

THURSDAY, JULY 9th, 1908.

# The Witch of Cragenstone

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

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...and his jaw dropped as he stood at him, aghast. Almost unconsciously he laid the chain down.

"What meant thou?" Josiah shook his head sadly and let his long face grow longer as he said: "Oft and many a time have I reasoned with Margaret Mayland against the wearing of that idolatrous emblem, urging her that it would do her harm, but she, ever o'er headstrong, would not heed me, what fact I much deplore. My mother, a woman widely known for her wisdom, asserteth that from the day our cousin brought that cross among us we have been sorely beset with misfortunes. First the drought. We have ne'er had rain since the big storm. How can planted seed grow? And then the disease among the sheep. Our lambs most all ha' died. Ah, lackaday, 'tis a great loss to a hardworking, saving man!"

He sighed drearily. "An' Adam, I repeat it, woe to us all the day that accursed cross was brought to this village!"

The goldsmith, possessing even more than the customary large amount of superstition held by his neighbors, glanced fearfully about him, moving farther along the bench from the cross and chain, and Josiah, seeing the impression he was making, continued with solemn emphasis:

"But, mind ye, we would not ha' given blame to our cousin's headstrong persistence so readily had I not held converse with a French peddler, a dealer in magic charms, who told me on his oath that crosses of gold were known among men o' his trade to be possessed of devils and to bring harm to all who touched them."

So great was the superstition of that period, so firm the belief in charms, black art and magic, that the goldsmith, almost overcome by the knowledge of his danger, fairly trembled with apprehension.

"Lord, ha' mercy! I'll—I'll send the wicked gewgaw home by Christopher," he said, "an' he comes in from the wedding."

After an interchange of a few more words Josiah proceeded on his way, and old Adam was left alone in his room, that was half kitchen, half workshop. At first he walked about nervously, casting timid glances at the golden trinket on the bench, now glittering in the warm embrace of a sunbeam that had fallen on it; then, as if forcing himself to sudden and brave determination, he stood erect, found a piece of paper, laid it on the bench and procured a pair of tongs, with which he lifted the chain and cross, placing them upon it. His hands trembled. Adam's face was white and his breath came in gasps as, barely touching the edges of the wrapping, he hastily made it into a small parcel.

"Other pains I ha' had," he muttered. "An' all the while I was thinking that my lungz came from cold! Ah, woe, woe! Such evil days as we ha' fallen on! Good Lord, ha' mercy, I pray, an' keep us safe."

CHAPTER XIV. UNDER a tree that spread its leafy branches over the grass that stretched out before the house the young mistress of the Mayland farm, wearing a dress of thinnest white linen, sat with her lover on a wooden bench. Soon were silent, La Fabienne watching with interest the endeavors of a young robin that was struggling with a large ground worm and Margaret absorbed in her own thoughts, that seemed from the pensive and serious expression on her face to be far away and troublesome.

Although large clouds had spread themselves over the sky, obscuring the sun, the heat of the afternoon seemed to exceed that of the morning. Not a leaf stirred; the dogs lay motionless in the shade panting, and the air was close, surcharged with heat and heavy. Giles, passing with a wagon load of stones, touched his hat respectfully, calling to them that relief was in sight, as the clouds were forming for a thunderstorm.

"An' from the looks of yon black cloud methinks 'twill be a heavy one. When buying mention The Free Press. Subscribe now for The Free Press.

grooming," La Fabienne replied; then, turning to Margaret, who at the interruption of her meditation had drawn a quick breath, half a sigh, half an expression of unpleasant thought, inquired, "Hath lightning terrors for thee, sweet?"

"Nay, not now, when thou art here," she said gently, laying her hand on his sleeve with a caressing touch, "but last night, Godfrey, I had a dream of evil omen that, I confess, hath disturbed me. I dreamt that enemies by stratagem took thee from me; then came telling me that thou wert in this place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed, my hair hanging down my back and giving loud piercing shrieks of distress, I followed their directions only to find upon my arrival that thou wert not there. Oh, Godfrey, 'twas an awful night! An' the terror of it hangs o'er me today."

