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We call attention to our complete and attractive stock of Whips, Curry Combs, Brushes, Lap Robes, Horse Nets, Trotting Horse fixtures, Bandages, Shin Boots, Quarter Boots, etc., and respectfully request all who require goods in our line to inspect our stock before purchasing. The noted Excelsior Oil, $1 per gallon. Repairing carefully attended to.

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SUITS MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLES AT SHORT NOTICE.

All work Warranted.

My reputation as a first-class workman is now so well established in this section that it is not necessary that I should take up space in recommending my work to the public.

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DEALER IN
HAND MADE

BOOTS & SHOES.

I AM Prepared to give the most stylish, the most durable, and the best fitting boot or shoe in Farmersville.

BECAUSE I have the largest variety of Stylish Lasts to work on.

BECAUSE I keep the largest assortment of the latest styles of shoe uppers to select from.

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A Full Line of
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Sole Agent in Farmersville for
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FRED. CLOW.

SUB[illegible]
FOR
THE REP[illegible]
AND GET [illegible]

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Methodist.

Farmersville Circuit. Rev. G. Rogers, pastor. FARMERSVILLE.—Sabbath services in the South Church at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Public prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30., in the North Church, and Young People's meeting Saturday evening at 7.30.

LAKE LOVADA at 1.30 p.m., and SHELDON'S at 3.15 p.m., Sunday, June 13th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.

ELBE at 1.30 p.m. and TOWRISS' at 3.15 p.m. Sunday, June 20th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.

WASHBURNE'S and HARD ISLAND alternately Friday evenings at 7.30.

Church of England.

CHRIST'S CHURCH.—Rev. R. N. Jones, incumbent. Service the second and fourth Sundays in the month, at 10.30 a.m. Holy Communion after morning prayer. Service every Sunday evening at 7. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Service every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. Seats all free.

Baptist.

Sunday services at 7 (May 30th, June 27th and July 25th omitted.) Prayer and praise meeting every Wednesday evening at 7. All welcome. Rev. S. Sheldon, pastor.

Presbyterian.

Service in the Baptist Church every Sabbath morning at 11. June 13th, Rev. Mr. Richards.

Love in Ashes.

"Scant of nine, and the washing all done," mused thrifty Mrs. Chutter, as she scrubbed the porch. "Deacon, I'll get you to set the big tub down cellar, if you will."

"Certain, wife," responded the deacon, from his cart in the door-yard.

"There comes Kendall's new basket waggon with two women in it," pursued the old lady, wringing her mop. "Isn't that the horse that balks?" Being in the critical act of emptying a four-gallon bucket of soap the good man vouchsafed no reply. When the jellied mass had quivered and splashed into the barrel he looked up just in season to see the gay little pony shy at the cart and go tearing down the road. "They'll upset! they'll be killed! run after 'em! do something!" shrieked Mrs. Chutter.

"Don't get excited, wife; they're all right now. That girl drives like a man."

And picking up his bucket, the moderate deacon marched off for a second supply of soap. But though the little incident had failed to shake his nerves it did make him oblivious of his wife's wash tub poised on the landing of the dim stairway, and as a natural consequence he put his foot in it. The tub rolled; the deacon swayed like a pestle in a mortar; there was a lively succession of bumps, followed by a clatter and a thud, and deacon, tub and bucket strewed the cellar floor.

"Adab and Abihu!" ejaculated the fallen saint, with sinful energy.

"What's up, uncle?" cried an anxious voice overhead.

"I can tell you what's down," was the grim response. "Come and brace me while I try to step."

The owner of the voice, a fine-looking youth of one-and-twenty, was already groping his way among the debris, his aunt in the rear with the camphor.

The deacon's attempted locomotion resulted in a groan.

"I must have sprained my ankle, Harvey. If I'd postponed this tub race until after I'd been my rounds, 'twould have been better calculation."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about my rounds, uncle. What's the hurry?"

"My customers expect me to-day, that's the point. I hate masterly to break my word. Now there's the widow Cleaves waiting for me to take her ashes, so she can scrub after me with the boiling suds, and up at Kendall's they're clean out of soap."

"And not clean without it, eh?" laughed the young man. "See here, uncle: since you are going to feel uneasy about disappointing the people, why not send me in your stead?"

"You, in your fine clothes! I should smile," mumbled Mrs. Chutter, with the stopper of the camphor bottle between her teeth.

"Why can't my uncle's mantle fall upon me, Auntie? I was intending to borrow the frock."

