

THE REPORTER.

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THE REPORTER

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BETHUEL LOVERIN,
Publisher and Proprietor

Fire Protection.

Want of space in last issue prevented us commenting on the letter of A. James regarding our present inefficient system of fire protection. We are pleased to see a man of Mr. James' experience taking up the question. His figures should rivet the attention of every resident carrying a dollar's worth of insurance. The reliability of the figures is unquestionable and they plainly show that our property owners have been blind to their true interests in neglecting this matter so long. Assuming the total insurance carried by all residents of the village to be only \$50,000, a saving of a $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (which we are assured the possession of fire extinguishing apparatus would effect) would amount to \$150.00 per year. Now, if those who carry insurance were to contribute merely the amount that would be saved to them, that saving would pay for efficient fire apparatus in a very short time. But there are others who have vested interests (so protected by insurance) that are threatened by the devouring element, and they ought certainly to contribute a fair share toward paying for fire protection. There is but one way to bring this matter to a practical issue, and that is for a public meeting to be called, when the subject could be considered in all its bearings, and definite action be decided upon. Such a meeting could be called by any citizens, but, perhaps, the police trustees would be the proper parties to take steps in the matter.

Since writing the above, we have conversed with several parties regarding our defenceless state in case of fire, and all admitted the necessity of something being done to place our town in a better position than at present. One responsible citizen said that at the figures quoted, fire protection would save to him from \$5 to \$8 per year on his rate of insurance, and said he would cheerfully give \$25; it is necessary towards providing suitable appliances for extinguishing a fire. Our columns are open for the discussion of this subject, and we hope citizens will take advantage of this medium of communication with the public and make their ideas known, and that some plan will be suggested that will attain the desired end.

A Reminiscence.

In the year 1845, I was ship's steward on board the ship *Empress* of Nantucket, cruising on the Equator in the Pacific Ocean for sperm whales. The ship had been out something over a year, and had been successful in securing about 1,100 bbls. of oil. I had been aboard only about five months, having shipped at Guiana at the commencement of the season. Whales were plentiful, and just about that time we were seldom a week without seeing a spout, though not always successful in making a capture, as the leviathans were scary. We were cruising in the neighborhood of Gilbert's Archipelago, in the vicinity of that portion called the Kingmills Group, formed of Simpson's, Henderson, and Woodie's Islands. At the latter island we were very well acquainted, having called there several times trading for coconuts, fish, shells, and such little articles of trade possessed by the natives, who readily bartered them for tobacco and other notions—trifles to us, but invaluable to them. The Chief, Tin Carousch, was a fine old fellow, about six feet high, with an intelligent looking countenance, high forehead, and altogether a man who looked as if had he been favored with the benefits of civilization he might have made his mark in the world—but of him hereafter. One day we sighted two ships and drew rapidly together. (Whalers are always anxious for a "speak"). We found they were the Prussian barque *Kaiser*, of Hamburg, and the French sloop *Lucelle*, of Havre. Our captain went on board the Frenchman, and the usual courtesies were exchanged between the officers and crews. Next day the foreigners came on board the *Empress* to dinner. They were great drinkers and our captain's stock of drinkables was considerably diminished, and he himself was considerably elevated when the day's visit came to an end, so much so that he passed the balance of the night on the lockers in the cabin, instead of his bunk—something I had never known him to do before. At breakfast time, I woke him to partake of that meal, and he got up cross and ugly, but after replenishing the inner man, he resumed his usual urbane manner, which was intensified about the middle of the forenoon by the arrival of a boat from the Frenchman with an invitation to dine with the captain, a basket of champagne and a dozen each of wine and brandy. The weather was very fine and sea calm, hardly breeze enough to fill the sails, and after our captain left, the three ships drifted easily along, sometimes drawing nearer to each other and then heaving away as the current and zephyrs took them. And they seemed to be highly enjoying themselves, if we might judge by the hilarious snatches of song we could occasionally hear from the deck of the Frenchman. The first

