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& FULTON &c., Lindsay ominion Bank W. Taylor's root 30 to 4.30 p.m. ate at lowest co A. FULTON, B.A.

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The Witch of Cragenstone By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ.

proceeded to urge the cattle to a greater rate of speed than was usually necessary. If her mother had returned unexpectedly she was lost! Frightened at the thought, she gave the last cow in the line a sharp prod with the stick, who, not accustomed to such rough treatment, looked back at her reproachfully, then galloped awkwardly ahead of the others. The cows once in the barn, it was a matter of a few moments to collect the pails and stool in sentences expressing his passionate for milking.

Other evenings Hetty sat down to this occupation cheerfully, usually singing lightly to the accompaniment of the soft sound of the milk streaming into the pail, but tonight the task was distasteful to her. She took her seat with a jerk and exclaimed irritably when the cow, in order to brush a fly from its back, whisked its tail across her face. "Keep still, thou old beldam cow! Dost think I want mine eyes scratched out o' my head?"

Although under the skillful manipulations of her hands the pails filled rapidly. Hetty's thoughts were not upon her occupation, but were over the meadows at the Mayland farmhouse, with La Fabienne and Margaret. The poetical and romantic vein that ran deep in this girl's nature had been touched by the afternoon's entertainment. The handsome dress of Sir Godfrey and his gallant bearing, combined with the exquisite beauty of Margaret in her soft flowing gown of white linen, caused Hetty's little heart to ache with sympathetic yearning.

"Was ever seen such a bonny pair o' lovers?" she thought. "Such trust, such evidence of love in every action! Ah, lackaday, woe is me!" She sighed hopelessly.

"No lover more gallant than a Puritan farmer, and instead of a lute a milk bucket!"

At last, her task finished, she carried the heavy pails to the dairy.

"Methought Sir Godfrey regarded me with a pleasant gaze," she said to herself as she rested on a churn near the

Then as a sudden thought seemed to strike her she raised her face quickly, her eyes beaming with brightness.

"An I had had the roses in my hair and had worn my new lace tucker, mayhap he would ha' admired me more," she said. "As 'tis, perchance, he might speak o' me to a comrade high in favor at the French court who would fall in love with his description and come bravely here to woo me."

The thought was so pleasant to the imaginative, romantic soul of little Hetty that, forgetting to pour the milk into the pans and set them away for the cream to rise, she sat on the edge of the churn, her head resting against the wall, lost in her rosy hued day dreams. With her hand in her imaginary lover's, who wore a suit of light blue velvet trimmed with silver braiding, she was just making a low courtesy before the king of France when her illusions were roughly dispelled by the loud, hearty voice of Simon Kempster, who having seen his adored Hetty enter the dairy, followed in her wake to have a chat with her. From the excessive heat and the exercise of carrying a sack of potatoes a long distance Simon's face was red and perspiring: his rough suit of homespun, unbuttoned at the throat, soiled and shabby, hung loosely on his sturdy figure, and his broad farming hat made of reeds was torn and broken at the edges. He laid down the sack and en-

Startled from her brilliant dreams by Simon's appearance, Hetty's thoughts fled from the court of the king of France and fastened themselves upon matters of the present, the most important of which were the full milk pails. Springing off the churn and returning Simon's pleased grin with an absent smile of greeting, she proceeded to fill the row of pewter pans with the white foaming milk.

Fanning himself with his broken hat, Simon watched her from his place at the door with admiring eyes. It occurred to him that Hetty had never before looked so pretty. The red color in her cheeks had heightened; her eyes were brighter; she held her little head higher, and in his estimation went about her homely task in the same manner as would have a queen. Looking at her white throat, he thought of the silver heart lying on her fair bosom that he had given ber and that she had received with so much pleasure - a sweet secret safe between him and Hetty-and his honest heart gave a great throb.

