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THE REPORTER.

VOL. I. FARMERSVILLE, WEDNESDAY, July 30, 1884. NO. 1.

THE REPORTER

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

Stroll No. 6.

Our morning strolls among the industries of the village, and surrounding country have become so pleasant and profitable to us that we felt loath to forgo our customary stroll this week to indulge in a more extended trip. But knowing something of the beauties of the resort to which the kind invitation extended us by some of our friends called us, we concluded to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of strolling among Farmersville industries and accept the call to visit that now famous picnic ground, Jones' Falls, and while we are supposed to have an eye only to the beautiful in nature, to also keep our weather eye open to note any points of interest that would be of benefit to ourselves or readers.

Leaving the village in the early afternoon of Friday last we passed rapidly along the usual route leading to Delta. An examination of the crops on the route convinced us that while the drought of a few weeks ago did immense damage to the crops on light soil, still after the abundant rains of the past fortnight, the crops will be a fair average. On reaching Soperton we found that the postoffice of that name had again been opened, we trust this time for all time to come. The need of a postoffice in this section is so great that it seems strange that no permanent place to keep the office can be found. Washburn's cheese factory is located at Soperton four corners, and we should judge from the number of milk wagons that we saw at the factory on our return trip that it is well patronized. Passing on a little farther we came to Sheffield's corners. Here we see that the old blacksmith shop is being utilized as a coopersage. The Methodists have a fine stone church here with ample sheds for horses. Near Sand Hill we come to the new brick residence of N. B. Howard, which is certainly an ornament to that section, and would be to many an older settled part of Canada. A new style of wire fencing caught our eye while passing, which is a novelty in this section, being composed of galvanized wires woven together so as to form a net work, at once strong and beautiful.

Delta was at length reached. Here we find the same old quaint village

that it was 25 or 30 years ago. But we trust that when the Brockville & Westport railway is built through the village that it will arise from its lethargy and become the head centre of the back country.

A drive of four miles over a hilly, almost mountainous country brought us to the little hamlet of Phillipville. The same want of enterprise that characterizes its sister village Delta is here. A village the size of either should have good, substantial sidewalks, and while Delta may have a few rods of break-neck deadfalls, her smaller rival, Phillipville, can not boast of that much enterprise. Pedestrians must hoof it through the centre of the street without even a plank or flagstone.

Sundown found us entering the gate of that snug and tidy farmer Wm. Pennock, Esq., whose residence is situated about two miles northeast from Elgin. William is noted throughout Leeds county as the champion prize winner at the fairs. An inspection of a few of the articles already under way for fair time convinced us that he will again give his opponents a hard pull for the honors this fall.

Early on Saturday morning we were once more in motion and our horses head pointed for the picnic grounds at the falls. On our way we saw two self-binding reapers at work. We are informed that one enterprising agent has sold 22 Brantford self-binders in this section this season.

Passing through Elgin we had time to notice that the village contained 1 cheese factory, 4 general stores, 1 undertaking and cabinet shop, 1 tin shop, 2 blacksmith shops, 1 tailor shop and several millinery shops, 1 drug store, 1 hotel, besides being the headquarters of a number of agents, including Zephaniah, the stove man. Our old friend P. Pennock, postmaster, etc., has a very fine little nursery of apple trees. Philemon is a reliable man and any of our readers in want of fruit trees could not do better than give him a call. At 10:30 the Masonic brass band, of Newboro, put in an appearance and played several fine selections while in and passing through the village. The distance from Elgin to Jones' Falls is about four miles. The road is somewhat rough, but there are some excellent farms along the route. Arriving at the Falls, we found that since our last visit a fine bridge about 250 feet long had been built across the river at this point. This with the swing bridge across the canal connects the main land with the region familiarly known as California. Crossing the bridge we were upon one of the finest picnic grounds to be found in Canada. Between 500 and 600 persons were here congregated upon the invitation of the South Crosby Scott Act association, to indulge in a picnic and listen to the speeches provided for the occasion. Considerable disappoint-

ment was felt at the non-appearance of the delegation from Gananogue headed by Geo. Taylor, M. P. However, a strong staff of speakers were present from other places. At about one p. m. the public meeting was organized by the appointment of the editor of the REPORTER to the chair. Speeches were delivered by Rev. G. A. Bell, J. S. Andrews, N. H. Howard, Dr. Preston, M. P. P., Rev. Mr. Dyre and D. Y. Ross. Space will not permit even a synopsis of the speeches, only to say that the speech of Dr. Preston was particularly chattering to us. From him we learned that out over 80 members of the Provincial Legislature not more than twelve or fifteen indulge in intoxicating drinks. The doctor came out strong for the Scott Act and promised to do all in his power to aid in carrying it to a successful issue.

