

THURSDAY, JULY 2nd, 1908.

# The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,  
Author of "In Love and Truth"

Copyright, 1908, by Anita Clay Munoz

her  
s...  
our stock and  
everything that  
ing in order to make  
We will not care  
we have set aside  
can help it, or if  
have to offer you.

Bryans  
N FALLS

Women

Women, there is at least  
that way, two treatments  
is local, one is consti-  
important, both essen-  
is the Local.  
The Constitutional  
is a local cure—a tried  
remedy, while  
which is an internal  
reaches throughout  
the repair of all  
and ailments.  
It soothes, cures, and  
heals local weaknesses  
new vigor and ambition,  
bringing about renewed  
energy. Take Dr. Shoop's  
or Local—as a general  
positive local help, use as

hoop's  
t Cure

DR. BOBCAYGEON

DENNIS

FACTURER OF

ed Double Action

UMPS.

Force Pump on the

for any depth of well

kinds on hand. Es-

mills and all pump-

no agents—save the

dealing direct with

be left at Creamery

NEXT CREAMERY

ESS CARDS.

TERS, DENTIST,

Lindsay.

of Dentistry Carefully

Changes Moderate.

Over Gregory's Drug Store

SIMS, DENTIST,

nel Falls.

onto University and Royal

of Dental Surgeons.

of Dentistry Performed

the Latest Improved

at Moderate Prices.

ARPE, DENTIST,

Toronto.

the Mansion House We

Thursday every alternate

in Plate, Crown and

R. A. WILSON,

urgeon and Accoucher

C. P. S. Ontario.

Residence, Colborne St.,

Fenelon Falls.

M. MASON,

Primary Surgeon.

College of Ontario Veterinary

College, 1887.

ay Every Saturday.

St. Fenelon Falls.

HOPKINS, K.C.,

Solicitor, Notary Public

for Bank of Montreal,

and Trusts to suit business

of St. South, Lindsay.

ARMID & WEEKS,

Solicitors, &c., Lin-

Falls and Woodville.

Solicitors for County of

Fenelon Falls. A solicitor

will be in Fenelon Falls

IN, PEEL & FULTON,

Solicitors, &c., Lin-

colleges over Dominion Bank

office in Geo. W. Taylor's

Monday 12.30 to 4.30 p.m.

and on real estate at lowest

ings! Contains a charm which will cause the most trifling or stubborn maid to overcome her scruples and name the wedding day.

In those early days, at that time of superstition and a firm belief in signs and magic, the word charm had a strong attraction. Men loitering about the door drew closer to the man displaying his wares and regarded the silver hearts with interest. Simon delved into his pocket and brought out the 4 shillings.

"I truth, I ha' not much faith in what thou doth say of the charm," he said, rising awkwardly, with a hot flush on his face, "but as 'tis a pretty trinket I will take one of thee."

"Now who's next?" cried the peddler. "Is this the only gentleman who is to speed well on his wedding?"

He wheeled around suddenly, and his glance falling again on Josiah Taunston, who was now looking on with much interest, he cried, with an appearance of sympathy: "Solemn visage sir, mayhap thy sadness is due to the caprice of thy sweetheart. If 'tis so, carry her one of these, and thy troubles are ended. I warrant thee she is thine in less than a fortnight. Diab!e! These charms have never failed!"

Taunston put down his tankard and lounged over to the man, assuming an appearance of indifference as he handled the trinket.

"And hast had proof of the value of the charm these contain?" he asked in a low, stern tone.

"Aye, marry," cried the vender, "many more than I can tell. I am known from one end of the country to the other by all languishing lovers! Why, fair sir, with convincing honesty of tone and manner, 'the nobles buy of me, and I have even been admitted at the court. My love charms are world famed! Step up, m'sieurs, only 4 shillings!" he called.

