

MORE REBELS EXECUTED

Redmond Urges, Asquith Promises Clemency For Rank and File

Cornelius Colbert, Edmund Kent, Michael Mallon and I. J. Hueston, four more of the leaders in the Irish revolt have been sentenced to death by the Dublin court-martial, and executed, according to an official statement Monday night.

John Redmond, the Irish leader, put a question in the Commons in which he suggested that the continuance of military executions in Ireland was causing rapidly increasing bitterness and exasperation among a section of the population which had no sympathy with the insurrection.

A party of about 1,000 prisoners left Dublin last night for England. They were mostly from the country districts. Count Plunkett and his wife have been arrested. Count Plunkett's title is a papal one. He has been director of the National Museum of Science and Art in Dublin.

GENERAL CONSCRIPTION

Premier Asquith Sponsored Measure For Compulsory Military Service

Immediate and general conscription to swell the ranks of Great Britain's armies is provided in a bill introduced in Parliament by Premier Asquith. The whole recruiting question is dealt with in this single bill.

May Nationalize All

Reasons For Railway Aid Given by Finance Minister

Sir Thomas White announced on Monday in the Commons that the Government may ultimately nationalize not only two, but all the railways of Canada. The Minister gave details showing the fixed charges and earnings, etc., of both companies and pointed out that unless assistance were granted they would have to go into liquidation.

Extend Soldiers' Furlough

A suggestion that provision be made for the extension of the time during which soldiers may obtain furloughs to assist in ploughing and seeding on the farms of the country under certain circumstances was made by Mr. H. B. Morphy, of North Perth in the Commons Monday night, and was cordially received by the Prime Minister.

Dominions to the Fore

Australian and New Zealand troops have arrived in France, and have taken over a portion of the front, it was announced in an official statement in London Monday night. There has been considerable activity along the British lines. For two days the artillery has been incessant in the Ypres salient, especially about the Canadian positions at St. Eloi.

El Paso reports: Three American soldiers and a 10-year-old boy lost their lives and two American citizens were kidnapped and carried south of the international boundary to almost certain death in another raid of Mexican bandits on Sunday.

Premier Asquith stated Monday in the Commons that the Government had abandoned the usual practice of the publication of the figures of the British casualties for military reasons.

PENROD



CHAPTER XVIII. The New Rector.

MR. SCHOFFIELD'S version of things was that Penrod was insane. "He's a stark, raving lunatic!" declared the father, descending to the library from a before dinner interview with the outlaw that evening.

"When Margaret and I were trying to scrub him," responded Mrs. Schofield wearily, "he said 'everybody' had been calling him names."

"Names?" snorted her husband. "Little gentleman! That's the vile epithet they called him! And because of it he wrecks the peace of six homes!"

"Sh! Yes. He told us about it," said Mrs. Schofield, moaning. "He told us several hundred times. I should guess, though I didn't count. He's got it fixed in his head, and we couldn't get it out. All we could do was to put him in the closet. He'd have gone out again after those boys if we hadn't. I don't know what to make of him."

"He's a mystery to me," said her husband. "And he refuses to explain why he objects to being called 'little gentleman.' Says he'd do the same thing—and worse—if anybody dared to call him that again. He said if the president of the United States called him that he'd try to whip him. How long did you have him locked up in the closet?"

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield warningly. "About two hours. But I don't think it softened his spirit at all, because when I took him to the barber's to get his hair clipped again on account of the tar in it Sammy Williams and Maurice Levy were there for the same reason, and they just whispered 'little gentleman' so low you could hardly hear them—and Penrod began fighting with them right before me, and it was really all the barber and I could do to drag him away from them. The barber was very kind about it, but Penrod—"

"I tell you he's a lunatic!" Mr. Schofield would have said the same thing of a Frenchman infuriated by the epithet "camel." The philosophy of insult needs expounding.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield. "It does seem a kind of frenzy."

"Why on earth should any sane person mind being called—"

"Sh!" said Mrs. Schofield. "It's beyond me!"

ment most distant from the front porch, and twenty minutes later Penrod descended to dinner. The Rev. Mr. Kinosling had asked for the pleasure of meeting him, and it had been decided that the only course possible was to cover up the scandal for the present, and to offer an undisturbed and smiling family surface to the gaze of the visitor.

Scorched but not bowed, the smoldering Penrod was led forward for the social formulae simultaneously with the somewhat bleak departure of Robert Williams, who took his guitar with him, this time, and went in forlorn unconsciousness of the powerful forces already set in secret motion to be his allies.

The punishment just undergone had but made the naughty and unyielding soul of Penrod more stalwart in revolt. He was unconquered. Every time the one intolerable insult had become the hotter, his vengeance the more instant and furious. And, still burning with outrage, but upheld by the conviction of right, he was determined to continue to the last drop of his blood the defense of his honor, whenever it should be assailed, no matter how mighty or august the powers that attacked it. In all ways, he was a very sore boy.

