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PRICEVILLE

(Too late for last issue)  
The last few days were stormy and cold. Roads were somewhat blocked on Monday morning.  
The Rev. Mr. Matheson drove to Swinton Park last Sunday in the storm and when he got there there was nobody in the church. He didn't like to preach to empty pews and retraced his steps immediately after getting there.  
Mr. Arch McCuaig, of Top Cliff, attended the meeting of the Grey and Bruce Insurance Company, at Haverover one day last week. Mr. McCuaig is vice president of the company.  
Kate and Hector McDonald, Finley and Mary McCuaig and Miss McDonald, teacher at Top Cliff, visited at Mr. and Mrs. Neil McMillan's Swinton Park, one evening during the past week.  
Miss McDonald, the new teacher at Top Cliff is getting on well as her manner she commands the good will of her pupils well.  
Receiving meetings are held at the different school houses and other places this week. It looks as if the services of old and young will be required before the war is ended.  
Quite a number are complaining of colds grip, or something else. Whooping cough in some places too.  
Our mail man makes the regular round, snow or rain.  
This is the 29th of February. Anyone whose birth fell on a 29th of February, gives a four year leap at once to make up for the intervals.  
Rev. Mr. Matheson is to speak at Top Cliff on Thursday evening of this week in the interest of recruiting. Reeve Nichol is to speak at Priceville.  
We hear that Rev. Mr. Bowes, of the Methodist church here is going to enlist as a common soldier. He will make a good one.  
Dr. Lane travelled one day last Sunday in a blinding snowstorm, seeing different patients.  
The funeral of the late Mrs. Finley McPhail took place from her brother's residence at the old home Durham Road, Glenelg on Monday the 28th inst. to Smellie's cemetery, Durham Road, Glenelg. Mrs. McPhail, whose maiden name was Harriet Stonehouse, was raised on the farm from where the funeral took place. She was about 42 years of age. She leaves to mourn her death a lonely husband, one son and little daughter, who will never know a mother's care. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. McMeekin, of near Priceville, and one in Toronto. The funeral was fairly well attended, considering the bad state of the roads. The Rev. Mr. Matheson officiated at the home and grave.

Wedding bells are ringing loud and clear, the ceremonies to be held at Priceville, before the middle of March.  
Mr. McLean and daughter, of Durham, visited at her sister's Mrs. Neil McMillan's, of Swinton, Park, the latter part of last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Calder intend to move to their own farm in Egremont soon. They are at present at Mrs. Calder's sister's home, south line, Glenelg, after coming from Douglas City, Alberta, where they spent the last seven years.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

A rich soup, with whole wheat, bread and butter, a vegetable or salad, makes an excellent foundation for a dinner.  
A good way to keep mattresses fresh is to let them have slips of their own covered with unbleached muslin.  
To pop corn successfully, first put it in a sieve and dash cold water over it. The kernels will be large and flaky.  
White clothes, that are to be laid away for a season, should not have any starch in them; if they have, they will crack.  
All the outside leaves of the lettuce can be easily shredded with scissors, and with mayonnaise they make a delicious sandwich.  
Carrots and peas are good served together. They should be cooked separately, then mixed and dressed with salt, pepper, cream, and butter.  
Save bits of canned fruit, stewed fruit and jellies. All these can be used in the making of apple sauce cake and will add richness to the flavor.  
In hanging linen on the line to dry, remember to hang not less than a third or a half over the line. If this rule is followed, it will wear better.  
Chimney soot from a chimney where wood is burned, if put into a pitcher and boiling water poured over it will make a good drill for house plants.  
When making the cream dressing for stewed chicken it is better to lift the chicken out of the liquor, rub the butter and flour together until smooth, add the milk and stir the mixture into the boiling liquor. Stir until it boils, and then put the chicken back; stand on the back of the stove. By this method the dressing will be smooth and creamy.

THEN MOTHER MOVED

Tommy—Mother what is an octopus?  
Mother—Why it's an ugly animal that lives at the bottom of the sea.  
Tommy—That's mighty funny?  
Mother—Funny?  
Tommy—Yes.  
Mother—Why?  
Tommy—Well, I was just passing the parlor and I heard mother say in a funny voice, "Oh, Jack, how I wish you were an octopus."—Michigan Gargoyle.

PENROD



CHAPTER VI. Uncle John.

