

THE REPORTER

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

AT THE OFFICE,

VICTORIA STREET, FARMERSVILLE.

TERMS.

Strictly in advance, \$1.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if not paid within six months. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISING.

Editorial notices in local column, five cents per line for first insertion and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Transient advertisements, 5 cents per line for first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 2 cents per line. Contract advertisements inserted at reduced rates. Advertisements unaccompanied by written instructions will be inserted till paid and charged accordingly.

JOB WORK.

The Reporter job room is fully equipped with the latest styles of type and presses, and possesses every facility for turning out first-class job work.

BETHUEL LOVERIN, Publisher and Proprietor.

J. C. Judd,

BARRISTER, ETC.,

Brockville Ont.,

MONEY TO LOAN AT THE LOWEST RATES.

The Gamble House,

FARMERSVILLE.

THIS fine new brick hotel has been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention paid to the wants of guests. Good yards and stabling.

FRED. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Wm. Webster,

HOUSE PAINTER & GRAINER.

Kalsomner, Paper Hanger and Glazier.

CONTRACTS taken for inside and outside work at lowest prices. Residence next to Berney's Livery, Main st., Farmersville.

THE ACME

Fire & Water Proof

ROOFING PAINT.

ADVANTAGES: 1. It is absolutely fire proof. 2. It is absolutely water proof. 3. It is a preservative of wood or metals. 4. It costs less than ordinary paint. 5. It contains no oil or acid. 6. It is an ornament to any building. 7. It will stop any ordinary roof from leaking. 8. It will not wash off or stain water. 9. It will withstand hot and cold weather, and will last longer than any other paint.

We Will Make any Roof Fire and Water Proof at Moderate Cost.

E. T. TENNANT, Proprietor for Co. Leeds, Farmersville.

THE

Reporter,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

FARMERSVILLE

AND THE

GO. OF LEEDS.

\$1.00 per Year.

Subscribe NOW

AND GET YOUR FRIENDS TO DO LIKEWISE.

Address -

B. LOVERIN,

FARMERSVILLE.

AND GET THE LOCAL NEWS.

The Reporter AND COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

VOL. II. NO. 27.

Farmersville, Wednesday, June 23rd, 1886.

Guaranteed Circulation, 500.

New Harness Shop.

WE take this opportunity of letting our old customers and friends know we are still doing business, and that we have a large stock on hand of both single and double harness, which we guarantee to be all

HAND MADE

From first-class stock. We can give a good set of harness for \$12.00.

Our Stock of Leather has been Selected with the Greatest Care, and all our work is

GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS.

Our Collars are made in our own shop by competent workmen, and are the best in every respect.

We call attention to our complete and attractive stock of Whips, Carry Combs, Brushes, Lap Robes, Horse Nets, Trotting Horse fixtures, Bandages, Shin Boots, Quarter Boots, etc., and respectfully request all who require goods in our line to inspect our stock before purchasing. The noted Excelsior Oil, \$1 per gallon. Repairing carefully attended to.

A. E. WILTSE & Co., Farmersville.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Tailoring House

OR

A. M. CHASSELS

MAIN ST.,

FARMERSVILLE.

SUITS MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLES AT SHORT NOTICE.

All work Warranted.

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

A. C. BARNETT,

DEALER IN

HAND MADE

BOOTS & SHOES.

I AM prepared to give the most stylish, the most durable, and the best fitting boot or shoe in Farmersville.

BECAUSE I have the largest variety of styles to select from.

BECAUSE I keep the largest assortment of the latest styles of shoe leathers to select from.

BECAUSE I can make the neatest and strongest boot in Farmersville.

Farmers, call and get a pair of hand-made kip boots, and keep your feet dry. Repairing attended to promptly. Prices away down, to suit the hard times.

A. C. BARNETT,

Opposite the Gamble House.

TIME IS MONEY

Hence the Importance of a well Regulated Time-Piece.

FRED. CLOW, FARMERSVILLE.

Begs to announce that he is better prepared than ever to do

WATCH & CLOCK

REPAIRING

In the Best Possible Manner and on Reasonable Terms.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

A Full Line of

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewellery.

Sole Agent in Farmersville for

LAURENCE'S CELEBRATED SPECTACLES.

FRED. CLOW.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR

THE REPORTER.

AND GET THE LOCAL NEWS.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Methodist.

Farmersville Circuit. Rev. G. Rogers, pastor. Sabbath services in the South Church at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Public prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30, in the North Church, and Young People's meeting Saturday evening at 7.30.

Lake Lyons at 1.30 p. m. and Sheldon's at 3.15 p. m. Sunday, June 13th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.

Elbe at 1.30 p. m. and Towriss at 3.15 p. m. Sunday, June 20th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.

Washburne's and Harb Island alternately Friday evenings at 7.30.

Church of England.

Christ's Church. Rev. R. N. Jones, incumbent. Services the second and fourth Sundays in the month, at 10.30 a. m. Holy Communion after morning prayer. Service every Sunday evening at 7.30 in the school at 5.30 p. m. Service every Thursday at 7.30 p. m. Seats all free.

Baptist.

Sunday services at 7.30 a. m. June 27th and July 4th omitted. Prayer and praise meeting every Wednesday evening at 7. All welcome.

Presbyterian.

Service in the Baptist Church every Sabbath morning at 11. June 13th, Rev. Mr. Richards.

OUR MORNING STROLL.

NO. II.

The invigorating breeze fanned our brow as, in the early dawn of Monday last, we took the reins in hand for a short drive into the country, which for the purpose of this article may be termed a morning stroll. As we drove along our eye caught glimpses of plenty and prosperity. The hay crop along the route has made wonderful progress during the past few days, and now appears to be nearly up to the average. The fast-growing grain presents encouraging prospects, and bids fair to produce an abundant harvest. On reaching a slight elevation there burst suddenly upon our view a scene of surpassing loveliness. Who has not heard of the far-famed

PLUM HOLLOW

and its beauties? Near this romantic valley resides the seer to whose shrine thousands have come from the far distant town, city and homestead, to listen to the weird sayings which fell from her lips, in which nearly all could find some sentence of strange and mysterious import that thrilled their inmost being. An old Indian legend relates that this valley was the trysting place where savage warriors and dusky maidens met to plight their troth beside the Me-at-te-me-ga, or the Rippling Streamlet. Now all this is changed. The neat and commodious farm houses, the waving grain, the lowing cattle, and the busy husbandman, give evidence of an advanced civilization, and on all sides were sights to gladden the heart and delight the eye, for we have lived long enough to know that on the prosperity of the farmers—those lords of creation—depends the commercial well-being of the country. Our thoughts had wandered off into the romantic, and it is hard to tell where they would have ended had we not just at this moment reached the place for which we started.

JOSEPH KNAPP'S CHEESE FACTORY,

standing on the brow of Plum Hollow hill. On driving into the yard, willing hands soon unhitched the horse, and after a short interchange of greetings at the farm house we passed on to the factory, to get a glimpse of the exterior and interior arrangements of this model cheese producing establishment.

