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1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3,
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THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

Farmersville, Wednesday, October 8, 1884.

NO 22.

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.

OUR MORNING STROLL.

No. 12—What Things of Interest We Note this Week.

Last week we took our trip out west in person. This morning we propose taking a trip of the imagination rather than in person. Last week's trip described the manufactory and business facilities of one of the well known residents of this town. This week we purpose giving our readers a short account of how things are done in that far-famed Eldorado of the west, Nebraska. During the past few days we have had the pleasure of the company of a former resident of this county, Mr. James A. Blanchard (second son of Daniel Blanchard of Greenbush, a person well known to the most of our readers). The subject of our sketch left the parental homestead near Greenbush about seven years ago, and started out with a few dollars in his pocket, a strong constitution, and a fair share of energy and pluck to seek his fortune in the then almost unknown state of Nebraska. The first place that he stopped at was the then little hamlet of Friend, Cass county, in that state, where he worked for a short time for our old friend and former townsman, Joshua Warren. Having had some experience in cheese making he next engaged to a Dutch farmer, living about 40 miles from Friend, to run a small cheese factory at which occupation he continued for two seasons, when he returned to the vicinity of Friend and purchased a small farm. When he went into that section first nearly the whole county was an unbroken prairie. Now all is changed. When he went to work on his farm his nearest neighbor was two miles away, and with the exception of now and then a canvas hut or a board shanty, the settlers lived in "sod dugouts." These primitive dwellings were made by digging away the earth from a side hill or "coolie bank," and then building a covering over the spot with sods.

At that time the now town of Friend was composed of half a dozen shanties and a few frame houses. To-day it boasts several very fine churches, as fine high school buildings as those of Farmersville, a branch of the National bank, an opera house capable of seating 800 to 1,000 persons, a large number of stores and business places of all kinds, and is a lively little town at all times of the year. The county round has been rapidly settled up and to-day there is not an acre of land in the county

that is not pre-empted. Two years ago, principally through the persuasion of the hero of our sketch, his father, mother and two brothers were induced to remove to that country, where they purchased 640 acres of land in one block. To give our readers some idea of the manner in which farming is done there we may state that this year the Blanchard farm has produced over 10,000 bushels of corn, 2,500 bushels of oats, besides large quantities of wheat and other grains. They generally keep from 75 to 100 hogs, commonly known in that country as "Morning Bugles," from the fact that when they all commence calling for breakfast it is a sound long to be remembered and never forgotten. Nearly all the work in this county is done by horse power. The sulkey plow comes first, then the sulkey harrow, next the corn planter worked by horse, then "de hoeing ob de corn" is done by horses and cultivators. When the corn is ripe the wagons are driven into the field and the ears broken off without husking, these are drawn to the crib to be husked during the fall and winter; the cattle are then turned in to eat up the leaves and small stalks, and just before fall seeding time the stalk cutter is called into requisition and the stalks cut into lengths of six or eight inches which are then readily plowed under. One peculiar feature that must be novel to strangers traveling through that country, is that the corn fields come up to within reach of the carriage on each side of the track. On the Blanchard farm is a beautiful grove of six or eight acres of walnut and other trees. These were set out by the former proprietor of the farm, and as all kinds of woods grows far more rapidly there than in Canada, only a few years must elapse before this timber will be very valuable. The farm, crops, stock and machinery belonging to the Blanchards is valued at \$15,000.

"Not a Drop More."

A penniless rum-drinker was pleading for brandy on trust. The angry reply of the rum-seller, "Not a drop more!" was the means of his signing the pledge and becoming a temperate and wealthy man.

"Not a drop more!"
Did he say so to me?
When money is gone
There's no trusting, I see?
"Not a drop more!"
When I paid him in gold
For the richest of wines,
How my hands he would hold.

"Not a drop more!"
That was never the word
While the clink of my silver
For brandy was heard;
And even while copper
I brought to his door,
He never once thundered,
"Not a drop more!"

"Not a drop more!"
Then, so let it be!
Gold, silver and copper
May yet be for me,
Then, when he shall watch
For a pit of my pelf—
Thank you, "Not a drop more!"
I prefer it myself.

