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# THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

Farmersville, Wednesday, October 1, 1884.

NO 21.

## 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.

### TO OUR READERS.

A few months ago, when we commenced the publication of the REPORTER, we announced that we would continue the paper as a weekly if the patronage extended was such as to save us from loss. We have now been before the public for about four months and we think that we have become sufficiently well known to our readers to speak plainly. While we have no cause to find fault with the patronage extended thus far we feel that it is not what it should be or what it will have to be to save us from loss. We, therefore, appeal to all our friends to come to our assistance and increase our subscription list by sending us in at least one new subscriber each. We are contemplating important improvements in our paper and can only do so by having our subscription list brought up to a paying basis. It is absolutely necessary that all who have not paid the subscription should do so at once. Quite a number have received the REPORTER since it was first issued and to such we would say, pay up friends, for although the amount from each is small the aggregate is quite large.

We have endeavored in every possible way to make the paper worthy of your continued support, and so valuable to our readers that every one will feel that he cannot possibly do without it, and no doubt every reader will find something in at least one or more single copies during the year worth many times the subscription price. We, therefore, urge upon all who want the paper continued to send in their own subscription and procure at least one new subscriber for us within the next two weeks, for upon the result of this appeal will depend whether the paper will be continued or not.

The REPORTER will be sent from this date until January 1st, 1885, for 20c. Send on your lists.

### A Suggestion.

Now that the fairs in this county are about over would it not be a good time to consider the advisability of amalgamating a number of the smaller fairs into one grand "Central Canada's Fair?" The buildings and grounds at Unionville are the best and largest in eastern Ontario, and could no doubt be secured for that purpose. Our columns are open for the discussion of this question.

### OUR MORNING STROLL.

#### No. 11—What Things of Interest We Saw This Week.

"Young man go west," was Horace Greeley's invariable advice to the youth in quest of fame and fortune. So we went in that direction this week for the purpose of gaining a little more information regarding the workshops of our village. Casually entering the shop owned by Mr. W. Layng we found ourselves in the presence of that kind-hearted and jovial disciple of Vulcan. Mr. Layng, we were informed, carries on a general blacksmithing and carriage business. He came to the village about eleven years ago, and worked for Mr. D. Fisher as a carriage ironer for five years, at the end of which time he began business on his own account. At first his trade was somewhat limited, but it has steadily increased from the first and Mr. Layng now takes rank among the prosperous business men of the place. Mr. Layng finds work for two expert workmen in addition to the labor done by himself and his opinion at present is, that the services of a third will in a short time be required. Until about a month ago he managed a paint shop in connection with his carriage works, but at that time he sold out to Messrs. Hutchins & Vandressen, two young men from the state of New York. We believe the gentlemen in question to be well skilled in the use of the paint brush and bespeak for them a fair share of patronage from a kind and liberal public.

Mr. Layng excels in sharpening mill picks. He informed us that more than a dozen grist mills get their picks sharpened by him. Mr. Layng has made and sold fifteen carriages during this season. In addition to this work he has done a large repairing business. His prospects for winter work are good as he has in already eight orders for cutters and sleighs. The yearly business foots up to about \$3000.

As a mechanist we understand Mr. Layng has no superiors and few equals in this district. Indeed, several of his inventions in machinery have been patented by him, and he is now at work upon a curious and complicated piece of mechanism which he designs to be used in beer barrels, etc. After the passage of the Scott act he purposes to call it the "Frothing Fawcet," the principle of its action being that the liquor is driven with such force through it that it is entirely converted into froth, so that a little liquor goes a long way and the thirsty tippler is sent away perfectly sober.

### Practical Home Physician.

The Practical Home Physician is meeting with a great success, a large number of subscribers having already ordered it. Mr. Holmes has secured a number of agents also for the work and some choice territory still open for those who like to work for good pay.

