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THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

Farmersville, Wednesday, September 24, 1884

NO 20.

THE REPORTER

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

THE UNIONVILLE FAIR.

The Unionville Fair for 1884 has come and gone and its managers have just cause to feel proud of this year's exhibition. Early in the spring the directors decided to make extensive additions, alterations and improvements, which have been carried out to the satisfaction of all concerned. In taking a retrospective glance to the days when this society was in its infancy, under the present management, and contrasting that position with its standing to-day, we think no fair in Canada can boast of such a record. In 1871 when the fair was removed from Brockville to Unionville the whole available assets were \$13,000 and an old tin box filled with supplies, which probably were worth only \$500. To-day the society owns 100 acres of land and buildings worth at least \$25,000, and we believe that this year's balance is strong. They can show nearly a clear sheet. The last year that the fair was held at Brockville the receipts for admission were less than \$400. This year the receipts alone are over \$500, this with the fees collected for stands, shows, games, etc., and new memberships, will foot up to nearly, if not quite, \$700, and if the counter attraction of the Delta Fair and Forepaugh's circus, which have intervened the receipts from these sources would have realized \$850 & \$900.

We wish here to digress only that the plea put forth by the Gleaner is that the dates for the Unionville Fair were fixed after the dates for the Delta Fair were decided upon is not correct. Our fair has always (since its removal to Unionville) been held in the third week of September and should by this time be sufficiently known as to prevent other fairs from fixing dates that would conflict with ours.

On Thursday morning last as we stepped inside the gate our heart swelled with pardonable pride at the sight presented to our gaze. A hasty run over the grounds and through the buildings revealed the fact that the exhibition of 1884 far exceeded anything ever before seen in connection with the Brockville Electoral District Society. Directly in front of the main entrance stands the large hall, a building 28x108 with two wings of 28x40 feet each. On entering we found the front wing completely filled with the finer articles of ladies work and domestic manufactur-

ers. A table extends down the whole length of this wing, while overhead strong wires were suspended on which were displayed in endless variety the crazy quilts, pieced and patch quilts, and other articles in that line, while on the tables were piled rolls of carpeting, flannels, etc. The first object that drew our attention was a large and choice collection of stuffed birds and animals, the property of Mrs. R. E. Cornell, Dickins. We understand that these specimens were prepared by Mrs. Cornell, and certainly the selections and arrangements of this collection would have done credit to a provincial exhibition. The left hand side of this wing was completely filled with pictures from the brush and pencil of C. C. Slack, Farmersville; Miss Lou Wiltsie, Dickins; and Messrs. C. B. Taggart, Wm. Saddaby, Murray & Son, and R. Eastman, Brockville. The picture gallery was much admired, and while we have no desire to favor any place or person, we were entirely satisfied with the award of the judges, which gave the special prize offered by the editor of the Reporter, for the best collection of paintings by amateurs, to our young and talented townsman, C. C. Slack. Passing on to the centre of the building we found an immense flower stand nicely filled with house plants and flowers. Feels were entertained at one time that this department would be a failure this year, owing to unforeseen circumstances which prevented R. H. Heath, of Brockville, from making the display arranged for. However, the Misses Brown, of Dickins, and Mrs. Wm. Mott, of Farmersville, were induced to assist the directors to fill up this department, and right nobly did they respond, for the display made by the ladies mentioned were admitted by all to be the best collection ever exhibited at our fair. Turning to the right we entered another wing, occupied in the centre by 18 or 20 sets of as fine looking harness as was ever shown in this part of Canada. G. A. Rudd, Brockville; M. J. Wiltsie, Smith's Falls; and W. A. Acton, Gananoque, were the principal manufacturers exhibiting. Rudd succeeded in carrying off all the red tickets and also selling out his entire exhibit. This speaks volumes for George for in Messrs. Wilson and Acton he had good and keen competitors. On the right of this wing, behind a picket railing, were placed the display of small articles of dairy produce, consisting of bread, honey, molasses, sugar, vinegar, canned fruits and a thousand and one other articles. On the opposite side was a fine display of apples, grapes and other small fruits, in all a splendid collection. The principal exhibitors in this department were James Bullock, Lyn, and J. McEathron, representing the Renfrew Fruit and Floral company. We understand Mr. Bullock was so well pleased with his success here that he intends taking his collection to Ottawa to the Provincial Exhibition. Passing round to the north wing we found a raised platform extending down each

