The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ.

Author of "In Love and Truth"

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CREAME

next morning, despite the fact at a heavy mist hung over the mounand a driveling rain was falling, quiet village of Cragenstone prented a scene of unusual activity. om the various houses people were ming on their way to the council hall, d at the Sign of the Red Heart stern ed Puritans from far distances were wing constantly, for the story of argaret's arrest had been passed om mouth to mouth over the mounin and in those credulous, superstious times such a sensational event the trial of a witch was the signal a general holiday. Shepherds left eir flocks, housewives their spinning heels, the husbandman laid down his ow, and, donning their best attire, walked or rode to the scene of in-So all the morning along the adways and before the various shops the village groups of newcomers ad-

or stood listening with mouths

M them by the townspeople of "the

eurst woman's doings" and the suf-

t the tidings that the time of Margais trial had arrived, the chief counfor and council, accompanied by two meourse of people gathered before the Trembling with excitement, old atthew threw open the door, and ev entered, walking slowly to the uncil chamber, followed at a respectl distance by the assembled people, ho took seats quietly on the rough moden benches prepared for them.

When all were seated and the clangg of the bell had ceased, the chief nuncilor rose and called loudly the he demanded. ame of Matthew Allen. Immediately the jailer appeared at

"Matthew Allen," he said in solemn ones, "I call on thee in the name of the



ret Mayland, before his tribunal. long forth the prison-

Amid a break place silence he resumed

grating noise of the

They advanced slowly, the jailer findcame to an open space before the council, where Matthew, seating Margaret on a wooden stool placed there for the purpose, left her. So intense was the stillness in the room that the noise of the falling of a pin could have been heard as the assemblage gazed at the prisoner brought face to face with her judges and accusers and who now sat alone apart, her hands clasped together in her lap, her proud head bent and behavior. her blue eyes dull and heavy, their

surrounded by the council, and back of them, seated on wooden stools, were the witnesses and accusers. Josiah Taunston, summoned to serve in both capacities, sat with his mother in place of prominence and received large share of comment and curious attention. Seated just before him in the

council was one of the visiting judges fect; then, throwing up his head sudfrom Sterndorf, who, after surveying Margaret's youth and beauty with astonishment, turned to Josiah, saying

"By my faith, good sir, the maid is possessed of wondrous beauty and looks not like one that had sold her soul to the devil."

Josiah's grim face darkened.

"Hist, man! Look not her way, an' put thy thoughts on holy things. To appear winsome is of her evil art: 'tis one of the first tricks she doth use to put folk under her spell. 'Tis well I were here to warn thee, friend."

The man turned about with a frightened expression and, fixing his glance on the audience, kept it there.

Soon the chief councilor, in large curled wig and loose gown of black, rose to his feet.

"Margaret Mayland, rise." The prisoner, without lifting her eves, obeyed his command.

"Margaret Mayland," he continued ane to the startling and fearful tales | speaking with stern distinctness, "in the name of the king, thou hath been taken into custody and now brought to ring she had caused those that had trial on the following charges: Connivance with Satan in rebellion against Precisely at the hour of noon, as the God, possessing a malevolent influence sty iron bell at the prison clanged over human beings and supernatural powers to injure them, to read their thoughts, to fascinate and harm by a look, to control the elements and in alges from Sterndorf renowned on the other ways most wicked to practice the awful crimes of magic, black art w made their way through the great | and witchcraft. Thine accusers state, he continued, "that already thou hast wrought much suffering to thy neighbors in this village. Woman, hath aught to say in thy defense?"

For the first time Margaret lifted her eyes. "Good sir, of the charges thou dost name I am not guilty," she answered gently.

"Hast thou secured any one to ar gue in thy defense, to plead for thee? "Nay, sir."

Her head fell forward, and she clasped her hands together tightly. "I-I have no friends hereabout, save one old woman, who can do naught but cry for me."

"Thou mayst be seated." A murmur of deep interest ran through the assemblage as the old councilor said: "Councilmen, we will proceed with the trial. Let the first witness be called."

He resumed his seat with solemn dignity, while the court crier, bristling with importance, rose at once, calling dramatically, "Josiah Taunston to the witness bench!"

CHAPTER XXV.

