

ILES

you a sufferer? Know terrible aching, dragging pain, that robs you of rest and makes life a burden? Don't you believe of average? If a remedy hundreds of people, don't likely it might at least

Zam-Buk a fair trial! Ewen, of Dundas, suffers for fifteen years. I tried pretty nearly but got no permanent relief. I tried Zam-Buk. This ended the pain; continued steadily and permanently

herbal essences of which composed, quickly relieve the dull, burning pain, and cure. Lists and stores, or post-Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, Ont., box 3 boxes \$1.25.

ZAM-BUK

erman officers re- fortifications and of new guns. It is obvious that the trans- artillery and its to Erzerum, whether for attack must be a later. Without the aid of the ridge would not resolve the fall of the the Russians carried, but failed to take Er- later, however, they town during an armist- for Turkey's surrendering it again provisions of the treaty

importance of Erze- to commerce as well as a centre of com- between East and as a fortress to ward Arabian, Persia, and the Balkans. The city is ant, and from Trebizond is open by water-roads to the heart of Europe. other side, caravan into Syria and Per- Far East. The city has been an emporium of and other fabrics. interest to the travel- wander by tortuous through an odorous con- grey houses, which by a touch of or. There is hardly a path a second glance, and to end of the place tree. The people offer a entertainment than the of Erzerum, and someone has they all speak different If this is too grotesque nation, if the variety of race and costume in the of Erzerum does not ers of Tiflis and if as certainly it does, contrasts of Tiflis, ing electric trams, at as an epitome of the of the Near East, ns, Armenians, Tar- and heaven knows rids, with the trident of omnipresent mosque. Telegraph, London, Eng.

Editor, as this place represented very late, we will endeavor a few items for your newspaper. Mr. McVicar and Neil who were visiting their homes over the week ended at Owen Sound, pleased to mention that a Meagher is improv- recent attack of Anderson held a auction sale on the 7th. Connor and his sis- the misfortune to lose and most of the con- early on Sunday the 5th inst. They have of a wide circle of id Campbell was visit- in this vicinity re- home on advice of an, recuperating from of measles. One of the young folks the hockey match at last week.

ending a few enjoyable friends and relatives, Tucker and daughter, returned to Grimsby. nbar, who has been re- this locality for the or so, has returned to in Owen Sound.

CANNOT BE CURED applications as they the seat of the dis- is a local disease, fluenced by constitu- and, in order to cure take an internal reme- Catarrh Cure is taken in- and acts through the the mucous surfaces of n. Hall's Catarrh Cure tribed by one of the best in this country for is composed of some of onics known, combined of the best blood puri- perfect combination of n. Hall's Catarrh that produces such won- ults in catarrhal con- Send for testimonials.

ENEY & CO, Proprietors, gists, 75c. family Pills for constipa-

FLESHERTON.

The severe storm on Tuesday of last week interfered with the Presbyterian Young People's rally held in Chalmers' church here. There was a good attendance of the Guild here but the snow-blocked roads prevented the visitors expected from Elgeria, Pric- ville and Swinton Park. At the afternoon session, presided over by Mr. George McTavish, Rev. Mr. Matheson of Priceville gave a good address on The Golden Rule and Rev. Mr. Mutch of Toronto Presbytery took charge of the question drawer. A pleasing solo was rendered by Miss McTavish, after which refreshments were served. At the evening session Mr. Frank Duncan presided. Rev. Mr. Mutch dealing at length with the question drawer and imparting much helpful information. A solo was again given by Miss McTavish and a quartette rendered by Messrs. Sloan, Magee, Duncan and Goska.

The stormy weather last week kept the snow-plow man busy clearing the sidewalks. A big four-horse plow was used on the road from Rock Mills to Ceylon.

Three more of our few remaining young men enlisted with the Grey Battalion, viz., Messrs. D. L. Weese, E. Henry and W. Walker. Flesherton's honor roll is now 32.

