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The Witch Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ, Author of "In Leve and Truth" Copyright, 1905, by Anita Clay Munoz

lishman, but dressed in the extravagant fashion of the French nobleman of that period, looked about him discontentedly.

"By St. Peter of the Fetters," he exclaimed impatiently, "a more toilsome journey, worse roads or harder riding it hath never been my fate to experience! Gaston," turning to the man who rode after him, "what said that sour visaged callant we encountered just below about the road to Cragenstone?"

"Hang me for a witch if I could understand a word of his mumbling," the man replied. "Such suspicious looks he cast at us, as though we were highwaymen who would take his purse or | try!" run him through, roused my ire, Sir Godfrey. Certes, but I was tempted to slap his sour face!"

"Peace, Gaston!" Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, who had been looking intently at something in the distance, threw up his head with an air of pleasure. "Surely that rough structure of logs above our heads on the rocks is a dwelling house. Methinks I see signs of human habitation."

Spurring his horse into a gallop, he rode rapidly up the steep incline, halting abruptly when he reached the top to gaze about him.

"Quickly, Gaston!" he called cheerfully to his servant, who was following at a slower rate of speed. "At last we've reached a stretch of open country; also the two roads"-pointing ahead with his whip-"that yonder churlish fellow we encountered just below did mention. As we could not get his meaning, Gaston, perchance 'twould be better to make inquiries before we venture further, for, by heaven, I can think of no worse calamity than to go wrong on the rocky roads of this mountain wilderness. Follow slowly, Gaston, while I ride thither to ask our way of the people at the house."

The interse silence surrounding the lonely, desolate looking cabin was broken by the noisy clattering of a horse's hoofs as La Fabienne rode up to the door and knocked upon it loudly with the handle of his whip. For a moment there was no response; then a light footfall was heard, and a voice asked timidly, "Who knocks?"

"A traveler that would but ask his way to the village of Cragenstone," La Fabienne called in reply. "Open without fear."

At his bidding the door was pushed out an inch or two, and a girl not more than ten years of age peered through the opening. At the unexpected sight of the nobleman in his rich and handsome dress astride the gayly caparisoned horse before her door the mountain bred child was startled out of all composure. Gasping for breath, her mouth fell open and her eyes fairly protruded with awe and astonish-

"A greeting, good maid," La Fabienne said, lifting his plumed hat and bowing. "Canst tell me on which of these two roads the village of Cragenstone doth lay?"

"Thou-thou canst go right on," the girl stammered in great confusion. "The-the other road leads to Stern-

He thanked her with great civility

and, beckoning to his attendant to follow, La Fabienne rode on rapidly. "'Tis passing strange," he reflected, "how the impression was fixed in my mind that Cragenstone lay on the other road. Damme, 'twere well I asked the maid or 'twould have been tomorrow pert toss of her head. ere I would see Margaret. As 'tis, I shall see her soon, mayhap before darkness falls, and, by my troth, one glance

from her bright eyes will cause me to forget the perils and fatigues of this journey." With a sudden bright smile of hap-



"A greeting, good maid."

lower riding slowly, the rein loose in his hand and his head falling forward on his breast in a most dejected manner. La Fabienne laughed lightly.

"Parbleu, Gaston; take courage!" he cried in gay tones. "Surely after this good news of Cragenstone so close at hand our hearts are light and we can ride perforce with better speed."

"Aye," the man grumbled under his breath, "'tis easy to have a light heart when thou dost carry a full purse, also the knowledge that at the end of this tedious mountain climbing thou hast for a reward the embraces of thy mistress, but with a man's throat athirst, having had naught but unwholesome

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water since breakfast, and a stomach groaning for bread and meat 'tis not so

Just then some raindrops falling were swept into his face by the wind that had risen with sudden fury.

ed in great vexation. "Methought | white wrists. those low black clouds had a look of evil portent. By the memory of my mother I do swear it," he continued angrily, "that not for sums of gold, not in obedience to the commands of twenty La Fabiennes, would I leave Paris again to journey forth to any mountain village in this accurst coun-

