

SIR SAM HUGHES IS READY FOR THE FRAY

Minister of Militia on Return Says There Need be no Doubt as to Outcome

Major-General Sir Sam Hughes arrived in Ottawa Sunday afternoon, and had a good reception. A large number of local military officers and many soldiers of the 77th and 207th Battalions were at the station, with many civilians. General Hughes was accompanied by two of his counsellors, Eugene Lafleur, K.C., of Montreal, and J. S. Ewart, K.C., of Ottawa. Mr. Lafleur and Mr. Nesbitt, of Toronto, met him in New York. On his arrival on the platform at Ottawa the band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards struck up "Home Sweet Home." The only Cabinet Minister there was Hon. Robert Rogers. Thirty militia officers lined up on the platform and the Minister shook hands with each of them. All the leading officers of the headquarters staff were present, as well as the following members of Parliament: Deputy Speaker, E. N. Rhodes, Major Dugald Stewart, Col. H. B. Tremaine, F. S. Scott, George Elliott, William Gray, S. F. Glass, Donald Nicholson, Capt. Tom Wallace, J. A. Sexsmith and Senator Rufus Pope. A cheer was raised by those on the platform when General Hughes stepped off the train. After a brief interview with Hon. Robert Rogers, he went to Premier Borden's residence. He spent the balance of the afternoon and evening there. Sir Sam will make his statement in the House on Tuesday. "Nothing for the press," said Sir Sam to reporters at the Chateau Laurier.

Hughes Talked at New York "My friends need not worry. My enemies will be dealt with. There is no doubt as to the outcome." Three terse sentences, snapped out in characteristic staccato and accompanied by a broad smile, voiced the greeting of General Sam Hughes to the newspapermen as he climbed to the pier from the steamer St. Paul, which docked at New York on Friday. The Minister of Militia was accompanied by his counsel, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., who left by the daybreak revenue cutter and boarded the liner some distance down the river. A formal statement had been issued for general distribution to the press. So Sir Sam just shook his head at questions. "See me later," he said.

Gen. Hughes' Statement Sir Sam Hughes issued the following statement: "I have only been informed in a general way about the statements made in the House of Commons during my absence. But let them be what they may, I am glad of the opportunity of having them all fully sifted and exposed to the full light of day. I have no comment to make on the conduct of those who, taking advantage of my absence, and further, of the feeling of nervousness, almost bordering on panic, in the minds of the general public on all questions since the war began, have attempted to divert to side issues energy and time which should be devoted to the cause of the Canadian soldiers at the front, and the Empire in general. Such persons may be within their privileges."

RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

Drive Turks From Strong Caucasus Position—Eastern Front Busy

Announcement was made by the Petrograd war office Sunday that Turkish forces in the Caucasus had been ejected from a position about 17 miles east of the important port of Trebizond, the capture of which has been the objective of recent Russian operations along this front. The statement follows: "Caucasus front: In the coastal region and to the south, after a desperate fight, our troops, supported by guns on land and sea, dislodged the Turks from a powerfully organized position on the left bank of Kara Dere, 25 versts east of Trebizond. We are pursuing the enemy energetically. Repeated attacks by the enemy in the direction of Bayburt were repulsed with heavy losses to the assailants."

Four lines of barbed wire entanglements were cut by Russian troops under a heavy fire and two hills were captured in an advance south of Garbounovka in the Dvinsk region, the Russian war office announced on Sunday. The Germans made several counter-attacks which were all repulsed. The ground between the hills and the German position is covered by the bodies of Germans. An offensive undertaken by the Germans in the Smorgon district was repulsed. The Russian troops have made an advance in several places south of Olyka station. Fifty bombs were dropped by Russian aeroplanes on the Zousska and northern stations of Czernowitz. All the machines returned undamaged."

