

HOW CANADIANS DARE

Fortitude of Officers and Men Under Terrific Fire

How the men of an Edmonton battalion withstood the withering bombardment of the Germans during a part of a day and well into the darkness of the evening, clinging to their smouldering trenches with grim determination and then springing alert to meet the oncoming enemy infantry attack, is told in a communication from the Canadian general representative at the front. Under Lieut. R. C. Arthurs, the detachment poured a heavy rifle and machine gun fire into the advancing Germans, accounting for all the party except two, an officer and a sergeant, who managed to reach the Canadian trench. Lieut. Arthurs shot the sergeant himself and the officer was taken prisoner.

The heroic death of Lieut. "Ted" Doheny of a Toronto battalion is related. This plucky young officer, his leg blown off by a shell while in charge of a party holding a crater, thought only of his battalion and his men till he succumbed to his wounds. Many instances of individual heroism are recounted, also the splendid spirit of the Canadians, who ever long for a close encounter with the enemy. A reconnaissance of the German wire was being made by Lieut. Platt and Private Lambert of a Toronto battalion. Eventually the officer was seriously hit. Lambert carried him to the shelter of a shell hole and crawled back to our trenches for assistance. Company Sergeant-Major Harvey and Sergeant Nottingham volunteered to attempt the rescue. Guided by Private Lambert, they succeeded in reaching the lieutenant. By this time the enemy's fire had increased but between them the three men carried the wounded officer back to our trenches. Lieutenant Platt succumbed later.

STRONG AUSTRIAN DRIVE

Makes Progress With Huge Forces on Trentino Front

Attacking with 400,000 men, the Austrians have made further progress against the Italians in their great and sudden offensive, which extends from the Trentino to the sea and across the Adriatic into Albania. The Austrian front south and southeast of Rovereto was first advanced uniformly a distance of five miles in three days, and in places reached Italian soil. The number of prisoners claimed by the Austrians is more than 7,500. The Austrians also have taken 31 cannon and 35 machine guns. The Italian War Office officially admits a general withdrawal on the Trent front. The retreat was made, it is stated, because of the violent character of the Austrian gunfire. The Austrian attack is understood to have been made after months of preparation. Italian experts expect another Verdun on the similar front.

Ottawa Fire Incendiary?

Commissioners Strongly Suspect Parliament Buildings Were Fired

Mr. R. A. Pringle, K.C., and Judge D. B. McTavish, the two commissioners appointed to inquire into the fire which destroyed the Parliament Buildings, reported "that there are many circumstances connected with the fire to lead to a strong suspicion of incendiarism, especially in view of the fact that the evidence is clear that no one was smoking in the reading room for some time previous to the outbreak of the fire, and also to the fact that the fire could not have occurred from defective electric wires. Your commissioners feel very strongly that it might be possible at a later date to obtain evidence which they cannot reach at present time, which might establish beyond question whether this fire was incendiary or accidental, and would humbly suggest that this report be treated as an interim report, and that the commission be left open."

Change Berlin's Name

The electors of Berlin, Ontario, voted on Friday in favor of wiping the name of the Prussian capital off the Canadian map, by a majority of eighty-one, in one of the hardest-fought and most exciting elections ever waged. The vote was the largest ever recorded, there being a total of 1,569 for changing the name of the city and 1,488 against. Twelve out of twenty-three polling divisions gave majorities in favor. The victory was celebrated with wild enthusiasm and an announcement was wired King George. The new name has yet to be selected.

No Ammunition Probe

By a vote of 40 to 17 Premier Borden and his followers in the Commons turned down late on Saturday night, after an all-day debate, marked by a most acrimonious exchange between Sir Sam Hughes and Mr. F. B. Carvell, the motion of Mr. D. McKenzie (North Cape Breton) to refer to the Meredith-Duff Commission the charges made by the Auditor-General in regard to the sale, on the authority of the Minister of Militia, of \$60,000 worth of Ross rifle ammunition to J. Wesley Allison.

Bothering Turco-Huns

The General Officer Commanding in Egypt reported on Friday that British ships, aeroplanes and seaplanes successfully bombarded El Arish, an important post on the enemy line of communications from Syria to Egypt, on the morning of May 13. The ships bombarded the forts southwest of the town and are believed to have reduced it to ruins.

Lieut.-Col. William Renwick Marshall, who succeeded Lieut.-Col. J. A. Currie, M.P., in command of the 15th (Toronto Highland) Battalion, was killed in action on Friday, according to cablegrams. Col. Marshall had relieved the wounded General Leckie as brigadier.

