## The Witch of Cragenstone

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By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

ing by?"

my mother?"

ed in nervous haste.

most unwillingly."

with evident reluctance.

would like to ask thee it in thy recent

conduct on yonder wall thou bethought

thee that the servants were taking no-

tice, also neighbors who might be pass-

Margaret, tossing her hair back with

her hand, disdained to answer, and

moment, Josiah. What message sent

"She thinks, as I do, that thou hast

cantly. "Thy mother hath need of

"I'll go at once, brother," she answer-

"It is well. Margaret." turning again

His cousin's face fell slightly, but she

said pleasantly: "Thou'rt ever welcome,

Josiah. Step into the withdrawing

room, and when I have bound my hair

I will come to thee. Sweet Hetty,"

turning to her cousin and embracing

her tenderly, "goodby, or better, as we

say in France, 'au revoir.' Tell mine

aunt that thou hast been a sunbeam in

my house to lighten the gloom of the

long storm and that I part with thee

"God be with thee, Margaret," Hetty

answered soberly, turning toward home

CHAPTER VI.

NHERITING from his mother a

tion and desperate endeavor. Where

now to gain his ends he knew no other

hardness and disapproval as he rose

stifly at the sound of the soft rustling

shoulders, hiding the fair round neck

disclosed, her face calm and serene,

but withal a very different creature

from the merry young woman who but

a moment since had been running on

the old wall, Margaret entered quiet-

ly and bade her kinsman be seated.

He did this awkwardly, appearing ill

at ease. Margaret's heart felt chilled.

It was all so gloomy here, so cold and

solemn. For the moment her thoughts

turned toward Paris with bitter long-

ley, we are protected some. But thou,

Margaret laughed lightly.

Josiah's small eyes glittered.

his mouth in his eagerness to speak

them. "To manage an estate, i' faith,

is not a woman's work. Why, cousin, I

management alone in two years would

detract in value to one-half. Thy

father, Margaret, ever with an eye to

thy best interests, gave me the stew-

ardship of thine estate. Didst never

occur to thee what his object was in

perform thy duties punctually," she re-

plied pleasantly, suppressing a yawn

to be a zealous man and one of integri-

enough for thy watchful care of mine

"Margaret," Josiah said, a dark flush

for so young and fair a maid to live

Margaret threw up her head rather

"I have good Elsbeth and old Giles,"

The buckle of her shoe coming loose,

she leaned over to fasten it when the

cross that she wore on the fine gold

"My chain hath broken," she cried,

"an' I promised dear Hulda that I

would wear her gift until I died! Is

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there a goldsmith hereabout, Josiah?"

liale with distance "

chain about her neck fell to the floor.

she replied, "an' two better watchdogs

the fact.

Josiah shifted on his chair and work-

With her hair brushed smoothly back

of skirts approaching to receive her.

hard, unyielding nature, young

Taunston, in his life of struggle

and trial to keep his farm intact,

to her. "I would have converse with

thee an thou hast this hour idle."

Author of "In Love and Truth" Copuright, 1905, by Anita Clay Munoz

spirits of the dead and put the curse of her black magic on those who might have innocently approached her. But, prithee, good Margaret, look not so downcast at the outcome of my tale, for witcheraft among our mountain people hath ever been thought the blackest of crimes, no punishment or torture being considered too great to suffer in expiation. 'Tis a thing with which we have no tolerance, cousin, for of all evil happenings in the world, of a truth, it is the most vicious and malignant."

Margaret shuddered and turned

away. "Methinks thou couldst have chosen a cheerful subject, Hetty, wherewith to while away the hours of a gloomy morning," she said reproachfully.

Rising from the couch, she walked to the window and, throwing open the lattice, looked out of doors.

"Ah, happy day!" she exclaimed. "Sunshine at last! See yonder cloud, cousin. Bright rays are breaking through it. Old Giles was right this morning when he said that the fierce wind had shifted and now lay in the western quarter, promising that we would see the sun before night. Rejoice with me, sweet Hetty."