side of the building on which were placed four nicely finished organs made by I. J. Mansell & Co., of Brockville. Mr. Mansell was present in person and gave any desired information in regard to their instruments. A little further down and we found a large space occupied with the furniture exhibit of Stevens Bros., of Farmersville. Their display consisted of a parlor and bedroom suite put up in the latest style and drew marked attention. We understand that the firm were well pleased with the result of their experiment in exhibiting, having taken several orders for their goods, as well as getting more thoroughly acquainted with the people of the surrounding country. On the opposite side of this wing were ranged the different makes of sewing machines. Our old friend, N. H. Beecher, with C. A. Wood as an assistant, was as lively as a bee explaining the merits and good qualities of "that star that leads them all," "The Domestic." Jos. L. Gallagher, Newboro, with an able assistant, was also to the front with the high arm Davis. We should judge that this firm anticipated a large increase in the population of these united counties during the next year as they seemed to be particularly anxious to show the ladies how easily their machine would do all the finer sewing required by the younger portion of the community. In fact we were told that Joe must have made at least half a hundred caps for children. "Just to show easy it can be done, you know." On emerging from this wing we found ourselves in the Roots and Vegetable Department. Here were piled up an immense quantity of roots of all kinds. One enthusiastic Irishman was heard to exclaim, "Begorra, but the loikes of thim pittaties I never saw, short of ould Ireland!" The president, Mr. Neilson, of Lyn, showed us a new variety, which he claims is very prolific. He proposes dividing this year's crop among the members of the society for seed. Stepping from the main building we soon found ourselves in the old floral hall which is now used for the grain and seeds, butter, cheese, etc., a fair display was made. The display of carriages was small. A very fine hearse shown by Stevens Bros., Farmersville, attracted a good deal of attention. The display of machinery was good, there being no less than three self-binding harvesters on the grounds. A trial of these machines took place at 4 p.m. on Thursday and the universal opinion was that the "Little Brantford" done the best work. There was a splendid show of poultry, John Bellow, Brockville; R. E. Foster, Greenbush, and Whitney, Gananoque, being the principal exhibitors. The cattle were about the same in quantity but better in quality than on previous years, one exhibitor remarking that it was no use to bring an inferior animal to Unionville Fair. The show of horses was the best ever seen at Unionville. Finally, in conclusion, we are pleased to say that the fair passed off quietly, no disturbance of any kind.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

Interesting Items of the Prohibition Movement.

At the recent session of the fall assizes held in Brockville the grand jury, with Samuel Simpson, foreman, in the chair, the following resolution was moved by R. R. Phillips, Esq., seconded by Rainy Loucks, Esq. That in the opinion of the gentlemen composing the grand jury, the liquor traffic is a great evil and that in order to repress such evil we trust that the Temperance act of 1878 may be adopted in these united counties of Leeds and Grenville. Carried unanimously.

We see by our American exchanges that the Brewers' association of the United States have resolved to vote solidly against any party that will not protect the interest of the brewers and other manufacturers of drink. These opponents of prohibition can be counted upon to act as a unit. The wording of their resolution (passed a short time ago at a brewers' convention), is that, "In this matter we will act together as a unit no matter how strong our individual party affiliations may be." Party leaders have been notified that they must heed these men or feel the weight of their votes in opposition. We think that the time has fully come for the advocates of temperance to make politicians of both parties distinctly understand that they too are a numerous body of men who have also the courage of their convictions, a class of voters politicians dare not any longer ignore when framing platforms and nominating candidates. The rumbling of the coming storm is heard in the distant and already the temperance people are awaking to the necessity of protecting their interests by soliciting sober and reliable men to represent them at the Dominion and Provincial capitals, as well as at the council boards.

The Scott Act in Halton County.

Editor Reporter.

Sir,—During the past week my business called me through the county of Halton, which has now become a household word all over this land, and I felt anxious to have an opportunity of seeing, conversing with some of its inhabitants regarding the past contest which has resulted in such a glorious victory to our cause, and also to hear of the practical working of the Scott act. The general verdict is that "prohibition does prohibit," and that the social drinking, which I believe to be one of the most frightful causes of drunkenness, is a thing of the past there. It is a great exception when a drunken man is seen in the streets. With such results do you not think, Mr. Editor, we ought to take courage and work with a will in the coming contest and victory will surely crown our efforts.

D. F.

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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

NEWS CLIPPINGS.

What We See in Looking Over Our Exchanges.

The great city of London is said to be so clean that cholera will have no chance there.

It is hot enough in Toronto, but it is hotter in New York city. The people are dying of heat there.

Learn to labor and to wait, especially to wait. Jacob Buckler, a wealthy butcher of Milwaukee, got tired of the heat and hanged himself on Wednesday. The next day it turned cool. Jacob should have waited a day or two.