S his name was spoken thus loudly and suddenly Taunston turned deathly white, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He attempted to rise, but, feeling his legs unsteady under him, resumed his seat; then, control- the audience gave vent to its repressed ling himself by a strong effort, again rose and walked with his accustomed air of calm seriousness to the benchset apart for the witnesses. The chief

councilor addressed him solemnly: "Josiah Taunston, doth thou promise, knowing that a just and revengeful God heareth all thou wilt say, to speak

truth?" "I do so solemnly promise." Then a young attorney, who had been

appointed by the council to question witnesses, stepped forward, taking a place just before Margaret, who if she heeded what was going on gave no evidence of it, but sat motionless, with lowered head and eyes downcast.

"Josiah Taunston," he commenced rapidly, addressing the witness, "as the accused hath secured no person to defend her or to parley questions with witnesses it will be proper for thee to give thy evidence directly and with as much speed as possible. Witness, what occurrence between thee and the prisoner first caused thee to think she was

in connivance with the devil?" After mopping his brow with his handkerchief and wetting his pale lips with his tongue Josiah spoke:

"'Twas on a day soon after Margaret Mayland's return to her estate that I went one morning to fetch my sister, who had been detained by the storm a few days at the house. As I approached from the roadway mine astonished gaze fell upon my sister, usually a maiden of great decorum, running like a wild thing along the top of the pas- instructing him mayhap to be easy wi' ture wall, whilst the prisoner, with her hair unbound an' streaming i' the wind, chattering gleefully as one bewitched. er Hetty rose and, making her way his story minutely, giving every detail My sharp cry of rebuke brought them slowly through the crowded council from the moment the cross was brought to their senses, and, greatly abashed room, reached the witness bench, where to his little cabin to the end, with and crestfallen, they advanced quietly she stood, oblivious to all the curious to meet me. Hoping for some good in- glances cast in her direction, regarding fluence with my cousin, I entered the Margaret's drooping figure with an house and stopped a short time to re- expression in her dark eyes of mournmonstrate with her for her unbecoming ful sympathy. Sharply rebuked for

"I also took occasion, as I felt it my duty, to rebuke her for wearing for ornament a papist cross that always, the young attorney took his place beno matter how frequent the changes in her dress, hung about her neck on a gold chain. I urged upon her the fact to all good Furnalis and representations of thy family that thou upon the crowded room that lasted, foolishness she would bring upon her-

self much suspicion an' distrust. Suddenly, as I uttered the words, the chain parted an' fell to the floor, where, in my righteous anger, I grasped it and but for the woman's heartrending shricks an' shrill screams of agony, that I confess disarmed me, I would have thrown it into the fire!"

Here his narrative was interrupted by loud murmurs of approval from the audience.

"For the nonce, under her spell, I returned the emblem to her with unwillingness, an' thereupon, greatly discouraged and disheartened in mine endeavors to lead the woman into better ways, I left the house."

He paused a moment for greater efdenly, said, with slow emphasis, "At noon, councilmen, with the same hand that held that cross, being innocent harm and having no thought of e...

I fed my sheep, and before sundown many of the animals were lying sick of an unknown disease!"

"Doth make a charge, witness?" asked the attorney.

"I charge that the woman is accurst; that the cross she weareth even now so brazenly on her bosom is a witch mark that containeth magic to wreak harm to living creatures," he answered harshly.

All glances were fixed on Margaret, who neither moved nor spoke. "Continue, witness, an thou hast more to say," the chief councilor here

interposed. Josiah again moistened his lips and, with a nervous motion, adjusted the plam starched ruff at his throat.

"One evening somewhat later i' the month at the time of the setting of the sun I was walking through the forest on my way to my home from the village when I encountered this woman most boldly dressed in a gay colored frock cut in an unseemly fashion to expose her arms an' neck, made thus, I wot, to lure men to their destruction, and, pausing before her, with only thoughts for her good in my heart, l attempted to expostulate with her, when of a sudden methought sparks of fire flashed from her eyes! The name of 'Godfrey' came in a shrill shriek from her lips, an', throwing her arms about me in a fury, she held me as in a vise with the unnatural strength of ten men. For my very life I struggled with her, strange noises sounding about mine ears, confusing me; then there was a loud report as of a burst of thunder, an' I was surrounded by a cloud of smoke that cleared away to show standing before me the form of the woman's accomplice, Sir Godfrey

La Fabienne!" At the sound of that name the prisoner's body swayed as if with suffering, and she cowered slightly, and from the assemblage came cries, hisses and

"At the instant he appeared before my vision," the witness continued in harsh, even tones, "I was felled to the ground by a fearful blow, an' when I was able to stagger to my feet both had disappeared. So strange and weird was the incident and so dazed my mind that i' truth I would ha' thought it was all a dream and I had been sleeping had it not been for the strong stench of sulphur an' powder that lay heavy on the air, blood streaming from my nostrils and the number o' birds dead and dying that were strewn all about

me on the ground." At the close of this speech the prisoner, amazement and grief depicted on her countenance, raised her eyes to the face of her accuser with a glance that contained the deepest reproach, and excitement by loud whispers and wild gesticulations.

