

ASQUITH AND PRUSSIA

German Chancellor's Sophistries Exposed—Peace Terms of Allies

On the occasion of a Government reception to visiting French Senators and Deputies Monday night, Premier Asquith took the opportunity to reply to the speech recently delivered in the Reichstag by the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg.

"DRY" NEXT SEPTEMBER

Ontario Temperance Act to Hold Sway For Nearly Three Years

Prohibition on September 16th of this year, and a referendum some two years and nine months later, on the first Monday in June, 1919, were among the further details of the Ontario Temperance Act announced by Hon. W. J. Hanna while the bill was through the committee stage in the Ontario Legislature last week.

ONE MILLION PER DAY

Dominion's War Cost Grows—National Debt Half Billion

The financial statement of the Dominion for the month of March and for the fiscal year ending with March show a war expenditure of no less than \$24,032,296 for last month, a total revenue of \$171,248,568 for the fiscal year, and a net national debt at the end of the year of \$555,927,542.

Big Turk Reinforcements

German Motor Cars Rushed Ninety Battalions—Russian Activity

A special to The London Daily Telegraph from Rome says: "According to information at the Russian Embassy the Turks have succeeded in getting important reinforcements to Trebizond and Sivas, said to number eighty or ninety battalions with artillery. The Germans supplied thousands of motor cars for the purpose of carrying them from railroad. The arrival of these reinforcements explains the resistance of the Turks on the Asiatic front. The feeding of the Turkish army continues a problem. Constant attempts are made to send food and material by sea, but few of the ships arrive, being sunk by Russian submarines and destroyers. Since the beginning of March the Russians have destroyed a hundred or more Turkish vessels."

Manitoba Judge Wants Conscription Chief Justice Mather of Manitoba will arrive in Ottawa in a few days, to urge upon the Government the adoption of conscription in Canada. It is unlikely that his request will be granted.

Turks Long For Peace

It is reported that the Young Turks have asked Effendi Nourounghian, former Turkish Prime Minister, to visit London and Paris to inquire into the possibilities of a separate peace for Turkey.

The Canadian House of Commons received a surprise Monday night when, just before adjournment, Hon. Robert Rogers, who was leading the House, announced that the Government desired to prorogue Parliament next week.

The Saloniki correspondent of The London Daily Mail says: "Gen. Serail has gone to the front, and villagers in the war zone have been advised to leave."

Another Belgian woman is reported to have been executed by the Germans.

Dr. A. W. Waite, the New York dentist, has been charged with murder in the first degree.

PENROD



CHAPTER XIV.

Rupe Collins. For several days after this Penrod thought of growing up to be a monk and engaged in good works so far as to carry some kittens (that otherwise would have been drowned) and a pair of Margaret's outworn dancing slippers to a poor, ungrateful old man sojourning in a shed up the alley.

And although Mr. Robert Williams after a very short interval began to leave his guitar on the front porch again, exactly as if he thought nothing had happened, Penrod, with his younger vision of a father's mood, remained coldly distant from the Jones neighborhood. With his own family his manner was gentle, proud and sad, but not for long enough to frighten them. The change came with mystifying abruptness at the end of the week.

It was Duke who brought it about. Duke could chase a much bigger dog out of the Schofield's yard and far down the street. This might be thought to indicate unusual valor on the part of Duke and cowardice on that of the bigger dogs whom he undoubtedly put to rout. On the contrary, all such flights were founded in mere superstition, for dogs are even more superstitious than boys and colored people, and the most firmly established of all dog superstitions is that any dog, be he the smallest and feeblest in the world, can whip any trespasser whatsoever.

A rat terrier believes that on his home grounds he can whip an elephant. It follows, of course, that a big dog, away from his own home, will run from a little dog in the little dog's neighborhood. Otherwise the big dog must face a charge of inconsistency, and dogs are as consistent as they are superstitious. A dog believes in war, but he is convinced that there are times when it is moral to run, and the thoughtful physiognomist, seeing a big dog fleeing out of a little dog's yard, must observe that the expression of the big dog's face is more conscientious than alarmed. It is the expression of a person performing a duty to himself.

Penrod understood these matters perfectly. He knew that the gaunt brown hound Duke chased up the alley had fled only out of deference to a custom, yet Penrod could not refrain from bragging of Duke to the hound's owner, a fat faced stranger of twelve or thirteen, who had wandered into the neighborhood.

"You better keep that ole yellow dog o' yours back," said Penrod ominously as he climbed the fence. "You better catch him and hold him till I get mine inside the yard again. Duke's chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs around here."

The fat faced boy gave Penrod a fishy stare. "You'd oughta learn him not to do that," he said. "It'll make him sick."

