

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

FARMERSVILLE, WEDNESDAY, July 23, 1884.

NO. 12.

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The Reporter office is supplied with a good equipment of poster as well as fine job type.

BETHUEL LOVERIN,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Morning Stroll No. 5,

Among the Farmersville Industries.

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This factory is making at present an average of twenty cheese a day of sixty pounds each. Prices are not quite so high as they were some time ago, and in consequence of this decline the curing department was almost filled. Mr. Wiltse claims that the cheese on hand are as good as any made, and in support of this he lunched us on cheese and buns. We

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As a few facts in regard to the history of the mill may not prove uninteresting to our readers, we shall place before them what we have been able to gather from various sources.

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The Bellamy referred to in this inscription was the person who built the mills which still bear his name. From other sources we have learned that they were built about the year 1839. After a time part of the family removed to North Augusta, where they built extensive mills. About the year 1831 a saw-mill was built near where the grist-mill now stands, and this mill for a number of years did all the sawing that was done in this district, and a year or two later a run of stone for grinding was placed in the basement. The present stone grist-mill was erected about the year 1832.

Our informant tells us that there was an old frame mill on the site of the present one, but that it had been removed previous to his recollection. An oat mill was added to the flour-mill about 1846. This continued in use for several years, but it was torn down to make room for the present saw-mill. In 1836 a stone distillery was built near the grist-mill, and it continued in operation about ten

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INTECH (1984) associates

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London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970
After Hours: 657-0390

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BRIEFLETS.

A Northern Texas editor complains that the number of marriages is ridiculously small when compared with the time squandered in buggy riding.

A story is told of a lawyer in Athens, Georgia, who was employed to defend a suit against a narrow gauge railroad, and who took the road as his fee.

The first church erected on American soil is still used as place of divine worship. It is situated just outside of the City of Mexico, and was built by Cortez during his second visit to that coast.

A Kingston young man named Murphy, on Saturday last, threw a paint brush at a young man named Martin. The handle of the brush struck Martin in the left hand, going completely through.

Mr. N. G. Sherman, of Iroquois, was relieved of \$60 by a pick-pocket at the Brockville Oddfellows' demonstration. We would advise Mr. N. G. to take less money with him or else walk with his hands in his pockets.

The first bag of flour ever made of California wheat and exhibited at a public fair was the one made by John M. Horner, of Horner's mills, at Union City, Alvarado, in 1850, and shown at a fair in the Music Hall, San Francisco, in that year, and to which was awarded the highest premium of \$50. That bag of flour is now on exhibition at the rooms of the California Farmer in San Francisco.

Money is so plentiful in London that it fails to find employment at 1 and 1½ per cent., wherefore many wonder at the recent disasters and panics on this side of the water, imagining that they indicate a scarcity of money. This is a mistake. There is no scarcity of money, rather an excess of it; and the disasters arise from reckless efforts to make more than a normal profit from it, rather than from any other cause.

A New York dentist worked three days repairing the teeth of the wife and daughters of President Blanco, of Venezuela, and put in a bill for \$7,000. The president thought \$1,000 should pay very well for the work done, and offered that sum. But the dentist would not take it and talked about suing, whereupon the president referred the matter to his lawyer and turned upon his heel and left the dentist's office and also the United States. The chances are now that the dentist will have to be satisfied with a good deal less than the \$1,000 offered him.

The schooner M. B. Millen, from Savannah, reports that on June 20th, in latitude 34.50, longitude 74.14, while in a dead calm in a smooth sea, she was surrounded by a school of whales as far as the eye could reach. Several came within a few feet of the vessel, spouting water against the side, and lying perfectly still for several minutes at a time. They would then roll over and sink down tail foremost until they would stand perpendicular in the water. They swam around the vessel three hours, and were not in the least shy. They averaged from thirty-five to forty feet in length.

New Grocery AND PROVISION STORE.

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

GROCERY & PROVISION STORE

in part of the premises occupied by **J. H. McLaughlin**

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

Prices Lower than any house in Town, for Cash or Ready Pay. Look at these prices and then judge for yourself:

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

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

ALL KINDS OF CANNED GOODS,

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

The highest price paid for Eggs.