Finding that his master was gaining on him, Gaston gave his horse the spurs and so suddenly that the startled animal fairly leaped into the air. then, running wildly, disappeared with its rider over the top of a sharp de-

At about this hour in Cragenstone, when the heavy mist lay thick and white over the meadows, and the houses and trees were but indistinctly defined in the cloudy atmosphere, young Simon Kempster, his round face beaming with an expectant look of happiness, came across a meadow near the Taunston farmhouse. Suddenly the sweet gayly fell on his ears. Raising his head, he listened, then with a quick motion vaulted lightly over the stile and almost over Mistress Hetty Taunston, who at that instant passed in his direction from behind a clump of trees with a pail of fresh milk in each hand.

"Thou stupid Simon!" she cried out, greatly vexed. "With thy awkward, lumbering ways thou'rt enough to frighten one into a fit! See, now, all the good milk spilled upon the ground, and three cows gone dry since yestermorn! An' look, my clean frock is all bespattered! Ah, lackaday, 'tis well for me my mother is from home, since I would never hear the end o' her displeasure!"

Kempster, greatly abashed, turned from white to red and back to white again, shifting on his feet uneasily.

"Forgive me, gentle mistress," he said contritely. "Thou didst come so lightly, like a little gray shadow of the mist, that I was upon thee ere I saw

"Today 'a gray shadow' and t'other eve 'as sweet and wholesome as a fresh new cheese," she replied petu lantly. "I like not thy comparisons, Simon Kempster."

In silence he picked up the half emptied pails that she had set upon the ground, and they started down the long lane that led to the Taunston farm-

house together. "Whatever I say or do, I ne'er can please thee, Hetty," he observed reproachfully as they walked along. "'Tis one day that my ways are clumsy and t'other that my words are coarse. What can I do or say that would win thine approval? For my happiness doth depend on thy smiles

and favor, Hetty." "Thou'rt happy only when thou'rt on thy farm among thy cows and chickens," the maid retorted, although the red in her cheeks had deepened at his earnest words. "Forsooth, thou canst see beauty in naught else but thy butter, thy cheeses or the last new calf or lamb that doth bleat about thy dooryard. What room hath thou in thy mind for thoughts o' pleasing a silly maid?" she concluded, with a

"I have room in my mind and in my heart for thee, sweet Hetty," he replied soberly, "and I would be happier

could I please thee better." They were startled by the patter of great drops of rain, and the wind, rising with a loud howl, caught up Hetty's light skirts and tossed her soft hair roughly over her face. Without stopping for more reproaches or explanations, they made what haste they could toward the house, reaching the long shed that projected from over the door of the dairy just in time to escape a drenching. At that moment Josiah Taunston, astride his horse and enveloped in a black storm cape, coming around the corner from the barn,

caught sight of them. "Good even, Simon Kempster." He spoke without smiling, in the stern manner habitual to him. "Hetty, I go now to fetch our mother, who sent me word by Brother Sparrow that the Lord in his wisdom had seen fit to take good Mistress Haggott, whom our mother hath been nursing for the last his arm. few days, and she would fain return before the heavy storm sets in that

threatens." "Hadst not better eat before thou

goest, Josiah?" "Nay, I'll not wait," he replied. "The storm is upon us now. Happen I'll take a snatch at Haggott's. We will ride in late. Keep a good watch on the house, Hetty."

Urging forward his horse, he rode rapidly away, and as the last sounds of hoofs pounding the ground passed beyond their hearing Simon turned to Hetty with a persuasive smile on his

fair countenance. "As night doth appreach an' the storm will be a rough one, with noisome high winds," he said, "methinks 'twould be right fearsome for thee to

Hetty appeared to deliberate the

question carefully. "Happen thou had better stay awhile," she said, with affected indifference, "but I warn thee if thou doth prate of nothing but thy farmyard wonders, thy churnings and thy chickens I shall send thee on thy way most

speedily." Then as she saw his happy face lengthen with soberness and a look of distress come into his eyes that told her that he could not understand what he lacked in his efforts to please her she added more kindly, "But, prithee, enter Simon, an' in passing do me the tavor to bring in the milk."

he lifted the pails with alacrity, and Hetty, taking them from him, proceeded to pour the frothy liquid into the pans that lay in rows on the well scrubbed table, her campanion standing silently at her side admiring wist-"Rain, more discomfort!" he exclaim- fully the graceful turn of the small

> Having finished her task, the young woman lifted her eyes to Kempster's face, with roguish raillery in their bright glance.