Stepping to her side, he asked her for light. a mug of milk. Hetty's pleasant afternoon and ner consequent nappy day dreams had left her in sort of an uplifted state. She wished good fortune to all and gave Simon the refreshment he demanded, with a smile of happi-

carried the first full pan to the but- ly, pausing at frequent intervals to tery. "What a kind friend he hath ever been to me. There's many a lonely hour I would ha' spent without him. When my lord doth come and I ride away I shall not forget Simon. Happen anon I may have influence to have

him made lackey at the court." Returning for another pan, with her heart and mind full of her good intentions. Hetty bestowed a more than an

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dinary sweet glance of esteem" and kindly feeling upon her visitor, whose heart, always full of love for her, ached now to bursting with fancied encouragement. Only when wearing his new churchgoing black suit, he thought, had she ever given him kinder glances; so, regardless of his untidy appearance, he clasped the astonished Hetty in his arms, and thoughts that for months had been filling his mind now took the form of words and sprang from his lips

love for her. "Art gone daft, Simon? Ha' done, I tell thee!" she cried in angry surprise, struggling to free herself from his

strong embrace. "Hetty, say the word," he entreated. "Promise to be my wife. Plight thy

troth with me." "Coward," she cried, "to hold a maid against her will! Dost think I want a cowboy for a husband?"

He loosed his hold and drew back as if stung, with staring eyes and a face from which all color had gone. "Thou dost not love me, Hetty?" he

asked solemnly. "An' all our sweet

friendship is to go for naught?" "Love thee?" Hetty gave her head a toss. "Whoe'er put thoughts of my loving thee into thine idle brain? Nay, silly. Look not so downcast," she cried, "an' take my best assurance that our friendship hath not been in vain, for so dear I hold thee in my heart

plans for thine advancement." Unable to understand and much bewildered, Simon watched Hetty as she airily lifted her skirts and, holding her head very high, walked up and down the dairy in imitation of a grand lady.

that but e'en now before thou spokest

thy foolish utterances I was making

"For thou knowest, Simon," she continued, with a patronizing nod, "methinks to marry a French courtier who will come anon on a white steed to woo me and take me back with him to Paris, there to set me up in a grand palace, with countless serving men and women to do my bidding."

"Hetty, what nonsense is this?" Simon cried in desperation. "What man is this thou lovest?"

"'Tis no man that I e'er seen as yet." Hetty continued her pacing up and

"But know this, Simon Kempster, that I'll ha' none of thee. Dost think I would bother with thy little scraggly farm when I can be mistress of a grand estate? However," she concluded condescendingly, her foolish little

mind slightly troubled by the broken hearted expression in her companion's eyes, "think not that I will forget thee, Simon. Why, who knoweth but I may make thee overseer of one of my farms in the provinces. Think on that-thy bright future-with joyful anticipation.

good Simon." He came and stood before her with white, drawn face, depicting desperate earnestness.

any fair words thou might have spo-

"Fie, Simon," she giggled nervously, more affected than she knew by his seriousness, "out upon thy cross looks! Thy solemn countenance would give a body the megrims! Who said we could not be friends?"

Kempster turned his back upon her and walked away. At the door he

"By all this talk then thou doth mean that thou canst not love me-that thou'lt never be my wife?"

"Thy wife! A common farmer's wife?" Hetty laughed a low, rippling laugh of amusement. "Nay, good Simon, thou must seek thy mate among thine own farm loving kind. As for me, I will wait the arrival of my gallant courtier."

"Hetty, hast forgotten the love verses?" His voice was entreating.

"The verses! Ha, ha!" She laughed again, this time more merrily. "To speak o' your silly rhymes as verses, forsooth! Why, body o' me, good Simon, thou shouldst buy a book of good Will Shakespeare's verses, an' then thou'dst know what poetry is, an ne'er more speak again, I warrant thee, o' thy nonsensical rhyming."

Something must have snapped in Simon's heart, it went down with such a bound. Blindly he turned and groped his way out of the house, not seeing the sack of potatoes resting on the ground, tripped and almost fel! over the house dog lying asleep in the shade and strede on with head downcast over the wet roadway, into the dull shadows of the approaching twi-

CHAPTER XVI. DAM, the goldsmith, waited late that afternoon for Christopher's return. Impatient at his delay and angry at the sight of the unfinished chores, he "Poor Simon," she thought as she paced up and down the room restlesslook out of the doorway with nervous anxiety toward the forest footpath. "'Tis passing strange," he muttered. "The lad's ne'er done the like before. If he'd a thought of fear I'd say the storm de yed him, but such things as thunder slowers 'ud ne'er bother

> "the lad's willful and careth not that -- chores are undone."

