

THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

H. H. ARNOLD

GENERAL MERCHANT,

MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE.

as 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,

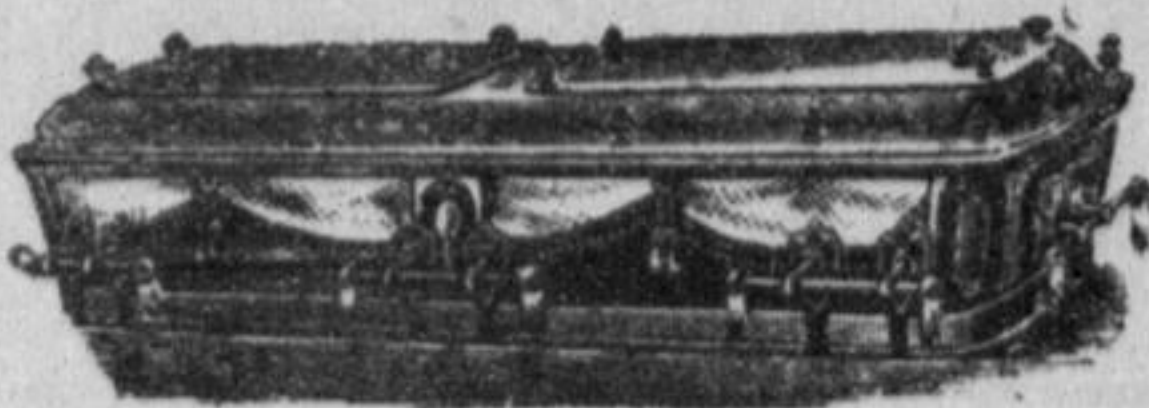
His assortment of Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds and worsted coatings are pronounced by all

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.

H. H. ARNOLD



D. JUDSON

has on hand one of the best selected stocks of

FURNITURE

To be found in the county. Having a splendid Hearses and a full supply of Coffins, Caskets & Shrouds we can fill orders promptly.

BEST BASKET LINING IN THE COUNTY

Picture framing a Specialty

Our old established Grocery Store is as usual supplied with a full line of

GOOD AND CHEAP GROCERIES.

Call Solicited.

R. D. JUDSON.

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.

THE STEVENSON PIANO.

The following is an unsolicited testimonial as to the merits of this excellent Piano:—
To Stevenson & Co.:

Dear Sirs,—As a matter of justice I wish to give my unsolicited recommendation of the Stevenson Piano. The Stevenson Company warranted the Piano for a term of years. They have thus far more than fulfilled their contract. The Piano in our Parlor in Albert College delights all musicians who test its fine qualities. After the instrument had been in use a few weeks, I gave a willing testimony to its many excellencies. Now, after nearly two years of constant use, my opinion has not changed, except for the better. The true test of a piano is in using it one or two years. The Stevenson Piano has borne that test. I am more than satisfied.

J. R. JACQUES, D. D., Ph. D.,
Pres. of Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

NEW BARBER SHOP.

Over Kincaid's Tin Shop, Main St.

Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing done in latest City Style.

W. MAYOU, Pro.



PYE'S SPACE

Look here next week.

Re-Opening!

BOOTS & SHOES

No More Credits.

The undersigned begs to inform his old patrons and the public generally that he has re-opened the manufacturing branch of his Boot and Shoe business, and is fully prepared to do all kinds of work in first-class style, and at prices that defy competition, stock and workmanship considered. Sewed and fine work a specialty. Having engaged a competent foreman, Mr. J. W. BATSTONE, a good fit is guaranteed, and work made as ordered.

Give us a call and inspect our stock. For cash only.

In the old stand, Mansell Block, up-stairs.

J. H. McLaughlin.

All parties indebted to me will save costs by settling with me at once.

Printing Presses FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale at less than half original cost,

ONE WASHINGTON PRESS,
Size 14x26, and

One Novelty Press
Size 6x10.

The presses have been in use only a short time, and for all practical purposes are as good as new. Only reason for selling is to make room for other presses.

Apply at the REPORTER office.

Scared Out of a Wife.

The narrative which I am about to write was told me one bleak, cold night in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in mid-winter, when the wind sweeps over the land, making everything tingle with its frosty breath, that I was settled before a blazing fire, surrounded by a half-dozen jolly boys and an old bachelor—Joseph Greer—about forty and eight years old.

It was just the very night without to make those within enjoy a good story, so each of us had told his favorite story, save Mr. Green, and as he was a jolly old fellow, we all looked for a jolly story. We were somewhat surprised to hear him say, "I have no story that would interest you," so we had to find other entertainments for a while, when one of the boys told me to ask him how it was he never married. So I did.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how it happened, but as it is about myself, I don't care much. You see, when I was young, we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief amusement. But this don't have anything to do with my not getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers, or like "Mary and her little lamb," where we went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old man took umbrage, and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would see the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John, on our way to singing school one night, that I was going into the house, too.

He said that the old man would run me out if I did.

I told him I was going to risk it, and come what would.

He said he would risk it if I would.

So, home we went with the girls. When we got to the end of the lane, I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, and said they—the old folks—would be in bed, so they didn't care if we did.

They were more surprised yet when we told them we thought of going in the house a little while, but as all was quiet when we got there, we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we made our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came.

I was now past the turn of the night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we would have to be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but just as we did so, the sky was lit up by lightning, and one tremendous peal of thunder rolled along the mountain sides. Its echo had not died out in the far off vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fulness of the clouds. We waited for it to stop until we were all sleepy, when the

girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs which led out of the kitchen, and as their father didn't get up early, we could be home before the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet good-night and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising to come the next Saturday night, we started for bed.

We did not have far to go, as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John was soon in bed, but I was always slow, and full of curiosity I was looking around the room.

At last, I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread over with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots; so down I sat, when, stars of the east, I went plump into a big custard pie!

I thought John would die laughing for he said I had smashed the custard all to thunder, and the plate right in two. (Continued in our next.)

COUNTY ITEMS.

From our Exchanges.

The next 12th of July celebration will be held in Brockville.

The following license commissioners have been appointed:—Brockville and South Leeds, W. H. Cole, Chas. Cornwall, and Luther Kilborn. North Leeds and Grenville and South Grenville, Jas. Buckley, Edward Smith, Isaiah Wright.

The congregation of the Presbyterian Church, Westport, have presented Mrs. D. Y. Ross, wife of the pastor, with a valuable fur coat, made to order in Montreal. They intend the coming season to build a larger addition to the manse and to commence the erection of a new church or make extensive alterations in the old one.

The body of Mrs. Wm. Keeley, which was stolen from the vault at Railton two weeks ago, and for the recovery of which her two sons had offered \$100 reward, was found on Saturday in the dissecting room of the Royal Medical College, Kingston. The body had been mutilated almost beyond recognition. The remains were coffined and taken back to Railton. The Messrs. Keeley, it is said, intend to take legal proceedings against certain persons—students and outsiders—whose names have been secured.

On Thursday, Robert, youngest son of Wm. N. Bullock, crossed the Gananoque River from the west side on an errand to one of the stores. He performed the errand, started for home, and has not been seen since. Search for the missing boy was at once instituted, but no news concerning him could be learned. Ice has been cut in the river and a search made, and search and enquiry have been made in the country for many miles around. It was reported that a boy answering his description had jumped on a farmer's sleigh going in the direction of Sweet's corners, that the farmer had taken him home, but this proved incorrect. The boy's mother visited Mother Barnes, thinking to obtain some clue to the missing one. The aged seer said the boy was safe, and contented at the home of a farmer, and that he would be found as she represented.