"What will?" The stranger laughed raspingly and gazed up the alley, where the hound, having come to a halt, now coolly sat down, and, with an expression of roguish benevolence, patronizingly watched the tempered fury of Duke, whose assaults and barkings were becoming unrefractory.

"What'll make Duke sick?" Penrod demanded.

"Eatin' dead bulldogs people leave around here." This was not improvisation but formula, adapted from other occasions to the present encounter. Nevertheless, it was new to Penrod, and he was so taken with it that resentment lost itself in admiration. Hastily committing the gem to memory for use upon a dog owning friend, he inquired in a sociable tone:

"What's your dog's name?" "Dan. You better call your ole pup, 'cause Dan eats live dogs."

Dan's actions poorly supported his master's assertion, for upon Duke's ceasing to bark Dan rose and showed the most courteous interest in making the little old dog's acquaintance. Dan had a great deal of manner, and it became plain that Duke was impressed favorably in spite of former prejudice, so that presently the two trotted amicably back to their masters and sat down with the harmonious but indifferent air of having known each other intimately for years.

They were received without comment, though both boys looked at them reflectively for a time. It was Penrod who spoke first.

"What number you go to?" (In an "oral lesson in English" Penrod had been instructed to put this question in another form. "May I ask which of our public schools you attend?")

"Me? What number do I go to?" said the stranger contemptuously. "I

go to go number in vacation. "I mean when it ain't."

"Third," returned the fat faced boy. "I got 'em all scared in that school."

"What of?" innocently asked Penrod, to whom "the third"—in a distant part of town—was undiscovered country.

"What of? I guess you'd soon see what of if you ever was in that school about one day. You'd be lucky if you got out alive!"

"Are the teachers mean?" The other boy frowned with bitter scorn. "Teachers! Teachers don't order me around, I can tell you. They're mighty careful how they try to run over Rupe Collins."

"Who's Rupe Collins?" "Who is he?" echoed the fat faced boy incredulously. "Say, ain't you got any sense?"

"What?" "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?" "Ye-es," Penrod's answer, like the look he lifted to the impressive stranger, was meek and placative. "Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, I guess."

The other yelled with jeering laughter and mocked Penrod's manner and voice. "Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, I guess!" He laughed harshly again, then suddenly showed tolerance. "Say, 'bo, why'n't you learn enough to go in the house when it rains? What's the matter of you, anyhow?"

"Well," urged Penrod timidly, "nobody ever told me who Rupe Collins is. I got a right to think he's the principal, haven't I?"

The fat faced boy shook his head disgustedly. "Honest, you make me sick!"

Penrod's expression became one of despair. "Well, who is he?" he cried. "Who is he?" mocked the other, with a scorn that withered. "Who is he? Me?"

"Oh!" Penrod was humiliated but relieved. He felt that he had proved himself criminally ignorant, yet a peril seemed to have passed. "Rupe Collins is your name, then, I guess. I kind of thought it was all the time."

The fat faced boy still appeared embittered, burlesquing this speech in a hateful falsetto. "Rupe Collins is your name, then, I guess! Oh, you 'kind of thought it was all the time,' did you?" Suddenly concentrating his brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust his face within an inch of Penrod's. "Yes, sonny, Rupe Collins is my name."



"You understand that, 'bo?"

and you better look out what you say when he's around or you'll get in big trouble! You understand that, 'bo?"

Penrod was cowed, but fascinated. He felt that there was something dangerous and dastard about this newcomer.

"Yes," he said, feebly drawing back. "My name's Penrod Schofield."

"Then I reckon your father and mother ain't got good sense," said Mr. Collins promptly, this also being formula.

"Cause if they had they'd of give you a good name." And the agreeable youth instantly rewarded himself for the wit with another yell of rasping laughter, after which he pointed suddenly at Penrod's right hand. "Where'd you get that wart on your finger?" he demanded severely. "Which finger?" asked the mystified Penrod, extending his hand. "The middle one."

"Where?" "There!" exclaimed Rupe Collins, seizing and vigorously twisting the wartless finger naively offered for his inspection. "Quit!" shouted Penrod in agony. "Say your prayers!" commanded Rupe, and continued to twist the luckless finger until Penrod writhed to his knees.

"Ow!" The victim, released, looked grievously upon the still painful finger. At this Rupe's scornful expression altered to one of contrition. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I didn't s'pose it would hurt. Turn about's fair play; so now you do that to me."

He extended the middle finger of his left hand and Penrod promptly seized it, but did not twist it, for he was instantly swung round with his back to his amiable new acquaintance. Rupe's right hand operated upon the back of Penrod's slender neck; Rupe's knee tortured the small of Penrod's back.