"Well, if I do say it, you've got the Vance common sense. Some young men of your bringing up would be ashamed to drive a soap cart."

"Some young men would be fools," said the deacon, with warmth. "Nobody has any call to be ashamed to deliver such soap as I make. If you are minded to run the team to-day, Harvey, I shall be obleeged to you."

Fifteen minutes later the worthy deacon was extending his aching length upon the sitting-room lounge, and gazing through the open window after his youthful proxy, who, duly initiated into the mysteries of the calling, was driving away in the big blue cart. Behind bounced and creaked an empty ash-bin, flanked by two covered barrels of soap; but the swinging seat was clean and comfortable, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country.

A half mile and more the road wound through his uncle's fertile acres, for Deacon Chutter was withal a farmer. Farming, indeed, was his chief vocation, soap-boiling being accessory venture growing out of sundry extensive experiments in the use of leached ashes as a fertilizer. It was one of those tuneful mornings in early June when all nature joins in a glad doxology. Everywhere were life and motion irradiated by the benignant sun. Harvey Vance's study weakened there was too much glare, too much clutter. He lost no time in putting on his blue goggles.

"Who cares if they do make me look like a frog?" mused he, as he adjusted them astride his aristocratic nose. Thanks to them and to change of air, my poor optics are undoubtedly improving. I shall be back to college by fall. Ha! ha! If the fellows could only see me now!"

And here, to the infinite surprise of staid Dobbin, his new master broke into a rollicking class song—a song abruptly ended as a turn in the road revealed a near farm house.

To have seen the capable air with which he measured ashes, giving in exchange money or gallons of soap, according to the customer's desire, one would have pronounced him bred to the soap business. Since his month's rustication at his aunt Chutter's he had made the acquaintance of most of the farmers along the river, and these expressed their gratification at meeting "a judge's son as wasn't afraid to work," but outside the parish limits his triumphal march terminated and he was a stranger in a strange land. One man asked if he had bought out the deacon; a second hoped he wasn't proposing to run an opposition team; and the loyal widow Cleaves could hardly be persuaded to surrender her ashes, because, forsooth, she preferred to trade with the Deacon.

Obedient to his uncle's instructions, at her cottage the young man took a cross-road to Kendall's, a summer hotel, familiarly called "The Eyrie."

"You'll find it a long three miles," had been Mrs. Cleave's parting remark.

"Three miles, and not a neighbor between here and there. I couldn't blame the widow if she wanted to change her situation," mused the deacon's deputy, scanning the western horizon. "Shouldn't wonder if that cloud yonder meant business. I thought the sun was too bright this morning. Well, a little high-toned thunder will drown this everlasting racket."

Facing about to wedge in position an empty soap-barrel, he observed two ladies driving up the hill in a basket phaeton.

"That looks like Kendall's team that gave auntie such a panic this morning," thought he. "Those ladies are some of his boarders, I suppose—Tom Cavender's mother and sister, for aught I know. I have heard they were staying at the Eyrie. Goodness! Would it be a joke if I should fall in with them to-day!"

Meanwhile the younger lady in the carriage was merrily commenting on the quasi soap-man's active figure, conspicuously and amply clad in the deacon's canvas frock and overalls.

"I hope he isn't a travelling maniac, mamma."

"It's the very cart that frightened the pony!" was the terrified response. "Do let me get out, Lila. Oh! oh!"

But already the horse was backing down the hill. Harvey sprang from the cart and grasped the refractory animal by the bridle, just in season to prevent the carriage from overturning in the ditch.

"Thank you, sir—thank you very much," said the girlish driver, the color rushing to her face. "Now, if you will be kind enough to lead our pony past your cart we shall be yet more obliged."

"A pretty girl—stylish too, but abominably patronizing," thought the young Sophomore, stalking resentfully at the pony's head.

"There, now your cart is behind us we shall have no further trouble. I am sorry to have detained you, sir." Infinitely obliged,"

In leaving the ladies Harvey mechanically raised his hat—the deacon's hat, alas! yellow and frayed by farm service. The touch sent flying the ashes upon its brim, giving our receding hero the effect of being caught away in a cloud. A little blinded, but laughing behind his goggles, he went back to old Dobbin, and waited for the ladies to go on in advance.

But what ailed that surprising pony? The young lady chirruped to him; he would not budge. She used the whip; he stood as stiff as the wooden horse of the Trojans.

"Oh! daughter, daughter, he is balking again!" cried the elder lady, who appeared to be an invalid. "If there's anything I'm afraid of 'tis a baulking horse."