CANADIAN CONSCRIPTION

Recruiting Leagues Form National Body to Urge National Service

The Canadian National Service League, with its object compulsory military service, came into being in Ottawa on Friday, when delegates who attended the conferences of Recruiting Leagues formed an association. The following resolution was adopted: "Recommended, that an association be formed to hold together those who have been in conference during the past two days, in order that the work here unitedly begun shall be continued, and that other forms of national service be taken up as need arises; That the purposes of the association be to promote any form of national service which the need of the hour may demand." The following officers were chosen: Hon. President, Chief Justice Nathan Winkler, Man.; Chairman, John M. Godfrey, Toronto; Secretary, Dr. Albert H. Abbott, Toronto.

Col. Frederick Ford of Canada was given a C.M.G. by King George.

PENROD



CHAPTER XV. The Imitator.

MEANWHILE, for Penrod himself, "life had taken on new meaning, new richness." He had become a fighting man—in conversation at least. "Do you want to know how I do when they try to slip up on me from behind?" he asked Della. And he enacted for her unappreciative eye a scene of fistic maneuvers wherein he held an imaginary antagonist helpless in a net of stratagems.

Frequently, when he was alone, he would outfit and pummel this same enemy, and, after a cunning feint, land a dolorous stroke full upon a face of air. "There! I guess you'll know better next time. That's the way we do up at the Third!" Sometimes in solitary pantomime he encountered more than one opponent at a time, for numbers were apt to come upon him treacherously, especially at a little after his rising hour, when he might be caught at a disadvantage—perhaps standing on one leg to incense the other in his knickerbockers. Like lightning he would hurl the trapping garment from him, and, ducking and pivoting, deal great sweeping blows among the circle of sneaking devils. (That was how he broke the clock in his bedroom.) And while these battles were occupying his attention, it was a waste of voice to call him to breakfast, though if his mother, losing patience, came to his room, she would find him seated on the bed pulling at a stocking. "Well, ain't it coming as fast as I can?"

At the table and about the house generally he was bumptious, loud with fatuous misinformation and assumed a domineering tone, which neither satire nor reproof seemed able to reduce, but it was among his own intimates that his new superiority was most outrageous. He twisted the fingers and squeezed the necks of all the boys of the neighborhood, meeting their indignation with a hoarse and rasping laugh he had acquired after short practice in the stable, where he jeered and taunted the lawnmower, the garden scythe and the wheelbarrow quite out of countenance.

Likewise he bragged to the other boys by the hour, Rupe Collins being the chief subject of encomium—next to Penrod himself. "That's the way we do up at the Third," became staple explanation of violence, for Penrod, like Tartarin, was plastic in the hands of his own imagination, and at times convinced himself that he really was one of those dark and murderous spirits exclusively of whom "the Third" was composed—according to Rupe Collins.

Then, when Penrod had exhausted himself repeating to nausea accounts of the prowess of himself and his great friend, he would turn to two other subjects for vainglory. These were his father and Duke. Mothers must accept the fact that between babyhood and manhood their sons do not boast of them. The boy, with boys, is a Choctaw, and either the influence or the protection of women is shameful. "Your mother won't let me," is an insult. But, "My father won't let me," is a dignified explanation and cannot be hooted. A boy is ruined among his fellows if he talks much of his mother or sisters, and he must recognize it as his duty to offer at least the appearance of persecution to all things ranked as female, such as cats and every species of fowl. But he must champion his father and his dog, and, ever ready to pit either against any challenger, must picture both as ravaging for battle and absolutely unconquerable.

Penrod, of course, had always talked by the code, but, under the new stimulus, Duke was represented virtually as a cross between Bob, Son of Battle, and South American vampire, and this in spite of the fact that Duke himself often sat close by, a living lie, with the hope of peace in his heart. As for Penrod's father, that gladiator was painted as of sentiments and dimensions suitable to a superdemon composed of equal parts of Goliath, Jack Johnson and the Emperor Nero.

Even Penrod's walk was affected. He adopted a gait which was a kind of taunting swagger, and when he passed other children on the street he practiced the habit of feinting a blow; then as the victim dodged he rasped out the triumphant horse laugh which he gradually mastered to horrible perfection. He did this to Marjorie Jones, Aye, this was their next meeting, and such is Erös, young. What was even worse, in Marjorie's opinion, he went on his way without explanation and left her standing on the corner talking about her long after he was out of hearing.