Rev. Mr. McVicar and Mr. Frank Coard attended Presbytery meeting at Orangeville on Tuesday. Miss Nixon of Mono Road is visiting her aunt, Mrs. D. McLeod, and other relatives. Messrs. Bert Sparks and Jim Stewart went to the city last week to attend the prohibition parade.

Mr. Walter Anderson of Edgely visited over the week end with his brother-in-law, Mr. R. G. Holland, and was accompanied home by his daughter, who was on a visit with her aunt.

Miss Buckley of Chesley has taken charge of Mr. F. G. Karstedt's millinery for the season.

Mrs. W. J. Stewart is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Smith, at Markdale, this week.

The Epworth League of Inistogic visited the Young People's Society in the Methodist church on Monday evening and took part in the program, which included an interesting address from Rev. Mr. Madden. Refreshments were served at the close and a pleasant social time was spent.

Pte. W. E. Cargoe of this place, who enlisted in the Grey Battalion was successful in his exam for sergeant's certificate.

Mrs. Mark E. Wilson entertained a large company of her friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week.

Pte. Geo. Richardson, who was injured in the rink accident at Owen Sound, and was home recuperating, made remarkable recovery and returned last week to resume training.

Mr. Geo. Magee, who was in the employ of M. Scully & Co., has gone to a good position with a machine firm at Hamilton. Mrs. Magee and little son will remain here for a few weeks.

Miss Irene Wilson gave a skating party to a lot of young people after rink one night last week.

Mr. Geo. Meldrum, who sold his farm on the 8th concession to the Hydro Commission, has moved to his farm west of Ceylon, recently purchased from Mr. W. Hill.

Mr. W. J. Henderson was kicked in the knee by his horse a week ago, and has since been confined to the house nursing the injury.

Saturday was pancake day with the U. and D. Club and the patronage was fairly good.

Mr. R. Wilcock lost a valuable cow last week.

Mr. Donald McDonald, who lives at Salem, on the 9th concession, Artemesia, has the deep sympathy of many friends in his sore bereavement by the death of his beloved wife, who passed away on Thursday last, the 9th inst., after a brief illness with pneumonia. Besides the husband, five young children are left to feel the loss of a mother's love and care. The deceased, who was 33 years of age, was a niece of Mr. Jos. Hawkin, near Eugenia, and Mrs. Ephraim Doupe near this village. The funeral took place on Saturday to Salem cemetery, the service being conducted by Rev. A. McVicar, the family pastor.

Rev. Mr. McDonald, who has supplied the Baptist pulpit for a few Sabbaths, has accepted a call from the congregation and is moving to the parsonage here this week.

The child of an enquiring mind was taken to the poultry show by his parents. After he had looked around a bit he was moved to ask a question.

"Father," he said, "what is the difference between poultry and chickens?"

"What you see here is poultry, my son," answered the father.

"What are those—er—fowls we have at home?"

"Those are poultry too."

"Then what are chickens?"

"Those things our next door neighbor keeps."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PENROD



CHAPTER VIII. The Two Families.

PENROD never missed a murder, a hanging or an electrocution in the newspapers. He knew almost as much about Rena Magworth as her jurymen did, though they sat in a courtroom 200 miles away, and he had it in mind—so frank he was—to ask Roderick Magworth Bitts, Jr., if the murderess happened to be a relative.

The present encounter, being merely one of apathetic greeting, did not afford the opportunity. Penrod took off his cap, and Roderick, seated between his mother and one of his grownup sisters, nodded sluggishly, but rather Mrs. Magworth Bitts nor her daughter acknowledged the salutation of the boy in the yard. They disapproved of him as a person of little consequence, and that little bad. Snubbed, Penrod thoughtfully restored his cap to his head. A boy can be cut as effectually as a man, and this one was chilled to a low temperature. He wondered if they despised him because they had seen a last fragment of doughnut in his hand; then he thought that perhaps it was Duke who had disgraced him. Duke was certainly no fashionable looking dog.