The factory is situated on a side hill, giving a good incline for all waste water and whey to pass off, and is a new two-story frame structure 50 x 60 feet, with a 26 x 30 feet annex for storing purposes. At the front of the building are two weigh stands, at which was taken in on the morning of our visit over 18,000 lbs of milk. The motive power is a six-horse-power engine made by W. Stafford, of Lancaster. Two wells furnish the water used in the factory. From one the water is drawn by the engine, and from the other by a Mallorytown windmill, recently erected. A large tank furnishes ample storage room for the water used. A room off the engine room serves as an office for the manager and patrons. In the make-room stand four large vats, capable of holding 5,200 lbs each, and around the sides of the room are arranged the presses, capable of pressing 32 cheese at once. Mr. Knapp and three assistants were busy attending to their respective duties, and everything moved with the precision of clockwork. We watched the operations from the arrival of the first load of milk until the last load was delivered, and everything worked without a jar. As soon as a vat was filled, the milk was brought to a proper temperature and the rennet added, when the vat was completely covered with a heavy cotton covering. This is a new departure in cheese-making, and one that Mr. Knapp thinks will be adopted by all first-class cheese factories.

During the flow of milk this factory makes from 28 to 32 cheese per day. The process of manufacture is well known, and nearly all our readers are as conversant with the art as the writer is, and it is therefore quite unnecessary to go into the minor details of the process. Of enquiry we ascertained that Thos. Percival and Abel Wright send the largest quantity of milk to the factory. They keep 32

cows and have for some time back been putting in over 1,000 lbs per day. In the curing room we found about 250 cheese, some white and some colored. The floor and tables in this room are as scrupulously clean as any housewife's kitchen, and parties buying cheese from the Plum Hollow factory, may rest assured that it will take them a long time to get the proverbial peck of dirt which it is said all must eat some time during their lives.

After securing a substantial increase to the subscription list of the Reporter, and spending a pleasant hour amidst the busy workmen, we had our host good-bye, thinking that the man who superintends the business of a cheese factory as large as this one, had almost as much brain work to do as an editor.

Lord's prayer, after which the men went to work with a right good will. Our reporter only regrets the absence of the thrilling sounds of the bagpipe, the soft minstrelsy of the harp and the gentle notes of the guitar, in honor of the nations which have supplied us with those strong and hardy men.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD.

Many years ago there stood a little cottage close by where the North Foreland. Lighthouse now rears its lofty head. The modest building was a very unpretentious one; and as it was painted an intense white it served as a good landmark by day to those who "go down to the sea in ships," directly daylight began to leave the sky a lighted lamp was placed close to the diamond-paned window of the parlor, and this also quietly warned the toilers of the deep.

The inmates of the cottage were three in number—Ben Wheeler, as honest and hard-working a man as ever wore a sou'-wester and oil-skin clothes; Dame Wheeler, his wife; and Alice Harnot, a young girl of some fifteen summers, whom the worthy couple delighted to call their niece.

The wind blew great gusts from the south-west, and rattled away at the doors and windows of the cottage as though it strongly objected to such barriers to its onward rush. It shrieked through the crevices and sang a holes in plaintive strains, and sang a accompaniment to the lashing of the angry waves along the shore.

Ben Wheeler was busily employed overhauling his weather-clothes, in anticipation of shortly having to wear them, and Dame Wheeler stood close beside the fire, as she was busily employed cooking something for the evening meal. Alice sat at the table with her needlework, but her eyes were too dimmed with tears to admit of her accomplishing much. The gale terrified her, and now she sobbed aloud. "Ben walked across the room, and laying his hand hard upon the maiden's head exclaimed—

"Ye musn't cry, Allie; ye musn't cry! Don't ye know that the wind's tempered to the shorn lamb, and it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good?"

"Ah!" chimed in Dame Wheeler, "it's an old song that the wind sings to-night, and its lullaby will hush many a one to sleep from which he won't wake again, maybe."

"Well, ye know, dame, when the boatswain pipes all hands must muster up," replied Ben, as he once more sought his sea clothes, "and that chap with her needlework, as is afeared to meet his Cap'n, fine weather or foul."

"That's right, Ben," returned his spouse, "but ye know there's many sails under false colors."

The conversation was here interrupted by the startling report of a rocket across the sea, followed by a lurid glare in the dark sky.

"Ship in distress," muttered Ben, as he quickly encased himself in his waterproof apparel and made off towards the beach.

Allie now turned her attention to the lamp in the window, to see that it gave its greatest brilliancy. Wistfully did she peer out into the darkness to try to watch the movements of her uncle; but the night proved too unkind.

"Auntie," said the girl, "dont the wind howl frightfully to-night. Will it last long?"

"Perhaps not, my dear. But you ought to be used to it by this time."

"I shall never grow to like it, for it always reminds me that I am a child of its adoption."

"So ye are, my dear," replied Dame Wheeler, as she approached beside Allie to the window. "So ye are, my dear; but your uncle and myself do all we can to make you happy."

"Yes, dear Auntie, yes!" passionately exclaimed the girl, as she threw her arms around the dame's neck. "I am sure ye do, and I'm very grateful; but the wind always makes me sad. Don't ye hear it talking?"

"Yes, my child. I hear its song in the evening breeze as it plays across the corn, and causes it to bow its proud head and do homage; as well as in the mighty tempest; and I recognize it both the voice of Him who made them."

"But Auntie, you are not like poor me. You have never been shipwrecked."

"No, my dear, and not likely to be, for I never leave home. Come child, dry your eyes; remember all's for the best. It was just such a night as this when Ben brought you home, Allie, and many a time since then have we thanked the wind for the gift."

Allie's reply was a kiss.

"It seems as though only last night, although thirteen years ago, Allie, Ah! how the time flies. Ben brought you in wrapped up in a shawl. He sat up all night with you, fearing that you might not wake again unless he watched, and every now and then he would lean over and kiss your little pale face until you cried. Ben had this lamp placed alight in the window, to keep him company, and ever since then, when daylight fades, the same little

beacon is set up, for your uncle says it may be of service."

A loud report was now heard close by the cottage. It was Ben firing the rocket apparatus. Dame Wheeler and Allie leaned their heads against the window panes, to watch him as much as possible; and Allie, full of gratitude for what had been done for her, now pleaded that her aunt would allow her to put on one of the oil-skin coats and caps and go to her uncle's assistance. It was in vain that Dame Wheeler remonstrated; for argument was met by argument, whilst the coat was tried on, and before many minutes had elapsed Allie was upon the beach. Ben Wheeler was glad of assistance, for he had just made communication with the distressed ship.

"That's the style, lad!" he exclaimed, as Allie took hold of the winch handle. "Ye ain't a very big chap, but a little help is worth a deal of pity."