Remember my goods are all new & fresh.

DELORMA WILTSE.

J. THOMPSON,

MAIN ST. FARMERSVILLE.

Dealer in New and Cheap

GROCERIES &c., Including Sugars, Canned Goods of all

kinds, Tobaccos, and Soaps.

Flour & Tea a Specialty,

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

Our Groceries will be found Good and Cheap

In connection with the above

Mrs. J. Thompson,

Has a large assortment of

Millinery, Feathers, Flowers, & Ribbons, With the Latest Styles in

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

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

L. L. L.

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

LANCASTER, June 20th 1884.

Mr. J. P. Lamb,

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

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

Yours truly,
ANNIE J. NICHOLSON.

Subscribe for
THE REPORTER.

Only 75 Cents a year.

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

Go to the
PEOPLE'S STORE,

For the Choicest Importations of

New Teas,
New Fruits and Spices,

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

First Class Store.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
PAID FOR 50,000 lbs OF

WOOL.
C. L. LAMB,

Farmersville, May 20th, 1884.

A. C. BARNETT,

BOOT MANUFACTURER

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

—of—
SHOES AND BOOTS A SPECIALTY. Repairing neatly executed for the Cash.

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



T. G. STEVENS & Bro,

VICTORIA STREET, FARMERSVILLE.
HAVE ON HAND A LARGE AND

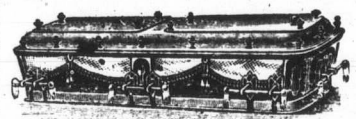
Selected Stock
OF
FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS, IN

Black Walnut
Elm, Ash & Maple.

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

We have lately purchased the finest
HEARSE IN THE COUNTY,
and having at all times a full stock



Caskets, Coffins
& **Burial Robes**

we are prepared to attend to all orders with promptness

Our Prices are Moderate

in every Department, and we think it will be to your advantage to
Call and see our Stock
before purchasing elsewhere.

H. H. ARNOLD,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE.

Has a Large and Carefully selected stock to which he invites

The inspection of Intending Purchasers, Particularly at this time as he is now offering unprecedented

Bargains in all Lines;

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

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

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NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl. Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl.
"I love him and kiss him and sit on his knee. But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me."
"But mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—
"Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke? They might do for the boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice;" and she tossed her bright curls.
"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?
With kisses like yours, Mamma, that's what I mean.
I want to kiss papa. I love him so well. But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.
"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit. And the kisses ain't good and ain't sweet—not a bit!"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust.
As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.
"Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean; For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss."

THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.
(Continued.)

There was no little confidences between them—no concessions on his part to her wishes and comforts, but a silent self-assertion that left her wholly out of his business affairs, while in all that concerned her personally he seemed to feel little or no interest.

No, Katy was not happy. Far from it. And as the years went past the desires of her heart were less and less satisfied.

Richard Cragan took possession of his mill and began refitting, improving and setting things in order. All the light of his life seemed for awhile to have gone out. But his work kept him up. There were not many in the neighborhood who did not call him a fool. But, in his own mind, he never doubted or repented.

"Better so," he would often say to himself, "than bear the responsibility of all that"—meaning the tavern. "I take no man's money without giving him what is good in return. My work will not come back to curse me in after years. No father or mother can ever say to me, 'Where is my boy?—ny poor, lost boy, that was led astray in your bar room?' No—no—no! I will give the people bread, and not poison to consume body and soul!"

The years went on. Jacob Cragan grew rich; but, alas! how many became poor and miserable that he might abound in wealth.

Richard had no ambition beyond his mill, and the thirty or forty acres of land attached thereto. His first work had been to put it in good order, and year after year he made one improvement after another, until he had the finest mill in all that region, and as much custom as he could possibly attend to.

The miller did not marry. Katy had been his first and only love; his heart never opened to another. Year after year he grew better off; but not with the rapid increase that marked the fortunes of his brother.

But there came a time when things began to change—when the owner of the "Red Lion" grew less attentive to business and more given to sporting and the company of sporting men. A good customer at his own bar, the evil of his work cursed him as well as

others. His feet drew near to the pit he had dugged for other men, and the edge was crumbling away from them.