"By the mass! I had a sure proof of their value within the month," he continued, addressing Josiah, but speaking in a loud voice so that all might hear. "At Sterndorf, over the mountain, I was delayed by the storm and had a room in the tavern there next to a gallant gentleman, an English noble, holding high rank at the French court and in high favor with the king, who had missed his way and lay there ill of a pest. All through the hours of his fever and pain he moaned sorely for his lady-love, who, he lamented, was pining for his presence and whom he feared he would ne'er see again. I sold him one of these heart shapes, an', m'sieurs, the peddler announced triumphantly, holding them high aloft in his hand, "that day the storm abated, the next he began to mend, and ere many days he fared forth on his journey. And the first thing I saw as I approached your village, good sirs, was this same gallant riding by the side of a most beautiful lady, both merry an' the light of happy love shining in their eyes. Standing by the wayside, I pulled my hat off to the ground at their approach, an' Sir Godfrey La Fabienne—he said the name proudly—"with kind civility doffed his hat in return an' gave me pleasant greeting.

"With all respect and reverence, my lord," quoth I, "the love charm hath worked?"

"The lady blushed, and my lord threw me a gold piece.

"Thou chargest not enough for thy valuable wares, good fellow," he quoth, "so I will further compensate thee."

"An' they rode away close together, laughing gaily, and so great was the love and happiness on their faces that I watched them with tears in mine eyes until they entered the forest."

Josiah Taunston, who during this recital had grown pale to the lips, with trembling hands clutched the heart shapes tighter.

"Who'll buy, m'sieurs! Love's magic! Who'er buys a heart perfume must soon buy a circlet!" the peddler cried, not seeing his companion's agitation, "I hast my charm that contains evil!"

Josiah said in a voice so low that he almost whispered.

The peddler regarded him curiously. "Surely," he thought, "that sour visaged wight needs a not evil charms. The devil is close enough to him already."

But he answered suavely: "It doth happen that I have sinned can't thou see. Most folks are afraid of them. Once I had a box of crosses that were said to be possessed of the devil, but they brought me much sickness, sorrow and bad luck, so I soon got rid of them. Gentlemen, step up! Surely there's not only one among ye sweethearting! Who'll buy my wares?" he called out.

"Those crosses, man!" Josiah interposed impatiently. "Wert of gold? Where soldest thou them?"

"Aye, of pure gold. Only the nobility bought them," he replied proudly. "Twas in Paris I sold them. Ah, good sir, to a timid young Puritan who had approached, 'an thou wilt take a golden circlet thou canst have it for 8 shillings. Cheap, dirt cheap, but I am much in need of money."

But the man, shaking his head as if the price were too much, walked away. "Master, wouldst thou like a silver cross? Diab!e! There is not much good luck in them!" the vender continued, turning toward Josiah again. But, to

his surprise, the man's place was empty, for Taunston, unnoticed by the throng of bystanders that was interested in the peddler and his wares, with glistening triumphant eyes had passed through the doorway and gone out into the night.

## CHAPTER XII.

AT about this time Hetty Taunston, having finished her evening task of washing the supper dishes and putting the silver in order, sat idly on a little bench beside the doorway of her home.

Some pink roses hanging on a bush near hand attracted her attention. Reaching over, she plucked a handful. Then, after bending an ear in the direction her father had taken to visit a neighbor, she assured herself that she was not returning, arranged the blossom coquettishly in the prim little knot of hair wound tightly at the back of her head, saying softly: "When I hear her coming I'll throw them out. Happen she'll not stay long now darkness hath fallen."

Sounds of approaching footsteps crunching the earth heavily fell on her ears, causing the girl to put her hand to her head guiltily. Then as a merry whistle broke out on the evening air she sank back with an appearance of relief, leaving the roses untouched.

"Pah! 'Tis Simon!" she exclaimed. "I might ha' known the sound of his clumsy footfalls! Lord knows I ha' feared them often enough. The callant's forehead a-passing!"

Presently Kempster reached the garden gate, paused and, peering through the gloom, saw the glimmer of a white kerchief.

"Hetty, is't thou?" he said as he came toward her.

"Yea, Simon, who else but dreary me, pining all alone?" she said, rising, with an affected sigh. "Wilt enter? The air is chill."

Stepping into the kitchen, she lighted a candle that stood in readiness on a small table and, setting two chairs near the doorway, motioned to her visitor, who stood hesitatingly at the threshold, to be seated and took the other one herself.