What a blessing it would be to many in our land, aye, even in this village, did they have the moral courage to make the above resolve.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

Interesting Items of the Prohibition Movement.

The petitions for the submission of the Scott act in these united counties was deposited by the general secretary in the sheriff's office, Brockville, on Saturday, October 4th. The petitions were signed by 4,565 electors, several lists were sent in too late to be of use and several long lists were returned for correction, so that the actual number of signatures must have been over 5,000. For the information of our readers we append the list of signatures received from each municipality in the two counties:

Brockville	423
Elizabethtown	358
Kitley	213
Bastard and Burgess	341
Crosby, north	136
Crosby, south	161
Escott, front	86
Gananogue	259
Leeds and Lansdown, front	233
Leeds and Lansdown, rear	224
Newboro	49
Yonge, front	221
Yonge and Escott, rear	237
Elmsley, south	88
Gower, south	91
Kemptville	117
Merrickville	78
Oxford	363
Wolford	232
Augusta	314
Cardinal	26
Edwardsburgh	320

Total.....4565

Prohibition in England.

A good many do not know how far the principle and practice of prohibition has proceeded in Britain. For instance, the *Rock* informs its readers that in upwards of a thousand parishes in the province of Canterbury, England, there is neither a beer shop nor a public house. The effect of the absence of temptation is declared by those best fitted to judge to be exceedingly satisfactory. In 243 cases the clergymen of the parishes concerned testify that drunkenness and consequently poverty and crime are all unknown.

One says:

"I am happy to say that there is no habitual drunkard. The absence of the temptation of a beer shop must largely contribute to this happy state of things."

Another testifies:

"There being no public house, or beer shop in this parish, is a cause of unmitigated good, in so far as it removes temptation to some distance."

A third says:

"There is no public house, or beer shop I am glad to be able to say, in this parish. Of this the good is great; the inconvenience, if any, in comparison, exceedingly small. It promotes, almost ensures, sobriety and temperance. The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight."

While a fourth adds:

"The public house was done away with about eleven years ago, shortly before I became incumbent. I feel assured that when there was a public house it was the occasion of much intemperance, of much riot and disorder, and of poverty and distress." And so on with the rest. If the friends of prohibition in Canada could secure, as they may, the abolition of all whisky selling places say in a hundred townships, or in a block of a dozen of counties, the result would be similar to what the *Rock* mentions, for the same result has uniformly followed wherever the plan been tried whether in England, Scotland or America. Shut out the whisky shop and you shut up to a great extent poverty and crime.

Presentation.

Just as we were going to press on Wednesday afternoon the intimation came to us of the intended removal from this neighborhood of one of its most respected inhabitants, and asking that we reserve a small space for report of an address and presentation to Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Phelps, of Elbe. Most cheerfully we complied and at the appointed hour wended our way to the house of our friend where we found over 50 persons assembled. The event was an entire surprise to the family, Mr. Phelps being from home at the time. After a bountiful repast had been provided by the ladies, the editor of the *REPORTER* was called upon to read the address and make the presentation. The following is a copy of the address:

To Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Phelps:

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Having learned that it is your intention to shortly remove from amongst us, and feeling that we would be wanting in the essential element of "brotherly love and friendship" did we not show in some reasonable manner an appreciation of our respect for you, your growth and good fellowship, a few of your neighbors and friends conceived the idea of meeting with you to-night in a social manner and by so doing strive to show in a feeble way our respect for your past services in the many honorable positions which you have held amongst us. We therefore beg to hand you as a slight token of remembrance the accompanying articles, consisting of a tea set together with a set of silver plated knives and spoons. We also wish to present through you to your aged father this cup and saucer which we hope he will accept as a slight memento of the respect in which he is held by his neighbors and friends. We have also been requested by the juvenile class of the Elbe Sunday school to hand you this copy of the revised Methodist hymn book which they wish you to keep as a small token of the esteem in which they hold you as a teacher and superintendent. In conclusion we unitedly wish you long life and happiness in your new home and assure you that you will long be remembered by your friends and acquaintances of the Elbe neighborhood.

MRS. R. E. CORNELL,
Secretary of Committee.