The life-saving basket was wound ashore, and in it were seated a lady and a baby. Ben quickly helped them from their nest, and caused the lady to take shelter under the lee of a lugger on the beach. The basket was returned seawards, and next returned bearing a strongly-built sailor.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ben, as the burden neared the beach; "now we shall work well. Go to the lad's side. Go to the lad, He needs help there more than me."

Excitement had preserved Allie's strength for a time, but now a relapse set in; and hardly had the stout arms of the sailor put the winch in motion before Allie gave a half stifled shriek and fainted.

(Continued next week.)

Railway Construction.

THE BROCKVILLE, WESTPORT & SAULT STE. MARIE RAILWAY UNDER WAY AT LAST.

THE FIRST SOD TURVED.

INAUGURATION CEREMONIES AT FARMERSVILLE.

The Work to be Rapidly Pushed Towards Completion.

After a delay of a number of months 'twixt hope and fear, the railway connecting Brockville and Westport, and which the more sanguine believe will be ultimately extended to Sault Ste. Marie, was on Thursday last commenced near Farmersville. At about one o'clock Mr. Mitchell, the contractor, with twenty men, armed with spades, was on the ground giving directions to inaugurate the work. Mr. Mitchell is a tall, well-built man, with a commanding presence; decision of character and readiness for physical action as distinctly marked as the promptitude with which he designs, animates, lives, so to speak, through all the lines of his work. Having quickly made the necessary arrangements, he called upon Dr. Addison to turn the first sod.

The men being summoned to the spot, and there being a large number of spectators present, the doctor addressed a few words to those assembled around him. Our anxieties, he said, as to the commencement of the road were now happily over. We had got tired of taking long journeys over bad and rough roads, in slow conveyances drawn by lame horses, and we could not but hail with delight the anticipation of being wafted whithersoever we will in almost less than no time, no matter what the state of the roads or condition of the weather. As to its pecuniary advantages he referred to a simple statement of his some time since, published in the Brockville Standard and Times: "If a man had but one sheep to sell, and he wished to raise the wind, all he would have to do would be to convey it to the nearest station, and then and there he would find a purchaser." Addressing himself to the men, he said he hoped that they would not quarrel and fight, but live in harmony with one another, as the work to be accomplished could only be done by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Quarrels, however, among workmen were chiefly the result of too much grog. But, happily, in the cause of peace and quiet, since the Scott Act was enforced they could not get a drop for the life of them, and would have money in their pockets. He was a physician, and it was his duty to warn them to take care of their health—al-ways to remember the bad effect of suddenly checked perspiration; the bad effect of over-heated men sitting or lying on the damp, cold ground! He referred to recorded circumstances, which, he said, could not be too often repeated. One of the princes of Germany had been hunting, and while in a state of profuse perspiration entered his palace, threw open a window to enjoy the evening breeze, took a chill and in thirty-six hours was no more. The doctor's mother had taught him all such things, and would not allow him even to sit on a cold stone ground!

Thursday last was a rainy day; but as it is unlucky to spill salt on the floor, so it is unlucky to begin any great work on Friday. So on Thursday, although a near shower was in the sky, there was no postponement, and Dr. Addison proceeded to throw the first spadeful of earth on the Farmersville Mitchell, with a due amount of solemnity in his voice, then repeated the

Front of Yelge.

JUNE 16.—The village of Mallorytown has been set apart from the rest of the township, by the municipal council, for the purpose of local improvement. Home rule in miniature.

A very exciting lacrosse match took place last week between the Brockville Riverides and the Mallorytown club, resulting in three straight games for the latter. Time for each game, two, four and three minutes respectively.

The License Inspector and Chief Mitchell of Brockville have just been making a tour through the cellars and hidden places of that town, and report that the Scott Act has even penetrated those subterranean chambers, as not one drop of the forbidden stuff was found.

The Caintown post office has been thoroughly renovated. The building is a new, tasty and convenient office, and improves the Caintown corner. Under the supervision of Mr. Hoggboom the business has considerably increased.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tennant and Miss M. Tennant have returned from Syracuse, where they spent a short time visiting friends and relatives. We are pleased to hear the ring of the anvil once more, and see James W. around.

S. H. Dickey, Esq., our local artist, is doing very fine work at present.

D. D. Tennant, Esq., commissioner of roads and bridges, has been examining the roads and bridges in this locality. The travelling public have in D. D. the right man in the right place.

We are happy to learn that J. W. Lane, M. D., is convalescent.

Rev. D. C. Sanderson, on his return from Conference, was greeted with an enthusiastic reception by his many friends and church members. Bro. S. is appreciated here.

The Reporter is a welcome visitor in these parts, and has the ring of true metal in it. May it continue to enlarge its sphere of usefulness.

Ormond Gibson has made the first consignment of strawberries from these parts this season.

[Arrived too late for last week's issue.]

Portland.

Dr. McGannon arrived last week, Mrs. B. Byington is quite ill at present.

The Newboro band have offered their services for the picnic on the 23d Austin & Marks are timing the road of Harrison's new store.

The Town Council of Smith's Falls intend an excursion, up the lake, soon.

Lewis & Wardrobe's "Hippolyphian" was here on Friday evening. The entertainment was not as good as expected. Tommy Oliver having injured himself in Newboro did not appear on the stage in his tumbling.

During the afternoon Prof. Lewis and the troupe enjoyed a sail over the lake in Mr. Scovill's sailing yacht.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

A number of cases for infraction of the Scott Act in Brockville were up before the Police Magistrate there on Monday and Tuesday.

Joseph Gallona was fined \$50 and \$5 costs, or 80 days.

Alex. Fraser, of the Golden Lion grocery, was charged with selling liquor between the 1st of May and 1st of June. Wm. Williams, of Greenbush, testified to ordering some whiskey in April, paying part down and taking some of the liquor home with him; got the rest from a house in town during May, paying Fraser balance then; sent the liquor home by D. Cold; did not know the man who let him have the liquor. D. Cold swore to bringing home a lot of stuff for Williams; did not know what the parcels contained. A son of Williams testified he saw the wagon with parcels for his father, but saw no liquor. For the defence, Fraser swore that he sold Williams the liquor in April; had the portion Williams none of his portion removed to the house of his partner, where he sent Williams for it when he called. Case dismissed; costs, \$10.10, to be paid by Inspector.

Antoine Welding was fined \$50 and \$5.25 costs, or 30 days.

The cases of M. Bourke and Rich. Hudson were adjourned until Monday next.

Gananoque Water Power Company.

Following is a list of the settlements which were effected with this company for damages, without resort to the court of arbitration. We clip from the Gananoque Reporter:—

Thos. Shields \$177 50

Hugh and Jas. Running 268 60

James Fody 27 00

David Bews 20 00

Jonathan Webster's estate 265 00

Wm. Earl 240 00

Isaac Larose 25 00

John Earl 120 00

Francis Fortune (special arrangement) 386 25

Daniel Beach 29 00

Moses Kavanagh 50 00

Watson G. Parish 295 00

Stephen Hall 1000 00

John Steacey 60 00

James Grier 40 00

Wm. Running 40 50

Wm. Larkins 60 00

Old Jones is dead. I sat in my window, half overhauled, and heard them say below in the street: "I suppose you know old Jones is dead?"