David Lloyd-George, Minister of Munitions, announced on Friday that 131 munitions factories have been added to the establishments under Government control. The total is now 2,577.

PENROD



CHAPTER XX.

Conclusion of the Quiet Afternoon.

THE three laughed bitingly in chorus. They jeered, derided, scoffed and raised an uproar which would have had its effect upon much stronger nerves than George's. For a time he contained his rising anger and chanted monotonously over and over: "I could! I could! I could! I could!" But their tumult wore upon him, and he decided to avail himself of the recent decision whereby a big H was rendered innocuous and unpropaganda. Having used the expression once, he found it comforting and substituted it for "I could! I could!"

But it relieved him only temporarily. His tormentors were unaffected by it and increased their howlings until at last George lost his head altogether. Badgered beyond bearing, his eyes shining with a wild light, he broke through the besieging trio, hurling little Maurice from his path with a frantic hand.

"I'll show you!" he cried in this sudden frenzy. "You give me a chance, and I'll prove it right now!"

"That's talkin' business!" shouted Penrod. "Everybody keep still a minute—everybody!"

He took command of the situation at once, displaying a fine capacity for organization and system. It needed only a few minutes to set order in the place of confusion and to determine, with the full concurrence of all parties, the conditions under which George Bassett was to defend his claim by undergoing what may be perhaps intelligibly defined as the Herman test. George declared he could do it easily. He was in a state of great excitement and in no condition to think calmly or probably he would not have made the attempt at all. Certainly he was overconfident.

It was during the discussion of the details of this enterprise that George's mother a short distance down the street received a few female callers, who came by appointment to drink a glass of iced tea with her and to meet the Rev. Mr. Kinoshing. Mr. Kinoshing was proving almost fearfully interesting to the women and girls of his own and other flocks. What favor of his fellow clergymen a slight preciosity of manner and pronunciation cost him was more than balanced by the visible ecstasies of ladies. They blossomed at his touch.

He had just entered Mrs. Bassett's front door when the son of the house, followed by an intent and earnest company of four, opened the alley gate and came into the yard. The unconscious Mrs. Bassett was about to have her first experience of a fatal coincidence. It was her first, because she was the mother of a boy so well behaved that he had become a proverb of transcendence. Fatal coincidences were plentiful in the Schofield and Williams families and would have been familiar to Mrs. Bassett had George been permitted greater intimacy with Penrod and Sam.

Mr. Kinoshing sipped his iced tea and looked about him approvingly. Seven ladies leaned forward, for it was to be seen that he meant to speak.

"This cool room is a relief," he said, waving a graceful hand in a neatly limited gesture, which everybody's eyes followed, his own included. "It is a relief and a retreat. The windows open, the blinds closed—that is as it should be. It is a retreat, a fastness, a bastion against the heat's assault. For me a quiet room—a quiet room and a book, a volume in the hand, held lightly between the fingers—a volume of poems, lines metrical and cadenced, something by a sound Victorian. We have no later poets."

"Swinburne?" suggested Miss Beam, an eager spinster. "Swinburne, Mr. Kinoshing? Ah, Swinburne!"

"Not Swinburne," said Mr. Kinoshing chastely. "No."

That concluded all the remarks about Swinburne.

Miss Beam retired in confusion behind another lady, and somehow there became diffused an impression that Miss Beam was erotic.

"I do not observe your many little son," Mr. Kinoshing addressed his hostess.

tion, and Mrs. Bassett flushed with pleasure. George's spiritual perfection was demonstrated by instances of it related by the visitors. His plety was cited, and wonderful things he had said were quoted.

"Not all boys are pure, of fine spirit, of high mind," said Mr. Kinoshing, and continued with true feeling: "You have a neighbor, dear Mrs. Bassett, whose household I indeed really feel it quite impossible to visit until such time when better, firmer, stronger handed, more determined discipline shall prevail. I find Mr. and Mrs. Schofield and their daughter charming, but—"

Three or four ladies said "Oh!" and spoke a name simultaneously. It was as if they had said, "Oh, the bubonic plague!"

"Oh! Penrod Schofield?" "George does not play with him," said Mrs. Bassett quickly—"that is, he avoids him as much as he can without hurting Penrod's feelings. George is very sensitive to giving pain. I suppose a mother should not tell these things, and I know people who talk about their own children are dreadful bores, but it was only last Thursday night that George looked up in my face so sweetly after he had said his prayers, and his little cheeks flushed as he said: 'Mamma, I think it would be right for me to go more with Penrod. I think it would make him a better boy.'"

A sibylline went about the room. "Sweet! How sweet! The sweet little soul. Ah, sweet!"