For a time in silence they watched the beauty of the golden tinted clouds breaking apart and drifting about under the blue sky; then Margaret, whose face expressed great happiness and who seemed unable to contain her high spirits, said: "Art not aweary of the close, damp air of the house? Come, let us walk on the old stone wall by had obtained what success was his the pasture, for the ground is much too | through firm resolve, grim determinawater soaked, and witness for ourselves what havoe the storm hath he could not bend he had broken, and

Hastily procuring a light cape, she | method. So, instead of disguising his threw it over the muslin house dress | disapproval of his cousin's light con she wore, and, Hetty following, the duct, he chose rather to place on his girls, refusing to listen to the protests | pale, gaunt features an expression of of Elsbeth, who met them on the stairs, against going out of doors on such a morning, stepped out on to the ground, picked their way daintily-with much light laughter-over the wet paths, climbed the wall and, holding hands, ran gayly with the light heartedness of school children set free after long confinement along the top of the broad

"I' faith, 'tis worth a pound to get out into the open and breathe fresh air again!" Margaret exclaimed, her blue eyes sparkling and her cheeks

The ribbon that bound her hair came loose, and in very abandonment of youth and health she threw it away, freeing her heavy masses of hair to the embraces of the wind, which caught it up tenderly, allowing the sun to kiss it with its sparkling rays, gently tossed it about her head; then, as if catching the gay mood of its owner, it grew more playful and roughly swept the tresses before Margaret's eyes, so that she almost stumbled as she ran. A large oak branch hung low over the wall. With a cry of pleasure Margaret caught hold of it and, lifting her feet, swung out into the air and back to the wall again, laughing joyfully at her achievement as she ran on to the end of the wall.

"Margaret!" Hetty exclaimed, running after her cousin, rather breathless at the whole proceeding. "What merry it." spirit of mischief doth possess thee?" "Take my hand, sweet cousin, and

run some of the Puritan stiffness out of thee," Margaret replied with flushed face and smiling lips. "My blood is coursing through my veins and my heart beats gayly today because the roads are drying up that lead from London to this village. Look not so bewildered, sweet. Thou'lt know anon why thy cousin welcomes wind and sun. See, the clouds are scattering and drifting far away! Come, Hetty, once more!" And, taking her cousin's hand, they ran together to the end of the wall.

"I'm out o' breath, but back again! I'll wager I'll get there before thee, behind her hand, "for thou art known slow Hetty." She paused a moment, looking to- ty. I ever feel that I cannot thank thee

ward the house. "What man is that demanding admit-

estate, good cousin." tance?" she asked. "Methinks he looks spreading over his countenance, "my on us with disapproval." mother-in fact, several of thy neigh-

"Thou knowest well 'tis Josiah," faltered Hetty. "Dost think he saw us running, cousin?"

"Aye, even so an he did. What careth | alone." thou or I?" Margaret replied indifferently as she proceeded calmly toward | defiantly.

the house along the top of the wall, followed by Hetty, now white faced and greatly abashed.

"We will go to meet him, Hetty, and | wouldst thou better, cousin?" give him greeting." Josiah Taunston busied himself with

tying his norse to a tree until his cousin and sister approached, then, standing erect, regarded them coldly, with an unsmiling expression in his small

"I give thee good day, Cousin Josiah," Margaret said quietly. "How can I serve thee? Wilt enter?" She threw open the door.

"Thank thee, Cousin Margaret," he replied in a hard, rasping voice. "I but rode up with a message for my sister." Until then he had ignored Hetty, but now turned upon her suddenly with

great sternness in his manner. "But before I deliver it, Hetty, I

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thy soul! Burn the wicked trophy!" he

Margaret slipped the chain and cross into the bosom of her dress. "Be seated, Josiah," she said coldly, "unless thy visit is done and thou wouldst go on thy way."

With a sudden movement he rose and

came to her side, standing over her

"Burn it. Margaret! Burn the em-

blem that doth menace the salvation of

"Just a moment longer." He walked across the room and resumed his seat. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he spoke with an effort. "I would further remonstrate with

thee. Last night, Margaret, my mother, who doth love thee with a mother's love, ever holding thy best interests close to her heart, and I sat talking of thee until late into the night. We spoke kindly of thy beauty of face and form, but agreed that we liked not thy gay and frivolous taste in dressing. Then my Hetty, much crestfallen, replied hastimother, loving thee so truly, made exly: "'Twas but the pleasure of an idle cuses for thee, saying that thy father wronged thee when he sent thee to thine aunt in Paris to grow up in the worldly ways of that wicked city, been here long enough," he said signifiwhere all the women are vain and frivolous and all the men poltroons, black-

> guards"-"I deny that all the men are poltroons, and blackguards!" Margaret cried, her face flushing with anger.