Headlines were walking toward way. "Dead!" what more could there be to say? But I sat and pondered what it might mean.

Was he dead and pondered what it might mean. Thus to be dead white the world went by: Did Jones see him? Had he any more of his life?

Was he one with the stars in the watching. Or down there under the growing grass. Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?

Were days time and night time as one to him now. And grieving and hoping a tale that is told? A tale on his lips or a hand on the brow.

Could he feel them under the churchyard mound. As he never had felt them in his whole life long. Though they passed with his youth time, hot and strong?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he died. "Old" he had been for many a year; Yet his faithful agonies were defined.

And weeded in the days so distant and dear. When first he had found that love was sweet. And reeked not the speed of his hurrying feet.

Does he brood in the long night under the sod. Or far in some wonderful world to be known? Where the shining seraphs stand, row on row; Does he wake like a child at a night's dream?

And know that the past was a night's short dream? He is dead, and a cloud there down below; Or dead and wiser than any alive; Or who can say how the dead folk thrive? But he is dead, and a cloud there down below.

And I hear the live folk laugh in the street. —Louise Chandler Boston in *Congregationalist*.

Old Sayings of 70-80. MARRIAGES WERE GREAT CHANGES. "Ah, John!" she said, just before marriage, "I fear I am not worthy of you. You are such a good man."

"Never mind, my dear," he said, "I'll change all that after the wedding." —Tid Bits.

SEE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT. "Yes," said Miss Richelieu, "my daughter graduates next week."

"I understand she is at the head of her class." "No," she said with some sadness, "she will be the valedictorian, but she will take the salutatory, and that's nearly as high."

"The commencement exercises are to be very interesting." "Oh, yes," Dr. Grace will preach the beautiful sermon, Rev. Mr. Morrison will deliver the dilemmas, and there will be other attractions too numerous to mention."

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A REMARKABLE CASE. A Man Who Has Not Been Able to Sleep for Twenty Years.

On a pillow in a little parlor at No. 710 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, New York, lies the intellectual head of Dr. Charles F. Reed, 56 years old, who has not been able to move hand or foot or say a word for more than two years.

He lives only in his head, for every joint in his body and limbs are wasted to the bone. His eyes are sightless, his neck stiff, his legs so close as to prevent him from taking any food unless it is in very soft or liquid form, and shoulder joints, elbows, wrists, finger joints, hips and knees are immovable. The knees are drawn up, the left knee is almost thrown from its socket, the right foot is turned so far outward as almost to touch the wall.

He has not been able to sleep for more than a few months and has heard that Rip Van Winkle would have envied over the lower part of his face, a strong, intelligent, and full of character. Around this sufferer's bed, where so heavy a cross has been laid, gather almost daily people who come to get consolation in trouble. Dr. Reed is a philosopher, and his cheerful disposition, in spite of the extreme hardness of his lot, has made him the wonder of everybody who knows him. Those who have lost friends call to learn a lesson in fortitude, and all who meet the doctor say they go away with new ideas of life and the value of the things of this world.

Dr. Reed is a native of New York, was born in Woburn, Mass., and worked on a farm until he was of age, when he began the study of medicine, which he continued in New York and Cleveland. In 1864 he was in charge of a sanitarium at Kenosha, Wis., and in 1865 he came to New York, where he has since resided. He has inherited hereditary rheumatism, and contracted malaria in the tropics. He has been married three times, and has nine children. He has been a member of the New York Academy of Medicine since 1868, and during all his suffering his wife has remained by his bedside. She has nursed him with the most devoted care, and has been a constant attendant on him. He has been a member of the New York Academy of Medicine since 1868, and during all his suffering his wife has remained by his bedside. She has nursed him with the most devoted care, and has been a constant attendant on him. He has been a member of the New York Academy of Medicine since 1868, and during all his suffering his wife has remained by his bedside. She has nursed him with the most devoted care, and has been a constant attendant on him.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. The Mad King and His Vocalists.

At 18, King Louis of Bavaria (who succeeded the old King) was frail and slender, fair haired and handsome. It was about this time he witnessed his first stage representation, Wagner's "Lohengrin," and he fascinated him. He went for the composer and looked him up with his closest friend. This was perhaps the beginning of the mad King's extravagance. Wagner took up his residence in Munich, and the King caused all the works of the great composer to be produced in magnificent style. He himself made drawings for the scenery, and a fortune was spent on costumes and accessories. The orchestra became jealous of the King's devotion to the composer, and Wagner was finally sent away. But he was made rich by Louis' favors, and his friendship never was broken. The mad King had one other friend. He heard a tenor voice one day singing his favorite "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin." He sought out the singer, embraced him and made him his aide-de-camp. The two were inseparable for a long period, and the favored singer, who was called the "Mad King's singer," was sent to the mad King's castle at Castle Berg in a gilded boat drawn by swans, singing to the lonely King on shore.

On another occasion the King sent for a new soprano, who had made wonderful success at Munich, to entertain him with her singing; at his castle at Hohenschwang. He wanted her to sing in the garden, and he wanted to hear her singing on water. It was midnight. They proceeded to a shallow lake in the castle grounds, and the King produced a gaily painted boat with a model between a canoe and a gondola. He seated the singer in the bow of the boat and the King in the stern. The boat was propelled by one oar, which was skillfully wielded by the King. There he kept the poor artist for fully three hours. At last she begged to be allowed to stop, saying that she had already contracted a severe cold and was really unable to perform any more. The King ordered her to proceed, but she could not. Then the King said he was going home and supposed she knew the way ashore. He stepped over the side of the boat and took her by the hand, and she stepped into the water, which was not more than three feet deep, and calmly waded ashore and walked up to his castle. The artist said in the boat filled with despair. For the first time she thought the King would surely send some one to her rescue, but no one came and after two hours of waiting she too waded to the shore. She went to the castle and she was turned away as an impostor. She started to go back to Munich, notwithstanding that her clothes were all water and bedraggled with mud. Fortunately she soon met a hackney coach, which took her to her apartment. She immediately summoned a doctor, but a fatal mischief had been done and she died within a week of pneumonia. The King sent an extravagant sum to pay for her funeral.

Notes. Fatti begins her wedded life in great style. She is already supporting a brood of five children of Nicolini by his former work.

Sardon and Paladit are jointly writing a new grand opera to be entitled "La Patrie." It will be ready for production in November.

Harriett Beecher Stowe on Monday passed the 75th mile post in her journey of Col. J. C. Normie, addressing the central branch of the Irish National League in New York.