"And that very afternoon," continued Mrs. Bassett, "he had come home in a dreadful state. Penrod had thrown tar all over him."

"Your son has a forgiving spirit," said Mr. Kinoshing, with vehemence; "a too forgiving spirit perhaps." He set down his glass. "No more, I thank you. No more cake, I thank you. Was it not Cardinal Newman who said—"

He was interrupted by the sounds of an altercation just outside the closed blinds of the window nearest him.

"Let him pick his tree." It was the voice of Samuel Williams. "Didn't we come over here to give him one of his own trees? Give him a fair show, can't you?"

"The little lads?" Mr. Kinoshing smiled. "They have their games, their outdoor sports, their pastimes. The young muscles are toughening. The sun will not harm them. They learn, they expand, they learn. They learn fair play, honor, courtesy, from one another as pebbles grow round in the brook. They learn more from themselves than from us. They take shape, form, outline. Let them."

"Mr. Kinoshing?" Another spinster—undeterred by what had happened to Miss Beam—leaned far forward, her face shining and ardent. "Mr. Kinoshing, there's a question I do wish to ask you."

"My dear Miss Cossitt," Mr. Kinoshing responded, again waving his hand and watching it, "I am entirely at your disposal."

"Was Joan of Arc," she asked fervently, "inspired by spirits?"

He smiled indulgently. "Yes—and no," he said. "One must give both answers. One must give the answer, yes; one must give the answer, no."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Cossitt, blushing. "She's one of my great enthusiasms, you know."

"And I have a question, too," urged Mrs. Lora Rewbush after a moment's hasty concentration. "I've never been able to settle it for myself, but now—"

"Yes?" said Mr. Kinoshing encouragingly.

"Is—ah—is—oh, yes—is Sanskrit a more difficult language than Spanish, Mr. Kinoshing?"

"It depends upon the student," replied the oracle, smiling. "One must not look for linguists everywhere. In my own especial case—if one may cite oneself as an example—I found no great, no insurmountable difficulty in mastering, in conquering either."

"And may I ask one?" ventured Mrs. Bassett. "Do you think it is right to wear egrets?"

"There are marks of quality, of caste, of social distinction," Mr. Kinoshing began, "which must be permitted, allowed, though perhaps regulated. Social distinction, one observes, almost invariably implies spiritual distinction as well. Distinction of circumstances is accompanied by mental distinction. Distinction is hereditary. It descends from father to son, and if there is one thing more true than 'like father, like son,' it is—he bowed gallantly to Mrs. Bassett—"it is 'like mother, like son.' What these good ladies have said this afternoon of you?"

This was the fatal instant. There smote upon all ears the voice of

George, painfully shrill and penetrating, fraught with protest and protracted strain. His plain words consisted of the newly sanctioned and disinfected curse with a big H.

With an ejaculation of horror Mrs. Bassett sprang to the window and threw open the blinds.

George's back was disclosed to the view of the tea party. He was endeavoring to ascend a maple tree about twelve feet from the window. Embracing the trunk with arms and legs, he had managed to squirm to a point just above the heads of Penrod and Herman, who stood close by, watching him earnestly, Penrod being obviously in charge of the performance. Across the yard were Sam Williams and Maurice Levy, acting as a jury on the question of voice power, and it was to a complaint of theirs that George had just replied.

"That's right, George," said Penrod encouragingly. "They can too hear you. Let her go!"

"Going to heaven!" shrieked George, squirming up another inch. "Going to heaven, heaven, heaven!"

His mother's frenzied attempts to attract his attention failed utterly. George was using the full power of his lungs, defying his own ears to all other sounds. Mrs. Bassett called in vain, while the tea party stood petrified in a cluster about the window.

"Going to heaven!" George bellowed. "Going to heaven! Going to heaven, my Lord! Going to heaven, heaven, heaven!"

He tried to climb higher, but began to slip downward, his exertions causing damage to his apparel. A button flew into the air, and his knickerbockers and his waistband severed relations.

"Devil's got my coattails, sinners! Old devil's got my coattails!" he announced appropriately. Then he began to slide. He relaxed his clasp of the tree and slid to the ground.

"Going to —!" shrieked George, reaching a high pitch of enthusiasm in this great climax.

With a loud scream Mrs. Bassett threw herself out of the window, alighting by some miracle upon her feet with ankles unsprained.

Mr. Kinoshing, feeling that his presence as spiritual adviser was demanded in the yard, followed with greater dignity through the front door. At the corner of the house a small departing figure collided with him violently. It was Penrod, tactfully withdrawing from what promised to be a family scene of unusual painfulness.