NOTES.

The tea set referred to in the above address was a beautiful set of flowered china and were much admired. The knives and spoons were Rogers xxx and were all procured at the store of J. & P. Wiltsie, of this town.

The hymn book was a large and costly edition of the now standard collection of Methodist hymns. The fly-leaf being beautifully engrossed by J. H. Blackburn, township clerk.

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

NEWS CLIPPINGS.

What We See in Looking Over Our Exchanges.

Milwaukee has a "lady" rag-picker who is worth \$40,000.

A Santa Cruz lady has a vine growing in her garden which produces gourds of the exact shape, size, and color of an egg. It bears profusely, and the ground about it looks as if somebody's basket of eggs had been spilt without any breakages.

A Detroit woman carried home a beefsteak and laid it in a dark pantry. Shortly afterward on visiting the pantry, the steak gave out a bright light and frightened her out of her wits. A physician examined the meat and pronounced it sound and healthy but could not explain the cause of the light.

In a Boston paper is a lady's advertisement, "For a careful man to look after the house and be company for her dog during her absence in Europe." It takes a pretty good man to be company for a first class dog anywhere; to be company for a Boston dog would tax the accomplishments of the best man that ever competed for bench show honors.

Oh, elopements are very funny, says a well known writer, when it's somebody else's daughter who is concerned. What are parents going to do for the safety of their susceptible daughters? I'll tell you. Employ women as coachmen. That solves the problem, doesn't it? There would be a gain in comeliness right away and an advance in the cause of women's rights besides.

A well-dressed woman called at the telegraph station in the Saratoga railway station and enquired for a blank envelope, pen and ink. The operator civilly responded and placed them at her command. She busied herself for several minutes inditing a message and then placed it in the envelope, and sealing it handed it to the operator. He told her that if it was to be sent in the envelope it would require a stamp and she responded it was to go by telegraph. The operator then told her that it would be necessary for the envelope to be opened. "No, you won't read my message," she replied, as she seized the missive and departed.

In one of the largest and most fashionable of New York luncheon rooms, where hurried eaters grab at the edibles most tempting within reach, the consumption of roast beef was insignificant; and this was particularly displeasing to the proprietor because he had an advantageous contract for beef. The wreck of a portly, middle aged Englishman floated in to beg for something to eat. The restaurant keeper hired him for a few dollars a week, dressed him well, shaved his face, combed his hair, and made him look like a well-fed Briton of a prosperous sort. Then he brought up his biggest roasts of beef right out in sight, posed him as a carver behind them, and was soon selling 500 a day. The English aspect of the man who wielded the knife and fork had the expected effect. Fellows who had never thought of ordering so substantial a viand as roast beef for luncheon now crowded to the counter behind which the Englishman sliced it off so spectacularly.

A sea serpent, "with black horns like fish-hooks," has been seen of Egg Harbor Inlet by a Jerseyman named "Dudzy," who says it looked like a cross between the devil and a submarine shingle mill. His lucidity of expression should atone for his obliquity of vision.

The war in China has visibly affected the tea market. Recently 80,000 chests of black tea, including Foo Chow, Among and Formosa, were sold in Albany at an advance of three cents per pound. In London the prices of tea have gone up five cents. From the island of Formosa this country receives annually 250,000 chests of tea, and if the French, who have already seized Keelung, an important tea exporting point, should close up Tamsui, brokers say there will be a big advance in the price of black teas. About 59,000 packages of teas annually have usually come to this country from Foo Chow.

On Friday evening of last week a woman got in a G.T.R. car bound east. She held a baby up to the window near Wales, some forty miles below Brockville, and suddenly it dropped from her hands and disappeared. The woman frantically jumped out of the car after it, the train's speed at the time being about forty miles an hour. The engine was stopped as soon as possible and a freight train notified to pick up the remains of the woman and child, as it was expected they were not alive. Both, however, were found alive and but little the worse for the shock they had received.

The Great Eastern.