The band rendered efficient service during the day, and as the shades of evening began to gather around us we wended our way homeward, feeling that another grand impetus had been given to the cause we had so much at heart.

SCOTT ACT NOTES IN LEEDS & GRENVILLE.

SOUTH GOWER—A correspondent writing from Heckston, says that the Revs. Chown, Puller, McDermid, McArthur and Ferguson have held meetings in nearly every school section in Oxford and South Gower. The canvassers are about through and report success in every section. We expect to give a large majority for the Act.

BASTARD AND BURGESS—W. B. Phelps writes under date of the 28th inst., in regard to these townships: "The Scott Act canvass is progressing very favorably in these townships. More than one-half of the electors are signing the petitions, and most of them not signing will either vote for it or not at all, very few having the face to say that they will vote against the Act. A large majority is looked for when the vote is taken."

REAR LEEDS AND LANSLOWNE—An enthusiastic meeting under the auspices of the Blue Ribbon Army was held in the Methodist church, Lyndhurst, on July 22d, B. Struthers in the chair. After addresses by Mr. Williams, of Seely's Bay, and Rev. W. Barnett, of Delta, Mr. N. B. Howard, vice president of the township, introduced the petitions for the Scott Act, and canvassers were appointed for each polling sub-division. A strong feeling prevailed that the petitioners would meet with general favor in this municipality.

MERRICKVILLE—G. R. Putnam writes of the prospects in this municipality: Rev. D. Chown and McDermot, of Kemptville, held a public meeting here in the interests of the Scott Act, and as a result of their visit we are organized and ready for business. Our canvassers are about done with the work. They have received more than the required number of signatures.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Fishing is reported as being excellent at Charleston lake at present, one of our citizens having captured over fifty salmon during the last day or two.

Mrs. W. M. Stevens and daughter and Miss Kitty Kincaid are visiting Mrs. J. L. Gallagher, of Newboro. They will after a few days take the boat from there for a western trip. They expect to be gone about two weeks.

From our Addison correspondent we learn of the decease of one of the oldest residents of the village in the person of Joseph Poolah, sen. The funeral took place yesterday from Addison to the Brockville cemetery, the remains being followed to the last resting place by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

The Farmersville Band met for practice last night. After marching for some time they proceeded to the residence of the editor of the REPORTER, where they discoursed sweet music to the delight of the surrounding neighborhood. Ye local scattered a few sweetmeats among the boys who responded by playing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Success to them.

The only son of J. P. Lamb, our popular druggist, met with a severe accident yesterday. While playing on the verandah of his father's house with some other boys he had the misfortune to fall and break his arm at the wrist. Under the skillful treatment of Drs. Addison, Alguire and Cornell he is progressing as well as could be expected.

Our band boys met on Monday night and re-organized for the coming year, all the old members retaining their connection. After settling up all outstanding claims they will have about \$120 on hand. The band have re-engaged H. W. Kincaid as teacher. We congratulate the boys on having secured so efficient a teacher, and Herb on having so fine a lot of pupils.

Mr. O. J. Joliffe, the efficient headmaster of the Farmersville high school, has severed his connection with that institution to accept a more lucrative position in the Ottawa high school. Mr. Johnson, the mathematical master, has been promoted to the position of head master. Several applications for the position vacated by Mr. Johnson have already been sent in, but as yet no selection has been made.

While at Elgin on Saturday last we learned that a company of engineers were daily expected through that locality to survey the route for a railroad from Gananogue to Perth. The promoters of the Brockville & Westport railway scheme, will have to bestir themselves or this rival road will get their line surveyed and be asking the townships in the rear for aid which should be given to our road.

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

BRIEFLETS.

A letter containing one dollar for a lottery ticket, was returned from the dead letter office to the sender with this endorsement: "Young man, the advice of a postoffice official is, if you can earn money, keep it."

The smallest salary paid by the government of the United States to a postmaster last year was nine cents, the amount being determined by the number of stamps cancelled. This postmaster resides in a town in North Carolina.