Christopher. Nay," shaking his head.

Just then a shadow fell across the threshold. Adam came forward expectantly.

"Ah, bless me, Mistress Taunston!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Methought 'twas Christopher. Happen didst see that good for naught as thou didst

come through the forest?" "I saw him not, good Adam," the dame replied, "but I walked rapidly, as I am in haste to reach the house of Sister Hemming, that my son brought ited by the Lord with an affliction of numbness, so I bethought me that my prayers and services might be of use at the bedside. Did thy lad stray away?"

"Twas after the hour of noon that I sent him to the Mayland farm with trinket that I mended for the young mistress," he replied. "I' truth I would not ha' been in such good haste to send it had not thy good son Josiah warned me of possible evil contained in the papist symbol of the golden cross." The woman threw out her hand in

manner that suggested hopeless resignation at the rashness of the old man's act and, addressing him harshly with tragic earnestness, said: "Thou didst send thy lad with that emblem of the black art, Adam Browdie. Forsooth," with an ominous shake of her head, "'twas no wonder then that the storm :ose betimes, turning peaceful elements into devil's turmoil to bring honest folk to their knees calling on God to save them! Ah, sorrowful day!" she sighed drearily, then, raising her voice in rebuke, said, "'Twas thy duty, man, to ha' burned the wicked trinket instead o' sending an innocent lad with it to bring destruction to him!"

Adam, pale with apprehension, cow ered back against the door. The words of his visitor were so positive and her manner carried such conviction with it that the old man was already aghast at the possible consequences of his fool-

ish act. "I must be on my way, good neigh-Mistress Taunston lifted her skirts preparatory to leaving. "But happen thy lad returneth not by nightfall I would counsel thee to rouse the village, call the men out for a search, and if aught of harm hath befallen Christopher as a result of touching that cross," she continued sternly, with a threatening emphasis, "I wot measures must be taken at once to force the wearer of it to destroy it."

"Aye, aye!" the trembling old man concurred eagerly. "Such evil gimcracks worn for the sake o' wicked vanity should be destroyed. Mayhap, alas, enough harm hath been done a'ready! Ah, woe is me! 'Tis bad time we ha' fallen on!"

"Truth hast thou spoken. God keep thee, Adam."

"And thee, good dame." The woman passed on, grim and severe, and the shadow receded slowly

from the threshold. That night a party of men carrying torches searched the forest vainly for the missing lad, calling his name loudly, then listening with straining ears for a response. But none came to their strong and eager cries, the accustomed stillness of midnight on the mountain being broken only by sounds of hurry-

ing feet, shrieks of birds, roused from their nests by the unusual disturbance and glare of lights, as they flew through the trees with noisy clapping of wings, and the peculiar wailing sound of the wildcat as with gleaming eyes and showing its teeth savagely it slunk among the underbrush.

But it was not until morn that they found him. At the peaceful hour of dawn, when the sun was sending its "Then thou hast meant nothing by first warm rays of light across the horizon line, tinting the sky with rosy pink that presaged the coming of another glorious day of life and activity, Taunston shouted to the others that he had found him, and his companions, running to the edge of the precipice, saw the bruised and swollen body of poor Christopher, held securely by a protruding root of a gnarled oak tree that had caught under his jacket, tossing up and down on the rushing, tumbling waters of the stream below, his glazed eyes wide open and staring, looking vacantly into the shocked and sorrowing faces above him.

CHAPTER XVII. HE next day Sir Godfrey La of trouble." Fabienne, accompanying the was riding up the mountain toslackened rein, talking earnestly in

low tones. "Nay, Godfrey, I am not ill. But since the shocking news of Christopher's death I cannot lift his trouble from my heart," she was saying in reply, evidently, to some remark he had just made. "I do reproach myself that in mine own security I allowed the lad to follow his inclination and go into danger. One commanding word from me, with assurances that I would take all blame of the goldsmith's anger, would have sent him to the kitchen.