### A Shocking Affair.

We regret to learn that Mr. C. Richards, a well known merchant of Irish Creek, and formerly of Frankville, was dangerously shot on Sunday evening last. It appears that an attempt had been made to burglarize several places in Irish Creek and vicinity, and a party was organized to hunt up the desperadoes. A band of eight boarded a hand car and started towards Brockville, where the gang was supposed to be heading for. When near Jelly's Crossing they came up to three men and on interrogating them as to their destination they replied, "To town, look out!" At the same moment one of the party drew a revolver and fired at Mr. Richards, the ball striking him in the cheek, passing through his mouth, carrying away several of his teeth and cutting his tongue about two-thirds off. The other members of the gang also presented pistols at the party (who were without weapons of any kind), and slowly backed in the bushes and escaped. The hand car with Mr. Richards on board was run down the track as far as a Mr. Pritchard's, who hitched up and drove out to the macadamized road, where the services of Mr. F. H. McCrear were called into requisition, who at once drove Mr. Richards into Brockville where his wounds were attended to. The doctors report the wound an ugly one but not dangerous. The police of the town and country were at once notified and every effort made to capture the villains. A party supposed to answer the description of the men wanted were found lurking near Lyn, but on being brought into Brockville and confronted by Mr. McCrum, that gentleman declared they were not the men wanted. At latest accounts Mr. Richards was doing as well as could be expected.

### Lord Lansdowne and the Farmers.

Lord Lansdowne in the course of his reply to the address presented him by the Provincial Fair association at Ottawa on Tuesday said:

"To my mind not the least remarkable point of what I saw at Montreal and Toronto was the gathering of the people of the surrounding country at these great shows. I must own that my impression in this respect was a most favorable one. Let me give you an illustration. One day at Toronto I was told there were 50,000 people on the grounds. I did not see a single person whose appearance was otherwise than creditable and respectable."

Very many of these people whom Lord Lansdowne deservedly compliments were farmers, yet a similar great gathering of the farmers of this province was treated to sneers and insult by a Tory organ. Many of these very persons were denounced as unwashed Grits, as a mob of semi-civilized partisans, etc. Lord Lansdowne is correct in his estimate of the farmers of Ontario. It cannot be said of any section of them, be they Conservatives or Reformers, that they are unwashed, uncombed, or in any respect unworthy the esteem and confidence of their fellows. Nothing but malice or ignorance could say the contrary.

### THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

#### Interesting Items of the Prohibition Movement.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Scott act association will be held in French's hall, Brockville, on Friday, October 3rd, at 1 p.m. A full attendance is requested as business of importance is to be brought up for consideration. A cordial invitation is extended to the vice-presidents of the different municipalities in the counties as well as any others interested in the movement.

The petitions for the submission of the Scott act in these united counties will be deposited in the sheriff's office on Saturday, October 4th. The general secretary is now engaged checking them over before depositing, and while we have not the exact figures to hand as we go to press, still we find that enough signatures have been received from a little more than half the municipalities to foot up the required number. There will probably be nearly 5,000 signatures appended to the petitions.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women, ruined more homes for them, brought to them more sorrow, scattered more fortunes for them, cursed them with more brutality, shame and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens nay hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day, who sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. They are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love love the intoxicating bowl better than the woman they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, caused by bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in the statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth and no pen is capable of portraying the truth—the sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in the world. The shame and indignation, the sorrow and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty and frequently beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering lifelong struggles and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse the traffic and the trafficker and engage unitedly to support the Scott act and endeavor to exterminate from the nation the worst enemy of their sex.

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### NEWS CLIPPINGS.

#### What We See in Looking Over Our Exchanges.

Corn in Chicago is now worth 8½ cents more than spring wheat.

The number of convicts in Kingston penitentiary is 440, and decreasing.

Since the cholera commenced at Toulon 5,000 persons have fallen victims.

The Canadians won against the British in the artillery competition at Toronto on the 18th.

A young lady has made an arrangement at Accord, Ala., to marry a young man when Blaine is elected.

A paper balloon was picked up in Pittsburg with an inscription stating that it was sent up in New York, 441 miles away.