"Ow!" Penrod bent far forward involuntarily and went to his knees again. "Lick dirt," commanded Rupe, forcing the captive's face to the sidewalk, and the suffering Penrod completed this ceremony.

Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by means of his horse laugh. "You'd just about one day up at the Third!" he said. "You'd come runnin' home, yellin' 'Mom muh, mom muh, before recess was over.'"

"No, I wouldn't," Penrod protested rather weakly, dusting his knees. "You would, too?" "No, I w—"

"Looky here," said the fat faced boy, darkly, "what you mean, counterdickin' me?"

He advanced a step and Penrod hastily qualified his contradiction. "I mean, I don't think I would. I—"

"You better look out!" Rupe moved closer and unexpectedly grasped the back of Penrod's neck again. "Say I would run home yellin' 'Mom muh'!"

"Ow, I would run home yellin' 'Mom muh'!" "There!" said Rupe, giving the helpless nape a final squeeze. "That's the way we do up at the Third."

Penrod rubbed his neck and asked meekly: "Can you do that to any boy up at the Third?"

"See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or—"

"I knew you could," Penrod interposed hastily, with the pathetic semblance of a laugh. "I only said that in fun."

"In fun?" repeated Rupe stormily. "You better look out how you—"

"Well, I said I wasn't in earnest." Penrod retreated a few steps. "I knew you could all the time. I expect I could do it to some of the boys up at the Third myself. Couldn't I?"

"No; you couldn't." "Well, there must be some boy up there that I could—"

"No; they ain't. You better—"

"I expect not, then," said Penrod quickly. "You better 'expect not.' Didn't I tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up around the Third? You want me to show you how we do up there, 'bo?"

He began a slow and deadly advance, whereupon Penrod timidly offered a diversion: "Say, Rupe, I got a box of rats in our stable under a glass cover, so you can watch 'em jump around when you hammer on the box. Come on and look at 'em."

"All right," said the fat faced boy, slightly mollified. "We'll let Dan kill 'em."

"No, sir! I'm goin' to keep 'em. They're kind of pets. I've had 'em all summer. I got names for 'em and—"

"Look here, 'bo. Did you hear me say we'll let Dan kill 'em?" "Yes, but I won't—"

"What won't you?" Rupe became sinister immediately. "It seems to me you're gettin' pretty fresh around here."

"Well, I don't want!" Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon the stage.

Frowning quite appallingly and thrusting forward his underlip, he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed.

"Dan kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat faced boy, maintaining the horrible juxtaposition.

"Well, all right," said Penrod, swallowing. "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he brightened.

"Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, as he climbed the fence. "We'll give our dogs a little live meat—'bo!"

At the dinner table that evening Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a lawgiving voice of international grandeur: "Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money."

cerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs. "Any man that's makin' a hundred dollars a month is makin' good money." "What is he talking about!" Margaret appealed to the invisible. "Well," said Penrod, frowning, "that's what foremen at the ladder works get." "How in the world do you know?" asked his mother. "Well, I know it. A hundred dollars a month is good money, I tell you!" "Well, what of it?" said the father, impatiently. "Nothin'. I only said it was good money."

Mr. Schofield shook his head, dismissing the subject; and here he made a mistake; he should have followed up his son's singular contribution to the conversation.

That would have plainly revealed the fact that there was a certain Rupe Collins whose father was a foreman at the ladder works. All clues are important when a boy makes his first remark in a new key.

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is 'good money'?" Penrod turned upon her a stern glance. "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

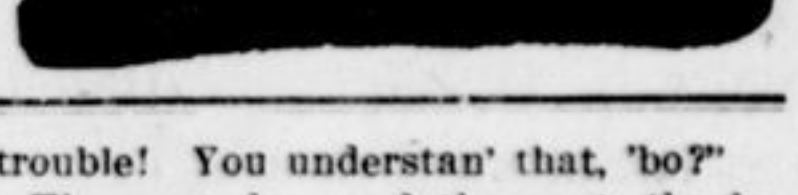
Mrs. Schofield might have been more dismayed than she was if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch. After dinner Penrod was slightly scalded in the back as a result of telling Della, the cook, that there was a wart on the middle finger of her right hand. Della thus proving poor material for his new manner to work upon, he approached Duke in the back yard, and, bending double, seized the lowly animal by the forepaws.