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A foreign despatch says: "The coming marriage of Mrs. Christine Nilsson is one of the leading social topics just now. Countess Miriam was on her way to the Spanish boulevardier, writing for the Madrid newspapers, and was attached to the Spanish legation in Paris. He is now a deputy in the Spanish Cortes, and is regarded as a rising politician."

Frank Mayo, the actor, who has made fame and fortune as *Dave Crockett*, has a most extraordinary aversion to the play of the same name. He has written in the *Washingtonian*, and an critic calling out it says: "I don't if any auditor took home one remembrance of five consecutive backs."

What the Ladies Wear at the Ascot Races. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* cables to that paper as follows: "The Ascot week produced great millinery as well as equine triumphs. Even on the opening day the modish race costumes of colors with the jockey. Ascot equine triumphs in that no feminine habit appears there in the same kind of costume. On the opening day the Princess of Wales wore a close-fitting straw brown silk dress, with light colored bands and a chip bonnet to match, with dark brown velvet strings edged with gold. She did not wear the usual throat clasp of roses which is generally associated with her toilet, but she resumed this throat clasp on the gold open top, when she wore a ruby and diamond necklace with a white brooch. Her hair was done up in the first day, and the other a bell-shaped shade of blue. Upon the last day three daughters were in the royal procession, wearing lawn dresses, with faint pink tints in their bonnets. The Duchess of Connaught chose an ivory tint for one costume; a plastron of moss green illusion and a most velvet bonnet trimmed with pink roses completed the dress. The Marchioness of Londonderry, who is famous for original toilet, wore at Ormond's new victory a cream crepe de chine, with a soft falling bodice draped in indescribable folds dressing in front and no fastenings visible. The folds were apparently kept in place by a corset of velvet of rich moose tone. Miss Grant, the future Countess of Cairns, had one of the few fugate jackets of black, elaborately embroidered in gold, being introduced into the hats. Miss Grant's dress was of a rich green and was largely used, amber, old gold, crocus, ochre, and buttercup shades being curiously predominant."

An Indignant Neticist. "Madam, could I get you to give me a cold bit of something to eat? I was a wealthy man once."

"How did you lose your money? Drink, I suppose."

"Yes, madam, I am one of the Keely motor schoolers." —*Merchant Traveller*.

Only a Question of Time. "Doctor, how is Banker Jones? I heard that he was very sick."

"He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician solemnly.

"What! You don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada? Well! well!" —*New York Sun*.

Mr. Morrison will bring his Tariff Bill before the House of Representatives on Thursday.

THE CARBARIQUE PLANT. A Botanical Development That May Assist Artists and Mimics.

One of the most remarkable plants in the vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the carbarique plant, which is also well known as the carbarique plant, says "St. Nicholas." At first sight, it appears to be a heavy, large-headed plant with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light yellow centers of its dark green leaves. When I first saw this odd plant in a garden, I was struck by its appearance, the queer, yellow stains gave it a suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant was "making faces" at me. And my first impression was correct. This curious shrub had indeed occupied itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," until it now stood, sovered and the sprout had grown, with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature has taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stood out in strong relief against the dark green leaves, and a discovery of one of these vegetable marks led to an examination of a second and a third leaf, and the favored leaves were closely and curiously as the leaves of the carbarique plant. What a valuable plant this is! On another occasion, the King sent for a new soprano, who had made wonderful success at Munich, to entertain him with her singing; at his castle at Hohenschwang. He wanted her to sing in the garden, and he wanted to hear her singing on water. It was midnight. They proceeded to a shallow lake in the castle grounds, and the King produced a gaily painted boat with a model between a canoe and a gondola. He seated the singer in the bow of the boat and the King in the stern. The boat was propelled by one oar, which was skillfully wielded by the King. There he kept the poor artist for fully three hours. At last she begged to be allowed to stop, saying that she had already contracted a severe cold and was really unable to perform any more. The King ordered her to proceed, but she could not. Then the King said he was going home and supposed she knew the way ashore. He stepped over the side of the boat and took her by the hand, and she stepped into the water, which was not more than three feet deep, and calmly waded ashore and walked up to his castle. The artist said in the boat filled with despair. For the first time she thought the King would surely send some one to her rescue, but no one came and after two hours of waiting she too waded to the shore. She went to the castle and she was turned away as an impostor. She started to go back to Munich, notwithstanding that her clothes were all water and bedraggled with mud. Fortunately she soon met a hackney coach, which took her to her apartment. She immediately summoned a doctor, but a fatal mischief had been done and she died within a week of pneumonia. The King sent an extravagant sum to pay for her funeral.

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SCRAAPS. OVED TO THE MAN WHO HAD SAID INTO HIS BROTHER'S.

Sing hey! for a caudron of boiling oil. And a basin of molten lead. When I see the man who says size and bolt And tropically so his head.

Who says to his brother in sweetening stew, 'Tis is tort enough to-day for you? 'Tis not warm enough for me.

May be singe and toast and simmer and roast, And clear and kindle and ever eridge And his body to cinders turn.

Then the blistering heat of a furnace fire Shall accomplish his true cremation And facets and heat his funeral pyre To his brother's honor and glory.

And thus this felon will be ardently kind, And listen with joy to his brother's kind, And when he has carbonized all that he will, Each take one of his bones.

And waving the caudron remains of him, A Parsonage dame will do, "Is it not long now for you?"

—Speaking of yachts, it may be remarked that there is considerable demand for schooners at present.

A labor exchange has an article on "How to Let People Help Themselves," a good way is to leave your front door unlocked.

The bright light of advancing civilization is shined in the darkest places of the earth. The pair of Afghanians was the goat.

—It does a man good to go down among the streets occasionally, said the man when he slipped and fell in the kindergarten.

—When a man will insist upon offering a \$30 reward for the return of a 75-cent dog, his neighbor ought to scold him with a flea-station.

—"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?" "Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he's all asleep but his nose."

—Beecher says: "I hold that a man should be a round and perfect man." —*Strain Henry Ward* differs from the generally held opinion. Most folks like a man who is square.

Old Jones is Dead.

I sat in my window, half overcast, And heard them say below in the street: "I suppose you know old Jones is dead."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Man Who Has Not Been Able to Move His Feet for Twenty-two Years. On a pillow in a little back parlor at No. 719 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, says the New York World, rests the intellectual head of Dr. Charles F. Reed, 55 years old, who has not been able to move hand or foot for twenty-two years.

MARRIAGE WORKS GREAT CHANGES.

"Ah, John!" she said, just before marriage, "I fear I am not worthy of you. You are such a good man."

THE DISBURSMENT CRITIC.

First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)—"I flatter myself that is not a bad dinner."

A BEASTLY MONKEY.

There was a great fuss a few months back about Sir John Lubbock's wonderful dog, which his master had almost failed to speak.

A BEAT MONKEY.

There is another fact which strikes one. Monkeys have this great advantage over human pianists: they have four hands, while men are unfortunately not endowed with more than two.