All policemen are not cowards. A Chicago officer was recently discovered at midnight in one of the worst quarters of that city fast asleep.

The Indian farmers on Pyramid Lake, Nevada, thresh their wheat by hand and winnow it in baskets, just as the Egyptians did 3,000 years ago.

A Mississippian ate 100 good-sized peaches the other day, just to see how many he could devour, and two days later he was carried to the cemetery.

The smallest paper in the United States is published at Glendale and is called the Star. It is a two-column weekly and the columns are less than an inch wide.

On Saturday last, for the first time in forty-seven years, there were no female prisoners brought before the police magistrate in the New York Tombs police court.

The oldest church of England origin in the United States is in the Isle of Wight county, Virginia, and it was built, it is thought, in 1632, and of imported brick. The thick walls and tower are still firm, but the windows, doors, and interior wood-work are gone.

The Catholic missionary authorities in Paris have received advices from Hong Kong stating that the Chinese have destroyed the Catholic chapels in the province of Canton, and 6,000 Christians in the province are homeless.

A Boston despatch announces that Hawlan has cabled to Ruddick for two new boats. This certainly looks as though another match with Beach was being looked forward to, and the many friends of the Canadian champion would be delighted to hear that such is the case. Should he row another race with Beach he will be nearly certain to re-establish his aquatic supremacy, and that is just what his many friends in Canada and the United States would like to see him do before he returns home.

There has been dug up at Echo, Umatilla county, Oregon, a fossil fish, which is one of the most beautiful things of the kind imaginable. On a piece of cream-colored stone appears the image of a fish six inches in length resembling a trout, in black flinty-looking stone, more perfect than it could be painted. The fine bones in the fins and tail and each rib are clearly defined, even the small scales can be seen plainly. The backbone is in relief and every vertebra can be easily counted.

## 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.

#### To Whom it May Concern,

NOTICE is hereby given that on Saturday the Fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, there will be deposited in the office of the Sheriff of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, at Brockville, for public examination by any parties provided of the Canada Temperance Act 1878, a notice in writing addressed to the Secretary of State for Canada having embodied therein a petition as in Schedule A to the said Act, and signed by the electors of the said United Counties of Leeds and Grenville qualified and competent to vote in the election of a member of the House of Commons of Canada in the said United Counties, to the effect that the signers desire that the votes of the said electors of the said United Counties be taken for and against the adoption of the said petition, which petition is herein after more fully referred to—And such notice having appeared in the genuine signatures of at least one-fourth of the number of all the electors in the said United Counties qualified and competent to vote as aforesaid. That said petition so embodied in said notice, and for and against the adoption of which it is desired that the said votes of all the said electors of the said United Counties be taken, is to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada in Council respectfully showing that the petitioners, electors as aforesaid, are desirous that the second part of the Canada Temperance Act, 1878, should be in force and take effect in the said United Counties, and praying that His Excellency will be pleased by an order in Council under the ninety-sixth section of the said Act to declare that the second part of the said Act shall be in force and take effect in the said United Counties.

Dated this Nineteenth day of September in the year of our Lord 1884.

BETHUEL LOVERIN,  
WILLIAM STAFFORD,  
Electors and Petitioners.

#### 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 good deal and hope it may become generally known that it may give relief to any sufferers.

Yours truly,  
ANNIE J. NICHOLSON.

## 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	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 Wooden-ware kept in stock and sold at the lowest prices.

The highest price paid for Eggs.

Remember my goods are all new & fresh.

BELOUNA WILTSE

### 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.  
A. C. PYE,  
Tailor and General Jobber.  
Farmersville, May 21.

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### FALSELY ACCUSED.

(Continued.)

"I wonder how Captain Gray will take the tidings of Bertha? Bella, do you believe there was an engagement?"

"I never thought so," replied Bella, after a moment. "Others, though, may have been more observing."

"I am sorry the thing was ever done," said Mrs. Westerly, thoughtfully. "Still, I did it, as I thought, for the best."

Then she relapsed into silence, and soon after quitted the room.