"Bon Dieu," he exclaimed, pressing the small hand affectionately, "how art thou changed from the gay, laughing Margaret who but lately dwelt in Paris! Away with such megrims, sweet! 'Tis this dull village, filled with scowling Puritans, that weareth on thy

verres, I do protest. I truth, Margaret, he continued more thoughtfully, "a man whose lot hath been so much at court as mine hath sees many sides of life, but beshrew me if I have ever before encountered such ignorance, intolerance and narrow minded bigotry as doth here exist. Ofttimes when lounging about the inn and perforce listening to the conversations and arguments of these sorry wights I fain must call for another bumper in an endeavor to raise my sinking spirits lest I do myself harm from sheer depression."

He laughed lightly at his jest, and Margaret smiled.

"Then the manner of my cousin Josiah Taunston and his mother doth grieve me," she continued softly. "They make their avoidance of me so plain, and Hetty, whom I love, is forbid me house. Each day I receive an added slight from them, one day this, another that. Only this morning one of the shepherds brought me word that two more lambs were stricken among the disorder that is spreading about among the sheep, causing much loss and damage. So when I was dressed I crossed over to mine aunt's house to ask of her the remedy she hath for the malady. To my civil greeting she returned a surly nod, did not invite me to enter and replied that she knew of no cure for the trouble among my sheep unless it was constant prayer. Then she advised me with sneers and grim insinuations to ask God on my knees to lift the evil out of my heart and to scatter the black and evil spirits that had to all appearances obtained control of me."

"Talked she so to thee, sweet?" Sir Godfrey cried angrily. "Thou goest there then no more? She hates thee because thou wilt not love Josiah?"

"And when I was going down the path," Margaret continued, "I met Hetty coming from the brook with the ewers, and when she stopped to give me greeting her mother called to her quite wildly from the doorway to come on at once, as if she feared I would do Hetty harm," she concluded sadly.

For a time La Fabienne sat quietly, maintaining an angry silence; then he said: "Margaret, methought once to go away for the nonce and then come back for thee. But now, when I go, I'll take thee with me, and we'll return no more."

Margaret slipped her hand into his with clinging fingers.

"Godfrey, oh, my love," she whispered, with tears standing in her eyes, "there is a terror, an apprehension unconfined, hanging over me. The cold looks of these people weigh heavy on my heart. Take me with thee when thou goest."

"An' thou say the word we go to-morrow," he exclaimed sternly, holding the small hand strongly in his own. "Right willingly would I, Godfrey, for without my dear father aught pleasant here doth hold me. But cares of the estate, the selection of a permanent overseer, which I find difficult; new buildings for the tenants, now in construction, and many matters of importance to mine interests will keep me here a few weeks longer. Clothe thy soul in patience for that small time, dear Godfrey," she lifted her head quickly, smiling through her tears—"an' when thou seest a solemn face 'nat oon oppress mee—"

"I'll think of thee, my winsome love," he interrupted happily, pleased at the change in her mood, "a face so beautiful to mine eyes that when a remembrance of it shall flash across my mental vision I swear that all black horrors will disappear, melted away, verily, by the radiance of it."

"Thou fatterer, Godfrey!" Margaret exclaimed softly, her lips curving into a smile. "Such high sounding praises come easily to a courtier. Nay," she raised her finger warningly—"swear not by—"

One of the lads from the village coming around the corner of the house in their direction caused Margaret to pause, the unspoken words on her lips, as she embarrassed at coming upon the person of Sir Godfrey La Fabienne unexpectedly the Free Press.

filled "his Torelock bashfully, then stood still, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Margaret, seeing his confusion, beckoned him to approach.

"What is thine errand, good lad?" "Tis thy trinket, Mistress Mayland, that my gran'ther, Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, hath mended for thee, an', with your leave, mistress"—timidly giving her the parcel—"he did instruct me to say that he would ha' mended it before had it not been for the inconvenience of a sprain."

La Fabienne, who had unfastened the wrapping, was now examining the workmanship critically.