"Allow me, madam," said Harvey, again advancing, and inducing the pony to start, only to balk again as soon as he was left to the ladies.

Many times was this farce repeated, and in the meantime the sky had become overcast, with thunder muttering in the distance.

"My mother has been very ill. If she is caught in the shower she may get her death," cried Miss Lila in distress. "Oh, what shall we do?"

At this point Harvey suggested that he might drive the pony to their destination, and afterwards return for his own rig.

"And with all mamma's shawls and pillows, the phaeton is hardly wide enough for three," soliquised the young lady, and thereupon offered to drive the soap waggon, "unless," she added, with a glance toward Harvey, "you're afraid to trust me with your horse."

"Not in the least. He's far from being a fiery Bucephalus."

Struck with the incongruity of the remark from such a source, Miss Lila lost all control of her dimples.

To aid the young lady in mounting to the high seat of the cart, Harvey extended a hand the exceeding smuttiness of which was intensified by a seal ring that glittered upon the little finger. Who was this anomalous being who sported costly ornaments, quoted from the classics and drove a soap cart?

Obedient to the young man's will, that unaccountable pony darted away on the wings of the wind, followed closely by old Dobbin. In this style the Eyrie was soon in view. On sped the pony; on lumbered old Dobbin; on swooped the storm-cloud. A dozen guests crowded out upon the piazza to witness the exciting race.

"How white Mrs. Cavender looks," cried one. "Where did she pick up that fantastic driver?"

"Is that Miss Lila in the cart?" exclaimed another. "She's a girl of mettle. Ha, here comes the rain!"

He rushed out with an open umbrella to escort Mrs. Cavender to the house. In mounting the steps she turned to Harvey.

"You have done us a great service sir. My daughter will see that you are recompensed for your time and trouble."

"The dickens she will!" thought the deacon's indignant substitute.

Standing beneath the dripping eaves, he assisted the moist young lady to alight. "I am—we are deeply indebted to you," she stammered blushingly. "My mother——"

"Has taken no cold, I trust," said he, loftily. "Good afternoon."

In putting the cart to rights that evening Harvey disc[illegible] a grimy object caught betw[illegible] seat and the ash-bin. It proved to be a lady's pocket-handkerchief, bearing in one corner the name "Lila Cavender." He handed it to his aunt for bleaching purposes, and received in return a letter from his old college chum, Tom.

"My mother and sister have perched at the Eyrie," it ran. If you are anywhere near their secluded nest do peep in upon them. They'll be charmed to make your acquaintance."

"I believe I'll take that handkerchief to Miss Cavender to-morrow," remarked Harvey to his aunt.

The next evening, faultlessly attired, and minus spectacles, he presented himself at the Eyrie, and was cordially welcomed by both Mrs. Cavender and her daughter. Convinced that he was not recognized as the 'squire of the soap cart, he saw no necessity for proclaiming himself such.

Harvey called again and again, and indeed his visits became so frequent that his aunt taunted him with being very far gone.

He went further yet that evening, even to the length of proposing to Miss Lila.

The little coquette only laughed, and bade him not to be absurd.

Absurd? He would really like to know what she meant.

Oh, they were both so young.

Harvey looked hurt and intimated that he, at least, was nearing the down hill of life.

And he didn't know her well enough.

The youth eagerly protested that he knew her well enough to love her.

"Besides, I'm not sure but I like another young man better,"

"Oh, if you care for somebody else, why, then—why in that case—" Harvey found the English tongue terribly intricate, and rose with precipitation.

"I met him first, you know," said Miss Lila, "and I am under great obligations to him."

Oh, it's all right. You're all right, I mean; but I think Tom might have told me."

"Told you what?"

"About this other fellow."

"There isn't much to tell," said Miss Lila, demurely. "He hasn't yet come forward." Harvey drew on his glove with a mystified air. "But I am looking for him any day now; the Eyrie is nearly out of soap."

"You bewitching little tease!"

Miss Lila's cheek's were eddying with dimples deep enough to drown a man's heart. Perhaps they made Harvey's head swim. I can't say. I only know that he laid hold of the young lady's hands at that moment in the most giddy fashion, and she seemed to be quite willing to let him steady himself in this manner.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

A Woodstock hotel is to be transformed into an organ factory.

Middlesex County Council has refused to agree to the appointment of a police magistrate to enforce the Scott Act.

Brockville business men say that they have never seen business better for the past twenty years.

The Ontario County Council has decided by a vote of 17 to 12, to recommend the appointment of a police magistrate for North Ontario.