MISS SPENCE gasped. So did the pupils. The whole room filled with a swelling, conglomerate "O-o-o-h!"  
As for Penrod himself, the walls reeled with the shock. He sat with his mouth open, a mere lump of stupefaction. For the appalling words that he had hurled at the teacher were as inexplicable to him as to any other who heard them.  
Nothing is more treacherous than the human mind; nothing else so loves to play the Iscariot. Even when patiently bullied into a semblance of order and training it may prove but a base and sniveling servant. And Penrod's mind was not his friend. It was a master, with the April wind's whims, and it had just played him a diabolical trick. The very jolt with which he came back to the schoolroom in the midst of his fancied flight jarred his day dream utterly out of him and he sat open mouthed in horror at what he had said.  
The unanimous gasp of awe was protracted. Miss Spence, however, finally recovered her breath, and returned deliberately to the platform, facing the school. "And then, for a little while," as pathetic stories sometimes recount, "everything was very still." It was so still, in fact, that Penrod's newborn notoriety could almost be heard growing. This grisly silence was at last broken by the teacher.  
"Penrod Schofield, stand up!"  
The miserable child obeyed.  
"What did you mean by speaking to me in that way?"  
He hung his head, raked the floor with the side of his shoe, swayed, swallowed, looked suddenly at his hands with the air of never having seen them before, then clasped them behind him. The school shivered in ecstatic horror, every fascinated eye upon him, yet there was not a soul in the room but was profoundly grateful to him for the sensation—including the offended teacher herself. Unhappily, all this gratitude was unconscious and altogether different from the kind which results in testimonials and loving cups. On the contrary!  
"Penrod Schofield!"  
He gulped.  
"Answer me at once! Why did you speak to me like that?"  
"I was"— He choked, unable to continue.  
"Speak out!"  
"I was just—thinking," he managed to stammer.  
"That will not do," she returned sharply. "I wish to know immediately why you spoke as you did."  
The stricken Penrod answered helplessly:  
"Because I was just thinking."  
Upon the very rack he could have offered no ampler truthful explanation. It was all he knew about it.  
"Thinking what?"  
"Just thinking."  
Miss Spence's expression gave evidence that her power of self restraint was undergoing a remarkable test. However, after taking counsel with herself, she commanded:  
"Come here!"  
He shuffled forward, and she placed a chair upon the platform near her own.  
"Sit there!"  
Then (but not at all as if nothing had happened) she continued the lesson in arithmetic. Spiritually the children may have learned a lesson in very small fractions, indeed, as they gazed at the fragment of sin before them on the stool of penitence. They all stared at him attentively, with hard and passionately interested eyes in which there was never one trace of pity. It cannot be said with precision that he writhed. His movement was more a slow, continuous squirm, effected with a ghastly assumption of languid indifference, while his gaze, in the effort to escape the marble hearted glare of his schoolmates, affixed itself with apparent permanence to the waistcoat button of James Russell Lowell just above the "u" in "Russell."  
Classes came and classes went, grilling him with eyes. Newcomers received the story of the crime in darkling whispers, and the outcast sat and squirmed and squirmed and squirmed. (He did one or two things with his spine which a professional contortionist would have observed with real interest.) And all this while of freezing suspense was but the criminal's detention awaiting trial. A known punishment may be anticipated with some measure of equanimity—at least, the prisoner may prepare him-