It is now regarded as certain that the Great Eastern will be chartered by the Exposition management to bring from London to New Orleans the collective and individual exhibits that have been promised by the governments and by private individuals and firms of Europe. Unless the negotiations fail the great vessel, the largest in the world, will leave London between the 15th of October and the 1st of November. The Great Eastern herself will be no inconsiderable feature of the great show and will be worth going hundreds of miles to see. The management has not decided what use the great ship will be put to after her arrival.

H. H. ARNOLD,

GENERAL MERCHANT,
MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE.

Has a Large and Carefully selected stock to which he invites

The inspection of Intending Purchasers,

Particularly at this time as he is now offering unprececedented

Bargains in all Lines,

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

SUPERIOR IN STYLE AND QUALITY to any shown in town.

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

H. H. ARNOLD



T. G. STEVENS & Bro,

Always has on hand a large and

SELECTED STOCK OF FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS IN

BLACK WALNUT, Elm, Ash & Maple.

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

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

Caskets, Coffins and Burial Robes

We are prepared to attend to all orders with promptness

Our Prices are Moderate

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

Call and see our Stock

before purchasing elsewhere.

A. PARISH & SON
 FOR ALL KINDS OF
Fall and Winter Goods.

"NO WHERE CHEAPER."

Subscribe for THE REPORTER.

Only 75 Cents a year.

The Reporter is rapidly increasing in circulation and is one of the best advertising Mediums in the County.

Go to the **PEOPLE'S STORE,** For the Choicest Importations of **New Teas, New Fruits and Spices,**

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

First Class Store.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR 50,000 lbs OF

WOOL.

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

J. THOMPSON

MAIN ST. FARMERSVILLE.

Dealer in New and Cheap

GROCERIES &c.,

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

Flour & Tea a Specialty,

Hyson, Uncolored and Basket Fired Japan Teas. Fresh Oranges and Lemons constantly in stock.

Our Groceries will be found Good and Cheap

In connection with the above

Mrs. J. Thompson,

Has a large assortment of

Millinery, Feathers, Flowers, & Ribbons,

With the Latest Styles in

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

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

R. D. JUDSON,

has on hand one of the best selected stocks of

FURNITURE

To be found in the county. Having a splendid Hearses and a full supply of Coffins, Caskets & 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.** A Call Solicited.

R. D. JUDSON.

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

ELSIE, OR, NATHANIEL HOLT'S IDOL.

"I am so tired!"

The flute-like voice that uttered this pettish exclamation broke through the fragrant stillness of the autumnal exquisite melody, and Nathaniel Holt looked up from his paper with a frown on his bronzed, handsome face.

He was tired, very tired, after a day of hard labor on his mountain lands and had thrown himself into a great easy chair of his mother's, on the south porch for a moment's rest; and he could not understand how the speaker, a tall, supple girl, with hands as white as milk, who passed her time in comparative idleness, could be tired.

For Elsie Marian was not one given to unusual exertion, and generally managed to secure the good things of this world with as much ease as was possible or consistent with her position as dependent niece in the home of her mother's sister, Nathaniel Holt's aged mother, who simply adored the bright young girl who had brought sunshine into her old house, and whose helpless orphanage covered many serious faults.

At this moment Elsie was seated on a garden stool, half hidden by the drooping boughs of a willow, laboriously attempting to twist tiny bunches of dogwood berries and autumn leaves into a wreath, her dead gold hair falling about a face as fair as any lily that lifted its spotless brow to the opal sky, and no violet that ever blossomed in the cool tufts of meadow grass beyond the willow copse was as blue as the modest eyes she lifted to Nathaniel Holt's troubled face.

He stood over her, his hands folded on his back, and his broad bronzed brow flushed a little with some sudden inward emotion.

"Elsie," he began, the brown eyes that she dared not meet searching the face that dropped beneath his gaze, "what has tired you?"

"Nothing."

"You were once a contented, happy girl, Elsie, what has changed you?"

"Nothing." She spoke listlessly, yet a faint, sea-shell pink crept into the round soft cheeks and up to the roots of her golden hair.

"Yes, Elsie, something has changed you; you are the same, and yet not the same. You have lost your blitheness; you do not come to me with kind words, as you once did, Elsie, and charm all my cares away. Tell me why."