The gavel used by the chairman at the late Democratic convention at Chicago, is made of a fragment of Washington's tomb, a piece of marble from Caesar's palace at Rome, and a piece of the torch found in the wolf's den occupied by Gen. Putnam at Pomfort, Connecticut.

If you want to live in a strictly moral place go to Walla-Walla in Washington Territory. There no boy or girl under 14 years of age is allowed to be out after dark. All minors sent for a physician must have a permit to do so. No tobacconist can sell anything to children under fourteen years of age, and no liquor is sold on Sunday.

A destructive hailstorm passed over a part of the province of Quebec on Saturday afternoon of last week. It only lasted a short time, but potatoes and garden stuff looked as if they had been rolled, and a good deal of buckwheat was utterly ruined. Some of the hailstones were three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In some places the windows were broken and crops completely destroyed.

There is a child down in Vermont that is rather queer. Every effort to have it use its legs was made by its parents, but it had no inclination that way. It will raise itself upon its hands and move rapidly across the floor, and when it has picked up the object it seeks places it between its feet and moves away on its hands. The child's mother says she attended a circus about three years ago, at which the acrobatic feats made a strong impression on her mind. She remembers continually dreaming about men walking on their hands.

Workmen excavating for a new building in the rear of Mr. Donald Smith's on James street, Hamilton, came upon a relic of olden times. A log cabin was found about twenty feet below the present level of the ground. The walls were about ten feet high, and the brick chimney was found intact. The timbers of the house, which was about 12x14 and without windows or doors, were mostly as sound as if the logs were green. Several copper coins were found in the house, but most of them could not be distinguished. One was struck in 1812. No satisfactory theory has been given as to the purpose for which the house was built, unless it were for a smoke house. From the depth at which it was found it is evident that the cabin is very old. The property on which it was found was once the Askin farm, though it is now in the very heart of the city.

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. Brooms, 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.

DELORNA WILTSE.

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.

L. L. L.

The following is a sample of the many letters we receive for our Lamb's Lubricating Liniment, and shows to the public its fame is fast becoming known abroad as well as home. One bottle will convince the most incredulous of its wonderful curative powers:

LANCASTER, June 20th 1884.

Mr. J. P. Lamb,

DEAR SIR:—Please send me one dozen of your L. L. Liniment as soon as possible, as I intend going away soon and I want to take some with me, it is such a good medicine to keep in the house for almost every complaint or accident. We think it will cure almost anything, and have, as you know, used it a long time, always giving the best satisfaction.

Mother is troubled with the rheumatism and it always helps her and the only thing she ever got to give her relief. We would not be without it for a good deal and hope it may become widely known that it may give relief to many sufferers.

Yours truly,
ANNIE J. NICHOLSON.

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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 Cheapest 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.

A. C. BARNETT,

BOOT MANUFACTURER

We make the best. We use the best material. We always make a fit. We warrant our work. Mens sewed work in the Latest Styles

SHOES AND BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Repairing neatly executed for the Cash.

My business will be found in connection with McLaughlin's BOOT and SHOE STORE.



T. G. STEVENS & Bro,

VICTORIA STREET, FARMERSVILLE, HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND

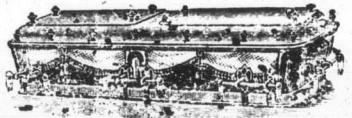
Selected Stock OF FURNITURE

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 HEARSE IN THE COUNTY, and having at all times a full stock



Caskets, Coffins & 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.

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 unprecedented

Bargains in all Lines,

His assortment of Scotch, English, and Canadian Tweeds and worsted Coatings are pronounced by all SUPERIOR IN STYLE AND QUALITY to any shown in town.

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

H. H. ARNOLD.

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.
(Continued.)

"I shall be sold out by the sheriff if you don't do it," he said, after a hurried statement of his affairs and the pressing need for money that was upon him.

Richard was silent for a long time, trying to see what was best for him to do.

"Let the tavern go, Jacob," he said, at length. "It has cursed you from the beginning, and will curse you tenfold in your boys, if you keep it. A sheriff's sale, if it must come to that, will in my opinion, be the most fortunate thing that can happen to you. There are a hundred other ways to make a living. Let the tavern go, and then I will help you in every way that I can. But I should do wrong and hurt you and yours if I should put a single dollar into that wretched, soul-killing concern."