"Josiah Taunston," here interposed the young attorney, "hast thou other evidence against the prisoner?"

"As thou can understand." the wit ness replied, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, "after that experience I gave both the woman an' her accomplice a good safe distance to play their havoc in. But I can repeat much evidence of trouble wrought amongst my neighbors," he added eagerly.

"That would be hearsay evidence and of no value. Thou canst be excused." Josiah rose and, walking by Margaret with head well up, resumed his seat

by his mother. "Henrietta Taunston to the witness

A full minute passed, and, as no one moved or came forward in response to this call, all faces were turned in the direction of Hetty Taunston, who, pale faced and weeping, sat by the side of Simon Kempster on one of the benches placed nearest the door.

The court crier looked about him. "Is the witness present?" "Yea, yea, sir!" came in cries from

the audience. "See thy mother an' Josiah with their eyes turned upon thee in anger, sweet. Thou'd best go," urged Simon, squeezing her small hand encouragingly. "'Twill do thee naught but harm to go against their bidding. See, thy brother's whispering to the questioner now,

Hetty was instructed to be seated, and

the baleful influence of her spell. Hast Sudden Death of thou aught to say?" "Oh, sir," Hetty faltered tearfully in

trembling tones, "although the evidence is awful an' convincing, I cannot bring myself to think ill of Margaret, who was ever most kind to me. I can think of her only as my father's sister's child-now both dead-alone among her accusers, forsaken in her hour of trouble by the man she lovedah, how nearly, only one close to her, as I ha' been, could give thee under-

standing of it." She began to sob bitterly.

"Have pity on her. If she hath done aught of wrong 'tis of the cross she weareth, on account of a promise, good councilmen, given her by a dying papist, mayhap with a dying curse breathed on it. Entreat her to destroy it and let her go away," she cried piteously.

Her brother's face was black as night, and he sat well forward on his seat, glaring at Hetty savagely as if he could strike her words back into her throat. His mother, seeing his agitation, plucked the sleeve of the attorney who stood near her and whispered some instructions in his ear. When she finished he stepped forward sternly, with uplifted hand.

"Enough, Henrietta Taunston! 'Tis not thy place to plead for the prisoner, but to give waat evidence thou hast." "Good sir, as I have promised to tell the truth before God," Hetty sobbed, not daring to look toward her mother or brother, "I have never felt any influences of the evil spells attributed to her, but rather have I received much kindness from sweet Mar-

"Didst thou not one evening meet this woman-the accused-on the road and pass her by with averted face in obedience to thy mother's command?" "I did, sir."

"And did she not in her anger stand rigid, fixing her baleful glance upon thee so that thou didst run with all haste to thy home, falling in a fit on the floor at thy brother's feet, where thou didst lie like a creature possessed by the devil, foaming at the mouth and moving convulsively?"

In her excitement Hetty almost rose

"Nay, sir, nay," she cried earnestly. the money to pay them with. "Thou hath a wrong impression obtained from evil tongues. 'Tis true that I met Margaret, but her glance was not baleful, but, oh, sirs," lifting her tearful, supplicating face toward the tribunal, "'twas so sad that my heart hath not stopped aching since with the memory of it! An' believe that 'twas not our meeting that caused my swooning, but the news brought"-

Here Josiah Taunston, unable to control himself any longer, rose from his seat, white faced and wrathful.

"I do proclaim the witness now to be under the spell of the prisoner," he cried in a loud voice hastily in his desire to stop her further utterances, "who was ever wont to influence my sister easily, and do affirm that she is not responsible for what testimony she

Immediately there was a great uproar and wild excitement in the council hall. Hetty, frightened at her brother's violence and bewildered by the confusion, rose from her seat, and, while the attorney consulted with the councilmen and Josiah Taunston on the advisability of questioning her further, the witness, regardless of consequences, made her way hastily to Simon Kempster and, sinking into her his coat sleeve, sobbing bitterly.