Nathaniel Holt sat down on the grass at his cousin's feet, and watched the color come and go in the face above him. He was terribly in earnest, this sober, self-contained man of 30, for this young girl had been his idol for years.

"I am not changed." Elsie tried to steady her voice. "I am the same today that I have been every day for years. You know I am 20, and I must try and be womanly."

"Has Louis Walton anything to do with the change, Elsie?"

Elsie's face blushed crimson, yet she laughed merrily.

"No. You surely are not jealous, Nathaniel?"

It was Nathaniel's turn to blush now, which he did to perfection. For answer he drew the dogwood berries out of her little hands, and held the slender little fingers in his own.

"I am not jealous, Elsie. You do not seem contented of late; you are always tired; you never run up the mountain path to meet me, or take long rambles in the woodland, so as to be near me, as you did. You see, I have grown so used to your tender, watchful love, Elsie, it would be hard to give it up. And I have thought you had grown tired of me, and had given your love to Lewis Walton, who seems a more fitting mate—"

"A divorced man, Nathaniel!" Elsie cried, lifting her eyes slightly, although her cheeks were dyed with burning blushes and her lips trembled nervously.

"A divorced man," repeated Nathaniel, looking her full in the face. "Yes, Elsie, there is danger of your getting me through him, for he is a more polished, more fascinating man; yet, Elsie, dear, he is as unstable as the wind, and not calculated to make any woman happy."

"You must think me very impressive," broke out Elsie, whose conscience was not as easy as it might have been. "When I gave my promise to be your wife, I meant to keep it."

Nathaniel Holt drew the golden head down to his breast and breathed a silent prayer over it; for Elsie was a woman, with a beautiful woman's love of the world's follies and adulation and he knew enough of Lewis Walton's character to know the arguments he would use, and that he would not be sparing of flattering speeches.

"Remember this, Elsie," he said solemnly; "what God has joined together, let no man put asunder, and, although the law has separated Lewis Walton and his wife, in the sight of God she is his wife still."

"There!" Elsie lifted her face suddenly, and held up her lips for a kiss; "that will do. I must go in to Aunt Eunice."

Nathaniel Holt kissed the lovely face, not once but many times, and and years after those passionate kisses were remembered with keenest pain. Elsie slipped away from him and ran into the house, and Nathaniel, silenced but not convinced, sat perfectly still, and tried to reason away his fears with knitted brows.

After that life went on much as usual at the Holt farm. Elsie was to become its mistress at Christmas, and her Aunt Eunice was very busy over the expected wedding. She loved Elsie with a mother's love already, and Nathaniel, as the autumnal months drifted by, grew a trifle thoughtful; for Lewis Walton, who had been a summer guest in the neighborhood, still lingered, and still called on Elsie, who tried to hide her growing fondness for his company. He was wealthy, indolent and gifted with a persuasive tongue. Elsie loved ease, lacked firmness of principle and will, and, although she imagined herself faithful to Nathaniel, her heart was slowly and surely being beguiled away from the true and steadfast love of an upright man.

(To be Continued.)

Sensible Almost to the Last.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulcahy lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty and had the reputation of being "close." Finally, Mrs. Mulcahy sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearly the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," said Mrs. Mulcahy, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me \$1.80 for butter; see that ye get it."

"Sensible to the last, my dear; sensible to the last," said Tom. "I'll get it."

"Then there's Mrs. Jones, up at the creek; she owes me \$1.50 for chickens."

"Ah! look at that, now, for a mind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me \$2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sensible to the last; sensible to the last! Go on, my dear."

"And—and—"

"Yes?"

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her—"

"Ah! poor dear! poor dear!" broke in old Tom hastily; "how her mind does be-wandering! Sure we've allowed her to talk too much entirely, so we have."

Leap Year Troubles.

He was a nice young man, with cane, high hat and patent leather boots. He strolled leisurely down Fourth avenue, puffing daintily upon a cigarette, and occasionally twirling the waxed ends of his moustache. He was accosted by a stout woman with a florid complexion.

"Top of the mornin' to ye, Mister Charley," said she.

"Good morning, Mrs. McGuinness, said the nice young man.

"Me darlint boy, would ye—" and she bestowed a bewitching smile upon him.