Jacob started up all on fire with anger. He shook his clenched fist in his brother's face, and cursed him for "a mean, selfish hound."

A sheriff's sale did not take place, but Jacob gave up his inheritance in a compromise with his sporting creditors—gamblers—and went off to a new place, two or three hundred miles distant, and set up another tavern, but in a style far below that in which he kept the "Red Lion."

Years passed and no certain news from his brother and family came to Richard. Once or twice he wrote to him, but got no answer. A lonely man, working on steadily and patiently in his mill, the years crept over him and vied with the dusty atmosphere in which he dwelt in sprinkling his hair with gray. He was spoken of far and near as the kind old man at the mill; and the gossips for once had the truth, when they told the story of his disappointed love, and the mistake of Katy.

* * * * *

Twenty years have gone by since Jacob Cragan sold out the "Red Lion" and moved away. One evening, late in November, Richard sat in his solitary home, while the wind and rain sobbed and sighed without, feeling more lonely and disquieted than was usual with him. His thoughts had all gone out of his control, back through more than thirty years, and the image of Katy, for whom a tender feeling had never died out of his heart—the image of Katy, in all the freshness and sweetness of girlhood—

stood smiling and happy before him. He was stirred with feelings that he had believed dead and buried long ago. Then he thought of the fatal cavern which had been given to his brother and how it had blighted all their lives.

"If I had kept it and closed it," he said in a kind of bitter self-accusation, "it might have been so different!"

He started and listened. A voice had faintly touched his ear. He rose up and moved toward the door. The voice came to him again, and then a low answering voice. He threw the door wide open and let the light stream in. Then he saw two women, closely wrapped up, coming in from the road through his little gate.

"Richard! oh, Richard!" one of them cried faintly, and tried to hurry forward, but stumbled and fell on the wet ground. In an instant she was lifted in his strong arms and carried into the house.

The voice—how like the old voice that had been for all these years as the sound of music in his soul; but the face, when he looked on it, alas! how changed. Old, shrunken, faded—even haggard! What a wreck! What a transformation!

"I have come here to die, Richard. I have no right, but—Sobs choked the voice.

"Hush, Katy." Then, "Where is Jacob?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Y's," in a steadier voice.

"How long since?"

"Not long; a month. This is Katy, my youngest child. You never saw her before."

Richard looked into the girl's face, as the light fell upon it, and trembled. He was back again through thirty years, and Katy, in the sweet May-time of life, stood before him.

"Dear child," said the old man, as he took her hand and kissed it very tenderly.

The story that Richard heard that night was sad and sorrowful to the last degree. Both of his brother's sons grew up to be miserable drunkards and died in the prime of manhood. His oldest daughter married their bar-keeper, who broke her heart and then deserted her. She was dead. Three children were left and were now with the husband's parents, who were low people and not fit to have charge of them.

"There is room here for all," said Richard Cragan, when the sad history was told. He asked no particulars about his brother's life and death, and Katy did not intrude them.

A week later and the last day of another mortal life was closed. Dark and stormy had been the years that preceded this dying day; but as the sun drew near the western hills the clouds broke suddenly and golden rays came flooding the earth and brightening all the air. All that Richard Cragan could do to soften the pillow on which lay dying his early and only love was done.

"They shall be mine," he said—"Your Katy shall be my Katy, and the children out West shall be my children."

And smiling in gratitude and calm content, the woman died—died with

a single, sweet draft from a cup that love had filled for her years and years ago, but which she pushed aside for another that held only gall and worm-wood.

Richard Cragan kept his word to the dying one. Katy's daughter and grandchildren were taken to his home. Their presence gave new life to the old mill, and a new grace and charm to his dwelling that filled his soul with a sweetness once dreamed of, but never tasted before.

It was a pleasant sight to see them all together in the waning summer afternoons, gathered about the mill door, after the great wheel was still, and the air no longer jarred by the rumble of machinery. There was peace and sweet content; and hope for the young lives over which, when their morning broke, dark clouds hung and threatened.

Correspondence.

Notice.—We wish it distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

An Open Letter to Dr. Addison.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—My attention has been directed to your poem entitled "Wine Medically Considered." I have read it with some care, but find it difficult to attach any definite meaning to the disjointed thoughts scattered throughout it. It appears to me a mistake that you should attempt to place before the public your valuable medical knowledge in the form of verse. Didactic poetry has never been in high favor, and it must necessarily become exceedingly insipid when medical instruction is the aim of the poet.