coarse comments on her evident fond- diately placed it in captivity. ness for her lover and sneers for her sorrow at the prisoner's predicament. Suddenly there was a loud rapping for MANY LEAVE FOR THE order. The council, having decided not to recall Hetty, made the fact known, and when all again was quiet the Widow Dawson, whose child had died of convulsions, was on the witness bench giving an account of that night's ex-

periences. Time and the constant repetition of people of the community had caused it to lose none of its interest, so that the tale the woman related in a low, distinct voice was supernatural in the extreme and grewsome in its horrible details. The superstitious listeners, eagerly drinking in every word the widow uttered, expressed their sympathy for her and their fear and detestation of the prisoner, who continued through it all to sit silently with bowed head and clasped hands, by giving vent to louder murmurings of anger and cries for

vengeance. Other accusers followed, each with a tale of some barm having befallen her after passing or coming in contact with the young mistress of Mayland farm, so that the afternoon was wearing to a close when the last and most importent witness ald Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, was called to give his testiloss of Christopher was deep and sincere and who honestly attributed the thee. Go, Hetty. I wot 'twill be bet- lad's tragic death to the supernatural powers of Margaret Mayland, contain-At the earnest solicitation of her lov- ed in the "accurst cross of gold," told growing stern and tragical as he described the storm, weeping tears of agony as he told of the finding of the body; then, suddenly winding up his her inattention by the chief councilor, long and terrible tale, he fell on his knees and, raising his arms to heaven, House of Refuge, died at an early a brother of the French Archbishop 70 at Pickering Harbor, which for cv-As he was led, trembling and ex-

hausted, to his seat loud talking was with great seriousness, "thou hast been glaring at the pale faced prisoner with years of age and came over from the established a mission at a village gold chain. I urged upon the herein summoned as a witness against hatred in their eyes. The chief countries and herein summoned as a witness against hatred in their eyes. The chief countries are the summoned here in their eyes.

Mrs. J. R. Magee WAS WELL KNOWN IN LINDSAY -PASSED AWAY AT MAGEE HOMESTEAD, JANETVILLE.

Mrs. John Magee, of Janetville, died very suddenly last Thursday. She had been ill for some time, but was not thought to be in a condition cause alarm. Thursday she a turn for the worse, and despite the

efforts of three doctors, passed away. Mrs. Magee is well known and, highly respected, both in Lindsay and the district surrounding her home. The deceased was a daughter of the late W. Hannah, who was a resident of Manvers for twenty years. The sympathy of the entire community is with Mr. J. R. Magee in his bereave-

Many Farmers Will be Unable to Pay Help

ONE FARMER SAYS CROPS WIL NOT COME UP TO THE EX-PECTATION OF SOME.

In a conversation with an Ops farmer last Thursday, The Free Press was informed that the crops this year will ing, Lake Scugog, about thirteen miles apace. The value of the "find" is esnot be as good as some people expect. south of the town. Their business timated all the way from \$15,000 to The call to the West is appealing to there was the raising of sunken saw- \$65,000. many young men, and labor will to overcrowded, as in the case of Minnesota some years ago, he said. The farmer was told of the two cases to be heard in court, where the help were suing thei remployers for wag-

When told this, he said that there would be many more cases such as these before the season was over. A farmer pays his help when they are through, and not once a month. If the crop is bad the farmer has not

Owl Captured in A Peculiar Way

ATTACKED A HEN ON MR. GILLIS' FARM, VERULAM-HAD HEAD CAUGHT IN A ROPE.

that have ever been heard of in this vicinity, happened at the farm of Mr. Andrew Gillis, Verulam. In this case a hen caught an owl in such a way that it gives the story an improbable appearance, but nevertheless it is true, and has been verified.

A big, live owl, which had been hovering about the premises of Mr. Gillis for some time, made an attack on the hen coop, and one of the feathered fowl, which had its leg tied to a stake by means of a long rope, was the victim of the assault. The owl attacked it several times, and after a desperate fight, got its head looped in the rope. The struggle continued, with the result the hen managed to place by his side, laid her face against | get away, but the owl was caught. Next morning, when one of the farm The gaping auditors eyed her curi- hands went out to feed the hens, he ously, entertaining themselves with found the owl fastened, and imme-

WEST LAST THURSDA

EXCURSION WAS A GREA TSUC-CESS-SEVERAL GOING TO WINNIPEG.

