

# The Acton Free Press.

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ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

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**The Acton Free Press**  
—PUBLISHED—  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
—AT THE—  
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,  
ACTON, ONTARIO.

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THREE MONTHS.....\$0.35  
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H. F. MOORE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**THIS PAPER** may be found on file at Geo. Y.  
Fleming's Book Store, 207 Dundas Street, W.,  
Toronto, and at the following places:  
Acton, Ontario, at the office of H. F. MOORE.

**Business Directory**

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Graduate of Trinity College, Mem-  
ber of College of Physicians and Surgeons.  
Office and residence—At the head of  
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**C. E. STACEY, M. D., C.M.,** graduate of  
Trinity University, Fellow of Trin-  
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monly called Vaporized Air) for extracting  
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nstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal  
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tients may depend upon receiving satisfaction  
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month. Office—Agnew's Hotel.

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All calls, night or day, promptly at-  
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security. Conveyancing in all its branches  
properly and neatly done. Charges low.  
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with farms for sale sent to all parts of the  
Dominion to intending purchasers, and cir-  
culated in Europe. European capitalists  
wanting farms in Ontario will be sent di-  
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Farms wanted for our lists. Correspond-  
ence invited. Office near the Post Office  
Guelph, Ont.

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An assay shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good  
season, an exhilarating shampoo, always  
given. Razors honed and put in first-class  
condition. Ladies' and children's hair  
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**YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE**  
thoroughly prepared for positions as  
Bookkeepers, Shorthand-writers, Calligraph  
or Telegraph Operators. Students have  
been in attendance from nine Provinces  
and States within the past year. Our  
graduates are meeting with marked suc-  
cess in the commercial centres of Canada  
and the United States. Rates moderate,  
accommodation excellent; students may  
enter at any time. For terms, etc., address  
M. MacCORMICK,  
Principal.  
14-6m

**Lumber, Shingles,**  
**AND LATH.**

The undersigned desires to inform the public  
that he has now on hand and will keep in  
stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well  
as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second  
class Pine Shingles & Lath.

**Coal & Wood.**

Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C.  
S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of  
Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood,  
Hardwood, Ash, Cord and Mill Wood, at reason-  
able prices. Wood and Coal delivered.  
JAMES BROWN

**MUTUAL**  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

—OF THE—  
**COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.**  
ESTABLISHED 1810.

**HEAD OFFICE, GUELPH.**

Insures Buildings, Merchandize, Manu-  
factories, and all other descriptions of  
property, on the Premium Note System.  
F. W. Stone, Cnas Davidson,  
President, Secretary.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Agent.**

**Fire! Fire! Fire!**  
Burned Out, But Not Destroyed.

HAVING perfected arrangements for  
the rebuilding of the

**PLANING MILL**  
at the head of River Street, recently de-  
stroyed by fire, and purchased new machin-  
ery, we would inform the public that on or  
about the 1st of May we will be in a better  
position than ever to supply their wants in  
the shape of

**DRESSING LUMBER, SHEETING,**  
**FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c.**

Also in the meantime,  
Pumps will be repaired, and General Job-  
bing done as usual

Thanking you for past favors and hoping  
for strict attention to business and reason-  
able prices to merit an increased share of  
patronage, we are, respectfully yours,  
**THOS. EBBAGE, Manager**

**ACTON**  
**Livery & Sale Stables**

**JOHN STREET, ACTON.**

**Wm. E. Smith, Proprietor.**

MR. SMITH has purchased the Livery  
business of MR. H. B. McARTHUR, which  
he has removed to his commodious stables  
on John Street, in the centre of the business  
portion of the town. Mr. Smith has had  
lengthy experience in this business, and  
feels confident that he can give satisfaction  
to every patron.

Anyone desiring a Commercial, Pleas-  
ure, or Company Rig, can be supplied  
with a first-class turnout on the shortest  
notice.

**Horses Boarded and Sold.**

Terms reasonable.  
**W. E. SMITH.**

**NEW GOODS**

**DAY'S BOOKSTORE**

**CUELPH.**

**25,000 Rolls Wall Paper**

**100 Sets Lawn Croquet**

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**BIG STOCK. LOW PRICES.**

**Day Sells Cheap.**

**SUMMER**  
**UNDERCLOTHING,**

**GUELPH**  
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**COTTON.**

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**PROPRIETOR,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Marble,  
Granite and everything pertaining  
to Cemetery work. Direct  
importer of all kinds  
of Granite and  
Marble.

Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite  
quarries, and having purchased the entire stock  
of grey and red granite monuments, headstones,  
crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less  
than cost. I will, until further notice, sell at  
prices never before known in Ontario. For in-  
stance—Granite monuments, 6 ft. high, 36 in. by  
36 in. \$90. 9 ft. \$120. 10 ft. \$150. All work and  
material warranted first-class. Parties wanting  
anything in this line will do well to call and see  
us before purchasing elsewhere, as I guarantee  
my prices are from 20 to 50 per cent. below all  
other dealers.

**ACTON—**  
**MEAT MARKET**

**Rutledge & Crosson,**  
**BUTCHERS,**

Have purchased the business of Mr. R.  
Holmes, and solicit a share of public  
patronage.

The members of the firm are practical  
butchers, and are prepared to ensure their  
customers thorough satisfaction. There  
will always be found on hand a full stock  
of all kinds of meat, &c., in season.

We have settled in Acton to stay, and  
feel satisfied that by transacting business  
upon business principles we will win public  
confidence and support.

**Rutledge & Crosson.**  
Acton, Feb. 9th, 1886.

**DON'T READ THIS.**

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish  
on the shortest notice, in any quantity  
and at bottom prices, first-class

**Lumber, Lath, Staves, Head-  
ing, Shingles, Wash Tubs,  
Churns, Butter Tubs,  
Pork Barrels, Wood.**

Also, FLOUR AND FEED,  
and anything in the line of farmers', house-  
keepers' or contractors' necessities.

**THOS. C. MOORE.**

**The Acton Free Press.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1886.

**POETRY.**

**OUR WANDERERS.**

Come home and see your mother, boy,  
Her sun is shining low,  
Her rays are reaching out before  
To meet the heavenly glow.

Her soft brown hair is white—so white,  
Her eyes look far away,  
And slow the step, and low the voice  
That taught you how to pray.

Do you remember years ago,  
When ends would scarcely meet,  
The hours she stole from needful rest,  
To keep your garments neat?

Just think of all her anxious care  
To make your life's road smooth,  
The only friend who loved you through  
The follies of your youth.

No wonder that her hands are tired,  
That voice and limbs are weak,  
No wonder that the roses left  
Her round and dimpled cheek.

Such careless, unwarded toil  
Too soon the wrinkles brought;  
O boys! it makes me sick to think  
How hard our mothers wrought.

Don't count your bank-book up, my boy,  
And wonder "how it pay,"  
Could money buy her smiling joy,  
When once she's gone away?

Don't think your prized possessions came  
Because you pinched and saved,  
It may be "twas her blessing brought  
The dollars you have saved."

—Mrs. George Arkley.

**OUR STORY.**

**In a Trap—A True Story.**

**JAMES E. HERTFORD, WIS.**

Brave and courageous deeds are being  
done about as daily, which the world  
scarcely hear of. One of these deeds  
has lately come under my observation,  
and I am going to tell the boys who like to hear  
true stories, what another boy has done.

On a small "homestead" farm, in one  
of our Western States, lives "Uncle Joe"  
Sampson. It is about five miles away  
from a village, and is a rather lonely place  
in the woods, with no neighbors nearer  
than two miles. Last fall a nephew of  
Uncle Joe's came from the city to visit  
him. Willie Dane was about fourteen, a  
quick-witted, courageous fellow, who had  
never been "in the woods" until that season.  
He brought a gun with him, and  
Uncle Joe, who is a great hunter and trap-  
per, took great pleasure in showing his  
nephew how to hunt deer and such other  
game as abounds in the locality in which  
he lives. When the corn began to mature,  
Uncle Joe discovered "signs" of bear.

"I'll have to get the old trap out and  
clean it up," he said to Willie. "When  
the corn gets ripe I think we shall be able  
to catch a bear or two. They'll come into  
the cornfield for something to eat, for the  
beechnuts and acorns will be gone by that  
time, because there isn't many this year."

So the old trap was brought down from  
the shed, and Uncle Joe oiled its stout  
spring and made such repairs on it as were  
necessary, and pronounced himself ready  
for brain whenever he was driven by hun-  
ger to the trap.

"I think it must be a pretty hard job to  
set the trap," said Willie, as he looked it  
over. "I don't see how you go to work to  
crowd the spring down."

"I'll show you about that some day,"  
answered Uncle Joe. "It's easy enough  
when you know how."

Uncle Joe owed about fifty dollars on  
a span of horses he had bought in the  
spring. He had been cutting wood at  
odd spells during the summer, which was  
to be sold to the mill running through  
the village. He could earn enough in this  
way to finish paying for his horses.