"Those pink roses become thee, Hetty," Simon ventured to remark, regarding the young woman affectionately, his eyes glistening with admiration of her fresh beauty.

Under the warmth of his glance Hetty flushed slightly. "Mother would be angered an she saw them," she said.

For a time a silence fell between them, both looking out of doors at the peaceful night.

Then Simon observed: "At home now when I sit before the door alone o' nights I look at my bushes hanging full of rose blossoms and think how a woman about the house could make good use o' them to beautify herself. As 'tis," with a sentimental sigh and a nervous wriggle, "they wither and die away, the petals blown hither and thither by the wind."

Under the glimmer of the candle his round face wore a pensive expression.

Hetty tossed her head as if she did not understand either look or meaning, exclaiming with disinterested friendliness: "There's Sarah Ann Dugaine, Simon. She maketh her boasts on her love for flowers. Happen thou couldst get her to wear thy blossoms."

Kempster shook his head.

"I truth, my mind dwelt not on good Sarah," he said, sighing again. "Nay, Hetty, 'tis thoughts o' some one else that doth disturb my peace—a little black eyed maid as pretty and as graceful as—"

Hetty, who had been listening to his words with an alert, suspicious look on her face, grew quite fidgety as she saw him mentally casting about for a suitable comparison.

"Now, Simon, thou hadst best be careful!" she cried hastily in a voice of warning.

At her words the enthusiasm on Kempster's countenance faded away. "I was but thinking on my little young helper, Hetty, so hast the run o' my words," he concluded lamely.

"There, I knew it!" she exclaimed angrily. "Thou wast going to compare me to thy helper!"

She sprang from her seat and, hastily pulling in the window casement, said sharply, with no desire to conceal her pettiness: "If thou nast no better talk than that, forsooth, thou'd better be on thy way, Simon. A body'd love to look like an old cow!" she wound up sarcastically.

To Simon, who saw beauty in everything connected with his snug little farm, Hetty's dislike to his gentle familiarities was always a mystery to him, so he scratched his forehead nervously, knowing that he had offended again unwittingly and wishing from his heart that he had not come, when the reason of his visit occurred to him. Approaching his companion, he thrust his hands awkwardly into his breeches pocket and, pulling out a little packet, handed it to her.

"'Tis a trinket for thee, Hetty." A hot flush was on his face. "There wast a peddler at the Sign of the Red Heart a-selling them, and when I saw the gawgaws I thought at once on thee. Thou'rt so fond of trinkets, Hetty."

"Willst wear it, Hetty?" he whispered, coming nearer.

"Aye, gladly, Simon!" she cried, delighted with the gift, then, undoing the clasp and putting the chain about her white throat, said: "Couldst thou fasten it, Simon? My fingers are all thumbs, an' I'm all a-fluster with surprise."

He sprang to her assistance, taking the ends of the chain from her small hands.

"Ah, lackaday," she continued in a lower voice, "I must wear it 'neath my kerchief. I ween, as mother is so wrathful at a body's wearing a gawgaw. She say they are implements of the devil to make maids vain and worldly. Shame, Simon! Thou needst not pinch my neck with thy clumsy manners. Hist! 'Tis mother!"

They sprang apart. Hetty sank into a chair, hastily covering up the chain and pendant, and Simon, bending over an open Bible, turned over the pages slowly, as if intent on looking for a certain verse.

Mrs. Taunston entered, closing the door after her. "Good even, Simon Kempster. The night air groweth chill."

"A fair greeting, good mistress." Simon pushed a chair toward her. "Yesternorn Josiah told me that some of thy lambs were ill, and I did but stop in to see if they were better of the malady."

The dame seated herself gloomily. "Ah, woe is me!" she sighed. "All's adversity and trouble! Two more sheep lay down with the disease tonight. But, worse than that, Josiah, my good son, who hath ever had a hearty appetite, for the past fortnight almost refuseth food."

"What doth ail Josiah?" Simon asked with interest.