Bella left her seat, turned toward the window, and anxiously looked forth.

"Here he is!"

The blood rushed to her cheeks and receded again, and she became faint; but before her visitor was announced she had glided back again with a sweet smile, holding out both hands as she exclaimed—

"Captain Gray, I am happy to meet you; when did you arrive?"

He took only one hand, courteously, almost coldly, for its touch felt like that of a snake to him. He seated himself at her request; but there was in his manner that frozen calm telling of a strong will mastering strong emotion.

"How are your mother and—cousin?" at last he asked, in a strange voice.

"Mother is well. Bertha—is—well—I hope."

Her voice faltered in spite of her efforts to speak calmly.

"Bertha is not at home, perhaps you would say?"

"No; I am sorry to say," she commenced, and tears stood in her eyes, tears of agitation, vexation, of fear, not grief. "Bertha has been unfortunate, and mother is so inflexible that she—"

"Sent her to goal, perhaps?" exclaimed Gray.

"Yes; but it was such an outrageous theft. I never would have believed it if I had not seen—"

She hesitated.

"Seen what?" asked Gray, his eyes fastened on her face.

"Why, seen her with some of the articles in her possession. Believe me, I would have done anything to save her."

"And you did all you could? You said, 'She did not do this thing—she has been misrepresented. And you fell on your knees, begging your mother to have mercy? Speak, Miss Bella! Did you plead thus for your cousin?'"

"She is not my cousin save by marriage," replied Bella, who had grown white and frightened.

"Oh, not your cousin, save by marriage. Then it did not matter to you. Not a connection of the fashionable Westerlys—only a young, fair, friendless girl—too fair, perhaps! I wonder not, Miss Bella, that you had no heart to plead for her!" And he made her a chilling bow. "But you say you are certain Miss Gray had committed the theft?"

"I have said it, sir!" replied Bella.

"When is the trial to take place," he asked.

"There will be no trial! I shall not appear against her!"

"There is to be a trial, and soon, too. Some way the truth must come out;

some way she must be vindicated. My wife must have no stain upon her reputation."

Taking up his hat, he left her, almost speechless, for the words, "my wife," fell like cold iron on her heart. Then she gave way, and flinging herself on the chair, cried, "I have lost my soul for nothing! For nothing—for nothing!"

"Bertha!"

"Gilbert!"

"In those two words all was expressed. Oh, the tears of joy that Bertha wept in his arms! At last through her tears, she asked, "And you do not think me guilty?"

"Guilty!—my love, my Bertha!"

"Then I am happy, whatever comes." "Not so happy as you will be soon. Bertha, can you bear a great blessing?"

"What can you mean!"

"How long has your father been dead," he asked, his arm still round her waist.

"My father!" was all she could gasp.

"Has it never occurred to you, darling, that you might possibly see him again—"

But he had no need to say more, for she glided from his arms and fled into those of the man who now entered, saying, "Father, father! is it really you. Oh, indeed, I am happy!"

A crowded court witnessed the trial of the prisoner charged with theft.

Bella was soon in the witness box, and her story told, when, almost fainting, she left the court for a few minutes.

When she returned, her strength deserted her again, for her eyes saw in the place she had just left, Louise, her dressing maid. She entered as the counsel was saying, "Well, you can go on now and state your evidence."

"I came home that night about a quarter to twelve, and we—Mary and I—went into Miss Bertha's room to light our lamp, when we heard a footstep and I was frightened, so I sprang for the closet; and I saw Miss Bella enter the room. She found the key of the trunk, then she opened it, and took something in her hand. I then saw her put the chain in, and then something else; and then she—"

The witness was silenced. Mrs. Westerly had thrown back her veil, disclosing a horror-stricken face; she was endeavoring to unfasten the bonnet of her daughter, who had fainted.

What a day it was for Bertha! Her father beside her, her lover more devoted than ever. It was only saddened by the thought of Bella Westerly, who fled from the city, hiding herself no one knew where.