The resilient spirits of youth, however, presently revived, and, discovering a spider upon one knee and a beetle simultaneously upon the other, Penrod forgot Mrs. Roderick Magworth Bitts in the course of some experiments infringing upon the domain of Dr. Carrel. Penrod's efforts, with the aid of a pin, to effect a transference of living organism were unsuccessful, but he convinced himself forever that a spider cannot walk with a beetle's legs. Della then enhanced zoological interest by depositing upon the back porch a large rat trap for the cellar, the prison of four live rats awaiting execution.

Penrod at once took possession, retiring to the empty stable, where he installed the rats in a small wooden box with a sheet of broken window glass, held down by a brickbat, over the top. Thus the symptoms of their agitation when the box was shaken or hammered upon could be studied at leisure. Altogether this Saturday was starting splendidly.

After a time the student's attention was withdrawn from his specimens by a peculiar smell, which, being followed up by a system of selective sniffing, proved to be an emanation leaking into the stable from the alley. He opened the back door.

Across the alley was a cottage which a thrifty neighbor had built on the rear line of his lot and rented to negroes, and the fact that a negro family was now in process of "moving in" was manifested by the presence of a thin mule and a ramshackle wagon, the latter laden with the semblance of a stove and a few other unpretentious household articles.

A very small darky boy stood near the mule. In his hand was a rusty chain, and at the end of the chain the delighted Penrod perceived the source of the special smell he was tracing—a large raccoon. Duke, who had shown not the slightest interest in the rats, set up a frantic barking and simulated a ravaging assault upon the strange animal. It was only a bit of acting, however, for Duke was an old dog, had suffered much and desired no unnecessary sorrow, wherefore he confined his demonstrations to shrugs and excursions and presently sat down at a distance and expressed himself by intermittent threatenings in a quavering falsetto.

"What's that coon's name?" asked Penrod, intending no discourtesy.

"Aim gomme name," said the small darky.

"What?"

"Aim gomme name."

"What?"

The small darky looked annoyed.

"Aim gomme name, I hell you," he said impatiently.

"I hoe you ackoom aim gomme name," was the prompt response, in



which a slight ostentation was manifest. Unmistakable tokens of vanity had appeared upon the small, swart countenance.

"What's he mean?" asked Penrod, enchanted.

"He say he tole you 'at coon ain' got no name."

"What's your name?"

"I'm name Sherman."

"What's his name?" Penrod pointed to the tongue tied boy.

"Verman. Was three us boys in ow family. Ol' est one name Sherman. 'N 'en come me; I'm Herman. 'N 'en come him; he Verman. Sherman dead. Verman, he de little's one."

"You goin' to live here?"

"Umbugh. Done move in f'm way outen a fahm."

He pointed to the north with his right hand, and Penrod's eyes opened wide as they followed the gesture. Herman had no forefinger on that hand.

"Look there!" exclaimed Penrod.

"You haven't got any finger?"

"I mum map," said Verman, with egregious pride.

"He done 'at," interpreted Herman, chuckling. "Yessuh, done chop 'er spang off long 'go. He's a playin' wif a ax, an' I lay my finguh on de do' sill, an' I say, 'Verman, chop 'er off!' So Verman he chop 'er right spang off up to de roots! Yessuh."

"What for?"

"Jee' fo' nothin'."

"He hoe me hoo," remarked Verman. "Yessuh, I tole him to," said Herman. "an' he chop 'er off, an' 'er ain't airy oth' one evuh grow on wheres de ole one use to grow. Noshuh!"

Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers, glowing with amiability, were enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glamour of sensationalism. Herman was prodigal of gesture with his right hand, and Verman, chuckling with delight, talked dully, though somewhat consciously. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon—already beginning to be mentioned as "our coon" by Penrod—in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and when the animal had been chained to the wall near the box of rats and supplied with a pan of fair water they assented to their new friend's suggestion (inspired by a fine sense of the artistic harmonies) that the heretofore nameless pet be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

At this juncture was heard from the front yard the sound of that yodeling which is the peculiar accomplishment of those whose voices have not "changed." Penrod yodeled a response, and Samuel Williams appeared, a large bundle under his arm.