"Tis finely wrought and jointed together skilfully, Margaret," he said. "Here, lad," throwing Christopher a gold piece, "here's a coin for thy gran'-father's trouble."

The boy, much pleased, caught the gold piece, doffed his cap and walked away. Just then a flash of lightning streaked the sky that by now was thickly covered with black clouds, followed by a low, rumbling sound of thunder, causing the boy to pause and look about him doubtfully.

Margaret, who had risen, called to him to remain; to go back and wait in the kitchen with the maids until the storm was over, but Christopher shook his head and, muttering that the goldsmith would be angry if he delayed, ran down to the turnstile, sprang over it and, hurriedly deciding that the quickest way home, plunged into the thicket. Hardly was he under the shelter of the trees when a pattering sound was heard, and the rain beat down in great drops. Then the wind rose in a wild fury, the tall trees bent and swayed, tussling with its rough strength, and the grass and vines were swept down even with the earth.

Christopher, holding his jacket close about him, with his cap in his hand, walked on quickly, inwardly congratulating himself upon the fact that he had been wise enough to seek the sheltered path through the woods instead of the open roadway that was unprotected by high trees. Little, sharp flashes of lightning appeared almost constantly, and the thunder was constant, low, threatening, ominous. Innocent of his danger and not understanding the harsh, growling sounds of warning from the heavens, Christopher proceeded on his way. Now the clouds had grown so thick and black that the forest was almost as dark as night, and the rain fell in blinding torrents. Soon a sharp flash of lightning ran zigzag through the sky, then a clap of thunder louder than the report of a cannon resounded from end to end of the village.

Christopher gave a wild scream of terror and stood still, uncertain whether to advance or go back. Although the forest was familiar playground to him, he appeared to lose his way and staggered on blindly until, a long, vivid flash of lightning illuminating his path, he found his bearings, and, remembering the cave on the other side of the precipice now near at hand, he resolved to seek safety and shelter there.

With the wind and rain beating him backward, he climbed the steep ascent, clinging with his hands and feet to the roots and bushes in his way until he reached the top, where was a precipice, with water rushing in wild turmoil fifty feet beneath. Now the lightning was so near it seemed to be playing through the forest in long flashes of brilliant light, and the dark clouds almost touched the tops of the trees. Suddenly, with greater intensity, the wind rushed shrilly over the mountain.

The boy, pale with terror, on the edge of the precipice, wound his arms about the trunk of a tall oak tree, clinging to it for support and protection. He dared not move another step, and all thought of reaching the cave was abandoned. Another blinding flash, followed by two more in quick succession! The poor young lad, alone on this height in the midst of the awful disturbance of the elements, frantic with terror, sent forth scream after scream that the wind and rain defied human ears to hear about their boisterous noise and din. Then the clouds opened, showing light like the blast from a furnace, and—oh, God!—a peal of thunder so loud that the village people with prayers on their lips fell on their knees, raising their white faces to heaven.

The tall oak tree was struck and rent asunder; flames shot up, were put out by the heavy rifts of rain, and clouds of steaming smoke filled the forest. The large tree staggered, then fell with a sharp noise of crackling branches that drowned the sickening sound of the dull thud of Christopher's body as it fell lifeless from the edge of the precipice into the swirling, tumbling rapids of the angry waters below. Nor was heard the clanking ring of the gold coin as it fell, striking against the rocks with a sharp, metallic sound, from his stiffening fingers.

CHAPTER XV. SOON the storm was spent, and the sun, weary of hiding its hot face, burst forth through the drifting clouds that even now were dark and moved away with low, thunderous growls.

Margaret, who, with Sir Godfrey, had remained in the sitting room of her house during the awful outburst of the elements, now rose from her seat and, crossing to the window, threw open the lattice, saying with a little shiver: "Heaven be thanked! 'Tis over, with no harm done. That last peal of thunder had a murderous sound that filled my soul with apprehension. God keep all travelers and dumb animals safe!" she added seriously.

La Fabienne came to her side.