mates visited on board the *Empress* and the second mates visited on board the Prussian, so it was a general visiting time all round. About 4 bells in the first watch (10 p. m.), the mates returned to their respective vessels, but the captain's visit on board the Frenchman lasted till after midnight, when our captain returned in a high state of intoxication, so much so that he could barely ascend the side. My work being done after the mates left our ship, I had gone to my bunk in the steerage and was taking my rest, from which I was awakened by my name being loudly called down the hatchway, in a voice I could not recognize. I jumped and started for the deck, and before I was well out of the hatchway, I was greeted with a blow between the eyes and the words, "You — of a —, why ain't you on deck when I come on board?" The blow staggered me a little, but recovering in a second, I grabbed him by the throat and at it we went. I was young and gritty in those days, and the blow and epithet put my English blood on fire. I was at any time his match physical, and now when he was more than half seas over it was no task for me to throttle him and give him a good shaking. His yells and the confusion soon brought the mates and boatsteerers to his aid, who, before I hardly knew it, lashed me to the bulwark, and the drunken tyrant was lathering me with the main-top sail halyards. Being so drunk his blows did not amount to much. He then ordered me to the fore-castle, and threatened me with a second edition next day. In the morning, the mate came down and informed me that the captain felt pretty sore over the scrape and was going to put me on shore at Woodie's Island, which was then in sight, and advised me to acquiesce, as himself and second mate had had quite a time in quieting him, for he had hardly got over the effects of the Frenchman's champagne, and if I did not irritate him I would get my pay and discharge. I replied, that he could do as he pleased; he was master, and, of course, it was no use resisting single-handed any determination he might come to with the whole after-guard of three officers and five boat-steerers to back him. While we were talking, the cabin boy called down the hatchway saying the captain wanted me in the cabin. I accordingly went, followed by the mate and second mate. I found his majesty seated at the table with writing materials and cash box before him. He never looked at me as I came in, but saluted me with "I'm going to put you ashore, — you, and you may return thanks to Mr. Gardner (the 1st mate) I let you off that easy; sign that receipt for your share and there's some slops (ready-made shirts and pants, 2 each) and tobacco for you."

EURT NOTIRE.
(To be Continued.)

Temperance Topics.

Condensed beer is now being manufactured, and it is the fond hope of the drinkers that even should the fanatics succeed in banishing the wet article, the solidified ~~beer~~ will always be with us.

Petitions bearing the signatures of over 125,000 men and women were presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature on one day last week, asking for the passage of the bill requiring scientific temperance instruction in the public school.

The Kansas Legislature at its recent session passed what is described as an iron-clad, copper-plated, double-ribbed prohibition law, which is expected to close all the loop-holes of the previous law and hive the liquor men so effectually that they must either get out of the business, get out of the state, or starve. They are preparing to confess that prohibition does prohibit.

"Treating" is purely an American practice, and its object is to show the boys that there is nothing mean about you. Its evils are far-reaching in their effects. A close examination will reveal the fact that a large proportion of the confirmed drunkards owe their over-indulgence to the practice of treating. Anti-treating societies have been formed by moderate drinking Englishmen, but though they were a law unto themselves, their example has had little or no effect on others. It is a silly practice and should be discouraged in every way.

No sooner does the excitement regarding the visit of the Licensed Victuallers to Ottawa die away, and the failure of the same become thoroughly apparent, than our opponents set themselves to work to form some other method of attack whereby they can overthrow or thwart the efforts of the temperance community of the country by destroying the effects of the Scott Act. A few days since, a number of persons in Toronto—headed by Goldwin Smith—met and organized a new temperance party, and have issued a petition to the effect that light wines, ale and beer shall be permitted to be sold in counties where the Scott Act shall come in force. Any one with half a grain of common sense will see that this is a move against prohibition, and no true temperance man will sign it. If the sale of light wines, ale and beer will hasten prohibition let us have it by all means, but we are of a different way of thinking, and so are our anti friends. One very discreditable procedure in connection with the canvass for signatures to this petition is, that all those who refuse to sign the petition are to be noted and (in the words of a prominent liquor advocate) they may as well plough up their hop grounds. This is the principle they are proceeding on. Whether there is any honesty in this course, we leave to others to decide.