The wealthiest man in the world is the Chinese banker Han Qua, of Canton. He pays taxes upon an estate of \$150,000,000, and is estimated to be worth a billion taels, which, in our money, to be about fourteen hundred million dollars.

Canadians are a nation of grumblers. While other countries are being ravaged by plagues and famines, torn up by cyclones, washed out by floods, and wrecked by wars, all is serene in Canada, and yet Canadians are always complaining about something.

Lord Dufferin has been appointed viceroy of India. He is probably the man that England could put in the place. He was the most popular governor-general Canada ever had, and he has shown himself to be an accomplished diplomat.

A new method of finding a husband has been tried by a young lady of Albany. She sent up a toy balloon, to which she attached a card bearing her name and the further inscription, "If any good-looking young bachelor or widower finds this, will he please return it?" After a week's absence the balloon was found by a young farmer, who returned it with his compliments and photograph.

A Minneapolis artist who has been in Alaska during his summer vacation says that all the members of his party, and there were seventy-five of them, agreed that the Greek church at Sitka is the finest church in America. It is built on the plan of a Greek cross, and the interior is a mass of gold and silver, of the magnificence of which the writer says he can give no idea. The walls are hung with portraits of royalty and the priesthood, sent by a Russian princess who took this temple under her patronage. Who would have thought of going to Alaska for an architectural masterpiece?

Bees sometimes take up their abode in strange places; and some years ago a swarm flew into the roof of Stourmouth church, near Wingham, and as the vicar would not allow them to be disturbed, they bred and multiplied, and accumulated good store of honey in that elevated position. But now another vicar has arisen who does not sanction the busy bees within ecclesiastical precincts; so they have been destroyed; and their carcasses filled a couple of good casks, while their honey turned the scale at two hundred weight. This is not an isolated instance, for bees swarmed into the parish church of Coston, in Buckinghamshire, just at its restoration; in an old tower in Bony park, near Nottingham, there are bees and vast quantities of honey.

The Exchange bank's premises, Montreal, have been sold and delivered.

China is willing to submit her difficulty to the arbitrament of any friendly power.

It is estimated the deaf and dumb institute at Belleville will have 270 pupils before Christmas. The attendance nearly reaches that now.

The steamship Oregon has just arrived at Queenstown, having made the passage in six days, eight hours and thirty minutes—the fastest on record. The ocean vessels will soon rival the railway trains if they keep on increasing their speed in this way.

A great many children on Amhurst Island are prostrated with a malignant form of diarrhoea. It is almost impossible to arrest the disease till after nine days, by which time the little sufferers are terribly emaciated. Dr. Kennedy of Bath, is on the island attending to cases daily.

Fall Fairs.

Provincial—Ottawa, Sept. 22nd to 27th.

Midland—Kingston, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

North Leeds and Grenville—Merriekville, Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st and 2nd.

South Leeds—Prescott, September 30th, October 1st and 2nd.

Elgin, Oct. 1st.
Lansdowne, Oct. 7th.

THE PRACTICAL

Home Physician,

A New Medical work of 1100 pages, well illustrated. Written by four of the prominent physicians of the United States.

I have carefully examined the work entitled The Practical Home Physician and am so well pleased with its truly scientific character that I do not hesitate to recommend it as eminently fitted to serve the purpose for which it is written, surpassing any effort of the kind I have ever seen. The introductory plate of itself, conveying so faithful an idea of the inner structure of the human body, is by no means the least unworthy feature of the work.
C. B. CORNELL, M. D.

The object of the Practical Home Physician is to convey to the general public an exact or general knowledge of the diseases incidental to the human body and the most approved methods of their treatment from the highest medical sources. Composed not for any special class but for the direct use of the public at large, got up with vast labor and care on the most important subject connected with the human life, the knowledge of disease and the most approved methods, and medicines to restore the sick to health, in language so plain that "he who runs may read." I hail the work with the greatest satisfaction and most cordially recommend it as a household book to the general public.


ROBERT K. ADDISON, M. D.
Farmersville, Sept. 1, '84.
C. J. HOLMES, General Agent.

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FALSELY ACCUSED.