if you have anything to say which would palliate."  
"That's what I'm tryin' to tell you about, Miss Spence," he pleaded, "if you'd jest only let me. When Aunt Clara and her little baby daughter got to our house last night—" "You say Mrs. Farry is visiting your mother?"  
"Yes'm—not just visiting—you see, she had to come. Well, of course, little baby Clara, she was so bruised up and mauded, where he'd been hittin' her with his cane?"  
"You mean that your uncle had done such a thing as that?" exclaimed Miss Spence, suddenly disarmed by this scandal.  
"Yes'm. And mamma and Margaret had to sit up all night nursin' little Clara. And Aunt Clara was in such a state somebody had to keep talkin' to her, and there wasn't anybody but me to do it. So I—" "But where was your father?" she cried.  
"Ma'am?"  
"Oh, papa?" Penrod paused, reflected, then brightened. "Why, he was down at the train waitin' to see if Uncle John would wait to follow 'em and make 'em come home so's he could persecute 'em some more. I wanted to do that, but they said if he did come I mightn't be strong enough to hold him, and—" The brave had paused again modestly. Miss Spence's expression was encouraging. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, and there may have been in them also the mingled beginnings of admiration and self reproach. Penrod, warming to his work, felt safer every moment.  
"And so," he continued, "I had to sit up with Aunt Clara. She had some pretty big bruises, too, and I had to—" "But why didn't they send for a doctor?" However, this question was only a flicker of dyer's incredulity.  
"Oh, they didn't want any doctor!" exclaimed the inspired realist promptly. "They don't want anybody to hear about it, because Uncle John might reform—and then where'd he be if everybody knew he'd been a drunkard and whipped his wife and baby daughter?"  
"Oh!" said Miss Spence.  
"You see, he used to be upright as anybody," he went on explanatively. "It all began—" "Begin, Penrod."  
"Yes'm. It all commenced from the first day he let those traveling men coax him into the saloon." Penrod narrated the downfall of his Uncle John at length. In detail he was nothing short of plethoric, and incident followed incident, sketched with such vividness, such abundance of color and such verisimilitude of a drunkard's life as a drunkard's life should be, that had Miss Spence possessed the rather chilling attributes of William J. Burns himself the last trace of skepticism must have vanished from her mind. Besides, there are two things that will be believed of any man whatsoever, and one of them is that he has taken to drink. And in every sense it was a moving picture which, with simple but eloquent words, the virtuous Penrod set before his teacher.  
His eloquence increased with what it fed on, and as with the eloquence so with self reproach in the gentle bosom of the teacher. She cleared her throat with difficulty once or twice during his description of his ministering night with Aunt Clara. "And I said to her, 'Why, Aunt Clara, what's the use of takin' on so about it?' And I said, 'Now, Aunt Clara, all the crying in the world can't make things any better.' And then she'd just keep catchin' hold of me and sob and kind of holler, and I'd say: 'Don't cry, Aunt Clara. Please don't cry!'"  
Then, under the influence of some fragmentary survivals of the respectable portion of his Sunday adventures, his theme became more exalted, and, only partially misquoting a phrase from a psalm, he related how he had made it of comfort to Aunt Clara and how he had besought her to seek higher guidance in her trouble.  
The surprising thing about a structure such as Penrod was erecting is that the taller it becomes the more ornamentation it will stand. Gifted boys have this faculty of building magnificence upon colubines—and Penrod was gifted. Under the spell of his really great performance, Miss Spence gazed more and more sweetly upon the prodigy of spiritual beauty and goodness before her, until at last, when Penrod came to the explanation of his "just thinking," she was forced to turn her head away.  
"You mean, dear," she said gently, "that you were all worn out and hardly knew what you were saying?"  
"Yes'm."  
"And you were thinking about all those dreadful things so hard that you forgot where you were?"  
"I was thinking," he said simply, "how to save Uncle John."  
And the end of it for this mighty boy was that the teacher kissed him!

CHAPTER VII. Fidelity of a Little Dog.

THE returning students that afternoon observed that Penrod's desk was vacant, and nothing could have been more impressive than that sinister mere emptiness. The accepted theory was that Penrod had been arrested. How breath taking then the sensation when at the beginning of the second hour he stood in with inimitable carelessness and, rubbing his eyes, somewhat noticeably in the manner of one who has snatched an hour of much needed sleep, took his place as if nothing in particular had happened. This at first supposed to be a superhuman exhibition of sheer audacity, became but a more dumfounding when Miss Spence, looking from her desk, greeted him with a pleasant little nod.

