

Elizabeth

The Stouffville Free Press.

AND ONTARIO COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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STOUFFVILLE, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1906.

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FOR THOSE WHO DON'T LAUGH

Could Afford It.—First Physician—Is this a case that demands consultation? Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.

A Question.—The Bride—Did you marry me for my money? The Bridegroom (frankly)—Yes. The Bride (anxiously)—Did you get any?

Dilly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma, Willy is an infidel. Mamma—An infidel? Dilly Yes; he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.

After Dinner, I say, Smith, where is your wife? I don't choose to tell you, sir. You are in no condition to speak to a lady. Oh! That's halright. I only wanted to avoid her.

She—Yes, I'll give you your breakfast if you'll chop down that tree for me. Meandering Mike—Madam, I don't want to get out o' my class. I'm no Gladstone. Neither am I a George Washington.

Miss Watson—Didn't Mr. Stark say to you as I entered the drawing-room last night, Clara, 'Is that beautiful Miss Watson?' Clara—Yes dear, with accent on 'that.'

Tattered Timothy—I've been trampin' four years, ma'am; and its all 'cause the doctor recommended walking as der best exercise for me.

Mrs. Prim—Well, the doctor was right. Walk along.

An unlucky number—Bacon-Slaspoley has come to the conclusion that 13 is an unlucky number. Egbert—Why is that? Bacon—Oh, his wife was the thirteenth woman he was engaged to.

Mrs. Portly Pompous—What does that young man do all the evenings he spends with you in the kitchen? Bridget—Sure, mum, and he calls on you before you were married?

Mr. Sububs (who has ordered drawings for a new cottage)—Ah, what is that room adjoining the parlor? Architect—That's for your bicycles. Mr. Sububs—And that room adjoining the kitchen? Architect—That's for the cook's bicycle.

The Professor—You are now gazing, sorr, on that wonderful planet Saturn. The Seeker After Science—And what is that smooth, broad belt running all around it? The Professor (rising to the occasion)—Hem—That, sorr, is the track of the Saturn Bicycle Club.

From the Mountains: I shall have to learn how to play the flute," said Maud, as she watched the flutist in the hotel orchestra. "See how gracefully he holds it. If I could hold an ear of corn as gracefully as he holds that flute, I should not be afraid to eat of the cob."

Mamma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears and laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother. Silence of two minutes, and more tears. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"

And so she married a man named Smith. That shows she was pretty hard up. On the contrary, she said she had her choice of names.

Had her choice of names, and chose Smith? "That's what she said." "Oh, well, I suppose she means her choice of his and hers, and she naturally chose his."

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the Magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it" was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the Magistrate, sternly—"stand down." The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned, he laughed derisively. The Magistrate indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did you see me laugh? You, honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you."

That evidence is not satisfactory," said pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the Magistrate.

SIX MEN KICK AND PUMMEL ANOTHER MAN TO DEATH.

INCIDENT IN MARKHAM TOWNSHIP WHICH SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED.

Though Markham is one of the most beautiful and one of the most prosperous townships in the County of York, with a population made up of sober, industrious farmers, it has been the scene of wanton cruelty and murderous violence. Though news of the tragedy enacted on the seventh concession of Markham has long been hushed up and concealed, the majority of the people here and in the adjoining townships are tolerably well informed as to the affair, and those who were directly concerned in it are becoming alarmed, and are making strenuous efforts to keep everything quiet. They look with suspicion on every visitor to their homes, and, indeed, everyone interrogating them on the most trivial matter.

THREATS OF A TRAMP.

On the night of Sept. 17th, about 7 o'clock in the evening a man stopped at John Goulding's lane, knocked at the door and asked if he could have shelter for the night, and if there was a chance of obtaining employment. The stranger said he had just left a place and was looking for another. Mr. Goulding who was at tea with his family, sneered at the man, and making some remark about tramps in general, said that he wouldn't work if he could get a job. The stranger was incensed at this and told the farmer not to say that again. Mr. Goulding promptly did so, and the man advanced angrily towards him. Thereupon Jack Goulding, with the aid of his hired man, Lambert, put this quarrelsome individual out of the house. As he was ejected, he made some threat about burning Goulding's barn. Some neighbors asserted that the tramp or ex-hired man, whose name cannot be ascertained at present, went to the barn; others declare that he shook the dust of the place off his feet and went out on the road again.

SIX MEN TO ONE.

About half a mile north of Goulding's house a large log lies in the ditch. Perhaps thinking of the hardships of a stranger in a strange place, the homeless man sat on the log, and was roused from his reverie by hearing a noise in the direction of Goulding's house. Six men were approaching.