Ah, lackaday!" "Thou'rt over sensitive, my love, an' must needs bear the suffering of all about thee," La Fabienne said. "Blame not thyself for what was not thy fault. By the Lord, thou asked the lad to remain and he would not. None other, Margaret, unless she had thy tender conscience, would so unjustly reproach herself. Come, cheer thee. Laugh, smile, sweet, or else, I swear, I'll get the blue megrims myself!"

"Jest not, dear Godfrey, for methinks that others hold my carelessness against me, for yesternight, when riding through the village, I noticed sulglances or averted fa as."

gay good humor. "God's pity, but I words to thee!" medence. Thon, should bear good led through the forest .

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Gaston's surly jests at their expense! Right merrily would thou laugh, my

Margaret not making reply, they pursued their way in silence until they reached a low log house, where just before the door a group of children were throwing corn to a hen and her young brood. An elder girl, barefooted and dirty faced, looked up curiously at the approach of the riders; then, throwing back her tangled hair, opened me word an hour since had been vis- I her eyes in wonder at the sight of such unusual splendor, for the bright sun fell on Margaret's hair and lighted the threadwork of gold on her dress, the soft wind caught her long white veil of gossamer wound about her riding hat, tossing it lightly in the air, and La Fabienne, in his usual splendid dress, rode after her, smiling, his hand in the leather purse of his belt, ready to throw some loose coin to the young-

> At that instant a woman in a torn cotton frock appeared at the doorway, her face drawn in terror and pointing a long finger toward Margaret.

"Tirzah! Clarinda! Luke!" she shriek-"Come in behind the doors! "Tis the lady with the evil cross! Hast forgot the lad Christopher's fate? Run! I command ye to run!" The panic stricken children, with

white faces and in great fear, rushed to their mother's side, clinging to her skirts tremblingly as she slammed the door and noisily drew the bolt. "What said the shrewish wench?"

asked La Fabienne as he took his place

beside Margaret. "I did not exactly get her meaning. but she called the children from me, warning them of poor Christopher's sad death," she replied. "As I told thee, Godfrey, all blame of the lad's misfortune is laid to mine indifference."

companion's face, his own grew dark, and he laid his hand upon his sword. "By heaven, Margaret, an any man makes such insinuations in my hearing I'll run him through!"

"Nay, talk not of bloodshed, Godfrey," she answered, with a gentle sigh, "but think rather of the time when we will ride away together from these unjust people to a joyous and happy life in France."

"Naught but that hope and the sweet joy of thy presence doth keep me here, I do assure thee, Margaret," he replied seriously. "But, mark me, sweet, until four. we leave no man slights thee without settling the reckoning with me."

Margaret, whose kind heart was full of sorrow and trouble at the recent misadventure, also the consequent conduct of her neighbors, took heart at her lover's fond words.

"Thy protection and love giveth me great comfort, Godfrey," she replied. Then, with a little sigh, "But, I wot, this is a most depressing neighborhood."

La Fabienne laughed lightly, amused at her last observation.

"See, yonder," she continued, "is A am's cottage, the goldsmith, where pe Christopher's body lieth awaiting ial. Methinks the wreath of rose sent yesterday was not enough tpress my sympathy. I won'd like



"Go on thy wicked way!" offer Adam some gold, Godfrey. Happen the old man is in need in his hour

At the sound of horses' hoofs Adam mistress of the Mayland farm, Browdie appeared at the door, and when he saw who it was drew back, ward the village, slowly and with with blanched face, his tongue cleaving BOATHOUSE TROUBLE to the roof of his mouth.

"I give thee good day, Adam," Margaret said, riding closer, "and I have much sympathy with thee in thy sorrow. Wilt take this small handful of gold, good man, as at times like these folk have many extra needs?"