Mr. Kinoshing seized him by the shoulders and, giving way to emotion, shook him viciously.

"You horrible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Kinoshing. "You ruffianly creature! Do you know what's going to happen to you when you grow up? Do you realize what you're going to be?"

With flashing eyes the indignant boy made known his unshaken purpose. He shouted the reply: "A minister!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Twelve.

THIS busy globe which spawns us is as incapable of flattery and as intent upon its own affair, whatever that is, as a gyroscope. It keeps steadily whirling along its lawful track, and, thus far seeming to hold a right of way, spins doggedly on, with no perceptible diminution of speed to mark the most gigantic human events. It did not pause to pant and recuperate even when what seemed to Penrod its principal purpose was accomplished, and an enormous shadow, vanishing westward over its surface, marked the dawn of his twelfth birthday.

To be twelve is an attainment worth the struggle. A boy, just twelve, is like a Frenchman just elected to the academy.

Distinction and honor wait upon him. Younger boys show deference to a person of twelve. His experience is guaranteed, his judgment, influence is profound; consequently his influence is profound. Eleven is not quite satisfactory. It is only an approach. Eleven has the disadvantage of six, of nineteen, of forty-four and of sixty-nine. But, like twelve, seven is an honorable age, and the ambition to attain it is laudable. People look forward to being seven. Similarly, twenty is worthy, and so, arbitrarily, is twenty-one; forty-five has great solidity; seventy is most commendable and each year thereafter an increasing honor. Thirteen is embarrassed by the beginnings of a new colthood. The child becomes a youth. But twelve is the very top of boyhood.

Dressing that morning, Penrod felt that the world was changed from the world of yesterday. For one thing, he seemed to own more of it. This day was his day. And it was a day worth owning. The midsummer sunshine, pouring gold through his window, came from a cool sky, and a breeze moved pleasantly in his hair as he leaned from the sill to watch the tribe of chattering blackbirds take wing, following their leader from the trees in the yard to the day's work in the open country. The blackbirds were his, as the sunshine and the breeze were his, for they all belonged to the day which was his birthday and therefore most surely his. Pride suffused him. He was twelve!

His father and his mother and Margaret seemed to understand the difference between today and yesterday. They were at the table when he descended, and they gave him a greeting which of itself marked the milestone. Habitually his entrance into a room where his elders sat brought a cloud of apprehension. They were prone to look up in pathetic expectancy, as if their thought was, "What new awfulness is he going to start now?" But this morning they laughed. His moth-

er rose and kissed him twelve times. So did Margaret. And his father shouted: "Well, well! How's the man?"

Then his mother gave him a Bible and "The Vicar of Wakefield." Margaret gave him a pair of silver mounted hairbrushes, and his father gave him a "Pocket Atlas" and a small compass.

"And now, Penrod," said his mother after breakfast, "I'm going to take you out in the country to pay your birthday respects to Aunt Sarah Crim."

Aunt Sarah Crim, Penrod's great-aunt, was his oldest living relative. She was ninety, and when Mrs. Schofield and Penrod alighted from a carriage at her gate they found her digging with a spade in the garden.

"I'm glad you brought him," she said, desisting from labor. "Jinny's baking a cake I'm going to send for his birthday party. Bring him in the house. I've got something for him."

She led the way to her "sitting room," which had a pleasant smell, unlike any other smell, and opening the drawer of a shining old whatnot took therefrom a boy's "slingshot," made of a forked stick, two strips of rubber and a bit of leather.

"This isn't for you," she said, placing it in Penrod's eager hand. "No, it would break all to pieces the first time you tried to shoot it because it is thirty-five years old. I want to send it back to your father. I think it's time. You give it to him from me and tell him I say I believe I can trust him with it now. I took it away from him thirty-five years ago, one day after he'd killed my best hen with it accidentally and broken a glass pitcher on the back porch with it—accidentally. He doesn't look like a person who's ever done things of that sort, and I suppose he's forgotten it so well that he believes he never did, but if you give it to him from me I think he'll remember. You look like him, Penrod. He was anything but a handsome boy."

After this final bit of reminiscence—probably designed to be repeated to Mr. Schofield—she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and returned

with a pitcher of lemonade and a blue china dish sweetly freighted with flat ginger cookies of a composition that was her own secret. Then, having set this collation before her guests, she presented Penrod with a superb, intricate and very modern machine of destructive capacities almost limitless. She called it a pocketknife.

"I suppose you'll do something horrible with it," she said composedly. "I hear you do that with everything, anyhow, so you might as well do it



"Penrod, aren't you the worst boy in town?"

Continued on page 7.

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