After the tramp had been put out of doors, Mr. Goulding and Lambert thought they should take steps to chastise this fellow, who had threatened to burn the barn. So they summoned to their aid these four men, George English, George McCarthy, George Laughton and Irwin Bell. Followed by this quartette, the two leaders went in pursuit of the defenceless wanderer. They saw him seated on the log, and made up to him. As soon as he saw them, and guessing their intentions, the tramp turned round the corner to the eight concession. His pursuers followed and soon overtook him; for the man was between forty and fifty and they were young men.

NO MERCY SHOWN HIM.

And now the tragedy began. One after the other the farmers kicked and pummelled the man until he screamed with agony. He screamed for mercy but no mercy was shown him. He begged his assailants to spare his life, but they answered him with scorn, and declared they would hang him. Indeed it looked as though they would for they had brought a rope along with them, and throwing it over the neck of their whining and despairing victim, they dragged him along the road, showering their kicks upon his bruised body.

A DOG TO THE RESCUE.

By this time they had proceeded along the road as far as the lot of James Knox, a shoemaker, half a mile from the cross roads. Knox, hearing the shrieks of the man, came out of his little house to the side of the road. When he appeared on the scene, Goulding and his friends were preparing whether in mock or earnest, to hang the tramp to a balm-of-gilead tree, whose limb overhung the picket fence near Knox's barn.

Knox is the fortunate possessor of a bull-dog, and indignant and exasperated at such conduct, and vowing that

he would not see a fellow man murdered by a lot of rowdies" he set loose his dog. The furious animal rushed out and into the midst of the shouting farmers. One man lost the sleeve of his coat; several were bitten. The loss of the sleeve afterwards identified one of the actors of this scene.

Having been disturbed in this untoward manner, and perceiving that Mr. Knox and his dog were prepared to stand by suffering humanity, the men were nonplussed. Two members stopped at the gate and boasted to Mr. Knox of their cruelty. The others still kept on with their amusement.

HIS DEATH REPORTED.

It is alleged by some that stones were also thrown at the victim, and that he was terribly bruised. Then the chase was discontinued.

About 10 o'clock the unfortunate stranger dragged himself to an empty blacksmith shop and there passed a night of pain and wretchedness.

On the following day he was attended by two doctors, one from Stouffville and the other from Markham.

Since then it is currently reported that the victim died of his injuries, but as to where he was buried is still a mystery with the people in this district. No steps have been taken by the local constables to ascertain what became of the man or to punish his assailants. —Toronto Star.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The Ontario County C. E. Convention held Sept. 23rd and 24th at Beaverton was one of the most successful in the history of the union. Hitherto the convention has been held in February, but it was thought that September would be better and so it seems to have proved. In spite of the fact that Beaverton is almost at the extreme end of the county, the attendance was quite satisfactory. The speakers, too, were nearly all present, and the programme which was a full one was given almost in its entirety.

An executive chosen from an around Uxbridge where the convention is to be held next year, together with the following officers will have the C. E. affairs in the county for the coming year.

President—Rev. John H. Mallet, Seaug.

1st. Vice Pres.—Dr. McKenzie, Cannington.

2nd Vice Pres.—Mr. Dehart, Brooklin.

3rd Vice Pres.—Miss Pearl McGill, Oshawa.

4th Vice Pres.—Miss Ross Beaverton.

Sec. Treas.—Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Wilfrid.

Junior C. E. Supt.—Miss Lambly, Brooklin.

County C. E. Editor.—Rev. W. Percy Fletcher, B. A., Oshawa.

VIVIAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Vivian and its vicinity seems to be blessed with fortunes as Mrs. Chas. Scott and John Bangy are among the lucky ones. Mr. Bangy has left for England to obtain his little sum of \$40,000 and Mrs. Scott's millions are expected any time.

Mr. Buck of this place had the misfortune to lose one of his most valuable horses last week.

Vivian sports two public houses and from appearances both are doing a good business.

Miss Lena Henderson spent Sunday with Miss Sarah Cook.

Vivian seems to be progressing in civilization as it has now both a Sunday School and church.

Mr. W. A. McCormack has finished filling his silos, which contain about 400 tons.

Mr. Ballard and Miss Trixey Brown of Pine Orchard were in this vicinity last Friday selling tickets for a branch library to be opened at Pine Orchard.

A couple of our worthies, took in the wonderful sights at Niagara during Exhibition. Their benevolent contributions on their return conveyed the idea that they had enjoyed themselves.