"No one can say," she answered, "but methinks 'tis the sight of so much wicked vanity and worldly display that upsets Josiah. Ah, lackaday, such scenes as we perforce must witness! Why, just tonight in going to the village I took the short path through the Mayland farm, and there before the door sat this papist lover of Margaret, in a suit of lavender satin trimmed with gilt needlework, stringing a lute, and she, standing by with her hand on his shoulder, was humming the air of some French song. Both were so intent upon their wicked music that they did not even see me, Margaret's aunt. Such a sight sickened me, and I lamented my slothfulness, as perforce Josiah is, can ne'er help grieving him. Prithce, a pious, God fearing man, as he is well known to be, feels a responsibility for his cousin's soul and represents her cool and brazen determination to go her evil way."

"Nay, good dame," Simon ventured to reassure her, "thou must ha' no fears for the loss of Mistress Mayland's soul, for I warrant thee that the spirit that must dwell in each a beautiful body could ne'er find else but a place in heaven."

"There, that is the way w' the men," cried the woman angrily—"ever seeing outward signs, which are devil's snares, and attributing them to the work of the good Lord!"

Her eyes, glaring around wrathfully, chanced to catch a glimpse of the roses dangling from Hetty's little knot of black hair, which that maid in her pleasure at Simon's gift had entirely

trouped beyond expression at the sight of Hetty's tears, contrived to slip a crumpled piece of paper into her hand, whispering quickly: "Happen this will comfort thee, sweet. I writ it at the tallow chandler's on my way up here. 'Tis good verse, Hetty, and of marvelous rhyme. Fare thee well, sweet."

Then, taking up his hat, he strode to the door, calling his adieu loudly to the older woman, who answered in a muffled voice from the interior of the cupboard.

Once safely in her room, Hetty drew the wooden bolt across the door and, sitting down before the piece of glass that constituted her mirror, removed her kerchief and with sparkling eyes looked at her white throat encircled by the silver chain.

"If mother e'er sees it she will burn it," she whispered, looking toward the door to make sure she had secured it against intruders. "Now for Simon's missive. For all he loves his farm, methinks he is not entirely lacking in sentiment. Mayhap 'tis a love verse."

Undoing the crumpled piece of paper, Hetty deciphered the writing with great difficulty:

To sweete Hetty I fane  
Would bring a chane,  
With a love charm of a hart  
That will never—never—let us part.  
Hetty walked to the window and lifted her flushed, pleased face to the calm star lit sky.

"Methought never to have liked that clumsy Simon so well," she whispered. "His comparisons were e'er so homely. I much misliked him, but now that he can write such love verses I ween that he is not without good parts."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning the sun rose red and hot above the hills. Not a breath of air stirred, and a close sultriness pervaded the atmosphere. Laborers going to their work mopped their brows and looked anxiously at the clear, deep blue arch of the heavens for a glimpse of a cloud that might perchance grow larger as the day advanced and spread itself before the burning sun, but above the horizon not a speck of white could the eye discover.

Josiah Taunston, his homespun shirt of linen thrown open at the neck and his broad brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, came through the woods with quick strides, his feet crunching down the dry twigs with a crackling sound as he walked. A young robin, having injured its wing in falling out of the nest, fluttered and chirped in his path, and the mother bird, frantic, called sharp, shrill instructions from a tree near by. With an imprecation Josiah kicked the maimed bird out of his path, killing it, and strode on without even a backward look. Nor did he appear to see the mother bird, who in her pain and anguish swooped up and down wildly in all directions, or to hear her shrieks of agonizing sorrow.

Matters of importance having taken up his time, it was late in the day, almost at the hour of noon, when Taunston, homeward bound, reached the spring brook that ran by the door of old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith. Removing his hat and wiping the beads of perspiration from his heated face, he knelt upon the bank and, making a receptacle of the hollow of his hand, proceeded to quench his thirst. The goldsmith, having observed him from the window, hastened toward him with a pewter mug.

"Good morrow, Master Taunston. Happen thou'lt not get enough in thy hand," he said. "Hot days make dry throats."

"Thank thee, Adam." Josiah filled it and raised it to his lips, draining the last drop.