Ast the noon-day whistles were this story to the credulous, awe struck | blowing, the C. P. R. mogul, No. 668, pulled out of the depot on Carolinest., with four colonist cars and a do it yourself," was the conclusion baggage car belonging to the C. P. R. annual Harvesters' excursion the Northwest. A large crowd was on hand on the depot platform to see the excursionists off on the long the different Northwest points were: Mr. G. Shouldice, of the north ward, for Winnipeg; Mr. E. White, East Ops, to Halbrite; Mr. John Salman, South Ops, to Calgary; Mr. G. Winn, West Ops, to Calgary; Mr. S. McGregor, to Winnipeg; Mr. T. Lewis, of town, to Winnipeg; Mr. Art. McDonald, of town, to Calgary; Mr. S. Robertson, of town, to Calgary; Mr. J. Burden, of town, to Winnipeg; Mr. .E. Roberts, of north ward, to Winnipeg; Mr. J. Paul, of town, mony. The old man, whose grief at the to Winnipeg; Mr. Isaac Roberts, of east ward, to Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. H. Carmichael, of town, to Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. D. Crimin, of South Ops, to Regina; Mr. Thos. Hickson, of West Ops, to Moose Jaw; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Junkin, of north of town, to Winnipeg; Mr. Jos. H. Reynard, of Ops, to Winnipeg; and Mr. and Mrs. S. Quigley, of North Verulam, to Winnipeg.

OBITUARY.

Mr. W. Horton, an inmate of the been living at the Home for about a count is given: year, and was in bad health for the "In the autumn of 1668 two Sulpi- "By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rocherow to Riverside cemetery.

Three Lindsay Men Locate Crib of Sunken Oak Timber

ALONG SHORE OF LAKE SCUGO G - HAS BEEN SOUGHT FOR YEARS-VALUE OF FIND BE LIEVED TO BE FULLY \$65,000.

tities of oak and elm timber were cut varied with fishing when the weather to and squared in this district, and float-

ed to Quebec for shipment to Eng- to shore and the fishing line fouled land. When for any reason, such as on a snag where no obstruction of the low water, or a dispute as to price kind was looked for owing to the with the prospective buyer, it fre- nature of the bottom. Having a pikequently happened that cribs were held pole and a "peavy" in the boat, Mcover for several seasons, the result Grath's curiosity led him to lift the was loss by sinking.

has been a tradition among old tim- reka!!! the hooks were fast in a white ber men in town that a fortune await- oak log. On prodding into the mud in ed the discoverers of a sunken crib the vicinity the pikepole disclosed the of white oak timber said to have gone presence of other logs, and it was at down in Goose Lake or in the bay near once surmised that the long-lost crib Pleasant Point, Sturgeon Lake. Var- of white oak had been located. the lake bottom at these points, and their confidence Mr. I. E. Weldon, who no longer ago than last fall it was re- visited the spot in a tug, satisfied ported that a Kingston man, who himself as to the bonafides of the case, came here and employed a diver, had and then proceeded to back the dislocated the timber, but the talk and coverers in the matter of preliminary

Some 30 or 40 years ago great quan- logs belonging to local lumbermen, was favorable. On the morning in question their punt was blown in close end of the log in order to free the For a number of years past there bait. What! Surely not!! Eu-

ious parties have taken soundings of The discoverers at once took into away into the "I told you so" order. expenses. Half-a-dozen men were About three weeks ago Messrs. Bert. sent to the scene, along with one of McGrath, Dave Watson and W. Ray-Rustard's stump-pullers, and it is remond, of Water-st., south ward, hap- ported that the work of salving the pened in the vicinity of Bruce's land- huge sticks of timber is proceeding

The Telephone is Bettering Conditions on the Farm

ISOLATION NO LONGER ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS - HELPS THE FARMER TO OBTAIN GOOD PRICES AND ALSO PROMOTES SOCIAL LIFE.

electric street car for the first time, said that he had seen cars run by steam and pulled by horses, but never had seen one "run by a fishpole, was almost in a class with the farmer who declared that no one could talk ten miles with "a box and couple of wires." Evidently the average farmer is not so skeptical, for One of the most peculiar incidents the telephone is fast becoming not merely popular but is being considered an indispensable article by the man on the farm.