During the brief ceremony of presentation his usually inscrutable countenance wore an expression interpreted by his father as one of insane obstinacy, while Mrs. Schofield found it an incentive to inward prayer. The fine graciousness of Mr. Kinosling, however, was unimpaired by the glare of virtuous suspicion given him by this little brother; Mr. Kinosling mistook it for a natural curiosity concerning one who might possibly become, in time, a member of the family. He patted Penrod upon the head, which was, for many reasons, in no condition to be patted with any pleasure to the pattee. Penrod felt himself in the presence of a new enemy.

"How do you do, my little lad?" said Mr. Kinosling. "I trust we shall become fast friends."

To the ear of his little lad it seemed he said, "A trost we shall bick-home faust frainds." Mr. Kinosling's pronunciation was, in fact, slightly precious, and the little lad, simply mistaking it for some cryptic form of mockery of himself, assumed a manner and expression which argued so ill for the proposed friendship that Mrs. Schofield hastily interposed the suggestion of dinner, and the small procession went in to the dining room.

"It has been a delicious day," said Mr. Kinosling presently; "warm, but balmy." With a benevolent smile he addressed Penrod, who sat opposite him. "I suppose, little gentleman, you have been indulging in the usual outdoor sports of vacation?"

Penrod laid down his fork and glared open mouthed at Mr. Kinosling. "You'll have another slice of breast of the chicken?" Mr. Schofield inquired loudly and quickly.

"A lovely day!" exclaimed Margaret, with equal promptitude and emphasis. "Lovely, oh, lovely, lovely!"

"Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" said Mrs. Schofield, and after a glance at Penrod which confirmed her impression that he intended to say something she continued, "Yes, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful."

Penrod closed his mouth and sank back in his chair, and his relatives took breath.

perplexities. I understand them, you see; and let me tell you it is no easy matter to understand the little lads and lassies." He sent to each listener his beaming glance and, permitting it to come to rest upon Penrod, inquired: "And what do you say to that, little gentleman?"

Mr. Schofield uttered a stentorian cough. "More? You'd better have some more chicken! More! Do!" "More chicken!" urged Margaret simultaneously. "Do please! Please! More! Do! More!"

"Beautiful, beautiful," began Mrs. Schofield. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

It is not known in what light Mr. Kinosling viewed the expression of Penrod's face. Perhaps he mistook it for awe; perhaps he received no impression at all of its extraordinary quality. He was a rather self-engrossed young man, just then engaged in a double occupation, for he not only talked, but supplied from his own consciousness a critical though favorable auditor as well, which, of course, kept him quite busy. Besides, it is oftener than is suspected the case that extremely peculiar expressions upon the countenances of boys are entirely overlooked and suggest nothing to the minds of people staring straight at them. Certainly Penrod's expression—which to the perception of his family was perfectly horrible—caused not the faintest perturbation in the breast of Mr. Kinosling.

Mr. Kinosling waived the chicken and continued to talk. "Yes, I think I may claim to understand boys," he said, smiling thoughtfully. "One has been a boy oneself. Ah, it is all play-time! I hope our young scholar here does not overwork himself at his Latin, at his classics, as I did, so that at the age of eight years I was compelled to wear glasses. He must be careful not to strain the little eyes at his scholar's tasks, not to let the little shoulders grow round over his scholar's desk. Youth is golden. We should keep it golden, bright, glistening. Youth should frolic, should be sprightly. It should play its cricket, its tennis, its handball. It should run and leap; it should laugh, should sing madrigals and glees, carol with the lark, ring out in chancies, folk songs, ballads, round-lays!"

He talked on. At any instant Mr. Schofield held himself ready to cough vehemently and shout, "More chicken," to drown out Penrod in case the fatal words again fell from those eloquent lips, and Mrs. Schofield and Margaret kept themselves prepared at all times to assist him. So passed a threatening meal, which Mrs. Schofield hurried by every means within decency to its conclusion. She felt that somehow they would be safer out in the dark of the front porch and led the way thither as soon as possible.

"No cigar, I thank you," Mr. Kinosling, establishing himself in a wicker chair beside Margaret, waved away her father's proffer. "I do not smoke. I have never tasted tobacco in any form." Mrs. Schofield was confirmed in her opinion that this would be an ideal son-in-law. Mr. Schofield was not so sure.

"No," said Mr. Kinosling. "No tobacco for me. No cigar, no pipe, no cigarette, no cheroot. For me a book—a volume of poems, perhaps. Verses, rhymes, lines metrical and cadenced—those are my dissipation. Tennyson by preference—'Maud' or 'Idylls of the King,' poetry of the sound Victorian days. There is none later. Or Longfellow will rest me in a truce hour. Yes, for me a book—a volume in the hand, held lightly between the fingers."

Mr. Kinosling looked pleasantly at his fingers as he spoke, waving his hand in a curving gesture which brought it into the light of a window faintly illumined from the interior of the house. Then he passed those graceful fingers over his hair and turned toward Penrod, who was perched upon the railing in a dark corner.

"The evening is touched with a slight coolness," said Mr. Kinosling. "Perhaps I may request the little gentleman—"

"B'r-r-ruff!" coughed Mr. Schofield. "You'd better change your mind about a cigar."