"If my bird is afraid of storms," he observed sullenly, "she should not have made her nest on the topmost peak of a mountain, so high that when the clouds grow angry and fall low she

is perforce in the midst of the commotion."

"Godfrey"—Margaret turned her sweet, serious face to his—"thou knowest that thy bird nests not lightly in her mountain nest. Although she is free to fly hither and thither as she listeth, there is an unpleasant constraint in all the air about her. Oh, bonny Paris," she exclaimed, throwing out her hand with a swift, dramatic gesture, "right willingly would I exchange the freedom of my village nest for captivity in a cage were it hung in thy bright streets!"

La Fabienne smiled tenderly at her earnestness as he encircled her with his arm.

"Soon, sweet love, by my faith, thou wilt exchange!" he said. "Already a cage, not of gilt bars, but a huge pile of stone and mortar, with doors and windows, is in readiness for thee. From it thou art ever free to come and go, the only bars that will ever seek to stay thee, being these two arms that now intertwine so lovingly about thee."

"And, prithee, happily will I stay close to thy strong protection. Oh, my dear love," she cried, with soft eagerness, "dost thou know how much thou art to me? Who else in all this cold world would I love thee, Godfrey?"

For answer he clasped her closer to his heart.

Soon steps were heard and, looking from the window, they saw Hetty Taunston, a white sunbonnet in her hand, running up the path. With a cry of pleasure, Margaret advanced to meet her and, taking her hand, led her into the room.

"Hetty! Stranger! Welcome!" she cried gayly. "Methought thou hadst forsaken thy cousin."

Hetty made a shy courtesy to La Fabienne, who bowed in his most stately fashion, and said in a low, breathless voice, "Mother, hast grown strangely stern of late, dear Margaret, and forbids me to visit thee, for what reason I know not."

The smile on Margaret's face faded.

"An' thou didst come now with her consent?" she asked.

"Nay, sweet cousin. In the cool of the morning mother rode down the mountain to Brother Haggott's, there to spend the night, so—with a little loss of her head and a light laugh—"methought not to lose the chance to get a glimpse of thee unknownst to her."

"I' trouth, sweet"—Margaret stroked her soft hair fondly—"an thy disobedience is discovered 'twill put thy people against thee sorely."

Hetty sighed.

"I wot not why my mother is so hard with me. Happen I put a small flower in my hair she is greatly angered. Dost think such ornament sinful, Margaret?" she asked wistfully.

Her cousin smiled, and La Fabienne broke into a hearty laugh of amusement.

"Poor little Mistress Hetty!" he exclaimed. "Diddst never have other pleasure than singing psalms in the church?"

"Nay, unless 'tis walking home from prayers o' nights," she replied innocently.

Then, as he laughed again, this time more loudly, Hetty became conscious, blushed and hung her head. The sight of her pretty confusion touched Sir Godfrey.

"Here, Margaret, string thy lute," he cried, "and Mistress Hetty and I will tread a measure."

Margaret, smiling, touched the cords gently, and La Fabienne, bowing low, offered his hand to Hetty, who when she understood his meaning shrank back in alarm, with white face and parted lips.

"Nay, nay, sir," she stammered. "I must refuse thee. In our belief dancing is a sin that sends the soul to eternal punishment, for so our preacher hath ever taught us and my brother Josiah would cast me out of the house an' he heard I indulged in such practices."

Sir Godfrey, inclining his head courteously, walked away, and Margaret threw down her lute, interposing hastily to cover Hetty's embarrassment.

"What ails thee, man, that thou wouldst ask a Puritan maid to dance? Thou must excuse him, Hetty, as he knows not the pious customs of our mountain people. Come, dear Godfrey, read to us from thy new volume of 'Will Shakespeare'—'twill engage sweet Hetty, who hath great love for poetry, and as for me," she added, with a smile, "thou knowest in mine ears."