"Heed thy words, Josiah!" He went on in his cold, immovable

way, as if she had not spoken: "An', though we fully realize his mistake in that particular, we rejoice in thy father's wisdom that ordered thy return to thy native land when thou had reached thy majority, here to spend the remainder of thy days."

Margaret made no response, but sat before him quietly, indifferent to his words, finding him even more tiresome than usual and inwardly wondering when he would consider it expedient to take his departure, and Josiah, mistaking her silence for acquiescence and approval of his remarks, took courage to advance a step farther in his deep rooted scheme to win the young mistress of the Mayland farm.

"Hast ever thought, Margaret, what idea thy father had in his mind when he did select me for the manager of thine estate?"

"Thou didst ask me that before, and i' truth, good cousin, I am fain to confess that I ne'er gave much thought on the subject," Margaret replied indifferently. "Perchance he knew of thy good business ability and that thou wouldst order all things well for his daughter's benefit."

Josiah, leaning forward, spoke impressively.

"His idea was that I should learn the land, so that one day I would be masand a prim kerchief crossed over her ter here. Knowest thou that he named me for thy husband, cousin?" that the dainty cotton frock she wore

"Nay, 'tis not so," Margaret cried ex-

citedly, rising and confronting him, "or else it would be so stated in his documents. In them it is most clearly writ that only at my death, should I die

without issue, art thou successor here!" "Calm thyself, good cousin. The thought is new to thee, and therefore thou'rt disturbed. To me," he added in a low voice, "this thought hath been food and drink since thy father-I mean," hastily correcting himself-"since first I saw thee."

ed his pale lips as though he were at "Take time to think on the words I a loss for words and was angered at ha' just spoken. Pray for guidance to see the wisdom of accepting the love At last Margaret broke the silence. and protection of a true hearted, right-"'Twas a most frightful storm, good eous and God fearing man, Margaret, Were thy lands much daman' thrust not aside carelessly the offer "Nay," he replied. "Being in the val- of marriage he now makes to thee."

He rose and came to her.

She lifted her head hastily as if to Margaret, thy lands stretch broadly in | speak, but Josiah stopped her with a the open. Hast thou suffered losses?" | stern, peremptory motion of his hand.

"Nay, cousin, answer not now. Such "I' truth, Josiah, I have not given grave consideration as is now before the matter a thought. Farming, I wot, thee takes time to think on. I'll speak is not a woman's work or else the with thee on the subject again when Lord had given her a better liking for | thou hath let the thought of me in the position of thy husband dwell longer in thy heart. God guide thee to a right de-"Thou hast spoken the truth!" he cision. Fare thee well, Margaret Maycried, the words fairly bursting from

She courtesied stiffly, and he, after inclining his head, strode through the open doorway and, mounting his horse, warrant that these lands under thy rode toward the village.

At the sound of the closing of the door Margaret ran to the window and threw open the lattice, exclaiming with a shiver: "'Tis damp and musty in this room, or else 'tis my cousin's proposition that hath chilled me. I'll let the sunshine in, and Giles can put some "He knew, Josiah, that thou wouldst logs to burn in the chimney place. Prithee, the room must be warm and cheerful for Godfrey, who," she whispered happily, "now that the storm is broken, will come ere nightfall."

For a time she looked out of doors, humming a gay tune lightly, then, leaving the room, ran up the stairs and, bursting into the chamber where Elsbeth was sitting mending linen, stood before her with flushed face and sparbors have remarked that it is not meet | kling eyes.

"What frock shall I wear for God-

frey, Elsbeth?" "Sir Godfrey hath come?" The woman laid down her work and looked at Margaret in surprise, who answered petulantly: "Nay, dullard. How could ne'er had a maid to guard her. What he travel in such awful storms o'er mountain roads he knows not?"

She drew a piece of paper from her bosom, reading slowly, "Tuesday I shall reach the inn at Hackvon, lay there one night and wilt be with thee on the morrow, weanesday." She raised the paper to her lips.

