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*First Copy*

# THE REPORTER.

VOL. I.

FARMERSVILLE, THURSDAY, May 22, 1884.

NO. 1.

## THE REPORTER

Will be issued every morning during conference at the office on corner of Church and Mill streets, Farmersville. Terms, 25 cents for conference week, or 5 cents per single copy. If continued as a weekly, 75 cents per year, strictly in advance.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted at special rates.

Notices in local columns 5 cents per line for first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

BETHUEL LOVERIN,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

### SALUTATORY.

At the solicitation of a large number of our friends, we have consented to commence the publication of a small daily sheet, to be known as the FARMERSVILLE REPORTER. In consenting to do so, we have two objects in view. First, a desire for "filthy lucre," and second, to benefit our patrons. With regard to our aim and purposes, we have but a few words to say. We shall work and write for the advancement of the moral and intellectual welfare of those among whom we are associated, and, while we do not personally claim any very high talents as an educator of public opinion, we are pleased to announce that we have secured the assistance of a number of prominent workers, some of whom are for the first time entering the journalistic arena, while others are old and experienced writers. Our principal reasons for starting the paper at this time is to record the sessions of the Bay of Quinte conference of the M. E. Church of Canada. The union so happily brought about has rendered it necessary that the functions of this conference should cease, and as the first conference of this body was held in this village, just forty years ago, we thought it fitting and appropriate that the closing scenes in this old representative body should be handed down to future generations by the humble organ we propose to issue at this time. The first page of THE REPORTER will be under the editorial management of the Rev. W. Blair, the esteemed secretary of the conference, which is a sufficient guarantee that this department will be ably conducted. A couple of well-known citizens of this place have consented to furnish an original piece of poetry for each issue. The local department will be under the careful supervision of the publisher, who, with the assistance of an able assistant will cull the latest and most interesting news for the entertainment of our readers. It is our

purpose to issue THE REPORTER as a daily during the sittings of the conference; after which, if the patronage is such as to secure us from loss, we will continue the paper as a weekly. It will therefore rest with the public to say whether they will have the paper continued or not.

The terms will be twenty-five cents for conference week; single copies, five cents each. A liberal reduction made to parties ordering a number of copies. If the paper is continued the price will be seventy-five cents per year, strictly in advance. If the patronage promised warrant us in continuing THE REPORTER as a weekly, we will in a future issue state our views and position on the leading questions of the day. Therefore, in making our bow to the public as a journalist, we would respectfully solicit your patronage and support, and promise on our part to do our best to make the paper worthy of your continued patronage and support.

### THE PUBLISHER.

### A FARM BALLAD BY EBENEZER CAIN.

DEDICATED TO MY GOOD FRIEND GEORGE NASH.

Come now, good wife, and tell me true,  
What all this fuss can mean?  
The house this year, from tip to toe,  
Has got an extra clean.  
Why, things are changed so round about  
Methinks perhaps I roam,  
But when I see your smiling face,  
I know it must be home.  
For now a week and o'er  
You have worked with a desire,  
And like old Robbin at the plough,  
You never seem to tire.  
I've never heard you scold nor fret,  
At morning, night or noon;  
You seem to be so full of joy  
Humming that good old tune.  
Why, Heaven bless you, John, I thought  
That you would surely know,  
The reason I so happy was,  
And why I labor so.  
It is to get the house cleaned up,  
For conference this year  
Is held in town, and I expect,  
Some preachers will be here.  
Oh, that's it, is it? ministers are coming,  
Did you say?  
God bless them, they'll be welcome  
A whole half year to stay.  
They are God's chosen people,  
For to tell his love around;  
With them I won't be stingy,  
If it takes my house and ground.  
The old house doors we'll open wide,  
And serve an extra meal,  
For preachers are a kind of folks  
That never have a deal.  
They roam about from place to place,  
They're kind of Gospel tramps,  
And when they are meeting hungry,  
They eat like blessed scamps.

So let them come and with them bring  
God's blessing from above;  
We'll make them happy in our home,  
'Twill be a week of love.  
They'll have the very best of fare  
Our humble home affords;  
Though some of them look mighty nice,  
Perhaps they are the Lord's.