In reading and pleasant converse the afternoon passed so rapidly that it was after milking time when Hetty betwought herself of the lateness of the hour. Hurriedly saying her farewells, she ran down the road to the fence, sprang over the stile and went hastily in the direction of the pasture, where the cows, unaccustomed to such irregularity, had assembled at the gates, bellowing low plaintive calls for release.

Breathless and panting, Hetty let down the bars and, picking up a stick,

(To be continued.)

## NEW DAM AT "LITTLE BOB" IS WORK OF MAGNITUDE

### Interesting Details of the Big Work

### MUCH CEMENT USED

#### Many Tourists are Now Located at Bobcaygeon Resorts.

(Special to Free Press.)

BOBCAYGEON, July 3rd.—Messrs. McCoy & Wilford are making good progress with their contract of building the dam and side-walls which are to replace the old mill dam across the Little Bob river, about a mile east of the village. The contract is from the Dominion Government, and the dam is to be completed by November next. Forty-five men and eight teams are at present employed at the work. The cement side-wall on the south side of the river is finished. It is two feet thick, and ranges in height from six to seven feet to twelve to fourteen feet, according to the depth it was found necessary to go in order to find solid rock bottom, and to get below the crevices in the limestone, through which there has been for years a considerable leak. The wall extends from the river in a south-westerly direction a distance of over one thousand feet high ground near the foot of Oliver's hill.

A number of teams are engaged at hauling gravel, which is being banked up to the top of the wall on both sides as a reinforcement. A great quantity of gravel will be required for the purpose. On the north side of the channel an excavation eight or ten feet deep has been dug in the sand, but nothing has as yet been done at putting in the side-wall there. This latter wall will be much shorter than the one on the south side of the river, as there is high ground within a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet of the water's edge.

#### HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

Work on the dam proper is just commencing. A gang of men are putting up the necessary framework, and tracks for running the cement cars on are being laid. A large cement mixer, with a capacity of one hundred eighty yards per day, has been installed. When a load of cement is mixed it is dumped out of the machine into small cars, which are run out over the section being worked upon and there unloaded. About 150 bags of cement are used daily, and six carloads have been put into the side-wall. The wall across the river will take a much larger quantity, and it is estimated that thirty carloads more will be used before the contract is completed. The dam is to be twelve feet thick at the bottom, tapering to five feet at the top. There are to be six piers, each seventeen feet long and six feet wide. Where the greatest strain will come on the structure the piers are to be placed ten feet apart; where less support is necessary a greater space will be left between sections. The dam is being built in sections; at each division a rough cofferdam is put in and a water-tight box of the chamber dry for putting in the cement. A large pump driven by a 6 h.p. engine does the pumping. When a section is free from water, mixed cement is run out in cars on an overhead track and dumped into the chamber below, where it is packed into place. In this way a great mass of cement can be handled. A concrete walk is to be built across the top of the dam.

#### OTHER DETAILS.

A blacksmith and carpenter shop has been erected near the scene of labor, and the old mill stables are being utilized for stabling the horses and mules employed in connection with the operations.

A boarding house under the management of the contractors is maintained close at hand for the convenience of employees, and about thirty men take advantage of the opportunity to live close to their work.

Foreman Brownell, who is in charge, has superintended all the excavating and the building of the side-wall. He has recently moved his family to Bobcaygeon, and is now comfortably settled at Little Bob in one of the houses formerly occupied by Mosson Boyd Company's mill employees.

#### HOW THE HOLIDAY WAS SPENT BY VILLAGERS.

Dominion Day passed without special incident. A number of our inhabitants devoted their time to playing tennis and seeking shady spots about the parks. A party went to Peterboro, going by Steamer Manita to Chemong, and from there by automobile bus. Many spent the day on the lakes, some fishing, others sailing, and more paddling with their best girls. The boat livers were taxed to their capacity.

Mr. G. A. Smith, who moved to Peterboro in the spring, spent the holiday in town.

Mr. Jas. Bardeau has purchased the barber shop next the Independent office from Mr. H. B. Hanforth, and is now in possession.

Mr. John Hurst, after a couple of months in British Columbia, has returned to Bobcaygeon.