> The telephone might justly be classed with the time and labor-saving machinery of the farm. Before its introduction, practically all farm work that involved the co-operation neighbors called for extra work in the way of notifying. Especially was this true if conditions arose necessitating a change of plans. Butchering, threshing, haymaking, fruit gatheringthese and numerous other occasions required a considerable sacrifice of time and effort, where with the telephone a few moments' time is sufficient. The "friend on the wall," as one woman styled her telephone, runs errands better than a boy and far cheaper than a hired man. It would be hard to estimate the time really saved by the farmer by this means. A fairly good idea, however, of 'he time-saving value of the telephone may be gained from the farming co.nmunity that has once been awakened to its usefulness, never goes back to the unsatisfactory and time-losing

backwoods method. Then, too, there is the added feature of the farmer being able to discuss in person all matters relative to his work. Sending word is quite of ten an unsatisfactory method, and is never as good as a personal talk. "If you want a thing well done, you must of Miles Standish in regard to courtto ship, and courting is not the only in-

stance where the adage applies. The telephone is not only a time saver, but a money maker. With it Among the many who left for the old "hit and miss" method of marketing farm products is replaced by Bubiness-Like Operations.

The "prices dropped several points city.

The Irishman, who, on seeing an | from yesterday's" does not catch the farmer who is in a position to wateh the markets closely as well as make his sales by telephone. Prices from different dealers are readily obtained, and a sale made before he leaves home. The choice of selling at a sacrifice or hauling back from market never comes to him, The telephone places the buyer and seller on equal footing-the only condition which at: solutely insures square dealing.

Health precautions practically demand that the farmers home contain a telephone. Sudden illness ofttimes brings a crisis where a man would gladly give a hundred times the cost of a telephone could he cet an instant communication with a physician. To the man living on a farm, isolated from a doctor's office, an unwarned need of the latter's aid is not to be computed in dollars and cents. The city has long recognized its need of the ambulance, and the emergency hospital; the country is wisely taking advantage of the time and lifesaving element of the telephone. Almost daily we hear of some severe accident or sudden attack of illness or a case of poisoning which would have resulted fatally had not the telephone proved of speedy assistance. Homes and barns have been saved from destruction by fire through the same timely help.

Another feature that helps explain the popularity of the telephone in the farming districts is the broadened social advantage it affords. Few realize the important place the telephone holds in the social system. Formerly the farmer's social circle was confined much of the time to the members of his own immediate family; now it is limited only to the number of his acquaintances who possess telephones. Friends, relatives, business acquaintances, both near and far, in city or country-all are in speaking distance. Social gatherings are planned, and visits are arranged for, in addition to the many social chats held by the 'phone. No wonder that the farmer's sons and daughters are becoming more in favor of remaining on the farm since the advantages there are

becoming nearly as great as in the

Pretty Village of Fenelon Falls Named After Sulpician Priest

WAS BROTHER OF FAMOUS ABBE FENELON ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY, FRANCE-PICKERING HARBOR ALSO CONNECT-ED WITH HIS LABORS IN CANADA.

Referring to the enquiry of the recurrence of the name 'Fenelon' in day's issue of The Free Press as to the origin of the name "Fenelon following:

called God's vengeance on the prisoner. hour last Thursday. He had Fenelon, of whom the following ac- er two centuries bore the name of

past few months. Deceased was 74 cians, Messieurs Fenelon and Trouve, United States some fifty years ago of the Cayugas, on the Bay of and settled in Eldon near Victoria Quinte. This M. Fenelon, has often By Tillotson and Wesley and Rous-Road. In religion he was an adher- been mistaken for the celebrated ent of the Presbyterian church. The Archbishop of Cambray. The Canafuneral will likely take place to-mor- dian missionaries' labours in Central Ontario are commemorated by the

Fenelon Falls correspondent in Tues- the County of Victoria. Our Canadian Abbe was not the Abbe Fenelon who wrote Telemaque and became Archbishop of Cambray; the mission-Falls," for the pretty cataract which ary explorer of our lake shores was supplies and heat for Lindsay, we the Archbishop's elder brother. They find, on looking up the matter in were both sons of Count Fenelon-Gardiner's 'Nothing but Names," the Salignac, though by different mar-"This place is called Fenelon from | "Abbe Fenelon spent part of 1669-

Frenchman's Bay."

foucault, By Fenelon, by Luther and by Plato,

Who knew this life was not worth a_potato."

-Lord Byron, in Don Juan.

Montreal. suit borro ornament save the gold WEEKS, cross on her bosom, that shone brightly gold chain. Her glittering mair, brushed back smoothly, was coiled in a loose knot, and she walked with drooping head, her pale face wearing an expression of suffering and hopeless & FULT ng difficulty in making a way for them through the crowded aisle, until they

glance not lifted from the floor. The chief councilor sat on a bench

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(To be continued.)