

# INTECH (1984) associates

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## THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

### CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.

The Celestials Displacing Englishmen on British Ships.

On leaving London for China, writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Peking, I was surprised to find that all the firemen on board the ship were Chinese. The vessel was one of a large line of steamers (Glen line) trading to China, and I learned that this particular steamer was one of the last to adopt Chinese firemen, the chief engineer being unwilling to employ Asiatics while there were Englishmen wanting bread. He found, however, that he could not help himself. English firemen—British firemen rather—were so troublesome and so given to being drunk when they got a chance, that with all his preference for his own countrymen, the "chief" was obliged to give in at last and take Chinamen. Before giving in, I think that on one occasion he had to have the ship anchored till the firemen got sober, and on another occasion to go down the channel with the engineers acting as stokers. Then, much against his will, he had to take the objectionable Chinamen. On asking how the Chinese did, I was told they did first-class, gave no trouble, were always there when wanted, were steady and sober, and in every way competent. It did not appear that very much was saved in wages by employing Chinamen, but the gain was in the absolute regularity with which they performed their work. It is in this way the Chinese are going to conquer—by sober, plodding industry. There will be no armed parade, no great military movements, no chanting of warriors with garments rolled in blood; but where labor is wanted they will supply it, and be steady at their work. Some time ago there was a talk of a company importing some thousands of Chinese to London. They will come without a company and without ostentation, they will come only where and when they are wanted; but the alarming consideration in the contest of races is that they can render themselves profitable, and even necessary, to those who are reluctant to use them. If Britain can be made sober she may hold her own, for the Chinaman labors under many disadvantages; but if the steady, quiet, law-abiding Chinaman has as his competitor a man liable at any time to be off work for a day or two through drink it is not difficult to see who will win. Against industrious perseverance no protective laws can save a country whose working population is given to the interruptions of drinking and "sprees." At present Britain has got the start, and for years, perhaps decades, China may be unable to cope with us in manufactures, but no length of start can keep us permanently ahead of unwearied perseverance. China is learning, slowly, it is true, but still learning western arts, and when once she has learned thoroughly her lesson, her industrious, sober population, if prohibited from working in Britain and the colonies, will produce in her possessions, manufactures which will be lower in price than ours. For some time our name and prestige will save us, but this cannot last for ever, and I am deeply conscious that in the long run no nation which cripples its energies and wastes its income on drink, as Britain now does, will be able to compete successfully with China.

A man in this city claims to have a wife so hot-tempered that when she is angry he can light his cigar from the fire that flashes from her eyes.

Another of the laborers and sufferers for Italian independence and unity, Giovanni Battista Vara, died at Rome the other day at the age of sixty-seven. He once filled the office of Vice-President of a Republican Assembly, and had to fly from his country. Thirty years later he was a Cabinet Minister of a constitutional monarch, and in him King Humbert laments the loss of a loyal subject and a faithful and trusted servant.

### Lightning Rods.

Lightning as seen, is the light produced by the swift passage of electricity through the air from cloud to cloud, or from the clouds to the earth, or the earth to the clouds, or both. Its velocity is almost inconceivable, equal to going seven times around the world between two ticks of a three-foot clock pendulum; or, say about five hundred times faster than a ball flies as it leaves a heavy-loaded rifle.—The air does not conduct electricity through it, but it forces its way along, driving the air particles together, and, so to speak, squeezing the heat out. If we push a tightly-fitting rod down a gun-barrel, crowding the air suddenly into a small space, the air will give out so much heat as to become red hot and set fire to a piece of tinder in the bottom. So we may suppose the swift lightning pushes the air together before it until it becomes brilliantly red-hot (lightning), and when much air is compressed before it, it darts off until more air is compressed in the new line and then it shoots another way, and thus we have its zigzag course. This driving and heating the air produces the sound we call thunder. We get sound by agitating the air when beating a drum head, or vibrating the strings of an instrument, by exploding powder in it, etc. The more violent agitation by the swift lightning produces the loud thunder, though a lightning stream of electricity is so small at any one point that it shakes the air less than a heavy cannon charge of powder. (Thunder is seldom heard ten miles, while a battle has been heard forty miles or more). The rolling of thunder is caused by sounds coming in from different distances one after another, as the electricity darts from cloud to cloud, further or nearer from us, a thunder sound being produced between each pair of clouds. It is as if a score or more of cannon, each a little further off, were all fired at the same moment; we would have by the reports coming on after the other a rolling sound just like thunder.

Light comes almost instantaneously from a distant point, while sound takes nearly five seconds to come a mile through the air. If we see the flash of a cannon and begin counting one, two, three, only as fast as a three-foot pendulum ticks, about the time we count five the sound of the cannon will arrive. After a sharp flash of lightning count as above, and the real lightning cloud is as many fifths of a mile away as you count seconds. If you count four or more, you may know that that lightning cloud is at a safe distance. If coming towards you, the thunder will more quickly follow the lightning if going from you you will count more of each successive flash; if counting about the same number, it is going by. Understanding this will help quiet nervous people.