THE LATE JAMES SMITH.

The late James Smith, of Falkirk, Scotland, who introduced America's cooking stoves into Great Britain, was a brother of the rebel, Colonel Robert Smith, who was killed in the "war of 1812."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The Mad King and His Vocalists. At 18, King Louis of Bavaria (who succeeded the other day) was frail and slender, fair haired and handsome.

THE CARICATURE PLANT.

A Botanic Development That May Assist Artists and Mimics. One of the most remarkable plants in the whole vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the caricature plant, which has also been named the caricature plant, says the New York World.

THE IRISH AS STATES.

Col. J. C. Normie, addressing the central committee of the Irish League in St. Louis the other evening, quoted the following examples as proof of Irish capacity for governing.

THE GROWTH OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The growth of the Princess of Wales, by the way, is a matter of some interest, in view of the increasing importance of the position of the Princess of Wales in England.

FRONER WOODEN TIC.

Chief Engineer Brown, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who has made a test of iron rivets, does not favor their use at the present price.

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

June is the time when you may expect to see the apple tree borer set up his carpenter shop in the orchard.

BEHAVIOR OF THE KING REGENT.

The Bavarian King regent, Prince Luitpold, is a fine, handsome man, with a broad forehead and a pair of bright eyes.

SCRAPS.

OWED TO THE MAN WHO HAS SAID UNTO HIS BROTHER, "IT IS WARM?" ETC. Sing boy: for a condition of boiling oil. Where this oil is, I do not know, but I do know that it is hot.

A CURIOSITY CHURCH ANNEX.

Rev. Mr. Rainford's New Method of Preaching New York. A New York letter to the Buffalo Courier says: As it is only a step or so from Tammany Hall to St. George's Church, the energetic six foot rector of St. George's, the Rev. Mr. Rainford, has quite an undertaking on his hands just now.

HOW GIRLS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEIR HEN-LOUGHS & ETC.

Every housekeeper knows how careful I treatment keeps table linen and household articles, says the Courier. Girls do not always know or remember the great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to do so.

CULTIVATION OF THE PEACH.

Mr. J. F. Taylor, of Michigan, who has given great attention to the cultivation of the peach, writes the Horticulturist that State five grades each on the condition of failure and success in the cultivation of fruit.

HOW BEER BREWERS DRINK.

"We have one man who drinks 100 glasses per day!" This is a statement made by a man who has been in the business of brewing beer for many years.

NATURAL GAS IN TEXAS.

A Pittsburg man was telling me of some of the oddities of natural gas the other day. It seems that many houses are heated by the gas, it being burned in grates in the rooms of asbestos.

A CHARMING PRINCESS.

The Princess of Wales is really the most beautiful woman I have seen of late years. She is a woman of a handsome woman's form, but she is not a woman of a handsome woman's face.

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CORRECTION.

We stated in our initial number of the new series of the REPORTER that the "Independent" list for Leeds had been transferred to us. When we wrote that statement negotiations were in progress with that object in view. Since then we have failed to arrange the matter satisfactorily to all parties as there are quite a few of the old subscribers to the REPORTER who wish to continue to take the "Independent" also. It is therefore arranged that there will be no transfer of the list.

Parties can take either paper they wish, and those wishing to take both papers can have them one year for \$1.25, in advance. As previously intimated, the old REPORTER subscribers who continued to take the "Independent" are to pay to us, and all those in arrears will please send in the same to us at once.

LOCAL NEWS.

All the Current Events of Farmersville and Vicinity Correctly Reported.

All Kinds. Of glass and stone fruit jars, cheap, at A. Parish & Son's.

Horse Wanted. In exchange for New Buggy, Apply to D. Fisher, Farmersville.

Go to A. Parish & Son. For scythes, snaths, rakes, forks and all kinds of hayting tools.

Scribbling Books. A supply of Scribbles made from a superior quality of paper, now on hand at this office.

Good Specimen. Frank Wiltse, of Addison, called at the REPORTER office on Saturday, and left a stalk of wheat measuring five feet six inches in length. Next.

Strawberries and Cream. A strawberry and lawn social, in aid of the organ fund of the Ellice Mills Sunday School, will be held at Chas. Johnston's residence next Friday evening. The Farmersville brass band will be present.

Early Closing. As our clerks work hard all day from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m.—14 hours—we would like to close our store every night, except Saturday, at eight o'clock. Will a kind and indulgent public assist us in this matter by doing their trading before that hour. A. PARISH & SON.

Unionville Notes. David J. Forth is erecting a fine brick dwelling house on the corner near the toll gate.

The track of the B. & W. R. will run within eight or ten rods of the north corner of the fair grounds. The location gives perfect satisfaction to the fair managers.

Pic-Nic. The second annual picnic will be held at Lake Loyola on Thursday, the 24th inst. Dinner will be served at noon. The Farmersville brass band is one of the attractions billed. The proceeds (voluntary contributions) will be devoted to the benefit of the Misses Mason and Birdsell, evangelists.

Fatal Accident. On Wednesday last the little son, aged eight years, of G. W. Carpenter, of North Augusta, met with a terribly fatal accident. The boy, full of life and spirits, jumped on a load of manure driven by a neighbor, when a rut or obstruction caused a heavy lurch of the wagon, throwing the poor little fellow off the load. A hind wheel passed over his head, causing almost instant death.

Grain-saver Syndicate Meeting. A meeting of the Directors of the Addison Steam Thresher Syndicate was held at the residence of Rufus Taplin, Esq., on Saturday evening last, a large number of the shareholders being present. Richard Kerr, President, occupied the chair. The Sec. Treas., R. Taplin, presented a report showing the net earnings to be \$528.03, and the expenditure \$304, leaving a dividend of \$18.40 per \$100 share. The report was received as satisfactory. The election of officers and managers for the present season resulted as follows: Rich. Kerr, Pres.; O. P. Arnold, Sec. Treas.; John Lovrin, John C. Blanchard and John Bourne, Managers. The Managers were instructed to put the machine in first-class running order at once, and to engage the necessary help to run the machine during the season. After discussion, it was decided to fix the rates for threshing the same as last year.

Directors' Meeting. The Directors of the Unionville Fair met at Forth's hotel on Friday last, for the appointment of judges on growing crops and other business. The following were present: Wm. Neilson, Pres.; N. H. Beecher, Vice-Pres.; B. Lovrin, Sec.; E. Davis, Treas.; L. M. Shipman, Raney Loncks, John Forth, John M. Keefer, John B. Barry, and Henry Lee, Directors. The minutes of previous meeting being read, the following appointments of judges for growing field crops were made: 1st class, Elijah Bowser and Robt. Sturgeon; 2nd class, George Lee and John Johnston; 3rd class, Jas. Dickey and Robt. Armstrong. On motion, Messrs. Beecher and Davis were appointed a committee on printing large posters. On motion, the Secretary was instructed to ask for sealed tenders from the different brass bands in this section, for their services during one and a half days of the fair. Bands tendering must state number of players, and will have to defray all their own expenses excepting admission to the grounds. The Secretary reported the receipt of a number of special prizes. It was agreed that as soon as all the special prizes are arranged, they will appear in the REPORTER, and in the Advance Courier. The REPORTER was adopted as the official organ of the society. All the business meetings of the Directors will be reported in this paper, and each of the Directors will be furnished with a copy for the year.

