by the audience.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. E. King Dodds, now came forward to deliver his oft repeated lecture. Mr. Dodds followed closely upon the tracks of Mr. Bell. The arrests for drunkenness in Halton are more numerous than in Russel. From 52 to 56 quarts of whisky have been sold by one druggist in a single day. Brandy, rum and whisky are sold instead of beer, because the bulky article cannot be concealed so easily as spirits. The arrests for drunkenness in Portland, Maine, are more numerous than in the city of Hamilton. The one has prohibition the other a license law. The inference deduced is that prohibition increases crime. The state of Maine is not progressive. Prohibition is the cause. The arrests for drunkenness are very numerous, all due to prohibition.

The speaker went on to say that liquor could not be kept out of the North-west Territory, and that breweries must be erected to supply a *felt want*. The unpopularity of the law was then dealt with. In the opinion of the speaker no comparison can be instituted between the criminal law and a prohibition law. The one is respected, the other is not. The Scott Act cannot be enforced because it is unpopular.

The hotel keepers, &c., of Brockville pay into the public purse \$3,100.

The total amount received by Brockville from the liquor trade is \$4,300, while the united counties receive \$9,000. If the Scott Act passes this money must be raised by direct taxation.

Mr. Dodds next stated that temperance hotels were not patronized by temperance people, because such houses do not pay, and, therefore, the accommodation is inferior. When temperance men keep hotels they are invariably fined for selling liquor. This proves the hollowness of their pretensions. Since the repeal of the prohibitory liquor law in Massachusetts the sale of strong drink has been reduced, while the license law brings yearly into the treasury \$240,000. Prohibition brought liquor into the family. The license law has sent it back to the hotel. Since the repeal of the law the yearly arrests have decreased from 19,800 to 14,263. Murders have also decreased. Prohibition has not decreased crime in Massachusetts. But the increase is in the ratio of 82 to 202. The working man saves more under the license law, and even the schools are twenty five per cent better in Ontario than in Maine. The Dunkin Act proved a failure, and it is hopeless to expect better results from the Scott Act.

Here the speaker appealed to the principle of liberty. Has society degenerated so that a man shall not be allowed to drink what he will? Shall the people of free Ontario imitate the oppressive laws of Queen Elizabeth and the Puritans of New England? Surely the people of Ontario are too intelligent to pass the Act. The liberty of the franchise should be held sacred. People should act for the welfare of the country. The Act is tyrannical. Bury it!

The meeting closed about 11 o'clock. In our next issue we will give some of our objections to the arguments of the anti-Scott Act speakers.

LOCAL ITEMS.

We delayed issuing the Reporter until Thursday morning, in order to report the proceedings of the Anti-Scott Act meeting held in Brockville last evening, a report of which appears elsewhere.

If you want to see a fine display of silverware go to D-lorain Wiltse's.

Yesterday was one of the dullest days experienced in the village this season.

The road overseer has been at work during the past week and has put down several pieces of new walk, as well as repairing the old ones. Several crossings were also put in which will be a great boon to pedestrians, especially in muddy weather.

The Mansell block, occupied by J. Ross, J. P. Lamb, J. H. McLaughlin and D. Wiltse, is being thoroughly renovated by C. C. Slack. A few coats of paint make a wonderful change in the appearance of any building, and few buildings needed it more than this one.

The house of John Murphy, about one and one-half miles north of Singleton's Corners, was destroyed by fire on Friday night last. The family

barely escaped with their lives. Only part of the contents were saved. The cause of the fire is unknown. No insurance.

Mr. I. S. Rowatt, principal of the Model School, sent in his resignation this morning. He goes to Kingston to take a more remunerative position.

We are sorry to learn of the serious accident which befell Mr. S. B. Williams on Monday last, caused by falling from his milk wagon. He is still confined to the house.

Our attention was called yesterday morning to a natural curiosity, which can be seen in the garden of George Slack, in this village. It is an apple tree in full bloom. The blossoms are as bright and full as they usually are in May.

Isaac Robinson says he has in his garden in the village, corn that measures eight feet 3 inches, and also bush beans that measure seven feet ten inches, not including the different winds around the stake. Who can beat this?

The first lot of petitions received by the secretary of the Scott Act association arrived from Kemptville on Monday. The village contains 228 voters. Of these enough have signed the petitions to give a clear majority of 50.

Mr. Amos Blanchard called at our office yesterday with a stock of yellow corn which, on being placed under the tape line, measured nine feet four inches from the tip to the tip. This beats Isaac for corn, who can beat him for beans?

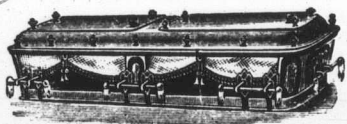


R. D. JUDSON.

has on hand one of the best selected stocks of

FURNITURE

to be found in the county. Having a **SPLENDID HEARSE** and a full supply of **COFFINS**.



CASKETS and SHROUDS, we can fill orders promptly.

THE BEST CASKET LINING IN THE COUNTY. Picture framing a Specialty.

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

R. D. JUDSON.

CLEARING SALE

—OF— Millinery & Fancy Goods.

The subscriber will sell during the next thirty days, the whole of her stock of

Summer Millinery consisting of STRAW HATS, BONNETS, FANCY GOODS, &c., at **GREATLY REDUCED PRICES**, to make room for a supply of **FALL GOODS**,

which will be of the **LATEST STYLES** and of the best material to be procured in the market.

While thanking my customers for the very liberal patronage I have received during the past twelve years, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same from them and also from the public generally.

Mrs. Wm. MOTT.

FARMERSVILLE BOOT & SHOE STORE.

We Buy the Best and Sell the Cheapest. All parties desirous of supplying themselves with Boot-Ware of the

Latest Styles,

can do well by calling on

J. H. McLAUGHLIN,

—as he has the—

Best Selected Stocks in This Town consisting of all sorts and sizes of **GENTS', YOUTH'S and BOYS, LADY'S, MISSES, & CHILDREN'S Boots, Shoes & Slippers.** *Fine Goods a Specialty.*

A FAIR REDUCTION FOR CASH.

J. H. McLaughlin.

New Tailor Shop!

The undersigned begs to announce to the inhabitants of Farmersville and the public generally, that he has opened a Tailor Shop in the rooms over

G. W. Beach's Store,

Where he is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction and fit guaranteed. Shirts cut or made to order.

Alf. C. PYE.

Tailor and General Jobber. Farmersville, May 21.