"Yay, Penrod!" was his greeting, casual enough from without; but, having entered, he stopped short and emitted a prodigious whistle. "Ya-a-ay!" he then shouted. "Look at the coon!"

"I guess you better say, 'Look at the coon!'" Penrod returned proudly.

"They's a good deal more'n him to look at too. Talk some, Verman." Verman complied.

Sam was warmly interested. "What'd you say his name was?" he asked.

"Verman."

"How'd you spell it?"

"V-e-r-m-a-n," replied Penrod, having previously received this information from Herman.

"Oh!" said Sam.

"Point to sumthing, Herman." Penrod commanded, and Sam's excitement, when Herman pointed was sufficient to the occasion.

Penrod, the discoverer, continued his exploitation of the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman and Verman collection. With the air of a proprietor he escorted Sam into the alley for a good look at Queenie (who seemed not to care for her increasing celebrity) and proceeded to a dramatic climax—the recital of the episode of the pitchfork and its consequences.

The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always at least one half Barnum.

"Let's get up a SHOW!"

Penrod and Sam both claimed to have said it first, a question left unsettled in the ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with no definite purpose, proved to have been an inspiration. It consisted of broad sheets of light yellow wrapping paper, discarded by Sam's mother in her spring house-cleaning. There were half filled cans and buckets of paint in the storeroom adjoining the carriage house and presently the side wall of the stable dammed information upon the passery by a great and spreading poster.

"Publicity," primal requisite of all theatrical and amphitheatrical enterprise thus provided, subsequent arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy which transformed the empty hayloft. True, it is impossible to say just what the hayloft was transformed into, but history warrantably clings to the statement that it was transformed. Duke and Sherman were secured to the rear wall at a considerable distance from each other after an exhibition of reluctance on the part of Duke, during which he displayed nervous energy and agility almost miraculous in so small and middle aged a dog. Benches were improvised for spectators; the rats were brought up; finally the rafters, cornerbr and hay chute were ornamented with flags and strips of bunting from Sam Williams' attic. Sam returning from the excursion wearing an old silk hat and accompanied (on account of a rope) by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway. In the matter of personal decoration paint was generously used; an interpretation of the spiral, inclining to whites and greens, becoming brilliantly effective upon the dark facial backgrounds of Herman and Verman, while the countenances of Sam and Penrod were each supplied with the black mustache and imperial, lacking which no professional showman can be esteemed conscientious.

It was regretfully decided in council that no attempt be made to add Queenie to the list of exhibits, her brothers warmly declining to act as ambassadors in that cause. They were certain Queenie would not like the idea, they said, and Herman picturesquely described her activity on occasions when she had been annoyed by too much attention to her appearance. However, Penrod's disappointment was alleviated by an inspiration which came to him in a moment of pondering upon the dachshund, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster.

They found a group of seven, including two adults, already gathered in the street to read and admire this work.

SCHOFFIELD & WILLIAMS BIG SHOW ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES Now GOING ON SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN THEIR FATHERS IN JAIL STAGED A MAN WITH A PITCHFORK SHERMAN THE WILD ANIMAL CAPTURED IN AFRICA HERMAN THE ONE FINGERED TATOOED WILD MAN VERMAN THE SAVAGE TATOOED WILD BOY TALKS ONLY IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGES. Do NOT FAIL TO SEE DUKE THE INDIAN DOG ALSO THE MICHIGAN TRAINED RATS

A heated argument took place between Sam and Penrod, the point at issue being settled finally by the drawing of straws, whereupon Penrod, with pardonable self importance—in the presence of an audience now increased to nine—slowly painted the words inspired by the dachshund:

IMPORTANT Do NOT MISS THE SOUTH AMERICAN DOG PART ALLIGATOR.

CHAPTER IX. The New Star.