"The 'Red Lion' is not what it used to be," said one to another.

"Jacob is going to the dogs, I'm afraid," was heard now and then, half confidentially.

One day, more than twelve years after Richard and Katy parted company, the former, while standing at his mill door, was surprised to see his brother's wife coming down the road. She was alone.

"Why, Katy!" he said, going out to meet her, "what has brought you way down here?"

As he looked in her face he saw it was full of trouble. "Is anything wrong?" he added.

"Yes, everything is wrong," she replied, her voice choking with the sentence, "and I want to talk to you."

Richard's bachelor home stood close to the mill, and he went in with Katy. "What is it?" he asked, with kindly interest.

"Oh, Richard?" She choked and sobbed, and then, controlling herself, went on: "Oh, Richard! I am almost broken hearted. Things are going to rack and ruin; and if there isn't some change, we'll not have a house over our heads in a year."

"Which may be the best thing that can happen," replied Richard. A tavern is a curse to all who have anything to do with it, and the sooner you and your children are out of it, the better."

Katy covered her face, sobbing and crying in a weak, despairing way.

"I wish you would talk to Jacob," she said, after a few moments, looking at Richard with tearful, pleading eyes.

"I have talked to him again and again, but he only gets angry."

"Yes—yes—that's just it. I can't say a word without his flaring up, and—and—cursing me! Oh, Richard! It's dreadful how he goes on sometimes!"

"I know, tavern-keeping has been his ruin, and I wish he were out of it—if it isn't too late.

"Too late!" The words sent a chill through Katy's heart.

"It isn't too late for your boys, if it is for their father," Richard added, in a soft voice.

"But what else can Jacob do?" asked Katy. "If we give up the tavern, we must starve."

"Not so bad as that," said Richard. "He'll never turn his head to anything else, you may be sure," replied Katy.

"Necessity drives men to do a great many things."

"It may drive him to do worse than he is doing now," answered Katy. "He's in with a dreadful bad set of men—horse jockeys, and—and gamblers, I'm afraid. Oh, dear! and I'm getting worried about Jimmy. He had trouble with the teacher and has been home from school now for three weeks; and his father won't make him go back; says the teacher is a cross old hunk, and not fit for his place. And now he goes idling about, spending his time in the bar-room or with the stable boys. He'll go to ruin if something isn't done."

Richard looked very grave. There was so little in common between him

and his brother that they had been for a long time getting farther and farther apart, and now rarely met.

"The sooner this tavern-keeping is broken up the better," he said, after a long silence. "I can't help you now, Katy. But when things come to the worst I'll do the best I can for you. If I had Jimmy all to myself, in the mill, I am sure I could make something out of him. But as things are, there's no use talking about that, Jacob wouldn't give his consent.

Poor Katy went home but little comforted, and Richard had a weight of concern laid on his heart that was not to be shaken off.

Later in the day Richard was surprised again. This time by a visit from his brother, who had not been at the mill for over two years. Jacob wanted him to go on his note for three hundred dollars.

(To be concluded in our next.)

How a Girl Climbs a Fence.

[From Puck.]

Did you ever see a girl try to climb a fence? It is more of a show than a circus with a whitewashed elephant. This is the way she does it:

First she looks around to find out whether anybody is in sight. Then, if the coast is clear, she puts one foot on the second rail of the fence, and looks around again. Then she gives a little hop and gets her other foot up on the second rail. Here she stops to rest and straighten her hat.

The next manœuvre is the critical one—to get one foot up over the top rail. She steadies herself for a moment, then gives a quick little upward kick, that does not quite reach the mark, but causes her to jump down on the ground again with a tiny scream and tuck her clothes in all around her. Again she surveys the surrounding country, and again hops up on the second rail.

This time she is bolder, and throws her foot clear to the top of the fence, where it catches by the heel on the top rail. It is now or never with her then—something must be done instant. Grasping the top rail with all her might she pulls herself up until she sits straddle of the fence, with the landscape spread out beneath her like a map. If anybody appear in sight, she just drops off the fence as if she had been shot, and gathers herself up when she gets there.