A Lambton County Scott Act Convention will be held at Sarnia this week, to consider measures to secure the enforcement of the Act.

Lennox temperance workers have organized an association to aid in the enforcement of the Scott Act.

Two Peterboro' County hotel keepers have gone to gaol for failing to pay fines imposed for violation of the Scott Act.

CURIOUS AND SENSATIONAL.

A Brave Canadian Boy.

PORT FINLAY, Agoma, May 22.—The people of this place are greatly excited over a bear hunt which took place here yesterday. It seems that some bears have repeatedly shown themselves of late, and they seemed in no way timid or shy. Yesterday morning they attempted to carry off a couple of pigs belonging to Alfred Kemp, who lives with his son Johnny about two miles east of Port Finlay. The old gentleman is rather hard of hearing, but Johnny was immediately awakened by the squealing of the pigs. He leaped out of bed, had his trousers and boots on, and was on to the pen in a minute. He saw but one bear, which ran to the bush, so he thought he had saved the pigs; but on looking into the pen he discovered that another of the bears had decamped with a pig. Running into the house, he shook his father up, told him what had happened, and bade him go and get help from the neighbors while he followed the bears. In about three hours and a half the father returned with seven men, some with guns and others with axes. It took them some time to follow the trail, but in half an hour they came up with the lad. He was standing on a ledge of rock aiming blows at the infuriated beasts, which were showing their bare, glistening teeth, and uttering horrible howls mingled with low whines, which told the pain they were suffering from the gashes from Johnny's trusty little axe. The rescuing party immediately despatched the bears, and the brave lad fell fainting on their dead bodies. Johnny was greatly exhausted, but the men believe he would have conquered the bears. The smaller bear had its eyes completely destroyed. The young hero has not lived in this country long, but he will make a good pioneer.

An Indian Grave.

A mound has just been opened on the Souris River which contained seven skeletons in a goodly state of preservation. An excavation had been made about a foot and half deep, and the bodies placed in it in a sitting position close together. Timbers had been placed above covered with bark, and a circular mound built over the whole, to a height of seven feet. There were found with the skeletons two cups made of pottery, five pipes of fine, red stone, two bone whistles, and several articles the purpose of which could not be determined.

Skating Rinks Evoluted.

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest seems to be ememplified in the case of the skating rinks. Many of these buildings have been utilized for the meetings of the Salvation Army, and now the lumber from the rink in Vassalboro', Maine, is to be worked into the new church. Verily it is hard to tell from the beginning of a matter what will be the end thereof.

Unaccountable Escape.

Mrs. Girlemann, a lady who arrived at San Jose with three children, a few days ago, from Hamburg to join her husband, relates that a short distance west of Lincoln, Nebraska, one of her little ones fell from a car window. It was some time before the conductor was found and the train stopped, but when some parties returned with the mother to the scene of the accident, instead of a mangled child they found the little fellow playing with pebbles alongside the track.

A Peculiar Situation.

One inning of a recent game of baseball in Atlanta, Ga., presented a curious situation. Atlanta had three men to bat. Each one of them was given his base on balls, and each was put out while stealing bases. There was not a ball struck in the inning, and yet every base was filled and no run was scored.

GENERAL NEWS.

Ottawa Y. M. C. A. proposes to erect a new building to cost $16,000.

There is a prospect of an abundant hay crop in Waterloo county.

Owing to the drought, water is selling at 50 cents a gallon at Galveston, Texas.

It is reported that Madagascar has refused to abide by the treaty with France.

The division in the Imperial Parliament on the Home Rule Bill was further postponed to Monday.

There is to be a Young Liberal Convention held in Montreal on the 30th of June and July the 1st.

A Michigan post office has been named Mikado. Yum Yum and Nanki-Poo are names of post offices in Tennessee.

At Fort Macleod, N. W. T., on Sunday, May 23, the thermometer reached ninety in the shade.

During the past week there were 160 business failures in the United States and 27 in Canada.

The C. P. R. earnings for the week ending 31st May are $271,000; the same week last year, $214,000.

A very fishy story comes from Ottawa, of 30,000 stand of arms having been sent to Ulster from Canada.

Dr. Jones, of Hagersville, proposes the removal of the Indians of the Grand River Reserves to the North-west.

The Ottawa *Free Press* notes the fact that on the Wednesday of the last week of the session the House of Commons voted thirty-three million dollars of the people's money away in ninety minutes.

The Canadian contingent for Wimbledon will sail on the 27th inst.