The first line "Bacteria in yon treacherous fount," is misleading, for the organisms producing fever are not found in pure water, as fount implies, but in stagnant water impregnated with the products of all kinds of offal. So with "Bacilli" and "micrococci." It is well known that the primary cause of fevers, cholera and other epidemic diseases, is improper sewerage. No "treacherous fount" is bringing death to the citizens of southern France at the present time, but the accumulation of filth and dirt is.

The following verse, in my opinion, is peculiarly meaningless:

"Oh, destiny cruel round our path
To call sweet buds of hope to-day,
And then create the banking worm
To eat each blossom all away."

Allow me to place opposite this the opinions of two men who endured great troubles with Christian fortitude.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."—[Cowper.
"Trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground,
But ill on ills by Heaven's decree
In man's estate are found."—[Job.

Here we have nothing of "cruel destiny," but a loving trust in the absolute justness of the author of all good.

The love of life is one of nature's laws. By it nature protects herself. It wrings our hearts with indescribable anguish to part with our loved ones, because God has planted such feelings in our breast, but those very feelings prove that separation is only for a short space. In support of this statement I shall quote the eloquent words

of Dr. McCosh:

"There are affections, pure and holy springing up on earth, but not allowed to be gratified on earth, but which, we hope to be satisfied to the full in heaven. There are attachments and profitable friendships firmly clenched only to be violently snapped asunder by the stroke of death, but which we expect to have renewed in a place where there are no breaches. Do not these swelling feelings which agitate the bosoms of friends when one of them is summoned away, seem to show that the divided waters are yet to meet? Then we see from time to time intellectual powers cultivated to the utmost, but blasted in the flower when they seemed to promise a large fruit. May we not believe that in a universe in which nothing is made in vain, and nothing of God's workmanship lost, these powers have been nurtured to serve some great and good end in a future state of existence?"

Turning from the philosopher to the poet, I find Longfellow (and he parted with his dearest earthly treasure in noon of his life), pouring out his whole soul on this subject, in the following lines:

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,

And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,

Will not be comforted.
Let us be patient! These severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists
and vapors

Amid these earthly damps,
What seems to us but sad funereal tapers,

Maybe heaven's distant lamps.
There is no death! What seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

O, doctor; do you not think your lines are cold and comfortless? Longfellow tells us "there is no death," but you talk of "desolation everywhere." Dear doctor, excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I must say that the sentiments of those good Christian men vibrate in unison with my every thought and feeling, while yours produces only discord. I love to think of "transition" from a world of sin and sorrow to a realm of endless felicity, but "desolation" always fills me with gloomy forebodings.

Dismissing your pessimism and turning to the wine question, I find you saying:

"If fermentation's in the blood,
And heart and health and strength decline,

Lo, to such process turn, behold
Salvation to the sick in wine!"

Here again I place opposite your poetry extracts from high authorities.

Prince Henry (after drinking alcohol):
Speak! speak!

Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!

The trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er!

(Continued on fourth page.)

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(Continued from third page.)

I feel the chill of death no more!
At length
I stand renewed in all my strength!
Beneath me I feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod;
And like a pebble it rolled beneath his
heel!

This, O brave physician! this
Is the great palingenes is.
The angel (after the Prince drinks
again):

Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! O, beware!
For sickness, sorrow and care,
All are there!

Lucifer (disappearing while the
Prince is drinking).
Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.
—Longfellow's Golden Legend.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is
raging; who is deceived thereby
is not wiser—[Bible].

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?
who hath contentions? who hath bab-
blings? who hath wounds without
cause? who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine; they
that go to seek mixed wine. Look not
upon the wine when it is red, when it
giveth its color in the cup, when it
moveth itself aright. At the last it
biteth like a serpent and stingeth like
an adder.—[Bible].

True, Paul said: "Take a little wine
for thy stomach's sake and thine after
infirmities." But he also said: "If
meat make my brother to offend I shall
eat no meat while the world standeth."

This last text must either go out
of the bible or the wine bottle off the
table; the text will not move so the
bottle must.

I have placed those passages before
you for your candid and impartial con-
sideration, and now, doctor, with all
due deference to your superior knowl-
edge, I shall speak plainly to you con-
cerning this very important discussion.