"I let you know my name's Penrod Schofield," hissed the boy. He protruded his underlip ferociously, scowled and thrust forward his head until his nose touched the dog's. "And you better look out when Penrod Schofield's around, or you'll get in big

9 YEARS

I suffered with an abscess on my face," writes Mrs. Herbert Cox, of Port McNichol, Ont. "I tried everything and received medical treatment for some time, but in vain. Finally the doctor advised an operation, which was performed, but instead of improving, the sore became worse. I had despaired of ever finding a cure, when a friend recommended Zam-Buk. I tried it, with the result that before long the poison was drawn out and the sore began to heal. Perseverance effected a complete cure, and now not even a scar remains."

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trouble! You understand that, 'bo?" The next day, and the next, the increasing change in Penrod puzzled and distressed his family, who had no idea of its source. How might they guess that hero worship takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy, not of the neighborhood, came to "play" with Penrod several times, but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behavior of the son of the house, whose ideals this father remarked seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood.

Continued next week

DIDN'T WANT IT.

My boy, remember a rolling stone gathers no moss. That's so, dad, but then I've no use for moss anyhow.

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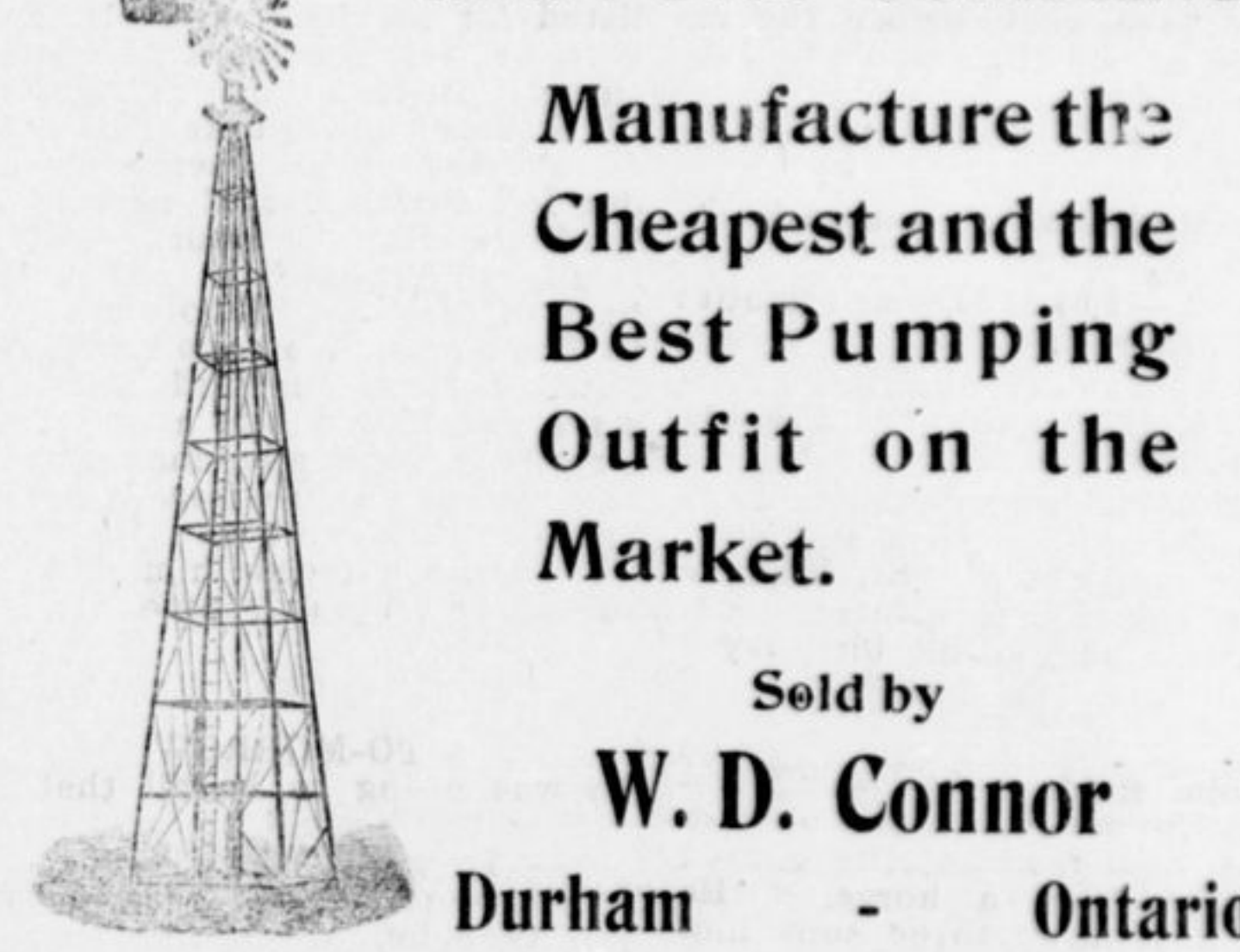
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