"I had a tankard of ale at the tavern, but that papist of a Frenchman, who doth intrude himself here a-dangling after my cousin, Margaret Mayland, with an eye, I trow, to the possession of her estate, lounged about the rooms with such an air of insolent effrontery, walked past me once or twice so close he fairly trod upon my toes, acting, forsooth, as if he desired me to take open offense at his bad manners, clanked his sword and appeared so anxious for all to admire his suit of gaudy finery that I was almost vomited with disgust, and man, I could scarce get breath until I had put a distance between us."

The goldsmith, evidently busy, had resumed his seat on his bench and was followed closely by Taunston, who now on the subject of his favorite grievance was not inclined to go on his way until he had unbosomed himself to his neighbor; so, taking a lounging position in the doorway, he prepared to go on with a recital of his wrongs when suddenly he made a sharp exclamation, his glance having fallen on a finely wrought chain of gold from which was suspended a small cross that was being forged together by the skillful hands of the goldsmith.

Adam raised his eyes to his visitor's face in surprise. "Hath pain, Josiah?"

"Nay," he answered sternly, "but anguish for thee, Adam, that thou in thine ignorance hath been induced to handle a charm of evil magic such as thou holdest in thy hands."

"This necklet evil?"

The goldsmith, having completed his task, held up the chain in bewilderment.

"This? Why, 'tis the property of thy berouteous cousin, Mistress Mayland," he answered, "who left it with me more than a fortnight since; but, mine arm being stiff with a sprain I received the day it came, I had ne'er a chance before to mend it."

"Ha, ha!" Taunston laughed discordantly. "I truth, 'tis no wonder thou hast sprains," he said, with deep significance, "when thou doth keep such devil's implements about thee. Thou'lt have worse than sprains an thou takeest not more care, good neighbor."

At the ominous words and manner of his visitor, the goldsmith's face

## ACTION FOR ALIMONY WAS DISMISSED IN THE HIGH COURT

Plaintiff was Awarded \$165.00 for Moneys Lent and Received—Mr. Boldt's Testimony Thrown out—Denied His Wife's Story.

The case of Boldt vs. Boldt was resumed Thursday at 2 o'clock p.m. Mrs. Boldt was put in the witness box and subjected to a severe cross examination by Mr. F. D. Moore, K. C. During the cross-examination Mr. Moore read two letters from Mr. Boldt to Mrs. Boldt, and the other from Mrs. Boldt to Mr. Boldt pleading for a reconciliation. Mr. Moore questioned Mrs. Boldt relative to the moneys which she advanced to her husband.

Miss Dorothy Scott was the next witness called, and corroborated the story of her mother to a great extent. Dr. Frost was then called and said that he was in the habit of writing for individuals, and he might have written letters for Mr. and Mrs. Boldt, but did not remember writing any at the time in question.

Boldt was the first witness called for the defence; he denied in the main Mrs. Boldt's story. Mr. Fulton, in cross-examining Mr. Boldt, did not shake Mr. Boldt's testimony to any great extent. The court adjourned, after Boldt's evidence had been taken, till 8 o'clock in the evening.

At 8 o'clock the case was resumed and Robert Boldt, son of the defendant, was the first witness called. He admitted that he had written the letter of reconciliation of his father to his stepmother. He also told a straightforward story about his father hitching up his horses and driving plaintiff to doctor's when she complained that she was sick.

Mary Boldt, who was the last witness, called for the defence, denied Mrs. Boldt's evidence relative to her taking a revolver from her father. Her evidence was unshaken in cross-examination.

Mr. Fulton then reviewed the evidence put in for the plaintiff, setting forth the reasons why Mrs. Boldt should be granted alimony, as well as the amount of moneys claimed, \$436.00. He pointed out that Mrs. Boldt's evidence showed that she had been legally assaulted.

Mr. Moore, K.C., then set forth the defendant's case strongly, showing that the husband had tried time after time to get his wife to come back and live with him, and that he had done all in his power to get peace into his family.

Justice Britton, at the outset of his address, stated that "these cases were always painful for him to deal with." He pointed out that any differences arising between man and wife on account of the physical defects of the other, was always very hard to settle.

His Honor threw out the testimony of Robert Boldt as he had contradicted himself in his evidence and cross-examination. After summing up the evidence for both sides, Justice Britton dismissed the action for alimony, with costs at the county rate. He then awarded the plaintiff sixty-five dollars for moneys lent and one hundred for money received, making a total of one hundred and sixty-five for the plaintiff.