I admit that wine (and other fer-
mented liquors) may be useful as a
medicine in many cases, but I am en-
tirely opposed to its indiscriminate use
for such purposes (or any other). I
fear, indeed, I know, that in numerous
instances the patient avoids Scylla by
falling into Charybdis. He escapes
one trouble only to encounter a greater.
The appetite for strong drink is fre-
quently created by an injudicious con-
tinuance of the use of liquors for
medicinal purposes. This appetite is
the most terrible of all diseases; for it
ruins body, mind and soul; hence the
use of wine, even medicinally, is open
to serious objections. I doubt not that
mankind would be better without it.
The growing opinion is that if ever it
had a use it has outlived its usefulness,
medical men, such as yourself, to the
contrary notwithstanding. You tell
the public, in your poem, that wine

will kill the bacteria of typhoid fever.
Would you be so kind as to inform the
community what are the organisms
that produce "wine fever" and delirium
tremens, and what will kill them.

How is it that man may slake his
thirst at the crystal fount day after day
and year after year, for a whole life-
time and no appetite is formed, but if
he uses wine he becomes, eventually,
an unwieldy mass of corruption, with
all his nerve gone, his mind slanted,
his once god-like form transformed
almost to the image of a brute. And
in the face of all this you call wine a
"grateful boon!" And Why? Because
it kills all "reptiles," you say. But
then, my dear sir, it kills man, too. I
shall not "grant its use" and then I
have no fear of its "abuse."

The last four verses are so illusory
that it seems to me you must have
written them while making a crusade
upon bacteria in your own blood.

You wail out:—
"And worst of all coercive law
Enforcing man to live a child,
No longer free; a slave, a thing,
Forever in rebellion wild."

But the Christian poet exultantly ex-
claims:—
"He is the freeman whom the Truth
makes free."

This is a freedom which the law
cannot take from any one. Do you
complain because the law compels a
man to become a useful, or at least,
harmless citizen? In the making of
laws society only protects itself. No
law so far as I am aware, "enforces
man to live a child." How you ar-
rived at such a conclusion I cannot
determine.

To conclude, dear doctor, I sincerely
trust that when you again feel the
spirit of poetry upon you the optimist
may prevail over the pessimist, and
that as the kaleidoscopic views of
human life and passions pass in view
before you, this still small voice may
ever whisper in your heart the music
of that "harp of thousand strings,
spirits of just men made perfect."

I have the honor to be,
Your sincere friend,
VERITAS.

Additional Local.

Our village butcher claims to have
the best pieces of fall wheat and
grass that he has seen in this section,
and fully up to anything that has been
grown in this section for some years
past. The grass will turn out fully
two tons to the acre.

In our peregrinations through the
township we find that the law in re-
gard to Noxious Weeds is very poorly
observed. The law makes it imperi-
tive on all owners or occupants of
land in any municipality to cut down
and destroy all Canada Thistles, Ox-eye
Daisies, Wild Oats, Rag Weed or Bur-
dock in time to prevent the ripening
of their seed. Also to cut and burn
all Black-knot found on Plum or Cher-
ry trees. It is the duty of the overseer
of highways to see that all such nox-
ious weeds are cut and destroyed on
the highways, and we have been re-
quested to warn them that they too
are liable for non-performance of their
duties. We hope that a word to the
wise will be sufficient.

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, BON-
NETS, 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 re-
ceived during the past twelve years, I
respectfully solicit a continuance of
the same from them and also from the
public generally.

Mrs. Wm. MOTT.



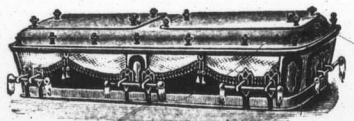
R. D. JUDSON.

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.
A Call Solicited.

R. D. JUDSON.

Established 1846.

A. Parish & Son,

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

FARMERSVILLE, — Main Street,
AND
DELTA, — Opposite Central Hotel.

To those with whom we have not yet
had the pleasure of doing business
we would say

"GIVE US A TRIAL"

—and if—

"Carefulness", "Attention",
RIGHT GOODS at RIGHT PRICES
will hold your trade

IT WILL STAY WITH US.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

We would extend our

Hearty Thanks,

For all past favors, and assure them of
our continued efforts to merit a con-
tinuance of their confidence,

A PARISH & SON.

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 CAS.

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. Satis-
faction and fit guaranteed.

Shirts cut or made to order.

A. Q. PYE.

Tailor and General Jobber.
Farmersville, May 21.