"Thus reads his missive, Elsbeth. Thou'lt remember that the storm rose "Yes; old Adam Browdie, next the wild Wednesday, now six days gone Sign of the Red Heart in the village," he by. An' so, ah, me," she sighed dismalanswered. "But, cousin, it were ill for ly, "poor Godfrey hath been imprisonthee to ornament thyself with that un- ed all these dreary hours in that foul holy papist cross. 'Tis our belief that tavern, the Puritan, where we were such forms are for the use of idol wor- forced to rest when we journeyed hithshipers and are instruments of the dev- er." For a moment she was silent. il. Already the village folk talk of the "But the storm hath broken and set cross of gold thou doth wear so pub- him free!" she cried triumphantly, lifting her radiant face to the sunlight.

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'And now, I promise thee, he ruem fast to Cragenstone!" Suddenly she grew more serious and, seating herself on a little stool at Elsbeth's feet, rested her elbows on the woman's lap above the mending, cov-

ered her face with her hands and appeared to be in deep thought. "What thinkest thou, Elsbeth, of my cousin Josiah?" she asked after a time. "He hath the appearance of an up-Sir Godfrey in my presence." right man and godly," the other replied



'Take time to think on the words I ha just spoken."

thoughtfully, "but, I ween, hard and stern, even above his kind, who, with their long, sad faces, do dwell upon this mountain."

"He asked this morning to wed with me," Margaret observed quietly. "What saidst thou?" Elsbeth exclaim-

ed, indignation in her tone and glance. "The sour visaged churl, to want my bonny Margaret! Didst tell him of Sir Godfrey?"

"Nay," blushing softly. "There are few to whom I care to say that name. I would have told Josiah, 'Nay, nay, nay!" and thrice more nay and sent him roundly to the right about on the instant for his presumption, but he would not take mine answer, and, forsooth, commanding me harshly to let thoughts of him dwell in my heart until his haughty lordship would speak with me on the subject again, he took his departure. It was this manner. Look, Elsbeth."

Rising to her feet, Margaret strode with stiff awkwardness toward the

"Ugh!" with a shudder. "I was forced to open the lattice to let the sunlight in after he left, the room had grown so damp and cold from his chilling presence! So thou'lt not give thy consent for thy Margaret's marriage with him, Elsbeth?" teasingly. Elsbeth shook her head in a know-

ing manner. "Forsooth, pretty, I trow thou'lt wed thy lover that rideth here anon, that thy young heart is set on, with my consent or without it, but," she continued thoughtfully, "ever will it seem

strange to me that such a hard man as thy cousin Josiah doth appear to be should have a desire for anything so soft as the love of a woman."

"Prithee, forget his gloomy face," Margaret interrupted crossly; then, coming and sitting at Elsbeth's knee again, said coaxingly: "Let's talk of-Godfrey! Oh, Elsbeth, such bonny times, such happy hours as we will have together!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and quick drawn breath. "Sweet Godfrey, to come so soon! He told me on the eve before I left-when we were both so sad; hath forgotten, stupid Elsbeth?-that he had business in London which would shortly bring him across the channel and that he would in probability visit me ere were well settled on mine estate. Elsbeth, I could wring my hands with sorrow that the cruel storm rose and kept him from me six long days, and then again I could sing until I burst my heart for very joy that I shall see him today ere nightfall."

Rising suddenly, she went to the open window and, throwing out her arms, cried earnestly: "Oh, warm winds, whispering winds, bring me word that Godfrey now rideth safely up the mountain road-my Godfrey. whom I love!"

For answer the rough breeze tossed her hair about and blew the white points of her kerchief over her face.

"Ah," she murmured softly, "I need not thy fickle confirmation, shifting winds! My heart, that is ever my best guidance, doth give me assurance that he'll come tonight! What frock shall I wear, dull Elsbeth, with no thought above thy mending? Shall I do him honor and receive him as a stately Parisian lady in my silken gown of peachblow hue with feathers waving high above my head, or shall I let him take me to his heart as a simple mountain maiden with smooth hair gray homespun frock and sober coun-

tenance? Whichever way, good Elsbeth, will Godfrey like me best?" Elsbeth, enjoying the girl's happy mood, smiled indulgently.