The Bank of British North America are having some alterations made in their office here. A new floor is being put down, and handsome fixtures are being installed.

The Harvey people held their annual picnic near the mouth of Nogey's creek on the holiday, and had a very successful day. A large crowd was present, and all enjoyed themselves. The booth was well patronized, and great quantities of peanuts, ice cream, chewing gum, etc., were disposed of. During the afternoon a football match between Harvey and Bobcaygeon was played, and the former were victorious by the score of two to one. Quite a number of people went down from the village in gasoline launches and small boats. The steamer Pearl brought a party from "The Cedars." Country people turned out in full force. All sorts of vehicles, from democrats to top buggies, were utilized as means of conveyance to the grounds. A few light showers fell during the afternoon, but the enjoyment of the day was little marred.

#### MANY VISITORS HERE.

Mr. N. Crowe is having a busy season at "The Cedars." This popular resort is situated about three miles from the village, on Pigeon Lake. The cottages are built in a beautiful cedar grove, from which the place derives its name. The following are at present there: Mr. and Mrs. Blakley, Mrs. Meyers, Dr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Bush, all of Rochester, N.Y.; Dr. and Mrs. Miller and family, N.Y.; Dr. and Mrs. Krause, of Buffalo, N.Y.; Dr. McGill, wife and son, of the Misses Davidson, Mr. McAree and wife, and Miss McAree, of Toronto; and Mrs. Ford, of Hamilton.

The hotels are having a brisk season. Among those at the Rockland are: Mr. Wm. Eyre, Mrs. R. E. Mason, Mr. G. N. Kennedy, Mrs. G. B. Kennedy, Mrs. T. W. Greer, Mr. H. Rogers, Mr. Harold Rogers and Mr. Clifford Rogers, all of Toronto; and Mr. Walter Scott, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Joseph E. Fleitz, Wilkesbarre, and Frederick W. Fleitz and wife, of Scranton, Pa.

Registered at the Royal are: Dr. W. J. Perkins, Dr. W. H. Wright, Mr. W. R. Thompson, Miss Muriel Thompson, Miss Margery Austin, Mr. A. S. Hamilton, Mr. A. Craig, Mr. Wellis C. Cassels, Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wilton, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mr. Hugh H. Lewis, Jr., and Mr. Jas. Walton, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. W. F. Strong, of Belleville; Mr. J. T. Maris, of Oshawa; Mr. and Mrs. Noah Lane, Parkersburg, W. Va.

#### Regular Meeting of Lindsay Cheese Board Held Monday Morning

HIGHEST BID 11½c.—1418 CHEESE BOARDED — MARIPOSA REPRESENTATIVE WOULD NOT SELL.

The Lindsay Cheese Board held their regular meeting Monday in the market hall at 10 o'clock. Mr. Thomas Robinson, the president, occupied the chair. Buyers Flavalle, Gillespie, Brown and Cook were present, and the prices paid were 10½c., 10½c., and 11½c.

There were a total of 1,418 cheese boarded:

| Factory       | Cheese |
|---------------|--------|
| Star          | 114    |
| Cameron       | 53     |
| Duniford      | 130    |
| Mariposa      | 130    |
| Omeme         | 195    |
| North Verulam | 90     |

|              |     |
|--------------|-----|
| North Ops    | 90  |
| Reaboro      | 160 |
| Bobcaygeon   | 177 |
| Maple Leaf   | 50  |
| Red Rock     | 136 |
| North Harvey | 66  |

Mr. Cook purchased the cheese from Red Rock, North Verulam, Duniford, Star, North Ops, Omeme, Maple Leaf and North Harvey, making a total of 898 cheese.

Mr. Flavalle purchased from Reaboro, Bobcaygeon and Cameron, making a total of 380 cheese.

The representative of Mariposa cheese factory would not sell his 130 boxes for 11½c. per pound.

#### HOLDS THE RECORD.

Mrs. A. L. Campbell, of this town, assuredly holds the expert angler's record for the Kawartha waters. One evening recently, while trolling in the vicinity of her summer home, Paradise Island, she captured four good-sized maskinonge in 20 minutes. The quartette tipped the scales at 38½ lbs.