The sun, glittering over the house, fell on the cross lying on her bosom, illuminating it. In Adam's fear and terror it was all he saw, and to his excited imagination it appeared to blazen forth, covering the whole front of her

"Go on thy wicked way!" he cried in quavering tones, "and stop not before the door where thou hast wrought such dire evil! Thy wreath of roses lieth in ashes in the road! We applied a torch ere thy servant left; and thy

He closed the door and fastened it, drawing the bar across with noisy violence. Margaret's face was white as she picked up her rein, and La Fabiand flashing eyes.

the man so old and did not death lie

"Again 'tis thine imagination that's in his household I would have him out! at fault," her companion insisted, in No man could live after those rough cannot much blame thee, sweet, for of The look of sad wonder in Margaret's

all lean shanked, sour faced folk I e'er eyes did not leave them as she guided have met these mountain folk take her horse to the narrow footpath that

(To be continued.)

# Are Interesting

MANY VISITORS IN THE VILLAGE AND OTHERS HAVE GONE AWAY.

(Correspondence Free Press.) Omemee, July 12th.-Miss Gypsy, Patten, who has been attending High school here, left on Saturday evening for her home in Little Current. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Mary Jardine. Major and Mrs. Neil are visiting

friends in town. Mr. W. Cottingham was a visitor to Toronto on Saturday.

Mr. W. Cottingham was a visitor to Toronto on Saturday. Miss Tenea Weir is spending her vacation at her home in Lang.

ing his holidays at home. Mr. Robert Thompson left on Thursday to spend his holidays am-

ong old friends. Miss Emma Francey, who has been attending High school, left on Saturday night for her home in Millbrook.

and Mrs. McCullough. is visiting Miss Francis Teney. lis, is spending a few holidays with make war, keep slaves, lay in stores, appears nearby; rarely in the cld

der the auspices of the Woman's In- vide for it. stitute, was largely attneded, and a

splendid time is reported. Mr. J. T. Beatty attended the 12th July celebration in Toronto on Sat-

Miss Clara and Irene Francey, of Milbrook, were visitors to Omemee on Saturday. Mrs. Rea and daughter, of Lindsay,

are visiting at the home of Mrs. Bal-Mr. W. W. Jardine left for Toronto on Saturday morning, where he will be engaged for a few weeks in connection with the Departmental ex-

aminations. The Orangemen attended the Methodist church on Sunday evening, where they were addressed by the pastor, Mr. McCullough. The service was largely attended.

ing the millinery department in Mr. Charle Ivory's store for the spring and summer seasons, left on Monday a covering. The cocoons are cared morning for her home in Chatham. Some of our local option enthusi- themselves, and these are what is asts were overcome by temptation on usually known as "ants' eggs". They have gone into winter quarters, they Saturday and succumbed under the may be found at midsummer or will either build a new nest sufficient flames of the "fiire water."

## Coboconk Orangemen Went to Cannington

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE VILLAGE AT THE HEAD OF

NAVIGATION. (Correspondence to Free Press.) Coboconk, July 13.-Mrs. World, son, Herb., are visiting Mrs. A. Brean. liquid food, especially if it is sweet, may have gathered. By this sim-Miss Mabel Clifford leaves for Unionville this morning. She will be honey like the bees. greatly missed from our midst. Miss Myrtle Clifford is at present visiting friends in Unionville.

spending her vacation under the parental roof. Miss Helen Hall, of Toronto, is spending a few weeks at her home. Miss Addie Rickman commences her

Miss Grace Hall, of Baysville, is

duties to-day at Mr. F. C. Fielding's drug store. Miss Reata Taylor, Bertha Rickman and Arthur Watson intend spending July 13th in Cannington. Coboconk

## AT FENELON FALLS

Orange lodge goes to that town.

SOME INACCURACIES IN LAST WEEK'S ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR.

(Special to The Free Press.) After a storm there is the usual calm, and the boating trouble of last week is now resting quietly and most of the buildings are moved off. In last week's account of this affair there are some inaccuracies which we wish to correct, and regret that they occurred, but the news was supplied us by reputable citizens, and we believed it to be genuine. It appears that \$2 gold, take it with thee. I want it was the amount collected by Mr. Glaspell from Mr. Torrance, and Glaspell states that it was for boat hire at the

time of the drowning accident.