### Thought He Must Be Cooked.

Merchant Traveler.

"Ain't you almost boiled?" enquired a kid of a gentleman calling on her father and mother.

"No, little one, I can't say that I am. On the contrary, I feel quite comfortable."

"That's funny. I should think you would be."

"Why so, Daisy?"

"Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife kept you in hot water all the time."

### "Don't Ask Me To Marry You."

Detroit Free Press.

A Detroit man got stuck in the mud while out riding in the country the other day, and while engaged in trying to yank his buggy out of the mud hole with a fence rail, was accosted by an athletic young woman, who, after observing the situation, said:

"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and boots."

Their united efforts released the vehicle and the Detroitier returned thanks and asked her to get in and ride.

She hesitated, looked up and down the road, and finally said: "Stranger, I'm blunt spoken. Who are you?"

He gave his name and residence, and she continued:

"I'm over twenty-five, worth \$500 in cash, know all about housework and this is leap year."

"Yes, I know, but for heaven's sake don't ask me to marry you," he replied as he saw the drift.

"See here," she continued, looking him square in the eye, "I'm a straight girl, wear a No. 7 shoe and I like the looks of you."

"Yes, but don't—don't talk that way to me!"

"Stranger, it's leap year and I'm going to pop! Will you have me or not?"

"I—I'm already married!" he faltered.

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes."

"Well, that settles me, and I won't ride. I'll take a cut across the field over to old Spooner's. He's got four sons and a fool nephew, and I'll begin on the old man and pop the crowd clear down to the idiot, for I've slummixed around the world just as long as I'm going to. Good-bye sir—no harm done!"

### Another Good Boy.

A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand and said:

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are some eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving these eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled a chuck as he walked homewards.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he quired:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of these from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy with a blue cap?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

### Queer Place for a Mouse.

Boston Globe.

First Lady—"Oh, dear, I feel I shall faint."

Second Lady—"Why, whatever can be the matter?"

"Oh such a dreadful feeling on the top of my head. It feels awful queer; it's paralysis, I know it is."

A kind-hearted policeman took the lady into a store. Some one brought some bay rum, and somebody else brought a smelling bottle.

Where do you feel the most pain?" asked a sympathetic sister.

"Oh, right on the top of me head."

The policeman gently lifted the bonnet. There was a wild scream of fright, a gathering and grasping of skirts and a wild stampede for chairs and counters as a wee little mouse ran out of the bonnet and hid himself under a wrap that lay on the floor.

A physician had to apply restoratives to fourteen females who did not revive until a big lazy cat had paralyzed the poor little mouse.

### He Was Too Vain.

Boston Globe.

"I think it about time," said Mrs. De Laine, "that people stopped talking about Pull-man cars. I'm tired and sick of hearing about the men. I think they ought to be called Pull-woman cars, for they carry more women than men."

"I am told," said her husband, in a crushing tone, "that they were named for a man who invented them."

"The more shame for him," she retorted; "he ought to have named them for his wife."

### Melons, Heat and Picnic.

Nashville Banner.

A Davidson county farmer planted four acres in watermelons. By the time his melons were ripe the market had dropped to ruinous figures. Adjoining his melon patch is a beautiful grove. He gave a picnic and allowed no water to be brought on the premises. A large crowd gathered under the friendly shade of the trees. The day was hot, and the people thirsted, but no water was in sight. In the midst of this agonizing state of affairs the farmer rushed his melons in on the grounds, and they went off like hot cakes at high prices.

### A Watch Made of Straw.

New York Sun.

A young man in prison at Karlaus, Bohemia, has constructed a marvel of ingenuity in the shape of a watch eight centimetres in diameter and two in thickness, made from the only materials available to him—straw, thread, two needles, and a small piece of paper as dial plate. It goes for six hours, and with a little more necessary material could be made to go for twelve.

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### LOCAL HAPPENINGS

#### That Occur in Various Ways During the Week.

Frankville fair commenced yesterday. The entries were small and the attendance of exhibitors and visitors were smaller.