#### Back on Earth.

I thought we'd killed him off last year, but, no, he once more comes in view. The fiend who mutters in your ear: "Well, is this hot enough for you?"

## Should Celebrate Dominion Day More

PATRIOTIC SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. MR. WELCH LAST EVENING.

Rev. Mr. Welch, of the Baptist church, preached a very interesting sermon Sunday morning in Dominion Day. He chose for his text 14th Psalm, 15th verse, "Happy is that people in such a case; yea, happy I that people whose God is the Lord."

The speaker referred to our Dominion Day not being celebrated enough, when on that day the provinces of this beautiful country, which is the example for other countries, joined together. He took for an example how much more the United States celebrates the 4th July.

The reverend gentleman spoke of how the greatness of Canada should be spoken of by those in schools, pulpit and press, and every citizen should show that he loves and knows God loves this land, by celebrating it once a year at the very least. Then again, one can see how God loves the land by having it the ruling nation, and by the great protection He has given it in the army and navy. The people, besides celebrating, he said, should help to spread God's word, which is all he asks. The speaker referred to the awful revolutions which were going on in Russia, and to think of how much blood had been spilt in that dark country. Every country is attempting to prevent this by sending the great representative, King Edward VII, to try his utmost to make peace between Russia and Japan, and in this way carry out her part.

The speaker brought his remarks to a close by speaking of "love" being one of the greatest and best things which can exist in any nation.

### ADDITIONAL STORIES ABOUT THE STORM

#### LATER REPORTS CONCERNING DAMAGE DONE ON SATURDAY

#### TELEPHONE SERVICE OUT.

A severe storm passed over Fenelon Falls Saturday evening, inflicting considerable damage here and there. Several trees were blown down and the telephone service was disabled for some time. The rain that fell in the vicinity will no doubt prove a boon to the farmers.

#### G. N. W. WIRES DAMAGED.

Considerable damage was done to the wires of the Great North Western Telegraph Co. The line between Toronto and Lindsay was damaged considerably, although to what extent it is not known yet. Men have been sent all along the line to repair whatever is wrong. The service between Cobocok and Lindsay is also working poorly.

In conversation with the company's operator here, a representative of The Free Press learned that the chief cause of the damage in electric storms is wind causing the trees to fall against the wires and break the connection.

### LITTLE BRITAIN.

(Correspondence Free Press.) Your correspondent visited Little Britain, arriving rather late, and was surprised to find no hotel accommodation in the village, no station, nearer than 3 1-2 miles, and no trains. He felt he had to undergo the experience of sleeping under the starry heavens. It is bad enough to find local option in a town, with hotel rates high, and worse still, to find the only hotel shut up, with no occupant. Our representative was pleased to see that an enterprising citizen had turned his home into a very fine private hotel, where all the comforts of a home are to be found at reasonable rates. The writer's experience here led him to think that there is a chance for many a needy family to start similar places for the accommodation of travellers, where they are sure of good meals and clean beds.

Travelers visiting Little Britain should not fail to give Mr. and Mrs. Ridd a visit. They have fine sample rooms, and the bus meets all the trains. There is also good accommodation for horses and bugies.

### WOODVILLE FREE.

Correspondence Free Press: Woodville, July 6.—Miss Tena McArthur spent July 1st with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane and children have gone to Beaverton for a two weeks' holiday.

It was very quiet in the village on July 1st, as a number attended the picnic at Glenarm. All report a good time.

We hear the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church are having an ice cream social in the near future.

Mrs. M. T. Stoddard is visiting friends in Port Hope.

Miss Mattie McEachern, of Toronto, is visiting friends in the village. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod spent Sunday with Mrs. H. Robinson.

Misses Minnie and Annie Campbell have returned home for the summer vacation.

A number of buildings near Woodville were struck by lightning on Saturday. We had a severe storm in the village.



"I'll send the wicked gewgaw home by Christopher."



"I must refuse thee."

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