SAM, Penrod, Herman and Verman withdrew in considerable state from nonpaying view and, repairing to the hay loft, declared the exhibition open to the public. Oral proclamation was made by Sam, and then the waiting multitude was enticed by the seductive strains of a band, the two partners performing upon combs and paper, Herman and Verman upon the pans with sticks.

The effect was immediate. Visitors appeared upon the stairway and sought admission. Herman and Verman took position among the exhibits, near the wall; Sam stood at the entrance officiating as Barker and ticket seller, while Penrod, with debonaire suavity, acted as curator, master of ceremonies and lecturer. He greeted the firsts entered with a courtly bow. They consisted of Miss Rensdale and her nursery governess, and they paid spot cash for their admission.

"Walk in, lay-deeze; walk right in. Pray do not obstruct the passageway," said Penrod in a remarkable voice.

"Pray be seated. There is room for each and all."

Miss Rensdale and governess were followed by Mr. George Basset and baby sister (which proves the perfection of George's character) and six or seven other neighborhood children, a most satisfactory audience, although, subsequent to Miss Rensdale and governess, admission was wholly by pin.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze," shouted Penrod, "I will first call your attention to our genuine South American dog, part alligator!" He pointed to the dachshund, and added, in his ordinary tone, "That's him." Straightway re-assuming the character of showman, he belowered: "Next, you see Duke, the genuine, full blooded Indian dog from the far western plains and Rocky mountains. Next, the trained Michigan rats, captured way up there and trained to jump and run all around the box at the—at the—at the slightest pre-text!" He paused, partly to take breath and partly to enjoy his own surprised discovery that this phrase was in his vocabulary.

"At the slightest pre-text!" he repeated, and continued, suiting the action to the word: "I will now hammer upon the box, and each and all may see these genuine full blooded Michigan rats perform at the slightest pre-text! There! (There's all they do now, but I and Sam are goin' to train 'em lots more before this afternoon.) Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, I will kindly now call your attention-shoon to Sherman, the wild animal from Africa, costing the lives of the wild trapper and many of his companions. Next let me kindly interroduce Herman and Verman. Their father got mad and stuck his pitchfork right inside of another man, exactly as promised upon the advertisements outside the big tent, and got put in jail. Look at them well, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze. There is no extra charge, and re-mem-ber you are each and all now looking at two wild tattooed men which the father of is in jail. Point, Herman. Each and all will have a chance to see. Point to sumthing else, Herman. This is the only genuine one fingered tattooed wild man. Last on the program, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, we have Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, that can't speak only his native foreign languages. Talk some, Verman."

Verman obliged and made an instantaneous hit. He was encored rapturously again and again, and, thrilling with the unique pleasure of being appreciated and misunderstood at the same time, would have talked all day but too gladly. Sam Williams, however, with a true showman's foresight, whispered to Penrod, who rang down on the monologue.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, this closes our pformance. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. As soon as you are all out there's goin' to be a new pformance, and each and all are welcome at the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. The Schofield & Williams military band will play before each pformance, and each and all are welcome for the same and simple price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible."

Fortwith the Schofield & Williams military band began a second overture, in which something vaguely like a tune was at times distinguishable, and all of the first audience returned, most of them having occupied the interval in hasty excursions for more pins. Miss Rensdale and governess, however, again paying coin of the republic and receiving deference and the best seats accordingly. And when a third performance found all of the same invertebrate patrons once more crowding the auditorium and seven recruits added the pleasurable excitement of the partners in their venture will be understood by any one who has seen a metropolitan manager strolling about the foyer of his theater some evening during the earlier stages of an assured "phenomenal run."

From the first there was no question which feature of the entertainment was the attraction extraordinary. Ver-

man—Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, speaking only his native foreign languages—Verman was a triumph! Beaming, wreathed in smiles, melodiously, incredibly fluent, he had but to open his lips and a dead hush fell upon the audience. Breathless, they leaned forward, hanging upon his every syllable, and, when Penrod checked the flow, burst into thunders of applause, which Verman received with happy laughter.