One day he was notified by the agent of  
the railroad company to haul the wood to  
town. When it was there he could have  
the money for it. Accordingly he set to  
work at once, and at the end of the week  
the wood was all piled up at the depot, and  
he came back from town with enough  
money in his pocket to make the last pay-  
ment on his team.

"I don't care to carry it about with me,"  
he said to his wife that evening. "I'll put  
it in this box. It'll be safe enough here, I  
guess, till I get a chance to send it to  
Brown." So Uncle Joe put the money in  
a box that stood on a little shelf in one  
corner of the living room, and supposed  
that no one but himself, his wife and  
Willie, knew anything about it. But, as  
he found out afterward, a tramp saw him  
put the money away. Tramps were num-  
erous in that part of the country and were  
often discovered prowling about the house  
after dark, but he never once thought of  
such a thing as being seen by one when he  
put the money in the box. The next after-  
noon Uncle Joe came in from the cornfield  
and said that a bear had been at work in  
the corn.

"We'll set the trap to-night," he said.  
"I'll show you how it's done now, if you'll  
and bring it in." Willie went to the  
shed, took the trap down from the nail upon  
which Uncle Joe had hung it after oiling  
it, and brought it into the kitchen.

"Bring one of the hand-spikes that's out  
by the wood-pile," said Uncle Joe, and  
Willie did so. Then he ucle put one end  
of the lever in a crack between the logs  
of which the house was built, close to the  
floor, and placed the stiff spring under it.  
By bearing down on the lever the spring  
was shut together, allowing the jaws of the  
trap to fall open. It was then an easy  
matter to fasten them open by turning a  
piece of iron over one of them and fitting

the end of it in a notch at the side of the  
"pan." If anything touched the iron  
the pressure on it released the iron from  
the notch, and the great spring would fly  
up and fling the jaws together like a flash,  
and whatever happened to be between them  
when they closed, was sure to stay there  
until some one saw fit to liberate it.

"I see how it is now," said Willie. "I  
wouldn't like to get my foot in there," he  
added, looking at the jaws of the trap,  
which had sharp teeth something like those  
of a saw, along each inner edge. Just then  
a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs.  
Sampson admitted a boy who was greatly  
excited. He had come for help. Their  
nearest neighbor had been severely injured  
by a falling tree. His wife was afraid he  
would die, and she wanted Uncle Joe and  
his wife to come at once. It was beginning  
to grow "darky" when they went.

"I don't know when we'll be back," said  
Uncle Joe. "Not till late in any way, and  
probably not to-night. But you aren't  
afraid to stay alone, I suppose?"

"Of course not," answered Willie, and  
so he was left to take care of the house,  
while they went to help their neighbor in  
his need. He attended to the chores about  
the house and barn. When this was done  
it was quite dark. Then he ate his supper  
in the kitchen, and after that he took down  
his gun, which he had been using that day,  
and cleaned it carefully, thus using up an  
hour of the rather lonesome evening. He  
had just put the gun away when he heard  
the sound of steps on the path leading from  
the road. "Uncle Joe must be coming  
back," he thought. But he was mistaken  
here. The door opened, and a rather sus-  
picious looking stranger came in.

"How'd you do?" was his greet salutation.  
"Keepin' house alone, ain't ye?"

"Yes, for a little while," answered Willie.  
"I see the old man an' woman when  
they went away," said the visitor. "So I  
thought I'd call 'round an' take a look into  
this 'ere box." When he said this he  
went to the shelf in the corner, took down  
the box in which Uncle Joe had put his  
fifty dollars, and drew out the money  
and put it into his pocket.

"Put that back!" cried Willie, in alarm.  
"It don't belong to you. That's what  
Uncle Joe is going to finish paying for his  
horses with."

"Do you 'pose he will?" said the tramp  
with a coarse laugh. "I don't."  
"But you don't mean to—take it?"  
Willie hardly dared to use the word that  
was the proper one, under the circum-  
stances.

"I don't mean nothin' else," was the  
reply. "I see the money put into the box,  
an' I've been watchin' my chance to get  
at it ever since. D'y'e 'pose I'd let such  
a chance slip to make a good hat? You  
must be green, if you do. But say, hain't  
you got nothin' to eat about the ranche?  
If I have, dist up suthin', an' I'll be  
lively about it."

"I'll see what I can find," said Willie,  
and went into the kitchen.