Of butter, in your good farm buns,  
Put in a good big cup,  
And if a lean one comes this way,  
Be sure and fill him up.  
To see how stingy members act  
It kindles up my ire,  
They think that preachers are a class  
That never need their hire.

I hear the Methodist churches  
Are going to be one;  
I hope not, wife;  
But I'm afraid you'll see a little fun.  
I hope they'll work like my old team,  
Out yonder on the plough,  
They'll pull and stand together,  
And never have a row.

I hope they will be Christians true,  
With all their heart and soul,  
But then they'll have to give and take,  
And cannot run the whole.  
I heard that some queer people said:  
It was a horrid thing,  
To have a patent brazen horn  
To help the members sing.

They once were bawling singers,  
Of old and ancient rhymes,  
I've heard them start a hundred tunes,  
And burst as many times.  
It makes no difference, wife dear;  
What with us takes a part,  
Whether its horn or organ,  
If we only sing from heart.

There's Father Jones and Deacon Quibb  
The richest men in town,  
Lord bless you, I remember  
When they were not worth a pound.  
They like the music and the church  
They did when they were poor;  
I've seen them begging for it, dear,  
About from door to door.

To see them in their broadcloth dressed  
It made me happy feel;  
I tell you Christianity for people  
Does a great deal.  
So let us all in harmony  
Together dwell below,  
And God will take us to his own,  
When we are called to go.

And let the preachers come and bring  
God's blessing from above,  
We'll make them happy while they stay  
'Twill be a week of love.  
Farmersville, May 20th, 1884.

### Presentation.

On Tuesday evening last, the members of Rising Sun Lodge, A. F. & A. M., met at the Armstrong house for the purpose of entertaining Bro. W. Palmer, who was about leaving for Nebraska, to commence business there. An excellent supper was provided for the craft by mine host, Brother Harry, after which a short time was spent in social intercourse. Just before breaking up the following address was presented to the guest of the evening:  
DEAR SIR AND BRO.:—It is with feel-

ings of mingled pain and pleasure we meet with one who has proved himself to be a good man and true, but sadness fills our hearts when we recollect that the warm intercourse which has so lately sprung up between you and us is about to be served. But although an intercourse of friendly greetings may for a time be denied us, we can assure you that our best wishes and our kindest regards go with you and your esteemed partner, and we sincerely trust that you may be blessed in your basket and in your store, that all the happiness and felicity allotted to mortals may be your portion, and that you may ever recall with pleasure and satisfaction the memory of that part of your bridal holiaday spent among the people of Farmersville.

Again wishing you happiness and prosperity, together with as firm friends in your new home as you leave in the old, we bid you, dear brother, an affectionate good-bye, hoping that at no distant day we may again have the pleasure of meeting you around the festive board.

Signed on behalf of the officers and members of Rising Sun Lodge No. 86, A. F. & A. M.

WM. JOHNSTON, B. A., W. M.,  
ISAAC C. ALGURE, Secretary.

Bro. Palmer on rising to reply, was deeply affected, but acquitted himself well while delivering the following answer to the address:

DEAR BRETHREN:—To say that I am pleased would scarcely express my feelings to-night, meeting so many of my brethren here to pay this respect to me at taking my departure from among you. Although so recently arrived at that point to which all Masons so highly prize, I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to all my brethren here, who have, at all times, been ready and willing to instruct me in the knowledge so necessary to advancement and so beautifully demonstrated in all the workings of the Order—from the first step until we are taught to deal upon the square with all mankind.

Although I go from among you to a new field of labor, I wish to retain my connection with this Lodge, and here it and all my brethren may ever prosper in its good work.

W. H. PALMER.

### Additional Local.

As we go to press the conference examinations are in progress in the M. E. church, Rev. F. Chisolm, of Lyn, chairman. Seven or eight candidates are sweating over their work while seven or eight examiners look serenely on and see that no "plugging" is done.

Last evening quite an interesting episode occurred in the M. E. parsonage. The principal parties to which came all the way from Iroquois to have the knot securely tied. The bride was Miss Charlotte Campbell, and the groom, Mr. James Montgomery, both at present of Iroquois. Our reporter happened in just in time to get a piece of bride's cake and to salute the bride. We wish them a happy voyage down life's turbid stream.