CURIOUS AND SENSATIONAL.

She Must have been Tongue-Tied. A divorce case is soon to come up in a Maine court, the outgrowth of a trifling quarrel between a man and his wife twenty-five years ago. Since that time, although living together, neither has spoken to the other, until a few weeks ago, when in the excitement of house-cleaning the woman said to the man "Where's the nails?" The man looked at the woman calmly and did not answer.

Gabriel Wasn't Welcome. Over twenty years ago there lived in Tipton, Ia., two boys, who could distance Peck's bad boy and give him four miles the start. At that time there was much talk of the end of the world and many timid people were in an agony of fear lest the last day would come in the night and catch them in their shortstop clothes, their hair on tins and their ascension robes in the wash. John and George, the two juvenile angels in question, concluded to add to the interest and see how much truth there was in the assertion of some of the overly pious that Gabriel couldn't spring trumps on them too quick; so they procured an enormous gourd, scraped it out quite thin, and carved the most hideous face upon it that ever was sketched by a mortal hand. They put a candle inside of it, attached it to a kite, and when darkness enveloped that portion of the earth they betook themselves to a corn patch in the centre of the town, lit the candle and sent the infernal thing aloft. It looked like a drunken comet with the face of the devil. Stir up the town? In ten minutes there was music by the entire orchestra. Women fainted, children cried, and men prayed who had no idea they knew how. Such an awful banner as that in the sky could only mean that time was but time would proceed to go into bankruptcy in the immediate future. Men confessed their sins and women their frailties, and there was enough scandal afloat in fifteen minutes to amuse London, if any one had time to attend to it. An old bald-headed deacon who had often prayed for the final winding up, was sorry for it, and down through the trees his bald head went glimmering, as he sought safety from the wrath to come. He was pulled out of a hollow log next day, and confessed thief of church moneys. When the awful uproar was at its height the kite string broke, and the boys went into the country a few days for their health.

A Vicksburg Story of Bravado. "Talking about nerve," said one of the veterans, on his way to attend the Army of the Tennessee Reunion, "let me tell you a little army story. I was at Vicksburg. When the work there got down to pretty close range, the Johnnies showed us what kind of sharpshooters they had. They were clever fellows, those sharpshooters, and they would pick a man off as quick as a wink if he once showed his head up. They were always on the lookout for that kind of game, and even at night it was not safe for a man to get up on top of the earthworks. In our company was an Irishman, Tim McCarthy, and of all the dare-devils he was the worst I ever saw. He was passionately fond of smoking, and if anybody would give him a cigar at night he would light it and climb up on the works and puff away. Of course the ashes would obscure the fire, but every once in a while he would knock the ashes off, leaving a bright light for the sharpshooters to aim at. At first I noticed that with all his dare-deviltry there was something of method in his madness, for he would never climb up until the ashes had formed over the fire. Then when he knocked the ashes off he would hold the cigar at arm's length. Whenever he did this, crack, crack, went the Johnnies, and we could hear the bullets whistling over our heads. But after a while he became so reckless that he would knock the ashes off his cigar while holding it in his mouth. Nobody ever saw such nerve as that man had, but not a bullet ever touched him, though several went through his hat and marked his clothing."

Sample Copy. If you are not already a subscriber, this number of the REPORTER is sent as a sample copy. Do you like our looks? If so send along a dollar for a year's subscription.

FARMERSVILLE & MALLORYTOWN MAIL

Stage Line

LEAVES the post office, Farmersville, at 11:30 a.m., arriving in Mallorytown in time to connect with G. T. R. express east and west. Returning, leaves Mallorytown on arrival of train from west, reaching Farmersville about 7 p.m. Will wait arrival of Westport stage for passengers, if notified in time by mail or telegraph.

The Steamer

LILY NICHOLSON. JAS. GREER, CAPTAIN AND OWNER.

THE LILY NICHOLSON will (until further notice) make regular trips on CHARLESTON LAKE.

From the Village of Charleston to the Outlet (touching at all the islands that have landings), every Saturday during the season of 1886, commencing June 30th. Fare for the round trip, 25c. Steamer will leave the Charleston dock at 10 a.m. Special rates given on excursion and picnic parties, arrangements for which can be made at the Reporter office, Farmersville, or with the Captain, at the Outlet. Address all letters to Warburton P. O.

THE ELECTORAL FRANCHISE ACT.

THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF THE SOUTH RIDING OF LEEDS. TO WIT:

THE Revising officer for the Electoral District of the South Riding of Leeds in the Province of Ontario, and Dominion of Canada, under "The Electoral Franchise Act," hereby gives notice that he will hold sittings in the said Electoral District for the final revision of the List of Voters for each of the Polling Districts of the said Electoral District, at the times and places following:

Polling Districts number fifteen, sixteen and seventeen (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the township of Front of Yonge), on the ninth day of August, 1886, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the town hall at Mallorytown, in the township of Front of Yonge.

Polling Districts number twelve, thirteen and fourteen (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the Township of Front of Escott), on the ninth day of August, 1886, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the town hall at near Springfield, in the township of Front of Escott.

Polling District number thirty-four (and being the village of Newboro), on the twelfth day of August, 1886, at eight o'clock in the evening, at the town hall in the village of Newboro.

Polling Districts numbers thirty-five, thirty-six and thirty-seven (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the township of North Crosby), on the ninth day of August, 1886, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the town hall at Westport in the township of North Crosby.

Polling Districts number thirty-one, thirty-two and thirty-three (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the township of South Crosby), on the twelfth day of August, 1886, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the town hall at Elgin, in the township of South Crosby.

Polling Districts number twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine and thirty (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the United Townships of Bastard and Burgess South), on the thirteenth day of August, 1886, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the town hall at Delta in the township of Bastard.

Polling Districts number eighteen, nineteen, twenty and twenty-one (and being all the polling districts of, and included in, the Township of Rear of Yonge and Escott), on the thirteenth day of August, 1886, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the town hall at Farmersville, in the township of Rear of Yonge and Escott.