In regard to F. Metcalfe, we believe as yet he has been paid nothing, but enne rode at her side with dark looks | when he was castigating Mr. Torrance, and also to others, he said he had not "Gads, in France we have a man been paid for his trouble in connection, whipped for less than that! Mon with the drowning accident, and of formal greetings saw only frowning Dieu," he exclaimed angrily, "were not course this statement is tantamount Glaspell's actions with Mr. Torrance to get worse. his boat, all go to show that his in- The roof was the first to fall in, and burned off the engine house, and the in regard to wood, drinking water, and tention was to punish Mr. Torrance, this was followed shortly afterwards machinery inside was all destroyed. and right here we might say that it is by the floor and the sides of the mill. The saws, etc., which compose the the universal opinion that no charge This made it much easier for the fire- plant of the mill, was the main loss, for service in any shape should be men, as the fire was down much lower and it 's believed that there is enough made against Mr. Torrance in connec- and could be easily reached with the insurance to cover the loss of the tion with recovering the body.

## SOMETHING ABOUT ANTS HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

THEY HAVE IN THEIR COLONIES ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER PROFESSIONS-HOW THE COLONIES MAY BE DESTROYED.

(Original article by Mr. F. H. Reed, , B.S.A., Lindsay, written for The Free Press.)

der stones, in trees, in roots and in cies of ants. all other likely and unlikely places at this season. They are abundant Mr. Robinson and family have in temperate countries, more rare in lawns and gardens, or in grass plots, is rapid in certain directions.

and builders, agriculturists, masons, or hill, closing them up by stepping tailors, and many of the other trades on each as it is treated. The fumes and professions are represented. We will penetrate the chambers in every find communities governed in some direction, and if a sufficient amount directions despotically by a queen; has been used, will kill not only all Miss McCullough, of New York, yet at the same time forming the the adults, but all larvae as well. A has been visiting her parents, Rev. most perfect republic, in which every singe application is usually all that individual has its right firmly es- is necessary.; but in a very large Miss Grace Cochrane, of Toronto, tablished and absolutely beyond the colony it may sometimes happen that control of the nominal head of the the farther chambers are not reach-Rev. Walter Nugent, of Minneapo- colony. They have organizations that ed by the fumes, and that the nest La Fabienne noting the cloud on his his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nu- and provide for contingencies; they spot. When that occurs, a second seem able to forecast the future in treatment is tolerably certain to be The excursion to Fenelon Falls, un- some directions, and intelligently pro- effective. It has been recommended

### Their Life and Habits. Let us look at the general life his

tory of ants. In a colony of ants, however large, there is usualy a single "queen," or female, at the head of the establishment, and she attends to the business of laying the eggs which are white cylindrical and little elongated. They are taken in charge by the workers, cared for, and in a about a month, helpless grubs are produced. These are carefully tended and fed, because absolutely unable to help themselves, are periodically cleaned and moved about from place to place in the nest, that they may have the proper degree of warmth and dryness, or moisture, and after about six weeks of this cuddling they are full grown. Then Miss Smith, who has been manag- they either spin an oval cocoon, in which they change to pupae, or change directly without forming such for as carefully as were the larvae as they are workers.

> and some species gather and store ple means injury may be prevented during the year following.

In many localities ants are indirectly injurious, although they are never beneficial. There is quite a common belief that ants destroy the plant life, among which they are fre-Few insects are better known to the quently found; but this is exactly average observer than the ants that contrary to the fact, for plant lice are found everywhere-in our houses, play a very important and curious in fields, in woods, in the ground, un- part in the economy of certain spe-