Bertha Graylum's chamber was one of the pretty suite in the elegant residence of the rich Widow Westerly, and Bertha was an orphan niece who had been taken into the family five years before the opening of this story. A shaded lamp burned dimly, showing a trunk which stood near, with one or two packages on top, as if it had been placed there the last thing before retiring. Over a chair at the foot of the bed a gray traveling dress was carefully placed, as if to shield it from crease or wrinkle. It did not appear to be the same dress now which Bertha had carried; there was another which was apparently just brought in. Soft footsteps had moved through the darkened chamber; there had been a smothered cry, and a quick, frightened movement. At the door appeared a beautiful, but haggard-looking man, oh! so cautiously. The air was caught up with a comb, but he looked half-curling, still hung down. The eyes distended, were fastened on the bed where Bertha slept. Then cautiously she advanced; quietly she detached a key from the few trifles which it was placed, and kneeling down, opened the trunk. She then cut the string, and between that and the trunk thrust some bank notes and a necklace. She then re-arranged the things and closed the lid. She caught the traveling dress, and into the pocket popped a diamond ring, then turned and hurried from the place to her own chamber—but not to sleep. "My love, how pale you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly, the next morning, as Bella entered the breakfast room. "No wonder, mamma! The loss of my chain and ring wears upon me so that I can hardly sleep. I am glad that I sent the officer for a warrant, as I intend to have every nook and corner searched, and every trunk in the house." "Not mine, I hope," said Bertha, faintly, looking very pale and delicate in her well-fitting traveling dress. "I shall have somebody's trunk searched in whose possession I saw my amethyst ring and a bank note last night," returned Bella, her voice shaking slightly. "Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Westerly, suddenly putting her hand into her pocket. "It is not here—my hundred pound note! Why, are we surrounded by thieves?" "Perhaps Bertha can account for at least one of the notes," replied Bella, readying her voice with a great effort. Bertha spoke not, but stunned at the accusation, stood looking from one to the other. "I did not intend to spy on you, Bertha, but I saw you last night examining my costly diamond ring and bank note," said Bella. "But of course you have no objection to our seeing the inside of your pocket?" "Oh, Bella! I have forgiven insult and insult, but I cannot forgive you this! I'll with your diamond ring!" "Bertha, empty your pocket," said Mrs. Westerly, firmly. "Of course, if you are innocent, there will be nothing here." "If I—am—innocent! gasped Ber-

tha. "Oh, Mrs. Westerly, have you the courage to outrage a poor orphan girl? No—put your hand in I'll not resist you." "Mrs. Westerly immediately emptied the pocket of the poor orphan girl and out rolled the ring and bank note. "Why, Bertha, you wicked girl! you a thief!" A slight shriek burst from Bertha. "I never touched that ring—I never had it in my hands! This is some cruel dream—me—me!" "Please'm, an' officer be here!" said a servant, and Mrs. Westerly and Bella left the room. "Bertha," said Mrs. Westerly, again appearing in the door, "where is the key of your trunk?" "I left it on the table," said Bertha; and, becoming indignant, "Aunt Westerly, how can you—how dare you—suspect me?" But Mrs. Westerly was gone, and Bertha was alone. Let us not dwell on the finding of the money and necklace in the trunk. "You may take her," exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. And with that she and Bella left the poor girl in the hands of the officer. "Please'm, a gentleman be in the hall, and won't go till he sees you. I told him you wasn't at home, but he said he'd wait," said the servant. "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. "I wonder who it can be, Bella? But show him in." The young man entered, and after bowing coldly to the ladies said— "I am Tom Latimer, Bertha Graylum's cousin." Ah, I wish she had never come here!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. "So, most devoutly, do I! If the man that was to marry her comes to the rescue, as he will, he'll leave no stone unturned, I warrant you." Bella started as if stung when he said this, and her face grew yet more ashy. Mrs. Westerly raised her head, and asked— "What do you mean?" "I mean that my sister Linda has been the confidant of Bertha; that Bertha told her that she was to be married to Gilbert Grey." "Absurd! Why, Mr. Gray is a particular friend of my daughter's. He had been coming to this house years before Bertha ever saw him. Well," she added, with a faint laugh, "that is as cunning a thing as she has done yet." "When Bertha said that he was to marry her, she told the truth, and I am going to wait until he returns; we will find out who is guilty." And, without looking at them, he left the house. "Bella, if Gilbert Grey should stand in this relation to Bertha it looks serious." A smothered cry was Bella's only answer. It was nearing twilight. The blush of the sun was touching the tops of the waters for the last time; it lingered yet in mid-sky, crimsoning the swelling sails. Two men were standing at the bow, viewing the distant clouds. One of them was the young commander, the other a passenger, an old and somewhat weather-beaten man, who