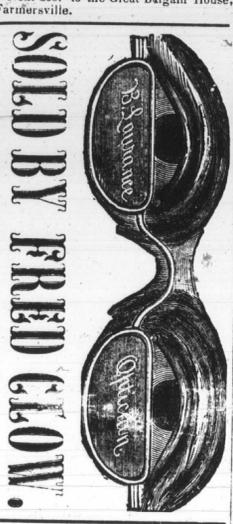
All objections, and claims for additions to, or amendment of the said list, with the names of the persons objecting, or claiming to be added, must be presented in writing, and delivered at the premises of the said Revising officer, at the town hall at Brockville, Ontario, or sent to him by registered letter addressed to him at Brockville, Ontario, on or before the twenty-fourth day of July, 1886, in the same form as nearly as may be, as of notice of complaint in the schedule to "The Electoral Franchise Act." If the objection be to the name of any person already on the list, the person objecting must, at the same time, deliver, or mail by registered letter, to the person so objected to, at his last known address, a copy of the notice of objection.

Dated this eighteenth day of June in the year of our Lord 1886.

BERBERT S. McDONALD, Revising Officer for the Electoral District of the South Riding of Leeds.

DRESS & MANTLE MAKING.

LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES. Prices Moderate. A Call is Solicited. MISS S. BYERS, Next door to the Great Bargain House, Farmersville.



Modern Progress.

Let the studios mind look back one hundred years and see the improvements in the methods of work, and the rapid progress of the century in the mechanical arts will be apparent. In 1793 Eli Whitney, a mere lad in obscure circumstances, was led to the idea of inventing the cotton gin, a machine for picking the cotton from the seed. For some time he labored with but little success, but being of a determined turn of mind he eventually mastered it. The result, as we all know, was to make cotton king and to create a great source of wealth to the United States. Again, Fulton's application of steam to navigation, in 1807, deserves special mention as one of the greatest inventions of the age; and although the first steam boat went up the Hudson at the rapid rate of four miles an hour, yet in those days it was a good model, and had many points of excellence still cling to by our modern ship builders. Morse's invention of the electric telegraph (1835), although instantly proved upon from time to time, was certainly a mark of great progress. While the invention of ether, as a preventative of pain, introduced by modern Wills and Jackson, was not of so much importance to the commercial world, yet it can well truly be called the greatest boon ever derived by science upon the human race. Not perhaps an invention of the present century has produced such wide spread social and business changes as that of steam locomotion. While the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph and the microphone can truly be termed the four new wonders of the world, there are many other inventions of note that could well be spoken of. But what are all these compared with the new Davis Vertical-feed Sewing Machine? This new machine entirely dispenses with the old hand-feed, and consequently entirely obviates the necessity of basting. It has a less number of working parts, and is therefore the easiest running and most durable. It is fine in appearance, and for range of work, in light or heavy goods, we boldly defy competition. J. L. GALLAGHER, agent.

ALABASTINE

Superior to Ka'sonnie for walls, ceilings, etc. A six pound package costs but fifty cents, and will cover 60 yards two coats. For sale by G. T. FULFORD & CO.

C. A. KINCAID,

Main st., Farmersville, nearly opposite Armstrong's Hotel, dealer in Groceries & Provisions OF ALL KINDS.

Ground Feed, Bran & Shorts. Best Grades of Family Flour from Roller Mills. Choice Flour, Sugars & Teas a Specialty. Also Dealer in LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

The public will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock before purchasing. Prices Moderate. All kinds of grain and produce taken in exchange. Goods delivered to all parts of the Village.

3 HOUSEHOLD 3

NECESSITIES: LAMB'S LUBRICATING LINIMENT. LAMB'S HORSE POWDER, and HUNT'S COUGH SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY AND TAR.

The great demand for these preparations is convincing proof that they are standard medicines and always give the best of satisfaction. Read a few of the testimonials I have published in pamphlet form, and see what they have done. My stock of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, etc., is always complete, and I respectfully solicit a call. J. P. LAMB, Druggist, Farmersville.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

G. T. Fulford & Co. Offer Large Stocks of Fresh and Reliable FIELD & GARDEN SEEDS, At Low Prices. Also Fine

Ground Oil Cake,

In 100 and 200 lb. Sacks. ALABASTINE

G. T. FULFORD & CO.

C. A. KINCAID,

Main st., Farmersville, nearly opposite Armstrong's Hotel, dealer in Groceries & Provisions OF ALL KINDS.

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The public will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock before purchasing. Prices Moderate. All kinds of grain and produce taken in exchange. Goods delivered to all parts of the Village.

GO TO H. H. ARNOLD'S,

FARMERSVILLE FOR DESIRABLE GOODS! AT CLOSEST LIVING PRICES.

Fashionable Tailoring UPSTAIRS.

Under the Management of John Baillie.

R. D. Judson & Son,

UNDERTAKERS, FARMERSVILLE.

Cabinet-making in all its Branches. Charges Moderate.

J. H. PERCIVAL,

Karley's Block, Farmersville. STOVES & TINWARE.

The subscriber begs to thank his customers for past liberal patronage, and at the same time calls attention to his Stock of Cooking and Heating Stoves, for wood or coal, House Furnishings, Agate Ware, Cistern Pumps, Sinks, Bird Cages, Etc., Etc. Cheese: Factory: Supplies! - A SPECIALTY. LEAVE TROUGHING & ROOFING. Work done promptly, at Reasonable Rates.

Go to A. PARISH & SON FOR YOUR GOODS.

Nowhere Cheaper! FARMERSVILLE

LUMBER YARD.

Pine and Hemlock Building Lumber. Clapboards, Flooring, Laths, Shingles, Fence Pickets, &c., &c. AT CLOSE PRICES. W. G. PARISH.

THE GREAT BARGAIN HOUSE

Owing to the Large Sales, and THE GREAT DEMAND FOR OUR GOODS, We have been obliged to Raise our Goods 10 per cent., which will be taken off the moment a customer steps inside the door.

REMEMBER! We have the LARGEST and the BEST-SELECTED Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

To be found in the back country. Come and see us. No trouble to show goods. BROWN & CO. FARMERSVILLE.

This Space Will be Filled by the Advertisement of

D. FISHER,

FARMERSVILLE CARRIAGE WORKS.

THE "REPORTER" JOB DEPARTMENT

Is Fast taking the Lead for All Kinds of Job work - AND AT PRICES THAT Defy Honest Competition.

Orders by Mail will receive Prompt and Careful attention. Address all Orders Reporter Office, Farmersville.

They all say It! why dont you?



When I want FRESH and CHEAP GROCERIES I'll go to J. THOMPSON'S GROCERY, Where you will find a Large and well Selected stock of Canned Goods, Baking Powders (all brands), Coffees, Canned Strawberries, Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn and Fish of all kinds. New Fruits, Lemons, Oranges, Apples. FLOUR AND TEA, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, GRAIN AND FEED. Mrs. J. Thompson, has a full line of Millinery, Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Cheap.

PHIL. WILTSE, GENERAL MERCHANT,

MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE. BIG RUSH TO PHIL WILTSE'S. For a very small amount of Wiltse'sells enough to load an elephant.

MILLINERY & DRESSMAKING in connection, managed by Misses Goulette and Madden.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

London, Ontario NOE 11