He dodged out of her reach. The recollection that it was leap year rushed upon him, and he answered:

"Madam—really—I can't—I am very sorry if I cause you pain—but my affections have already been bestowed upon another—and madame—I can't—I can't marry you."

She gazed at him in astonishment, and then said, indignantly, "Who axed ye to marry me? The idea of the likes of me, a poor lone widdy, wid four children to support by washin', axin' ye to marry me; I was only goin' to ax ye for that dollar for washin'."

He sighed, gave her a dollar, and walked sadly away.

Valises that Look Alike.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from Union station. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Macab, and

Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton. When the omnibus reached the Barrett house the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus, and asked:

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveler, "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady, "he has mine, and I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally, the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the top of everything lay a big flask, half full of whisky, a deck of cards, and one or two things nobody knows the name of.

"Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apologies!"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler unlocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand asking him to come to the Barrett house to mark a leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.

Brother Gardner's Funeral Oration.

Detroit Free Press.

"Gentlemen," said Brother Gardner in a husky voice as the meeting opened, "de cheer occupied by Brudder Ramba Smith in dis hall fur de las five year, am vacant to night. Three days ago, as mus' be known to mos' of you, he passed from airth away, an' ere dis he am fur on his way towards de unknown land. I doan' s'poe he war known to 500 people. Folks on the next block may not know of his death. In life he was honest, industrious, cheerful an' kind. When he knew dat death mus' come he had no fears. It was like a man packin' up his effects an' makin' ready for a long journey. De world won't miss him in the least. It am like a grain of sand bein' picked up from de desert an' whirled away by de wind."

"War he ready? Jist as ready as it he had expected it fur y'ars. His Christianity was in his heart and not in his sleeve. I nebber heard him pray in meetin', but he left no debt behind him. I nebber knew of his gwine around an' groanin' ober de wickedness of de world, but he war deady to sheer his last crust with a naybur. He war buried in a cheap lot, but in our hearts we who knew him best will gin him sich credit as money cannot buy."

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS

That Occur in Various Ways During the Week.

No paper will be issued from this office next week. We are moving our office and residence to Victoria street, and find that we cannot get our press down and removed in time for next issue.

Mr. George L. Compo, who has had charge of G. W. Beach's store for some time past, left last week for Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has secured a more lucrative position with the firm of Jas. J. Byers & Co. We bespeak for George a bright future as he is a stirring, genial fellow.

Hard Island was the scene of a happy gathering to-day. The occasion being to witness the marriage ceremony between Elijah Middleton, of this town, and Miss Mellissa Roberson, eldest daughter of Justus Roberson, of Hard Island. The REPORTER joins with the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them long life and happiness.

A meeting of those interested in forming a trotting association for this section was held at the office of J. P. Lamb last evening. After considerable discussion it was resolved to purchase land enough to make a half mile track opposite the late residence of Dr. Giles. The shares have been placed at \$20 per share, half of which is to be paid down. We understand the work of grading the track will be proceeded with at once. It is proposed to enclose the grounds with a substantial board fence, erect a grand stand and have the grounds fitted up in a first class manner.

Lovers of the beautiful in art would be amply repaid for a good long trip by calling at Lamb's drug store. Casually entering that establishment this morning we were favored with a good look at two splendid oil paintings just finished by our talented amateur artist, C. C. Slack. One entitled "Waiting at the Bars" is a grand reproduction of an every day farm scene, the other, and to our minds the best of the two, is entitled "The Disturbed Domain." A train of cars crossing the prairie is observed in the distance, away to the left is seen a flock of wild geese (no doubt disturbed by the engine's whistle) careening away to the southward, while in the foreground is seen a majestic buck and his companion doe, and a little fawn. The attitude of startled surprise and rapt attention portrayed in the picture is grand beyond description, and, as we said at first, will amply repay a visit to see them. They will be on exhibition for a short time.

I Doubt It.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a little sly hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt.

Don't forget the social on Friday evening, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Just as we go to press we learn that two brothers named Nichols, living in Kingston, have been arrested on suspicion of being the parties who robbed and maltreated John E. Brown, of Delta.