### How to Destroy Them.

Some species make their hills in our moved to their new home on King- the north, but become veritable pests and they are sometimes decidedly by their enormous numbers in the troublesome in such localities, Where Mr. Wm. Gallagher, of the Bank tropics. They have many peculiar- this occurs there is nothing better of Commerce, Parry Sound, is spend- ities of habit, and their development for gettting rid of them than bisulphide of carbon. Pour a quantity We find among them architects into each of the openings of the disc that after pouring a considerable quantity-say three or four ouncesinto the main opening of the nest, the vapor be exploded by means of a match held at the end of a stock. When this is done the nest is completely wrecked, and the poisonous vapor is forced to every portion of the galleries, so that escape is almost impossible; while larvae and pupae are buried so thoroughly that they can never make their way to the surface, even if not killed by the fumes. Care must be taken by the user to keep some distance away to prevent being caught by the flash, as carbon bisulphide is very inflam-

Ants are never desirable in a cultivated field; they have no business there, and are certainly of no benefit to the farmer, even if they do not directly feed upon plant tissue.

Plughing a Remedy. Fall ploughing should be practised to destroy the nests of ants. If the ploughing be done before the ants thereafter in almost any colony of for their quarters, or will move with ants, and usually in the upper cham- their belongings to a spot in which bers of the nest, where they get a they are able to winter, some good full supply of warmth from the sun. will be accomplished. If the plough-The adults hatch from these cocoons ing be deferred until frosty night and late in summer, and at once take cool days to discourage activity, the part in the work of the nest, so far ants will be unable to repair damages, or will not have sufficient time to The food of ants is variable-some re-establish themselves before they times animal, sometimes vegetable, become- torpid. The ploughingand quite usually both. The same should be deep and as thoroughly species may feed upon fragments of done as posible, so as to not only disinsects and other animal matter, and turb and break up the nests comalso upon plant tissues of various pletely, but to scatter the plant lice, of Fort William, accompanied by her kinds. They are usually fond of eggs or other material that the ants-

## ANOTHER MILL FALLS A PREY TO THE DESTROYING ELEMENTS

MR. G. BRUMWELL'S PLANING MILL LEVELLED BY FIRE - TELE-GRAPH WIRES BROKE-WIN DOWS OF SURROUNDING HOUSES CRACKED.

fire broke out in Mr. G. J. Brumwell's their positions. planing mill at an early hour Friday morning, and the structure was burnthe spot where the mill stood.

### SENT IN ALARM.

work was covered with flames.

### HEAT INTENSE.

The heat was intense, but the fire laddies soon had all the available hose in working order and several streams of water playing on the fire. A large water as fast as it was poured upon lumber about a week ago. the building, and in spite of the ef- At the time of the fire there was no to making a charge for services. Mr. forts of the brigade the fire continued lumber of any account in the mill.

## ROOF FELL IN.

hose. The posts and scantlings which machinery.

Starting from an unknown cause a supported the framework remained in OTHER PLACES IN DANGER.

The firemen, seeing that they could ed to the ground. Only the skeleton not save the building, began to pay frame work and a few charred timbers attention to the surrounding houses. piled on top of one another now mark and factories. The warehouse and larrigan factory belonging to Mr. R. M. Beal was constantly in danger, but under the watchful eye of the chief all The fire was noticed by Mr. Robt. the adjoining buildings were well pro-Kennedy, who resides across the road, tected. The office and factory of Mr. and the alarm was immediately sent Kennedy were brightly illuminated by in. The fire brigade responded in good the light of the flames, and they were time, but were unable to save the forced to keep a garden hose in action building. When they arrived the all the time, watering the roof. A flames were leaping high into the air, spark from the Brumwell building flew and it seemed as if the entire wood- over onto the shingles and started a blaze going, but it was soon put out. The front windows of Mr. Kennedy's office and home were badly cracked from the intense heat of the flames.

## HAD LUMBER OUT.

Mr. Carew was thanking his stars tocrowd soon gathered, attracted by the day that his lumber was out of the bright reflection in the sky, and the mill when the fire occurred. It will men gathered did all in their power be remembered that after his own mill to help the firemen in their fight was burned Mr. Carew had s me of against the destroying element. It his lumber cut in Mr. Brumwell's mill. seemed impossible to quench the fire, He kept a watchman there for three-The flames seemed to drink up the weeks at night and finally moved the

The building was a frame structure, sheeted with tin. The entire roof was