### A Model Scholar.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a girl named Alice Akermar, aged 14, the daughter of a laborer, has just completed her education at Langley school, Bucks. She has never missed being present since the school was opened, since Oct. 4, 1875, and in completing her 3,451 attendance is said to have walked 6,000 miles. She has passed every standard successfully, and in the three subjects in first-grade drawing obtained "Excellent" prizes in free-hand and model, as also in the three stages of the specific subjects, literature, domestic economy, and animal physiology, and in one stage in physical geography. She has also obtained twenty-six other prizes for good attendance, sculpture, sewing, knitting, etc.

At a magic-lantern exhibition in a country town the other day, the man who was handling the instrument threw under the title of "Solitude" a picture of an aged female on the screen. Immediately the dozen old maids in the audience took it as a personal insult, and arose and left the hall.

### GEMS OF TRUTH.

Trouble is the engine in God's hands to lift us up to heaven.

We must love the Lord, if we would learn to serve Him and win others to Him.

In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever infested Egypt; in religious character, it is a grand felicity.

"Do you feel that you love Christ?" was asked of an aged and dying Christian. "Better than that," was the reply, "Christ loves me."

There cannot be named a pursuit or enterprise of human beings, in which there is so little possibility of failure, as praying for sanctification.

Earnestness is the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.

Man's works, even in the most perfect form, always have more or less of excitement in them. God's works are calm and peaceful, both in nature and in His work.

A sanctified soul is offered up to God in the flames of love, upon Christ, the altar. Paul gathered in some by his preaching, not to keep them to himself, but to offer them up to God.

As in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens so, in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever.

I can see nothing, without the Spirit's eyes, but as it were in a mist. I am fully persuaded of the truth of Scripture, and what it tells me of sin, myself, God, Christ and eternity; but with little more effect and true feeling than what I know and believe of some remote country in which I have no manner of concern.

### Streaks of Luck.

We have heard of a man who had £2,000 a year left him because he was civil to an infirm old lady in church, finding the hymns for her, setting her hassock, etc. He did not know her name, but she took care to ascertain his, and when she died he found that she had bequeathed him the bulk of her property "as a reward for his patient kindness." A clergyman of our acquaintance obtained a living of good value from a Baronet in Norfolk for no other reason than that he was the only curate within ten miles around who had not applied for it when it fell vacant. And another clergyman whom we know got a still better living for having refused preferment offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer; and a vulgar politician who had invited him to dinner, promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honorable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice as a testimony of his admiration. We may conclude with a story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright-witted family, and going to dine with a wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks that the old man cried in exasperation. "I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughing stock to the world and a disgrace to your family."—*Chambers' Journal*.

### A Sensational Will Case.

A very singular will case has been settled at Salem by the supreme court. Louise C. Randlett, claiming to be the widow of Thomas L. Randlett, late of Newburyport, petitioned for an allowance, pending the settlement of the estate, and it was granted by the probate court. The case came to the supreme court on a petition of the heirs, who claimed, to the surprise of the community, in which the Randlett had always stood very high, that the petitioner was not a widow but was merely a polygamous wife. Gen. Butler appeared for the supposed Mrs. Randlett, and able counsellors were retained by the other side. The clergyman who performed the marriage testified to the ceremony, but it was shown that at the time the petitioner married Mr. Randlett, in 1880, she had been thirteen years the legal wife of Ira Alexander. Alexander, who is a Vermont farmer, 70 years old, was produced. He testified that his marriage took place in 1867 and that they lived together until 1868, when she had trouble with him and caused him to be arrested two or three times. He left her in 1868 and had never lived with her since, but there was no divorce obtained and he was legally her husband in 1880, when she imposed on this wealthy old man and married him, and, by promises of handsome presents, endeavored to shut the mouths of all who knew her history. The counsel informed the court that Alexander was unwilling to testify in the case unless he was paid, and that they had paid him \$1,200 and when the court adjourned Gen. Butler asked his Alexander's, arrest on a charge of perjury.

The woman in the case is rather prepossessing, and when young was evidently quite good looking. According to her testimony she is 49. Among other things it was shown that Alexander had, in spite of his lack of personal charms, attracted the affections of numerous women beside the one in this case, and that he is a bigamisist at the present time. The decision of the supreme court overrules that of the lower court.

### Too Many Dogs Spoil the Coat.

The instinct of Newfoundland dogs to save a drowning person has been somewhat painfully tested by an unlucky Frenchman. He was walking in the country with a friend who possessed a magnificent Newfoundland, and incautiously questioned the truth of the animal's sagacity. The dog's master, vexed at the slur cast upon his favorite, gave his friend a push and knocked him into a shallow river. Turk immediately sprang in, and, seizing one of the tails of the immersed man's coat, commenced to swim for land. Unfortunately, another Newfoundland trotting along on the other side of the river saw the affair, and also came to the rescue. Dog number two seized the other tail of the coat and wished to swim back to his master. Turk held fast, and struggled for his side, and the owner of the coat cried in vain for help. At last the coat gave away, and each dog swam proudly home with a piece of cloth in his mouth, so that Turk's master was obliged to plunge in himself and save his friend.

### She Was a Down-Easter.

"Where do you come from?" asked the lady, addressing the girl at the intelligence officer who was a candidate for a cook's situation.

"Sure, an' I'm a down easter ma'am," replied the girl in a decided brogue.

"A down easter; why, I would take you to be Irish."

"So I am, ma'am. I came from the County Down and that's east of here, a long way east, so, av course, that makes me a down-easter."

The very presence of Christ is the conscious experience of every regenerate soul.