"No, I thank you. I was about to request the lit—" "Do try one," Margaret urged. "I'm sure papa's are nice ones. Do try—" "No, I thank you. I remarked a slight coolness in the air, and my hat is in the hallway. I was about to request—" "I'll get it for you," said Penrod suddenly.

"If you will be so good," said Mr. Kinosling. "It is a black bowler hat, little gentleman, and placed upon a table in the hall."

"I know where it is," Penrod entered the door, and a feeling of relief, mutually experienced, carried from one to another of his three relatives their interchanged congratulations that he had recovered his sanity.

"The day is done and the darkness," began Mr. Kinosling—and recited that poem entire. He followed it with "The Children's Hour," and, after a pause at the close, to allow his listeners time for a little reflection upon his rendition, he passed his hand again over his head and called in the direction of the doorway: "I believe I will take my hat now, little gentleman."

Mr. Kinosling, and being somewhat chilled, placed the hat firmly upon his head, pulling it down as far as it would go. It had a pleasant warmth which he noticed at once. The next instant he noticed something else, a peculiar sensation of the scalp—a sensation which he was quite unable to define. He lifted his hand to take the hat off and entered upon a strange experience—his hat seemed to have decided to remain where it was.

"Do you like Tennyson as much as Longfellow, Mr. Kinosling?" inquired Margaret. "I—ah—I cannot say," he returned absently. "I—ah—each has his own—ugh!—flavor and savor, each his—ah—ah!"

Struck by a strangeness in his tone, she peered at him curiously through the dusk. His outlines were indistinct, but she made out that his arms were uplifted in a singular gesture. He seemed to be wrenching at his head.

"Is—Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Kinosling, are you ill?" "Not at—ugh!—all," he replied, in the same odd tone. "I—ah—I believe—ugh!"

He dropped his hands from his hat and rose. His manner was slightly agitated. "I fear I may have taken a trifling—ah—cold. I should—ah—perhaps be—ah—better at home. I will—ah—say good night."

At the steps he instinctively lifted his hand to remove his hat, but did not do so and, saying "Good night" again in a rigid tone, departed with visible stiffness from that house, to return no more.

"Well, of all"—cried Mrs. Schofield, astounded. "What was the matter? He just went—like that!" She made a hurried gesture. "In heaven's name, Margaret, what did you say to him?" "Nothing," exclaimed Margaret indignantly. "Nothing! He just went!"

"Why, he didn't even take off his hat when he said good night!" said Mrs. Schofield. Margaret, who had crossed to the

doorway, caught the ghost of a whisper behind her, where stood Penrod. "You bet he didn't!" He knew not that he was overheard. A frightful suspicion flashed through Margaret's mind—suspicion that Kinosling's hat would have to be either boiled off or shaved off. With growing horror she recalled Penrod's long absence when he went to bring the hat.

"Penrod," she cried, "let me see your hands." She had tolled at those hands herself late that afternoon, nearly scalding her own, but at last achieving a lily purity. "Let me see your hands!" She seized them. Again they were tarred!

Continued next week

TOO RISKY.

The Merry One—Cheer up, old man! Why don't you drown your sorrow? The Sad One—She's stronger than I am, and besides, it would be murder—Life.

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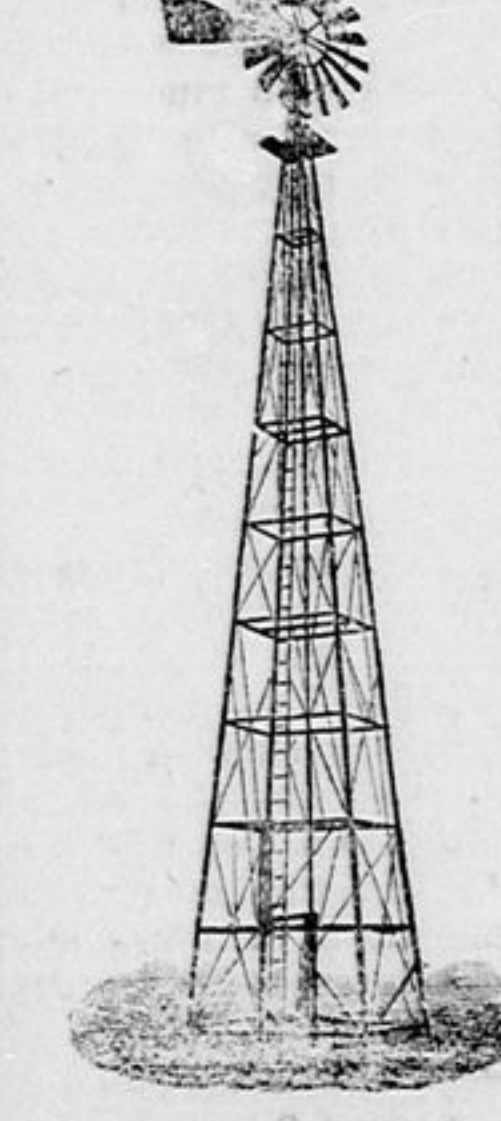
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