"An my opinion were worth the giving in such a case," she replied, "methinks Sir Godfrey will see only the happy light in thy blue eyes and thy red lips when first he cometh." "Elsbeth!" Margaret shook her finge

at her companion, laughing lightly "Thou hath surely had a lover, al though thou hast ever denied it, or else how knowest thou so well their ways Come, I'll wear my peachblow silk, be deck myself in the grandest fashior and receive my Godfrey in the with drawing room with all the honors would bestow upon the king were he to visit me. The king!" she exclaimed with a disdainful toss of her head "Forsooth, what is a king compared to ing boots reached to his hips, and his Godfrey?"

The sight of the complete adoration of her charge for this man caused feeling of pain to strike the elder wom an's heart, and as she unfastened the lacing of Margaret's bodice she felt compelled to say:

"Methinks 'twere not well, sweet, to

lasten thy neart so entirely on a mar not yet thy husband. An old womawith much experience of the world doth know that many men, especiall, worldly men of fashion as Sir, Godfrey La Fabienne, woo a maid with mac hot love, then ride away, leaving her to cure a broken heart."

"Elsbeth!" exclaimed Margaret sharp ly. "Cease thine idle chatter and dar not cast thy vile insinuations against

Her face flushed, tears filled her eyes, and she took the lacings out of Elsbeth's hands as though she no longer wished her aid, walking from her. "Forgive me, sweet Margaret." Elsbeth followed her anxiously, regret at her words showing in her countenance. "'Tis but my love for thee that gives me false anxiety, bonny, for thy happiness is my happiness, an' thy sorrow more than my sorrow."

For a time Margaret was silent; then she said with great seriousness: "Elsbeth, never again express doubt of Sir Godfrey. Doubt that the sun riseth to light the earth; doubt that night falls upon the day; doubt thy love for me, but never cherish such thoughts as thou didst give voice to a moment since against Sir Godfrey La Fabienne -a man," she continued in a low, passionate voice, "so much to me, so deeply rooted in my affections, that I could die for very joy of loving him. Were the earth to divide us, Elsbeth, we are one-one heart and one soul forever!" Then, after a deep felt silence, she

added in brighter tones, "But, prithee, come, the peachblow gown an' happy faces, for this is a joyful day, good Elsbeth!"

CHAPTER VII.

T the open door of the kitchen Mistress Taunston sat before her spinning wheel, busy with distaff and spindle, and at intervals as she paused in her work looked longingly toward the fertile lands of the Mayland farm. But her thoughts, never far from her son Josiah, soon strayed back to him.

"E'en now he is at his wooing," she said to herself with stern exultation, "an' I pray the good Lord who is ever watcaful of the faithful to put persuaconduct."

For a time she seemed lost in thought to her mind, she rose suddenly to look at the sun. Finding the hour to be later than she had at first supposed, her irritation and anger caused by her daughter's delay at the brook knew no shrilly once, twice, muttering angrily intendent Putnam will be present. agricultural hall for the pic-nicers in bounds. She called the girl's name as she got no response.

Just then Josiah rode in from his visit to the Mayland farm.

"Cease thy shrewish screaming, mother," he commanded roughly. "Dost wish to rouse the village? Thy voice can be heard half a mile be-

The dame, angered at his rebuke, resumed her seat in sullen silence, and Josiah took his horse to the barn. In a short time he returned and, entering the kitchen, threw himself down heavily on a chair near his mother, who continued to spin busily without apparently heeding his presence.

At last he broke the silence by saying with affected carelessness: "Thou didst not tell me-if my memory serves me well on so slight a matter-of what appearance the cavalier was that rode by Haggott's and mistook the Sterndorf road. Was he an unbearded gallant, fickle and changeable as the wind, one day mad in love with a pretty face and forgetting it the next, or was he old and gray haired, with an eye to finishing his days in comfort on the

estate of his bride?" His mother looked out through the doorway, reflectively maintaining for a moment or two a provoking silence. After what seemed to the impatient Josiah an interminable length of time she remarked with ill concealed eagerness, "Thou wert successful in thy wooing, Josiah, and ask now of thine enemy's appearance in order that thou mayst know the extent of thy

triumph?" "As to that matter, nothing definitely settled," he replied impatiently. "I will explain our understanding later, mother, when the noon hour is not at hand and the animals to be fed. Canst not find words to answer my question?" he cried out in harsh tones. "Didst thou see this Frenchman plainly? Of what appearance was he?"