A rather startling episode occurred away up on Sundown street a few evenings ago. The hungry husband returning late to his evening meal found the fire out, the table upset and a great calm resting upon that household. Suddenly from the landing at the head of the stairs came the smothered ejaculation, "Oh! oh, my! Come up here, darling. I am almost frightened to death. Would you believe it? a lot of horrid mice have eaten the plume off, and made a nest of the lining of my winter hat!" Sadly that husband ascended the stairs and found his better half had captured four little innocent mice which she had safely imprisoned in the water pitcher. Slowly the husband descended the stairs and emptied the poor little motherless things out into the street. Moral—Don't have a winter hat and the mice won't spoil it.

COUNTY ITEMS.

Rockspring.

Mr. Ellis, our postmaster, has resigned, and moved over on Jelly street. Mr. Wm. Barber has been appointed in his place.

Messrs. Hinton & Griffin are busy drilling a well for Mr. Samuel Tackaberry. They have gone to the depth of about 50 feet and no water. We would say that it is pretty dry around the 'Springs.

Mr. Charles Miller, we understand, will bring home with him a young wife from the east.

Mr. John Stevens had a large apple tree last Thursday evening and a big time.

Whitehurst.

Mr. Johnathan Johnston is buying up a drove of young cattle probably for the Boston market.

The three men accused of shooting C. Richards, of Irish Creek, called at the residence of Reuben Peer and took dinner on the day the affair happened. Mr. Peer and daughter have been summoned to attend the preliminary trial to see if they can identify the parties.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

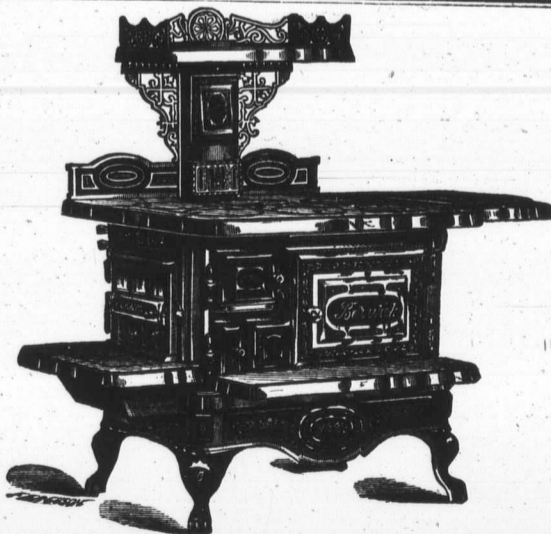
T. B. WEBSTER & SON

Are now selling off their entire stock at Cost Price to make room for Winter Goods.

Special Bargains in Tweeds and Flannels,

Groceries, Spices, Canned Goods, etc., at COST PRICE. Teas and Tobaccos at a great reduction.

T. B. WEBSTER & SON,
Main street, Farmersville



SEE THE

NEW LANSDOWNE Base Burning Coal Stove.

Manufactured by Copp Bros. and sold by B. LOVERIN, Farmersville.
N.B.—Samples expected on Monday next. The subscriber is agent for all kinds of Cooking, Parlor, Hall and Church Stoves.

Forty Different Styles to Select From.

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

New Grocery AND PROVISION STORE.

The subscriber, in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him while connected with the firm of Ross & Wiltse, begs to inform his old friends and the public generally that he has just opened out a new GROCERY & PROVISION STORE in part of the premises occupied by

J. H. McLaughlin

where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Groceries and Provisions at

Prices Lower than any house in Town,

for Cash or Ready Pay. Look at these prices and then judge for yourself:

16 lbs good Muscavado sugar... \$1 00
11½ lbs Granulated sugar for.... 1 00
12 lbs Prunes for..... 1 00
12 lbs Currants for..... 1 00
15 lbs Raisins for..... 1 00
8 lbs Soda for..... 25

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

ALL KINDS OF CANNED GOODS,

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Pork and Lard always on hand. Broods, Tubs and all kinds of Woodenware kept in stock and sold at the lowest prices.

The highest price paid for Eggs.
Remember my goods are all new & fresh.

BELOREMA WILTSE.

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.

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.