If the coast continues clear, she proceeds in a very leisurely manner to get down on the other side of the fence. First she turns around, facing the way she came, and feels backward with the foot which is already over the fence for a good, reliable rail. Having found such a rail, she plants herself upon it and sets to work to get the other foot over the fence.

This is a very difficult and embarrassing piece of strategy, and a good many girls will sit on top of a fence half a day before they will attempt it. Some even stay there until a horrid man comes along and lifts them off. Not so the truly courageous girl—she who is no more afraid to climb a fence than to sit in the same room with a mouse-trap. She will never give up the fort till she gets off that fence in the ancient and honorable manner of her sex.

She grasps the top rail and leans as

far back as her arms will allow, and then tries to coax the refractory limbs over after her. Alas; it is too long, and so she jumps back a-straddle, with a little laugh and tucks her skirts around her again.

After a brief rest she tries another wrinkle. She lies flat down on her face on the top rail and tries to slide off sideways, as she has often seen her little brother do.

This would all be well enough, and would place her on terra firma again, if she only had the courage to carry out her intention. But just as she is about to slip off pallid fear seizes her. She screams, rights up and straddles the fence once more.

This sort of a thing continues for five or ten minutes. Then the fair acrobat begins to get wrathful. She looks at the ground, only three or four feet away, and makes up her mind she will reach it some way or die. Die she will have to some time, anyway.

So she settles her hat on her head with a determined look, steps back on the reliable rail, and with a mighty effort draws back her foot to the very edge of the top rail, like an archer drawing an arrow to the head.

Oh, if it were not for that French heel she would be free. But, alas! it holds her with the dull persistency of fate. A look of terror and despair comes over her countenance; her eyes stick out like buttons. She gives a quick, backward leap and lets go.

What surprise, what delight! She finds herself alighting right side up with care on the soft turf, without so much as a feather jostled in her hat. She can't imagine how it happened so. She fully expected to be picked up a complete wreck and carried home to die among her sorrowing friends.

But now that she is really safe and sound upon the dear old earth again, she looks up with unspeakable gratitude to the clear blue sky; then, brushing her skirts and beating them out so that they will hang straight, she vows that should she ever have occasion to cross lots again she will either go in a balloon, or else have a young man along to pull down the fences.

The Language of Parasols.

Opening the parasol quickly with the point upward—You interest me.

Closing in the same manner—I am not favorably impressed with you.

Opening with the point downward—Acquaintance would not be disagreeable to me.

Closing similarly—An advance would be repelled.

Closed and carried over the right shoulder—We are watched.

Closed over the left shoulder—We are watched.

Revolved slowly while open—I like you.

Revolved rapidly—I love you.

Used as a cane—You may walk with me.

Laid across the lap—You may sit by me.

Carried under the right arm—Yes Under the left—No.

Swung point down in front—Kindly salutation.

Moved perpendicularly while held open over the head—Good-bye.

Revolved open behind the back—You may follow me.

INTECH (1984) associates

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THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Ross and Fred Landers, the former of Rochester, and the latter of Potsdam, N. Y. are spending a brief holiday with their mother and sister.

A communication commenting upon a poem published in last Saturday's Recorder was received too late for publication, but will appear in our next issue.

McLaughlin says he has new goods arriving almost daily, consisting of Men's Woman's and Children's Boots and Shoes in all styles and prices, which he will sell cheap for cash.

A large number of strangers have been in town during the past few days. On enquiry we found that the majority of them were rustivating at Charleston Lake, taking an occasional run up to the village.

Our Band Boys have another call from Brockville, this time to play at the go-as-you-please walking match between McDermot, of Prescott, and Timlec, of Brockville, on Thursday and Friday next.

About seventy-five persons, including visitors from New York, Ogdensburg and Iroquois, attended a party at "Camp Lookout," the summer residence of R. B. Alguire, Esq., at Charleston Lake, on Monday evening. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns, giving the buildings and surroundings a splendid appearance from the water. A quadrille band was in attendance and dancing was indulged in until the "Wee small hours." A sumptuous repast was served at midnight. Considerable delay ensued at the Duffield house, when the party got ready to leave for home. Horses, Harness and carriages got mixed in an indescribable manner, one horse having the harness changed half a dozen times before the proper rigs were got together.