With quiet deliberation, which was in direct contrast to her son's excited manner, she commenced her narra-

"Josiah, I ha' told thee of the gallant's sudden appearance at good Brother Haggott's door, of his loud knocking and of how from my place behind the lattice I observed him care-

"Aye, thou hast, but naught else," Josiah interposed with eagerness. "His age, mother? Of what age ooked he?"

"Methought as I saw him that the knight was getting on to thirty summers, mayhap one or two more," she said. "He was large of stature and finely built, with gray eyes and brown pointed beard worn i' the French fashion. A round hat with sweeping feather covered his hair, long leathern riddoublet was of ruby velvet, with black satin slashings. Good son Josiah"-she laid her hand on his arm with an expression of feeling unusual with her-"he presented such a dazzling picture to mine eyes that for the nonce-knowing that oft to silly women the sight of rich and tawdry dress doth weigh heav-

(To be continued.)

## ENELON FALLS DIVINES ENFORCE LORD'S DAY ACT

Couldn't Attend

Woman's Institut Pass Resolution the last few weeks has had gangrene. Of Regret

the C.O.O.F., of Fenelon Falls, to Mrs. J. Jewell, the price being had arranged to attend divine ser- about \$800.00. vice in Lindsay on Sunday last, and Mr. Norman Martin, who is looking Mr. C. W. Burgoyne had been engag- after his father's lumbering business ed to take them down on the Str. at Tory Hill, spent Sunday at home. Kawartha. He had the boat locked The new government tug, "Bessie through on Saturday afternoon to be Butler," passed through with a large ready to leave on Sunday morning at scow on Saturday afternoon, on her 8 a.m. However, in the evening the way to Kirkfield. four ministers of the town met Mr. Ten maskinonge were seen in the Burgoyne and had a discussion as to middle lock at one time last week, the propriety of running the boat on but Mr. Jones, our Fish Inspector, Sunday. The ministers claimed it was was around, and none of them were a violation of the laws of the country molested. and the Lord's Day Alliance, and Mr. The Daily Free Press, Lindsay's Burgoyne decided not to run the trip. bright new paper, is for sale at A. This proved a big disappointment to J. Gould's drug store. many of the Oddfellows, who drove Mrs. Goulais, of Lindsay, was the that the trip had been cancelled. Braudon, over Sunday. This trip has been an annual affair The Str. Kathleen had a good crowd with the Oddfellows for some years, on her first regular trip to Coboconk and the incident above mentioned has on Monday last. Mr. A. J. Gould is caused considerable discussion.

Friday last. An election of officers for from him. the coming years was on the bill. Mr. W. T. Junkin is busy this week Mrs. Dr. Gould was elected president; decorating around the Canal. Several Mrs. J. Moynes, vice-president, and new flower beds have been put in, Miss Emily Nie, sec.-treas. A resolu- which add very much to the appeartion of regret was passed at the de- ance. parture of Mrs. R. J. Moore, one of Mr. J. Twomey, sr., has recovered the best known and hardest working from his recent severe attack of sciamembers of the local Society. Mrs. tica. and is around again. lips and guide him to the most proper | Moore, for some years past, has been | Mr. MacLean, of the Bank of Montassociated with the Women's Insti- real, has changed the name of his tute here and has always done her gasolene yacht from "Pinafore" to until her distaff, falling from under her | best for the interests of the Society, "Maizie." arm, came to the floor with a rattling and has never been afraid of work Mr. J. Jones made a business trip when it came her turn. No doubt to Lindsay this week. membrance of Hetty, who upon her she will be greatly missed. A demon- A large excursion from Clarement stration on cooking was also given via C.P.R. to Lindsay and G.T.R. to to the brook to fill the ewers, coming and much appreciated. The next Fenelon, is billed for here on June meeting will be held on the last Fri- 12th. Cheap rates are given on the day of the month.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist the crowd. church held a very successful meet- The Epworth League expect to hold ing at the home of Mrs. Corbett. their annual excursion on or about They report a very successful year, the 17th of the month. Watch for their receipts being about \$375.00.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian 0. 0. F. Excursionists church meet at the home of Mrs. Geo.