## Barn Raising Held In Ops Last Week

OVER 150 PERSONS PRESENT — DANCE HELD IN THE EVENING ATTRACTED MANY.

A large barn was erected on the farm of Mr. John Hogan, North Ops. The barn is 50x35, and Mr. Neil Gray did the carpenter work. The raising, which was very successful, took place about three o'clock, and about one hundred men put the barn up in short order. After it was raised the men sat down to a table which groaned under the weight of the good things, and did ample justice to the supper. After supper a number of the young people danced till the wee hours of the morning.

## Enough Public Lands Left in North-west

TO FURNISH HOMES FOR ONE MILLION NEW SETTLERS, AND OTHER AREAS UNTAPPED.

Ottawa, June 24.—The Minister of the Interior in the House of Commons, in moving the second reading of his bill to amend and consolidate the Dominion Lands Act, made an interesting statement in regard to the remaining public lands of the North-West.

The area of land available for agriculture in the Canadian North-West was estimated at 170,000,000 acres, of which 32,000,000 acres have been given to railways in the form of land grants, and an equal area of 32,000,000 acres to homesteaders.

This means that more than 100,000,000 acres still remained in the cultivatable portion of the North-West, to say nothing of the immense area further north, whose possibilities for agriculture no one can yet estimate.

## Death Comes to a Peterboro Pioneer

MRS. JOHN FLAVELLE PASSES AWAY AT 85 YEARS OF AGE.

The Toronto News refers as follows to the death of Mrs. Flavelle, noted in a late issue of The Free Press: There died yesterday at the house of Prof. W. S. Milner, 19 Albany avenue, Mrs. Dorothea Dundas Flavelle, in her 85th year. The deceased was born on December 22nd, 1823, in Drum, County Cavan, Ireland. She married John Flavelle, of Dungannon, County Fermanagh, and came out to Canada in 1846, shortly after her marriage. They settled in Peterborough, where Mrs. Flavelle taught school for twenty-seven years. During thirteen of these years she kept a private school. In 1881 the deceased went to Lindsay, where two of her sons—John and William—were engaged in business, and thereafter made her permanent home in Lindsay, broken by frequent and sometimes long visits to her daughter, Mrs. Milner, at whose house she died.

Mrs. Flavelle was a woman of rare intellectual power and of unusual character. Her life was distinguished by simple bravery, great steadfastness and strong, quiet, patient religious faith. She faced the trials and the isolation of pioneer life with fortitude, and brought to all the duties of life a faith and courage equal to any ordering of Providence. Essentially home-loving and devoted to her family, Mrs. Flavelle took a keen and wide interest in public affairs, and down almost to her death could discuss with clear understanding and fullness of knowledge very many of the chief events in Canadian history for half a century. Three sons and one daughter survive—Mr. John D. Flavelle and Mr. William Flavelle, of Lindsay; Mr. J. W. Flavelle, of Queen's Park, and Mrs. Milner.

## THREE MEMBERS RECEIVE THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF GALWAY LODGE AT SWAMP LAKE ON WEDNESDAY.

On Wednesday evening three members of the Galway Lodge received the Grand Arch Degree of the Orange Order at Swamp Lake. Mr. Neil McGillivray, the Past County Elector, and Mr. Stephen Oliver, Master of Cambray Lodge, were present from Lindsay and conferred the high degree on the candidates.

Mr. McGillivray arrived here Friday morning and was seen shortly after his arrival by a Free Press representative. He was very pleased with his trip, and with the conditions of the lodge in that district. There were sixty persons present, he said, from Silver Lake, Kinnmount and his own lodge at Fenelon Falls. After the business of the meeting was over the company adjourned to the house of Mr. Lyle, where a dainty supper was served and speeches made.

## A Great Outlook.

Five million acres under crop, half of it in wheat, the promise of the best crop in history, present work for 25,000 more men and 5,000 more women; that is the cheerful budget from the Canadian West. They may keep the bulletins coming as fast as they like.—Montreal Herald.