The Fat Faced Boy Appeared Upon the Threshold and Gazed Coldly About.

a little while longer," Penrod added grimly, "and you'll find out who Rupe Collins is, and I pity you when you do."

"What he go do?" "You'll see; that's all. You just wait and—"

At this moment a brown hound ran into the stable through the alley door, wagged a greeting to Penrod and frantically barked at the threshold and gazed coldly about the little company in the carriage-house, whereupon the colored brethren, wearing frost-proof mitts, were instantly attracted and Sam Williams moved a little nearer the door leading into the yard.

Obviously Sam regarded the newcomer as a redoubtable if not ominous figure. He was a head taller than either Sam or Penrod, head and shoulders taller than Herman, who was short for his age, and Verman could hardly be used for purposes of comparison at all, being a mere squat brown spot, not yet quite nine years on this planet. And to Sam's mind the aspect of Mr. Collins realized Penrod's portentous foreshadowings. Upon the fat face there was an expression of truculent intolerance which had been cultivated by careful habit to such perfection that Sam's heart sank at sight of it. A somewhat enfeebled twin to this expression had of late often decorated the visage of Penrod and appeared upon that ingenuous surface now as he advanced to welcome the eminent visitor.

The host swaggered toward the door with a great deal of shoulder movement, carelessly feinting a slap at Verman in passing and creating by various means the atmosphere of a man who has contemptuously amused himself with underlings while awaiting an equal.

"Hello, bo!" Penrod said in the deepest voice possible to him. "Who you callin' 'bo'?" was the ungracious response, accompanied by immediate action of a similar nature. Rupe held Penrod's head in the crook of an elbow and massaged his temples with a hard pressing knuckle. "I was only in fun, Rupe," pleaded the sufferer, and then, being set free, "Come here, Sam," he said. "What for?" Penrod laughed pityingly. "Pshaw, I ain't goin' to hurt you. Come on." Sam, maintaining his position near the other door, Penrod went to him and caught him round the neck. "Watch me, Rupe," Penrod called, and performed upon Sam the knuckle operation which he had himself just undergone, Sam submitting mechanically, his eyes fixed with increasing uneasiness upon Rupe Collins. Sam had a premonition that something even more painful than Penrod's knuckle was going to be inflicted upon him.

and, turning, he beheld Verman in the act of lifting a piece of lath to strike again. "Em moys ome!" said Verman, the giant killer. "He tongue tie," Herman explained. "He say, let 'em boys alone." Rupe addressed his host briefly: "Chase them nigs out o' here!" "Don't call me nig," said Herman. "I mine my own bizness. You let 'em boys alone."

Rupe strode across the still prostrate Sam, stepped upon Penrod and, equipping his countenance with the terrifying scowl and protruded jaw, lowered his head to the level of Herman's. "Nig, you'll be lucky if you leave here alive!" And he leaned forward till his nose was within less than an inch of Herman's nose. "It could be felt that something awful was about to happen, and Penrod as he rose from the floor suffered an unexpected twinge of apprehension and remorse. He hoped that Rupe wouldn't really hurt Herman. A sudden dislike of Rupe and Rupe's ways rose within him as he looked at the big boy overwhelming the little darkey with that ferocious scowl. Penrod all at once felt sorry about something indefinable, and with equal vagueness he felt foolish. "Come on, Rupe," he suggested feebly. "Let Herman go, and let's us make our bills out of the rake handle."

The rake handle, however, was not available if Rupe had inclined to favor the suggestion. Verman had discarded his lath for the rake, which he was at this moment lifting in the air. "You ole black nigger," the fat faced boy said venomously to Herman. "I'm a-goin' to—"

But he had allowed his nose to remain too long near Herman's. Penrod's familiar nose had been as close with only a ticklish spinal effect upon the not very remote descendant of Kongo man eaters. The result produced by the glare of Rupe's unfamiliar eyes and by the dreadfully suggestive proximity of Rupe's unfamiliar nose was altogether different. Herman's and

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