Dame Rumor says that the morning dew had not left the grass a few days ago when one of the heaviest citizens of a rural district not a hundred miles from Farmersville, hitched up "Brown Bessie" to the milk wagon and departed on his daily errand, to his favorite cheese factory. On his arrival there he found several of the neighbors already at the weigh-stand, and hitching his pony to a neighboring fence, he departed to the village postoffice to look after some small matters that needed attention. On returning he drove around to the scales, and on removing the lid of the can found, to his astonishment, that his milk would only require the press hoop to make it into a first-class quantity of cheese. The polite manipulator of the lacteal fluid kindly told our friends that they would prefer to have the milk in a "little thinner" condition, and that it would be necessary for him to return home for a fresh supply. Quickly the horse's head was pointed towards the north pole and all haste made towards the family homestead. On arriving there Lucy was interrogated as to the quantity of soap and elbow grease expended on the can. Satisfactory explanations having been given, our friend finally concluded that some evil-disposed person had, with mal-

icious intent, put some ingredient into that can that soured the milk, while some of the neighbors are uncharitable enough to surmise that the fault lay solely within that good man's domicile. So firmly was this conviction impressed upon the minds of some of the neighbor boys that, by way of a polite reminder, a huge board was suspended on an outbuilding on which the following was written: "Clean your can."

SCOTT ACT AHEAD.

[From our own correspondent.]

A grand temperance meeting was held at Merrickville on the 17th inst., at 8 p. m. Some 400 citizens crowded the town Hall. Mr. Benjamin Cooke, ex-reeve of Montague, was on motion elected chairman.

After the meeting had been duly opened with prayer by Rev. F. W. Johnson, his Honor, Judge McDonald, of Brockville, addressed the assemblage. In the course of his remarks the Judge reviewed the Scott Act, its aims and workings, answering all objections to it and proving most conclusively to the vast audience that the Scott Act is the best law enacted for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

His able and eloquent address was listened to most attentively, some parts calling forth storms of applause.

Mr. Deacon, police magistrate of Brockville, also addressed the meeting. He has been magistrate of Brockville for twelve years, and if the Scott Act is calculated to ruin his business as magistrate, he will vote for it and "go west." He advocated that farmers sell their hops to produce Hop Bitters and not liquors. Hop Bitters is a tonic and would increase the consumption of potatoes, which also would increase the price. During his term as police magistrate of Brockville he had seen that drunkenness produces drunkenness. He strongly and eloquently advocated the Act.

Rev. F. W. Johnson (Presbyterian), who has with all his might entered into the battle field on the side of the Act, declared all must unite as against a common foe. If it is true that the Act is going to make more drunkards and if more whiskey is consumed under a prohibitory law, why do tavern keepers raise \$36,000 to oppose it?

At this juncture Henry Magee, of Merrickville, well-known to the town and country around as a gentleman ever to the front in every good work, moved a vote of thanks to the Judge and Mr. Deacon, for their most interesting addresses. This being seconded was carried unanimously by a standing vote.

Rev. F. W. Johnson rising, said: "I am a young man and a stranger in this town, but I feel it my duty and highest privilege to make the following motion: That the persons composing this meeting hereby pledge themselves to use all lawful means to secure the passage of the Scott Act."

Rev. Wm. Walton (Methodist), seconded the motion, which was carried by a standing vote, fully 98 per cent. of the audience being in favor of the Act.

After the singing of the national anthem the proceedings were ended by Mr. Johnson pronouncing the benediction.

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The subscriber will sell during the next thirty days, the whole of her stock of

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GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,
to make room for a supply of

FALL GOODS,

which will be of the
LATEST STYLES

and of the best material to be procured in the market.

While thanking my customers for the very liberal patronage I have received during the past twelve years, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same from them and also from the public generally.

Mrs. Wm. MOTT.

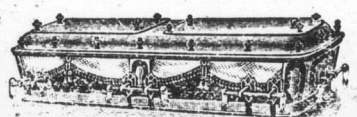


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New Tailor Shop!

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

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Where he is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction and fit guaranteed.
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