Alas, he delayed not o'er long to display all the egregiousness of a new star, but for a time there was no caprice of his too eccentric to be forgiven. During Penrod's lecture upon the other curios the tattooed wild boy continually stamped his foot, grinned and gesticulated, tapping his tiny chest and pointing to himself as it were to say, "Wait for me; I am the big show." So soon they learn; so soon they learn! And (again alas) this spoiled darling of public favor, like many another, was fated to know in good time the fickleness of that favor.

But during all the morning performance he was the idol of his audience and looked it. The climax of his popularity came during the fifth overture of the Schofield & Williams military band, when the music was quite drowned in the agitated clamors of Miss Rensdale, who was endeavoring to ascend the stairs in spite of the physical dissuasion of her governess.

"I won't go home to lunch!" screamed Miss Rensdale, her voice accompanied by a sound of ripping. "I will hear the tattooed wild boy talk some more! It's lovely—I will hear him talk! I will! I will! I want to listen to Verman—I want to—I want to!"

Wailing, she was borne away, of her sex not the first to be fascinated by obscurity nor the last to champion its eloquence.

Verman was almost unendurable after this, but, like many, many other managers, Schofield & Williams restrained their choicer and even laughed fulsomely when their principal attraction essayed the role of a comedian in private and capered and squawked in sheer, fatuous vanity.

The first performance of the afternoon rivaled the successes of the morning, and, although Miss Rensdale was detained at home, thus drying up the single source of cash income developed before lunch, Maurice Levy appeared, escorting Marjorie Jones, and paid coin for two admissions, dropping the money into Sam's hand with a careless—nay, a contemptuous—gesture. At sight of Marjorie, Penrod Schofield flushed under his new mustache (repainted since noon) and lectured as he had never lectured before. A new grace invinced his every gesture, a new sonority rang in his voice, a simple and manly pomposity marked his very walk as he passed from curio to curio, and when he fearlessly handled the box of rats and hammered upon it with cool insouciance he beheld, for the first time in his life, a purl of admiration eddying in Marjorie's lovely eye, a certain softening of that eye. And then Verman spoke—and Penrod was forgotten. Marjorie's eye rested upon him no more.

A heavily equipped chauffeur ascended the stairway, bearing the message that Mrs. Levy awaited her son and his lady. Thereupon, having devoured the last sound permitted (by the managers) to issue from Verman, Mr. Levy and Miss Jones departed to a real matinee at a real theater, the limpid eyes of Marjorie looking back softly over her shoulder—but only at the tattooed wild boy. Nearly always it is woman who puts the iron into life.

After this, perhaps because of satiated curiosity, perhaps on account of a plain-guish, the attendance began to languish. Only four responded to the next call of the band. The four dwindled to three; finally the entertainment was given for one blouse auditor, and Schofield & Williams looked depressed.

Continued on page 7.

WOMAN SUFFERAGE.

Its War Time Aspect.

London, Eng. The women of England are doing their duty. They are taking care of the wounded, or if they cannot assist in work of that kind they are adding their savings to promote the good work. They are knitting and sewing for the soldiers at the front. The suffragists have given so little trouble to the government that it will undoubtedly soften the hearts of those in Parliament, since the "militants" have turned all their energies to aid the fighting men of England, and so sufferage may soon come after this terrible war is over.

Thousands of women in Canada have overcome their sufferings, and have been cured of woman's ills by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This temperance medicine, though started nearly half a century ago, sells most widely to-day, because it is made without alcohol or narcotics. It can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid, and every woman who suffers from backache, headache, nervousness, should take this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. It is prepared from nature's roots and herbs and does not contain a particle of alcohol or any narcotic. It's not a secret prescription for its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out for no reason that she can think of. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism that requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes, are only symptoms. Go to the source of trouble. When that is corrected the other symptoms disappear.

St. Thomas, Ont.—"I wish to say for the benefit of other women who suffer that I recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a great help. I have personally recommended the same to many who in turn have been helped a great deal by its use."—Mrs. F. J. Bowden, 19 Oliver St., St. Thomas, Ont.