came on board just as the vessel was getting under way. "What is it Antony? Do you wish to speak to me?" said Gray to an old sailor who was near, and who had for some time been standing awkwardly twisting his hat. "If you please, sir, I would like to say something to the other gentleman." "Certainly; come this way." "Sir," said the sailor, "I know you; do you remember me?" "I cannot say I remember you, my friend," said the tall, grave old gentleman. "You remember when the boy fell from the yard? You was Capt. Graylum then; I do not forget you." "Antony!" exclaimed the old gentleman, grasping the sailor's hand. "I remember you now. Yes, you saved the life of my darling nephew." "Sir, did I hear the name of Graylum?" said Gray interrupting him. "That is my name, though I have gone by my given name since I went to Australia. My whole name is Henry Wakefield Graylum." "And—you spoke of a child—a daughter," said Gray. "May I ask if her name is Bertha?" "You know her then—my precious child?" "I know a Miss Bertha Graylum. She stays or was staying, with a family by the name of Westerly." "Yes, you have seen my child! Tell me, how is she? Did she ever speak of me?" They proceeded to the young commander's room. He opened a drawer, and took from it a miniature of Bertha and handed it to the captain. "Is this my Bertha," said Captain Graylum, putting the face to his lips. The ship was neither detained by contrary winds nor deferred by calms. The next morning, as it touched the dock, a young man jumped on board and pressed quickly forward to Gray. "Why, Tom, how are you?" grasping him warmly by the hand. "I have brought home your uncle, the father of Bertha. Capt. Graylum, Mr. Tom Latimer." "Tom, Tom!" cried the old gentleman, holding him at arm's length. "Well, this beats all! A great man with a beard! But Bertha—have you heard from her lately. Why do you turn away. Is she well? Is she —" "She has been cruelly used; but all will come right." And then he told the whole story. "This is terrible!" said Gray. "Oh, my poor Bertha. Is she utterly stricken down. Captain Graylum, compose yourself. Tom, take care of him—I am going to the Westerlys." While this was taking place, Mrs. Westerly and Bella were sitting in their own sumptuous apartment. Oh, how wan and pale was Bella! No more roses on her cheeks. But suddenly Mrs. Westerly broke the silence, and said, "So, Gray has returned. I wonder where he will stay." "Oh, there will be places enough, I fancy," replied Bella, trying to speak lightly. "I wonder if that cousin is still in town," quired Mrs. Westerly. Bella shuddered as she remembered Tom's threat.

(To be Continued.)

The Tramp's Story.

Toronto News.

"Say, pard, you've stood by me through thick and thin, you have. It will be one white spot in the next world, that will. Raise my head up; there, that'll do, old pard. You and I have been so long on the same road." "Aye, that we have Joe." "Do you know, pard, I'm going on a long tramp in a little while?" "You? why, where, Joe? You and I can't give up the road now." "Ah, yes, pard, we must; you'll stay here. These pains—the cold, wet garments; they have done the job for me, pard. I'm going too apply at the next door in a short while." "Why, you're sick, Joe. You'll have to rest in this old barn till I can brace up your tired body a bit." "Ah, friend, I've no need for bodily rest now. It's the soul, the mind that is heavy. I've kept up as long as I could, pard. But I didn't want to give out till I reached this spot." "Why, Joe, what do you mean—have you ever been here before?" "Before? Come, pard, I'll tell you something. Do you see those beams up there?" "Yes." "Well, when I was a lad I played tag many a time up there on the same beams. Those holes cut in the clapboards up there under the eaves—I cut for my doves. Open the barn door—there, that'll do. Do you see that little red house there at the further end of the lot?" "Yes, Joe." "I was born in that house—yes, I was. I've felt this body growing weaker and weaker every day, pard; but I kept up—I wanted to die near the old home." "Yes, this was the home of my boyhood. Here, in this barn, I've helped father thresh many a bushel of wheat. I've pulled the waggon out of that corner many a Sunday morning, hitched the horse to it, and took the old folks to church. It was too good to last, pard, I must go to the city, I thought. When I left the dear old home, I was honest, yes, honest—and I would wrong no man of a cent knowingly." "Well, I went to the city. I went into ways of temptation—and I fell. The old folks grew worried, and I, God help me, went from bad to worse. I forged my employer's name to a check—was detected and sent up for four years. They told me of my mother's death after she heard of my fall. I served the term out. I could get no work—you know how that is. To-day when we came past the graveyard, you'll remember, I stopped at two graves—mother and father—both gone. That's all—I'm happy now. I can—see the old home—and—dark—mother—keep—your—poor—boy, for—" Joe, the tramp, was dead—dead with his eyes fixed on his old home; and his pard went out into the world—alone.

The Hotel Waiter.

Philadelphia Call.

Guest—"Who owns this hotel?" Waiter—"Mr. Blank am de proprietor, sah." Guest—"Glad to hear it. I thought from your actions that the waiters owned the hotel." Waiter—"Oh, no, sah. We don't own nuffin but de guests."