Even after school Penrod gave numerous maddened investigators no relief. All he would consent to say was: "Oh, I just talked to her."  
A mystification not entirely unconnected with the one thus produced was manifested at his own family dinner table the following evening. Aunt Clara had been out rather late and came to the table after the rest were seated. She wore a puzzled expression.  
"Do you ever see Mary Spence nowadays?" she inquired, as she unfolded her napkin, addressing Mrs. Schofield. Penrod abruptly set down his soup spoon and gazed at his aunt with flattering attention.  
"Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Schofield. "She's Penrod's teacher."  
"Is she?" said Mrs. Farry. "Do you?"— She paused. "Do people think her a little—queer these days?"  
"Why, no!" returned her sister. "What makes you say that?"  
"She has acquired a very odd manner," said Mrs. Farry decidedly. "At least, she seemed odd to me. I met her at the corner just before I got to the house a few minutes ago, and after we'd said hello to each other, she kept hold of my hand and looked as though she was going to cry. She seemed to be trying to say something and choking."  
"But I don't think that's so very queer, Clara. She knew you in school, didn't she?"  
"Yes, but—" "And she hadn't seen you for so many years I think it's perfectly natural she—" "Wait! She stood there squeezing my hand and struggling to get her voice, and I got really embarrassed, and then finally she said in a kind of tearful whisper: 'Be of good cheer. This trial will pass.'"  
"How queer!" exclaimed Margaret.  
Penrod sighed and returned somewhat absently to his soup.  
"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Schofield thoughtfully. "Of course she's heard about the outbreak of measles at Dayton, since they had to close the schools, and she knows you live there—" "But doesn't it seem a very exaggerated way," suggested Margaret, "to talk about measles?"  
"Wait!" hezzed Aunt Clara. "After she said that she said something even queerer and then put her handkerchief to her eyes and hurried away."  
Penrod laid down his spoon again and moved his chair slightly back from the table. A spirit of prophecy was upon him. He knew that some one was going to ask a question which he felt might better remain unspoken.  
"What was the other thing she said?" Mr. Schofield inquired, thus immediately fulfilling his son's premonition.  
"She said," returned Mrs. Farry slowly, looking about the table: "she said, 'I know that Penrod is a great, great comfort to you.'"  
There was a general exclamation of surprise. It was a singular thing, and in no manner may it be considered complimentary to Penrod that this speech of Miss Spence's should have immediately confirmed Mrs. Farry's doubts about her in the minds of all his family.  
Mr. Schofield shook his head pityingly.  
"I'm afraid she's a goner," he went so far as to say.  
"Of all the weird ideas!" cried Margaret.  
"I never heard anything like it in my life!" Mrs. Schofield exclaimed. "Was that all she said?"  
"Every word!"  
Penrod again resumed attention to his soup. His mother looked at him curiously, and then, struck by a sudden thought, gathered the glances of the adults of the table by a significant movement of the head, and, by another, conveyed an admonition to drop the subject until later. Miss Spence was Penrod's teacher. It was better, for many reasons, not to discuss the subject of her queerness before him. This was Mrs. Schofield's thought at the time. Later she had another, and it kept her awake.  
The next afternoon Mr. Schofield, re-



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turning at 5 o'clock from the cares of the day, found the house deserted and sat down to read his evening paper in what appeared to be an uninhabited apartment known to its own world as the "drawing room." A sneeze, unexpected both to him and the owner, informed him of the presence of another person.  
"Where are you, Penrod?" the parent asked, looking about.  
"Here," said Penrod meekly.  
Stooping, Mr. Schofield discovered his son squatting under the piano, near an open window—his wistful Duke lying beside him.  
"What are you doing there?"  
"Me?"  
"Why, under the piano?"  
"Well, the boy returned with grave sweetness, "I was just kind of sitting here—thinking."  
"All right," Mr. Schofield, rather touched, returned to the digestion of a murder, his back once more to the bench, and Penrod slyly drew from beneath his jacket (where he had slipped it simultaneously with the sneeze) a paper backed volume entitled, "Slimsy, the Sioux City Squaler; or, 'Not Guilty, the Your Honor.'"  
In this manner the reading club continued in peace, absorbed, contented, the world well forgot—until a sudden, violently irritated slam bang of the front door startled the members, and Mrs. Schofield burst into the room and threw herself into a chair moaning.  
"What's the matter, mamma?" asked her husband, laying aside his paper.  
"Henry Passioe Schofield," returned the lady, "I don't know what it is to be done with that boy; I do not!"  
"You mean Penrod?"  
"Who else could I mean?" She sat up, exasperated, to stare at him.  
"Henry Passioe Schofield, you've got to take this matter in your hands. It's beyond me!"  
"Well, what has he?"  
"Last night I got to thinking," she began rapidly, "about what Clara told us—thank heaven she and Margaret and little Clara have gone to tea at Cousin Charlotte's—but they'll be home soon—about what she said about Miss Spence—"  
"You mean about Penrod's being a comfort?"  
"Yes, and I kept thinking and thinking and thinking about it till I couldn't stand it any more—"  
"By George!" shouted Mr. Schofield.  
Continued on page 7.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR

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