Remember the meeting of the directors of the Unionville fair on Monday, 7th inst., at 1 p.m. All having business with the directors will please bear the date in mind.

The Newboro fair, which was held on Saturday last, was almost a failure. The heavy rain during the day prevented visitors from attending. The number of entries was smaller than usual, but the exhibits were first class.

Mr. Wm. Mott, the contractor, made his first trip over the mail route between here and Mallorytown to-day. The prospects are that this route will become quite popular, as about 4 hours time will be saved by parties going west on the Grand Trunk. Parties coming on the stage from Newboro or points in the rear of the county, can connect with this route and reach Mallorytown in time for either the eastern or western trains. Mr. Mott carries two passengers on his first trip.

Our old friend Joshua Warren, formerly of this town but now residing at Friend, Nebraska, gave us a pleasant call yesterday morning. Although looking somewhat older than when he left here seven years ago he looks hale and hearty. He is on his way to Elgin to visit friends and on his return will call on all his old friends here. He reports crops and times good in the western states and rumor says that he has had a fair share of prosperity since settling in his new home.

Special sermons will be preached in the Methodist church of this village next Sabbath. In the morning Rev. W. Service, of Addison, and in the evening Rev. T. G. Williams, of Brockville. On Monday evening the annual tea meeting will be held. Addresses by Rev. S. Card, of Brockville, subject "Words"; T. G. Williams, subject, "Blunders." Also addresses from Revs. W. Service, H. Krupp and Judge McDonald. This being the first Methodist entertainment in the village since the union was consummated we must all go and give it our support and blessing.

Pursuant to call a number of ladies met in the Methodist parsonage, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, and, after discussion as to the kind of society adopted the following: 1 That those present heartily favor the formation of some sort of organization composed of the ladies of the Methodist congregation of this village and vicinity. 2. That until we get encouragement from a larger number of ladies it would not be advisable to proceed. 3. That Mrs. Wm. Mott, Mrs. Olive Lamb and Mrs. J. H. Blackburn be a committee to present the matter to the ladies of the united congregation and report at the parsonage on the second Tuesday in October. 4. That Mrs. D. Fisher and Mrs. Wm. Blair be a committee on constitution and by-laws. 5. That the ladies present favor the idea of a church anniversary in the near future and respectfully suggest the matter to the official board.

### COUNTY ITEMS.

#### Greenbush.

There is a good opening here for a veterinary surgeon and shoe maker as the latter has absconded.

Our young men have returned from the Ottawa fair pretty well fagged, but they claim they had a good time.

Mr. Samenhoff ships his dogs for Montreal to-day. He will probably fetch up a car load next week.

The steam thresher is clearing out the barns very fast around here and in every case gives entire satisfaction.

We understand that Edward Smith of this place, done the best shooting at the Unionville fair. Good for Greenbush.

#### Glen Buell.

Mr. John Sturgeon has purchased the farm of O. F. Bullis.

Rev. Mr. Craig, of North Augusta, visited our school last week.

Dr. Kinny with his usual good nature, examined our school last Friday. Of course he found it—

Now that the fair, which was a grand success, is over, our neighborhood has settled back into its usual quietude.

Mr. Albert Davis, medical student of McGill University, left here last Thursday for Montreal. This is Mr. Davis' second year at the university.

Notwithstanding the great competition at the Provincial Exhibition Mr. John Forth took second prize on his bay team and a number of prizes on poultry.

A number of our residents attended the Provincial Exhibition at Ottawa last week. They returned brim full of satiety, with the feeling for once that their eyes had been satisfied.

Mr. Jerry Bullis, of Plum Hollow, (brother of O. F. Bullis of this place,) while attending the exhibition at Ottawa was taken quite ill, but we are pleased to learn he is again recovering.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,  
By autumn's crimson tinted.  
Some people autumn leaves preserve  
By pressing them, she hinted.

The meaning of the gentle hint  
The lover did discern.  
And so he clasped her round the neck,  
And gazed his lips to her'n!

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