"There," she exclaimed, "in my desire to fill the pans quickly I did forget to thank thee for carrying the milk. Forsooth, good Simon, lay such bad manners to thoughtlessness rather than an intent on my part to slight thee."

"Hetty"-he stepped closer and caught her hand in his-"at times when thy words sound trifling and thy manner seemeth hard and cold is't because thou dost not heed, that thou'rt only a bit thoughtless, or dost thou really feel the aversion ofttimes thy words and manner do express?"

She let her roguish glance turn into a kindly one and allowed her hand to remain in his as she answered softly: "Some apples, Simon, that are tart to the taste are sound at the core. Thou farmer, must I teach thee that? And notes of a woman's voice caroling for my words and ways, they are part of me that, added all together, make

She turned away her head, sighing gently, and Simon imagined that she pressed his hand. "Who doth like me," she continued pensively, "perforce must like them also, for so long ha' we been one naught now could separate us."

Simon, putting his disengaged hand under her chin, lifted her face to his. "God knows I like thee, Hetty," he said soberly, "an' thy words, hard or tender, so glad I am to hear them, fall on my heart gently, like the rain on the newly sown seed."

Matters having grown too serious for the trifling little maid, she drew away hastily, exclaiming, with a light laugh: "Thy farmyard comparisons again, Simon! Now, forsooth, my words are like rain falling on thy crops!"

It was several hours later when Mistress Taunston on horseback, seated on a pillion behind her son, rode into the farmyard. The storm had continued to grow heavier, and the rain was now falling in torrents. Despite the heavy cloaks they wore, the riders were drenched to the skin as a man, one of the farm hands, rubbing his eyes as if just roused from sleeping, opened the barn door for them to enter.

"Light the candle, Jacob, and I will hold it while thy master doth put up his horse," Mrs. Taunston ordered from her high position. "There, that is well.

Now help me to alight." When on the ground she lifted the light and, following Josiah, who was leading the horse to its stall, paused a

moment to dismiss the man. "Thou canst go now, Jacob, to thy

bed. I would have a word in private with thy master." a measure of oats to regard his mother with surprise, thinking something of

unusual importance must have happened that she made so much ado about it. In her storm beaten, mud besmirched garments, holding the flaming can-

dle above her head, she approached nearer, saying, "As brother Camett rode with us, Josiah, I had no chance to speak with thee." He nodded a rough assent, and she,

lowering her voice to a whisper, said, "My son, we spoke the other night of certain rumors current that thy cousin Margaret had left a lover in France that wast coming here anon to claim her hand in marriage."

Josiah's heart grew cold within him. "I heard the idle gossip," he replied hoarsely, "but gave the rumor no credeuce, as my cousin in our frequent meetings hath made no mention of such a man. Why detain me here at this late hour, when I am already chilled to the marrow, to fash me with such unpleasant gossip? Margaret is so young, her aunt so strict, I much misdoubt me that she e'er hath had much converse with men, much less already a lover plighted and betrothed. Let's to the house. 'Tis a fitter place for converse, if thou hast aught to say, than this foul horse stall, with the wind blowing the flame of thy candle into a blaze."

He moved impatiently toward the doorway, but his mother sprang before him, laying a strong detaining hand on

"Hist! Hetty waits within and must not hear," she said in an impressive voice. "Josiah, methinks I saw your cousin Margaret's lover ride by good Brother Haggott's door late this after-

"Ha!" Josiah exclaimed sharply. "Why dost thou think so? What manner of man didst see?"

The two tall figures standing close together in the dark barn under a hanging loft of hay, with the spluttering candle throwing out faint, uncertain streaks of light, presented a weird picture. Suddenly the horse whinnied. Both started.

"Three hours after noon I closed Mary Haggott's eyes in death." She commenced her narrative slowly as one

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myself about the chamber of the dead, I heard sounds of horses' feet and the voices of men. Looking through the lattice, I espled a cavaller richly dressed and mounted, followed by a servhobgoblins?"

ant. They had reached the fork in the roadway just below Haggott's and, having pulled rein, there waited, undecided which road to pursue. With great interest I was still gazing from behind my place of concealment with wonder at the unusual appearance in these parts of a traveler so fashionably attired when with quick decision | his hirelings, having sold their souls to the knight rode up to the door and knocked upon it loudly. Little Abigail and disturb poor mortals." Haggott, who waited below, answered

the summons. "Which road to Cragenstone?" he

"A feeling like the sharp prod of a knife went to my heart. I knew at once that such a man as that-evidently a French nobleman or courtiersought not the village of Cragenstone unless he were in quest of thy cousin Margaret. Not one of the plain people that bide about here, forsooth, was the magnet that was drawing that man 30 toilsomely up our rough hills. So listened to their further converse with bated breath. Abigail, almost stunned with the shock and fear of her mother's death and surprised at the sudden appearance of such a man at the door, in her confusion and nervous fear in-

structed him to keep right on." "Which road?" almost shricked

"The rocky, hilly, torturous ascent, with deep ravines, abounding in turbulent streams and containing precipices sharp and sudden, wherewith to menace and endanger lives of unwary that doth lead to Sterndorf," she annot conceal the note of triumph in her

"At first when I did hear the timid Abigail give the wrong direction and I saw the men ride gayly forward methought to call them back, for may-

"An thou hadst," Josiah interrupted ment, "I had ne'er forgiven thee! 'Twas a good hour when the maid met ly gallant!"

in thought; then he added: "In truth 'tis a lonely road, and I much doubt that they will meet a traveler to give Cragenstone they will make desperate to Satan that she became a witch?" efforts to ford it, and, once over, delayed in Sterndorf by this storm, that sigh, "'twas never known, but on her will raise the water to twice its height," he cried triumphantly, "no human being can return across that stream in less than seven days. Pray for a continual, steady downpour of this rain, good mother, and heaven give me skill to make the most of my time! Once her faithful promise given, Margaret is mine! And every ambitious wooer that cometh here after that may ride away down the mountain to seek a mate in other quarters!"

He appeared greatly elated. "But yestermorn, mother, I was with my cousin for two hours, and methought her manner was less high and cold and that she did not regard me with disfavor."

"Josiah," his mother admonished him with more than usual seriousness, "have recourse to thy Bible and forget not thy prayers, for methinks the divine hand of the Lord is in this and Taunston paused in the act of lifting | doth direct our guidance. Hast thought of the awful pest of measles in Sterndorf that good Brother Sparrow brought us news of last Saturday e'en? Scarce man or child in the village but is stricken. He said it was a fell disorder that attacked one suddenly with high fever and frightful pains in back and head, stating further that some were blinded for several days!"

"Said he so?" The red light from the dripping candle illumined Josiah's face, showing

the exultant expression in his eyes. "And well good Brother Sparrow knows, for his daughter dwelleth there. Mother, thou hast brought better tidings than I at first anticipated. And now"-with lowered voice-"no word of this to any other soul."

A sudden blast of wind, a sound of rain so heavy that it seemed as if a cloud had burst, and the flickering flame of the candle was blown out, leaving them in darkness. With an impatient exclamation Josiah drew forth his tinder box, and, after striking the flint and steel together savagely several times without being able to get a spark, he threw them into the corner angrily, and, taking his mother's arm, they groped their way out of the barn, splashing across the muddy roadway to the door, which was opened by the waiting Hetty, who, vexed with their long delay, greeted them grumblingly and with many complaints.

CHAPTER V. IX days of constant rain, my

Hetty! Margaret Mayland, half sitting, hair recining on a louige in her bedroom, glanced at her cousin, who sat in a low chair opposite, with a petulant expression on her face.

"Such storms," she continued complainingly, "such deluges of water thought to witness in this life! 'Twere pityingly. well thou wert with me, cousin, or should have died twenty times over of did so in the presence of a crowd of rehomesickness and megrims."

Hetty sighed sympathetically. dered and drew her soft gray shawl all about her. Mayhap an her evil incloser about her shoulders.

"The wind screamed about the house ing such eerie noises that I covered up into animals, called up the resting

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why knew that what she had to say | my head with fright; "I was a fearwould command attention. "And not some night, Margaret, and methought an hour later, when I was still busying | the elements at war affected thee, for

thou wert restless in thy dreams." With an air of mystery about her, Hetty reached over and touched her cousin's arm, saying in a lower voice, "Didst think of witches, cousin, an'

"Nay, not of witches," Margaret replied, with a light laugh, "but of a truth the thought occurred to me more than once that 'twas the devil's night and he was holding, forsooth, high revelry with his imps and demons. But if what folks say is true—that witches are him-I doubt not that many of them also were abroad to rouse the elements

"Margaret, hist!" Hetty's face grew white, and her eyes opened in fright and horror. "Speak not so frivolously of the uncanny, wicked spirits that dwell in the air or they will do thee evil. Didst never hear of the fate of Sarah Goodwin, a woman in Sterndori who denied the malevolent spirits who ever hover near us and laughed at witchcraft?"

"Nay, good Hetty," Margaret smiled indulgently, "I have ne'er heard of her, An' so, besides frightful storms, long faces, lonely hours and almost impassable roadways, this country is beset with spooks and witches? Tell me of Mistress Goodwin, good cousin,"

Throwing berself at full length on the couch, Margaret prepared to listen. Hetty drew nearer, her face still pale and casting timid, furtive glances all about her.

"Lower thy voice, Margaret, or ill may happen us. I see soft mockery in thine eyes, but 'tis e'en so. Why, one warm day last summer," she continued earnestly in her desire to convince strangers-that road he took-the one her cousin, "two journeymen were mending the spire of our meeting house, nounced, with a grim calmness that did and as they worked they discussed the bad effects of evil spirits and said that all witches should be burned, thereby

destroying the wicked devils in them." Hetty's voice trembled. "Just then a burst of thunder rent the air, great black clouds gathered in the heavens, but no rain fell. Lightning such as never was seen before flashed across harshly, his face blanched with excite- the sky, striking one of these men to the earth, who in falling brought the other one down with him. The former him at the door and missent the world- ne'er spoke again, although he lived, and t'other's arms were powerless to For a moment he stood there deep | do a stroke of work again."

The blue eyes of Mistress Mayland reflected the seriousness of her cousin's. "Hetty, thy tale is a tragic one, an' them other instruction. The Skollvent I wot the poor men but ill deserved stream is greatly swollen. In their their fate," she said. "But of this womeagerness to reach what they think is an, Sarah Goodwin? Sold she her soul

"Ah, lackaday," with a deep drawn



"This country is beset with spooks and

body she bore the witch mark," Hetty whispered. "An' so, as the evil spirits controlled her, she became bedridden, and naught of medicine or physicians' care could cure her. All who came in contact with her suffered, although for years no one suspected her. First her daughter died in childbirth, leaving a vacant minded son to roam the village, neglected and uncared for. Then a fearful drought set in, drying up the land, spoiling all the crops, and folks at Sterndorf had to walk to the Skollvent stream, halfway down the mountain, for water wherewith to slake their thirst. Then people all about heard rappings, strange noises-doors flew open when there was no wind; horses, well at night, were found dead i' the morning, an', Margaret, all the village people trembled in terror, with a sure knowledge of evil spirits lurking in the air about them. One day a neighbor passing Sarah Goodwin's hut, hearing strange sounds, looked through an opening and saw the woman in contortions on the floor, one convulsion following another in rapid succession. White with fear, he ran for the leech, who, after trying every remedy known to medical science, pronounced the wo-

man possessed of devils." Hetty paused, watching her companion intently to observe the effect of her words. Margaret drew a sharp breath of interest and sympathy.

"And what happened to the poor creature?" she asked. "Was there no one there to free her of the evil that possessed her?"

Hetty shook her head quickly in the negative. "Nay, Margaret, the whole village

was wild with fear, no one but the leech being venturesome enough to go near her. The town council, having great authority in these parts, met in consultation, hastily brought the woman to trial and sentenced her to be burned at the stake!"

Margaret shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to shut out the sight. "An' was this cruel thing done? Burnwith blustering winds, I had ne'er ed they the poor creature?" she cried

"Aye, Margaret," Hetty replied; "they joicing neighbors. And my mother said 'twere well done, otherwise the woman "Last night 'twas awful?" She shud- would have spread constant disaster clination induced her," she continued mysteriously in a low voice. "Sarah and whistled through the lattices, mak- Goodwin had changed human beings

(To be continued.)

PLATFORM

Adopted by Lindsay League, No. 40, Lindsay, Victoria County, Ont., May, 1908.

Socialistic Party of Canada.

We, the Socialistic Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of, the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defen i their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever-increasing measure of misery and degredation. The interest of the working-class lies in the direction of setting itself

free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government-the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle. Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the

Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working-class, as follows:-1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in

the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads, etc.,) into the collective property of the working-class.

2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the 3. The establishment as speedily as possible, of production for USE

instead of production for profit. The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everwhere, until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working-class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If

it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it. In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to

promote the interests of the vorking-class. There are but two ways of making a living-working for it, or working somebody for it. Rights without obligations lead to dissoluteness and licentiousness,

and obligations without rights lead to he same things. Co-operation is always and everywhere the law of life; Competition is always and everywhere the law of death. If majority rule is British fair play, then the class who are in the ma-

jority now (the working class) should rule. Socialism means that the people shall own the means of production, and the producers shall control their profits. Political power,, properly so-called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another. Change conditions and you change hu-

man nature. Vote for what you want and need.

STRIKE ONLY at the ballot box. All service that contributes to the general welfare is valuable service. The sun never sets on the realms of Socialism, its empire is the eart!. Study Socialism; then you will vote for it.

VOTE FOR W. A. GOODWIN, Socialist Candidate for West Victoria.

EAST VICTORIA'S CHOICE J. H. CARNEGIE, M. P. P.

The Unanimous Choice of Men of Both Parties

Enthusiatic Gathering at Eenelon Falls Monday

The nominations for East Victoria took place at Fenelon Falls on Monday afternoon, and Mr. J. H. Carnegie was elected by acclamation. At 12 o'clock Mr. W. J. Read, of Bobcaygeon, the Returning Officer, opened the meeting for nominations. The name of Mr. J. H. Carnegie was then proposed by Dr. S. J. Sims, of Fenelon Falls, and seconded by Mr. Jos. Mc-Farland. After waiting one hour for further nominations, and as no other names were submitted, Returning Officer Read declared Mr. J. H. Carnegie member for East Victoria by

acclamation. Mr. Carnegie, who is just as popular among the Liberals as the Conservatives, then came forward and addressed the meeting. He was received with cheer after cheer, and it was some for the honor of nominating him, and and in 1908 by acclamation.

for the Liberals for allowing him to hold his seat by acclamation. After making a few complimentary remarks to the Liberals and Conservatives, Mr Carnegie resumed his seat amid great cheering. The meeting then closed with the singing of "God Save the King." Mr. Carnegie seems to grow more popular every year with the people of East Victoria, whom



J. H. CARNEGIE. M.P.P., Elected by Acclamation.

time before he could get a hearing. he has served for 14 years. Last elec-He then thanked the Conservatives tion he was elected by 1,000 majority,

YOUNG LADIES CHOOSE OFFICERS

SOCIETY OF ST. MARY'S PARISH MET FOR BUSINESS OBJECTS.

At the recent election of officers, held by the young Ladies' Sodalyoung ladies were chosen:

President-Miss E. Spratt. 1st Vice-Pres .- Miss M. Cairns. 2nd Vice-Pres.-Miss M. Hurley. Librarian-Miss M. O'Boyle. Sec.-Treasurer-Miss J. Meehan. Councillors-The Misses Killen, Baker, Kingsley, Meehan, Fleury and

With such an efficient staff of officers, we can safely prophesy success every undertaking the young ladlity of St. Mary's Parish, the following jest ay entertain during the coming