You may be sure the poor lad was in  
great trouble. Must he allow this man to  
take his uncle's hard-earned money? But  
how was he to prevent it? He happened to  
look at the trap, which remained on the  
floor where they had left it when the boy  
came after his uncle and aunt. A plan  
flashed into his mind. If he could catch  
the tramp in it! To think was to act. He  
had closed the door after him when he left  
the front room. The man on the other  
side of it could not see what he was doing.  
He placed the lever over the spring, as his  
uncle had done, pressed down on it with  
all his strength, and succeeded in fastening  
the jaws open. Then he placed the trap  
in front of the door opening into the kit-  
chen.

The next thing he did was to take such  
articles of food as he found in the cupboard  
and put them on the table. When he had  
done this he placed the candle where his  
light would be thrown away from the door  
and the trap in front of it. A lasty in-  
spection of his arrangement convinced him  
that the tramp, in coming into the kitchen,  
would not be able to see the trap that had  
been set for him. The kitchen door was  
some inches lower than the threshold, and  
the man would be obliged to step down;  
therefore there was no danger of him dis-  
covering the trap by hitting his foot against  
it as he might have done had it been on a  
level with the threshold.

"If I fall to catch him, and he discovers  
what I have intended, there's no knowin'  
what he'll do," thought Willie. "I must  
calculate for a possible failure. I'll get  
outside the kitchen-door before I call him.  
If he doesn't get into the trap I must run  
for it. In the darkness I can manage to  
keep out of his way."

He opened the kitchen-door, took up his  
position just outside it, and called out to  
the man that his supper was ready for  
him.

The door between the two rooms opened,  
the man saw the table with the food upon  
it, and then he stepped into the kitchen—  
and into the trap! The jaws of which closed  
on his foot with a vicious snap, as if they  
were glad to get hold of such game. The  
caths and curses which broke from the  
man's lips when he realized that he was  
caught were fearful to hear, and yet they  
had a pleasant sound to Willie, for he had  
been doubtful, and that he knew he could  
not escape. Willie's first act was to run  
around to the front door, through which  
he entered the living room and secured his  
gun. With this in his possession he felt  
himself master of the situation. The tramp  
was playing on the door with the trap fast  
to his foot. But the weight of it was so great  
that he could not make much headway,  
and the frightful grip of its jaws gave him  
so much pain that he sank down on the  
threshold just as Willie came back with his  
gun.

"Don't try to get away!" cried the brave  
lad. "You can't, if you try any so hard.  
I've got a gun, you see, and I'll use it if

you compel me to." He meant what he  
said and the tramp knew it.

"If you'll take this thing off I'll give you  
back the money," he said.

"I'm not quite green enough to do that,"  
was the boy's answer.

"Then the money'll never do you or no-  
body else any good," cried the tramp, and  
taking it from his pocket he began to drag  
himself toward the candle, with the inten-  
tion of burning it.

"Hold on there!" cried Willie. "Don't  
do that! If you do—" and he raised his  
gun threateningly, while his eyes flashed  
fire—"if you do I'll shoot you."

The tramp changed his mind at once.  
He saw that the boy was in earnest, and  
he was too sensible to do anything, under  
the circumstances, which would lead him  
to put his throat into execution.

"Throw me the money," ordered Willie.  
The tramp hesitated. The boy raised his  
gun.

"Take it, then," said the prisoner, with  
a great volley of oaths, and a moment later  
Willie had the satisfaction of putting the  
precious fifty dollars in his pocket.

"How long are you goin' to keep me  
here?" asked the man, sullenly.

"Till Uncle Joe comes back," answered  
Willie, promptly. Just as he said that he  
heard the gate open and someone came up  
the path.

"I wonder if it's another tramp?"  
thought Willie, in alarm. It was Uncle  
Joe.

"What's up?" he cried, as he discovered  
the lad on guard at the door.

"I set the trap and had the good luck to  
catch something in it," said Willie, draw-  
ing out the money. "Queer kind of game,  
ain't it, Uncle Joe?"

"Well, I should say so!" said Uncle Joe,  
in great astonishment, as he looked into  
the kitchen and saw Willie's game.

"I was bound to save your money," said  
the boy. "Here it is. I wouldn't leave  
it in the box after this if I were you."

Uncle Joe took the advice, and the next  
day, when he carried the tramp to town  
and turned him over to the authorities,  
he sent the fifty dollars to the man he was  
owing, thankful that he had it to send.

"I wouldn't have had it if it hadn't been  
for your luck," he said to his nephew.

"I tell you what it is, Willie, you did some-  
thing good many men wouldn't have  
dared do."

And Uncle Joe was right.