Martin on Wednesday afternoon. The Rev. Cragg left on Wednesday morning to attend the Bay of Quinte Conference being held in Lindsay.

Mr. James Southam, a much respected farmer of Verulam, died on Sunday morning last. He had been ill for some considerable time, and for The funeral was held Monday to the Prebyterian cemetery at Bury's Green. Mr. C. Brandon has sold his house, Loyal Trent Valley Lodge No. 77, lately occupied by Mr. H. Webster,

in on Sunday morning, not knowing guest of her daughter, Mrs. M. B.

the agent for the company running A very successful meeting of the the Kathleen, and excursion dates Women's Institute was held here on and other information may be had

C.P.R. all the way from Leaside Jct. The members of the Women's In- to Lindsay. The Claremont band will stitute for East and West Victoria be with them, and no doubt there will intend holding a monster pic-nic here be a large crowd. They are going to on July 9th, at which General Super- have the use of the fair grounds and

## Nineteen Appeals Settled by Court of Revision Last Week

MEMBERS HUSTLED THE BUSI- | Chas. Staples a reduction from \$2,500 NESS AND MADE A RECORD FOR QUICK WORK.

Council chamber last week for the ment, which was \$30,500, was lessened purpose of listening to the appeals by \$500, upon which they will only made by the different property owners pay school taxes. of the town for a reduction in the The assessment on the portion of taxes. The following are the names the Collegiate Institute set apart for of the appellants: W. E. Eakins, C. the agricultural classes, valued at M. Squier, R. M. Beal & Co., Samuel \$700 was struck off the rolls, as the Galbraith, Kennedy & Davis Milling agricultural class are exempt from Co., Agricultural School, R. J. Mc- taxation by law. Dowell, P J. Murphy, G. J. Brumwell, Madison-Williams Mfg. Co., F. two appeals. S. Staples, Church of England, W. Knowles and P.P. Burrows.

to \$1,000 on his property and from \$1,875 to \$750 on his business. Mr. Staples has always been allowed a reduction on his property. The Court of Revision met in the The Madison-Williams Co. asses

Mr. Daniel Sinclair withdrew his

The remainer of the appeals, which were all for lower taxation, were con-The Court decided to allow Mr. firmed.

## Haliburton Citizens Promise a Warm Welcome to G. T. R. Excursionists

BEAUTIES OF NORTHERN SCEN- tranquil surface. If the weather is as ERY VIVIDLY PORTRAYED BY CORRESPONDENT.

(Special to Free Press.) On the 26th inst. we expect to have

sentation of the G.T.R. employees About one thousand people from Linasay and neighboring points are expected on this memcrable occasion of of the special will be given later. the above date to visit our pictures- Mr. Wm. Hodges, brakesman of the que town, when we hope to satisfy Lindsay and Haliburton train, was them even beyond their expectations. detained in bed 'ast week owing to a Truly speaking, we have a pictures- slight attack of appendicitis. ques town in summer. The lake, and Robertson Bros. have the stone work more especially 'he hills, are all that completed for a new up-to-date bake could be desired by a lover of nature oven. and nature's pleasure. The south hill Messrs. Melloy & Bryans have built affords a landscape of beauty probab- a new dry kiln for staves and barrel lyly unsurpassed in the Highlands of headings. Ontario, at least it ranks among the Miss Ruth, of Locklin, who undermost beautiful, and the lake of mir went an operation for appendicitis, rored hills extends to the onlooker the has returned to her home looking as strongest welcome to float upon its well as ever.

pleasant on the 26th as it is at time of writing, an impression will be stamped upon the memory of visitors sufficiently strong to remove any idea of unimportance he or she may have possessed prior to the visit. A surthe pleasure of entertaining a repre- prisingly amount of money has been donated to the fund to be spent in sports that day, and the preparations for our welcome guests will be of no mean importance. The time of arrival

EYE ON THEIR CHANGE.

they are very fair counterfeits. One vation.

CITIZENS ADVISED TO KEEP AN man, who was utsng for two of them yesterday, says that it is difficult to distinguish them from good ones, the Look at your loose change! Report only way being by comparing their has it that there are many phony metallic ring. They have a dark apquarters being passed around, and pearance, but will pass casual obser-

f WIL. ACKEN.

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