The Quebec Government has propounded a railway aid scheme almost identical with that of the Dominion Government.

Emigration agents report that the immigration into Manitoba this year has been seven or eight times greater than for the last two or three years.

In St. Lawrence County the Potsdam Fair is to be held September 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Then follows Malone Fair, on the 28th, 29th and 30th.

The Italians who for the past month have been lying around Brockville, are jubilant over the idea that work on the B., W. & S. S. M. R. will soon be started.

The Bill for closing public houses in England, except in London, on Sundays, has passed through committee.

Mr. James Reynolds, barrister, Brockville, has been appointed Junior Judge of Leeds and Grenville, and the same individual has been appointed a local judge of the High Court of Justice for Ontario.

Mrs. John A. Sherman, of Watertown, N. Y., has presented the city with a fountain. It will be surmounted with a life-sized bust of the late John A. Sherman, and upon the pages of a sculptured book will appear the words "Temperance Pledge."

President Cleveland's first child will be named Folsom Grover Cleveland. It may be a trifle early to give this information, but we'll be hanged if we are going to be scooped by the New York reporters on everything pertaining to the presidential wedding.

The Stratford Assembly of the Knights of Labor has adopted a resolution denouncing the Hon. Frank Smith's statement that members of the Order are a "lot of thieves," and demanding from him or the Government a retraction or an apology.

On the passenger list of a steamer which arrived in New York on the 4th inst. was the name of R. Tichborne. This person is no other than the self-styled Sir Roger Tichborne, alias Orton, whose famous trial in London was followed by conviction and a long term of penal servitude. He was accompanied by a young lady, and intends to lecture in different parts of the United States.

Editorial Tribulations.

Editing a newspaper is a pleasant business—if you like it.

If it contains much political matter—the people won't have it.

If the type is large—it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraphic reports—folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them—we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes—folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.

If we omit jokes—folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter—they find fault with us for not giving selections.

If we give selections—people say we are lazy for not writing more.

If we give a complimentary notice—we are censured for being partial.

If we don't—all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert an article which pleased the ladies—the men become jealous, and vice versa.

If we attend church—they say it is for effect.

Donovan—Fisher.

At 10 a.m. on Tuesday last a small and select party, consisting of the immediate friends and relatives of the contracting parties, assembled at "Elmwood" to witness the solemnization of the marriage contract between A. E Donovan to Ella B., only daughter of D. Fisher, Esq. The Rev. Geo. Rogers officiated. After partaking of a collation with the guests, the happy couple left on a short trip to the west. The REPORTER joins with the many friends of the young couple in wishing them long life and a prosperous career.

An Important Decision.

Mr. Justice Taschereau has rendered a most important judgment in the case of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. v. the Phœnix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y. This was an action to recover for damages to the *Spartan*, insured with the company, and which was wrecked in the upper lakes in 1884. The insurance contract was signed in Buffalo, and the company pleaded in consequence that the plaintiff had no right of action here. The Court maintained this plea, and held that after sections 10 and 11 of the Insurance Act, there was no obligation on the part of the defendant to answer an action taken in Canada on account of a contract signed in the United States. The learned judge remarked that those doing business with United States insurance companies should see that their contracts are dated from such a place as will entitle them to have recourse in law.

Methodist Church.

Following is the final draft of stations of the ministers in the Brockville District, for the ensuing year:—

Brockville, (Wall st.) Jas. Allen, M. A.; Luther Houghton, Supernumerary.
Brockville, (George St.) R. Wilson.
Prescott, Geo. McRitchie; S. Might, Superannuated.
Lyn, James Richardson.
Mallorytown, D. C. Sanderson, H. H. Coates, B. A.
Lansdowne, W. Rilance.
Farmersville, George Rogers.
Addison, Wm. Service.
Mailtand, E. S. Shorey.
North Augusta, F. Chisholm.
Augusta, S. G. Philp, M.A., H. Andrews, Superanuated, (Strathroy P. O.
Bishop's Mills, E. H. Taylor.
Oxford Mills, A. G. Robertson
Spencerville, Wm. Raney.
Kemptville, Jas. Awde, B. A.; H. Shaler, Superanuated.
Frankville & Toledo, L. Conley.
Delta, W. Barnett.
Elgin, Thos. McAmmond: N. H. Howard, Superannuated.
Thousand Islands, Alex. Shorts.
Joseph A. Mussel, recommended to go to College.
Chairman, G. McRitchie, Prescott

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION