the situation than is in nada, and the Austran the war with a whole nation to sink all to Mrs. Cross left for Tonorning to spend a few her sister and son beeaves for the training ound Times.

HE WAS MISSING undreds of Englishlics in South Wellingmajority of these vote gual schools, as conducew years ago, made it glish speaking Cathoparate school districts ent education. It was ondition that Bishop rously protested. Aputhrie was too loyal to te against the Lapointe ronto News.

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REMEMBER renwend's" fice and Showrooms

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PORTUGAL

PAGE SIX.

As far back as 1386 Portugal, which has been a Republic since October 5th, 1910, entered into its first treaty with Great Britain. Under the present treaty Britain is pledged to defend Portugal in case of an attack in return for certain coaling and harbor facilities. When war broke out, Portugal offered Britain an expeditionary corps for Flanders.

Portugal has a population of close upon 6,000,000 and a peace army of 30,000 men. When fully mobilized, however, it should consist of a quarter of a million men of the first and second line. Military service in Portugal is compulsory. All men from the age of seventeen to forty-five are liable to be called out, but practically service only begins at the age of twenty.

Portugal's extensive colonial possessions have always aroused the envy of Germany. The Huns have cast very covetous eyes on Angola, with its stretch of 1,000 miles on the West African coast, and Mozambique, the Portuguese territories on the East coast of Africa, extending for a distance of 1,300 miles.



LIEUT.-COL. S. J. DONALDSON, M.P. Commander of the 188th Battalion. Prince Albert, Sask. Col. Donaldson was for many years with the R.N.W.M.P.

GERMANY'S LIE BUREAU

Hun Paper Tells Truth For Once About Wolff's

"The Wolff bureau is hopelessly unable to do the work expected of it, but this is no reason why our world journals should feel themselves compelled to print the most idiotic telegrams of the bureau and inflict them in heavy type on their unfortunate says the Munich (Bavaria) foot. "Several times every week we from Zurich and Bern telefrom Wolff's agents there. These messages are carefully selected extracts from certain Swiss journals, which in Bern and Zurich do not enjoy any authority. The same applies to the Wolff despatches from Holland. The Swiss news comes with official authority, and in pious awe it is printed by the great German journals. As a rule the despatches are the most foolish and impudent lies which it is possible to conceive. And always, no whether it is a telegram that tells us of Italians being bribed with milliards by John Bull or of the march of 100,000 Italian soldiers through Switzerland to France, or the invented dictum of some statesmen of the Entente. Wolff adopts it and the 'great'

German press prints it. "It is quite certain that were Wolff to telegraph from London that Asguith and Grey had learned German secretly, and that they sang every like predicament. morning at breakfast, 'Heil dir im Siegerkrauz,' or that the news had come from Rome that the Freemasons had killed the Pope, the 'great' German press, the 'instructors of the nation,' would print it right honestly, with leaded type. What an unsurpassable nation of thinkers we are in regard

Poverty Amid Plenty

An English traveller writes: The hotels in Russia are greatly overcrowded by refugees from Poland and the other war zones, art the wise traveller is he who engages rooms at least a week beforehand, and, if possible, through friends. In Petrograd it is apparent that the supply el tood as well as of fuel is irregular, and in many cases insufficient. This is mostly due to the lack of railways ately. as there is plenty of food in this enormous country, but the difficulties in the way of transporting it from the often remote places seem to be almost insurmountable.

Where Princes Are "Henry"

King Albert's son Leopold, who is going to Eton, is called simply "Leopold" by his schoolmates. Eton boys call the King's third son, who is at the "Slingo Slide" went on regard-Eton, plain "Henry." This is a point less. of jealous importance to Etonians, The group of grown up people hesi- He Missed the Sparrow, but Not the who compare the school to a republic tated and came to a halt, gazing at the in the sense that its influence has a levelling effect on noble and titled Even Prince Henry, for example, has had to do his share of

"fagging." The first fruits of the conquest of in a frightened whisper. "What"the German Cameroons reached London in the shape of about 400 tons | Schofield, "or bunny hugging or grizzly of cocne

WALLER HARMAN AND THE COMMENT OF THE



Robert Williams

husband grunted.

others were"-

that morning.

phantly. "Even Georgie Bassett."

for a shot. A sparrow hopped upon

a branch between him and the house,

and he aimed at the sparrow, but the

reflection from the dazzling window

He missed the sparrow, but not the

window. There was a loud crash,

and to his horror he caught a glimpse

of his father, stricken in midshaving,

red hot above white lather, Mr. Scho-

field burst out of the kitchen door and

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

shaking Penrod by the shoulder.

"Ten minutes ago, for the very first

time in our lives, your mother and I

were saying we were proud of you,

and here you go and throw a rock at

hurled forth upon his son.

hold up our heads at last."

Over the Fence.

"N no mood to approve of anything introduced by Fanchon she had scornfully refused from the first to dance the new "step" and because of its bonfire popularity found herself neglected in a society where she had reigned as beauty and belle. Faithless Penrod, dazed by the sweeping Fanchon, had utterly forgotten the amber curls. He had not once asked Marjorie to dance. All afternoon the light of indignation had been growing brighter in her eyes, though Maurice Levy's defection to the lady from New York had not fanned this flame. From the moment Fanchon had whispered familiarly in Penrod's ear and Penrod had blushed Marjorie had been occupied exclusively with resentment against that guilty pair. It seemed to her that Penrod had no right to allow a strange girl to whisper in his ear, that his blushing when the strange girl did it was atrocious and that the strange girl herself ought to be arrested.

Forgotten by the merrymakers, Marjorie stood alone upon the lawn, clinching her small fists, watching the new dance at its high tide and hating it with a hatred that made every inch of her tremble. And, perhaps because jealousy is a great awakener of the virtues, she had a perception of something in it worse than lack of dignitysomething vaguely but outrageously reprehensible. Finally when Penrod brushed by her, touched her with his elbow and did not even see her, Marjorie's state of mind (not unmingled with emotion) became dangerous. In fact, a trained nurse chancing to observe her at this juncture would probably have advised that she be taken home and put to bed. Marjorie was on the verge of hysterics.

She saw Fanchon and Penrod assume the double embrace required by the dance. The "Slingo Sligo Slide" burst from the orchestra like the lunatic shriek of a gin maddened negro, and all the little couples began to bob and dip and sway.

Marjorie made a scene. She sprang upon the platform and stamped her

"Penrod Schofield!" she shouted. "You BEHAVE yourself!"

The remarkable girl took Penrod by the ear. By his ear she swung him away from Fanchon and faced him toward the lawn.

"You march straight out of here!" she commanded.

Penrod marched. He was stunned; obeyed automatically without question and had very little realization of what was happening to him. Altogether and without reason he was in precisely the condition of an elderly spouse detected in flagrant misbehavior. Marjorie similarly was in precisely the condition of the party who detects such misbehavior. It may be added that she had acted with a promptness, a decision and a disregard of social consequences all to be commended to the attention of ladies in

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she raged when they reached the lawn. "Aren't you ashamed of your-

"What for?" he inquired helplessly.

"You be quiet!" "But what'd I do, Marjorie? I haven't done anything to you," he pleaded. "] haven't even seen you all aftern"-

"You be quiet!" she cried, tears filling her eyes. "Keep still, you ugly boy! Shut up!"

She slapped him. He should have understood from this how much she cared for him, but he rubbed his cheek and declared rue-

"I'll never speak to you again!" "You will too!" she sobbed passion-

"I will not!" He turned to leave her, but paused. His mother, his sister Margaret and their grownup friends had finished their tea and were approaching from the house. Other parents and guardians were with them, coming for their children, and there were carriages and automobiles waiting in the street. But

"What are they doing?" gasped Mrs. Williams, blushing deeply. "What is it? What is it?"

"What is it?" Mrs. Gelbraith echoed "They're tangoing!" cried Margaret

bearing or"-

me through the window when I'm shaving for dinner!"

"I didn't!" Penrod quavered. "I was shooting at a sparrow, and the sun got | borhood gossip."-Judge. in my eyes, and the sling broke"-

"What sling?" "This'n."

yours."

"Where'd you get that devilish thing? Don't you know I've forbidden you a thousand times"-"It ain't mine," said Penrod. "It's

"What?" "Yes, sir," said the boy meekly. "Aunt Sarah Crim gave it to me this morning and told me to give it back to you. She said she took it away from you thirty-five years ago. You killed her hen, she said. She told me some more to tell you, but I've forgotten."

"Oh!" said Mr. Schofield.

He took the broken sling in his hand, looked at it long and thoughtfully, and he looked longer, and quite as thoughtfully, at Penrod. Then he turned away and walked toward the house. "I'm sorry, papa," said Penrod.

Mr. Schofield coughed, and as he reached the door called back, but without turning his head.

"They're only turkey trotting," said "Never mind, little boy. A broken window isn't much harm."

With fearful outcries the mothers, When he had gone in Penrod wanaunts and sisters rushed upon the pa- dered down the yard to the back fence, climbed upon it and sat in reverie "Of course it was dreadful," said there.

Mrs. Schofield an hour later, rendering A slight figure appeared, likewise her lord an account of the day, "but upon a fence, beyond two neighboring gaged." t was every bit the fault of that one vards.

extraordinary child. And of all the "Yay, Penrod!" called comrade Sam quiet, demure little things-that is, I Williams. mean when she first came We all "Yay!" returned Penrod mechan-

spoke of how exquisite she seemed-so ically. well trained, so finished! Eleven years "I caught Billy Blue Hill!" shouted ner perfectly clear to his friend. "You "I suppose it's the New Child," her | were mighty lucky to get out of it"

"And to think of her saying there "You wouldn't of, if it hadn't been ought to have been champagne in the for Marjorie."

"Well, don't I know that?" Penrod "Probably she'd forgotten to bring shouted with heat.

"Well, so long!" called Sam, dropher pocket flask," he suggested mus ping from his fence, and the friendly "But aren't you proud of Penrod?" voice came then, more faintly, "Many

cried Penrod's mother "It was just happy returns of the day, Penrod!" And how a plaintive little whine as I told you. He was standing clear sounded from below Penrod's feet, and, tooking down, he saw that Duke, his

"I never thought to see the day wistful, old, scraggly dog, sat in the And Penrod was the only boy not dograss, gazing seekingly up at him, ing it, the only one to refuse. All the The last shaft of sunshine of that

day fell graciously and like a blessing "Every one!" she returned triumupon the boy sitting on the fence. Years afterward a quiet sunset would "Well," said Mr. Schofield, patting recall to him sometimes the gentle her on the shoulder, "I guess we can evening of his twelfth birthday and bring him the picture of his boy self Penrod was out in the yard staring sitting in rosy life upon the fence, gazat the empty marquee. The sun was ing pensively down upon his wistful, on the horizon line, so far behind the scraggly, little old dog Duke. But back fence, and a western window of something else, surpassing, he would the house blazed in gold unbearable to remember of that hour, for in the side the eye. His day was nearly over. street close by a pink skirt flickered He sighed and took from the inside from behind a shade tree to the shelter pocket of his new jacket the "slingof the fence. There was a gleam of shot" Aunt Sarah Crim had given him amber curls, and Penrod started as something like a tiny white wing flut-He snapped the rubbers absently tered by his head, and there came to They held fast, and his next impulse his ears the sound of a light laugh and was entirely irresistible. He found a of light footsteps departing, the laughshapely stone, fitted it to the leather ter tremulous, the footsteps fleet. and drew back the ancient catapult

In the grass between Duke's forepaws there lay a white note folded in the shape of a cocked hat, and the sun sent forth a final amazing glory as Penrod opened it and read, "Your my struck in his eyes as he loosed the

Somewhat Different.

"This question whether a word ducking a shower of broken glass, should have its adverbial or its adjecglittering razor flourishing wildly. tive form seems to me to have little Words crashed with the glass, sten- to do with the sense. Now, what is torian words, fragmentary, but col- the difference between talking loud and talking loudly?"

Penrod stood petrified, a broken "No difference," replied the pedagogsling in his hand. He could hear his ical friend. "But look here. For a parent's booming descent of the back large fee you give legal advice freely, stairs, instant and furious, and then, but you don't give it free. I think that will retain you for awhile."

No Rebate.

When Adelina Patti visited Madrid one time in company with her husband, Signor Nicolini, who thought himself a tenor singer, there was an effort to engage the noted artist for an especial occasion. The opera director asked Patti: "How much will you charge us it

you and your honored husband appear on this occasion for one night?" "Ten thousand francs, sir."

"And how much if you come without the signor, madame?" "Ten thousand francs."

Pride Taken Down. If there was one thing more than another that he prided himself on, it

was the fit of his clothes. "I can never get a dress coat really to fit," he said to his partner, as he glanced down at a perfectly made garment, with a hope, of course, that she would at once disclaim the insinuation. "Look at this thing."

"Well, it is atrocious," she said coolly. "But why not save your money and buy one? It is so much cheaper in the long run than hiring."-Philadel phia Ledger.

It Was Both. "What do you think of old Uncle Pe-

ter devising all his money for the erection of a mausoleum over his remains?" said the first needy relative. "Awful!" replied the second. "It's just a willful waste."

"Huh! I call it a wasteful will."

Kindred Spirits. "You and Grump seem to get along pretty well."

"Yes. You see, he never borrows anything but trouble, and that's all I ever had to lend."

Genius finds its own road and carries its awn lamp,-Willmott

The Busy Woman.

alike.-Detroit Free Press.

"Is she a woman of affairs?" "Yes-everybody's. She's the neigh-

Not Mentioned. "Sir, I come of a long family line."

"And I'll bet it has had plenty of rope Journal. in it too."-Exchange.

Explained. The reason women cry at a wedding is because they know that all men are

Taking Steps. Patience-Can't Peggy dance? Patrice -Well, she's taking steps to learn .-Yonkers Statesman.

Financial. "Money is the root of all evil," and grafting doesn't improve the fruit-Smart Set.

Between the Acts. Dolly-My new suit will be finished tomorrow. Molly-Tailor or divorce?-

New York Herald. The Limit. "What a pessimist he is!" "Yes, indeed. Even misery shuns his

company."-Detroit Free Press. One Danger. Optimist-The world owes me a living. Pessimist-Look out that it doesn't declare a moratorium.-Judge.

Mean Question. "I am desperately in love and am en-

"Same girl?"-Browning's Magazine. A Swedish Custom.

Swedish mothers put money into their child's first bath, believing that this brings future wealth. Montana's Gray Wolves.

The gray wolf of Montana is the hardest animal to trap. It is destructive to cattle.

A Busy Volcano. Mount Sangay, a volcano in South America, has been in constant eruption since 1728.

SAME OLD SYMPATHY PLEA.

"How's this? I thought a lady jury wouldn't turn a lady crim-

inal loose ?" "Well, she had the sweetest little poodle. We simply couldn't send it to jail."-Kansas City

AMONG OTHERS.

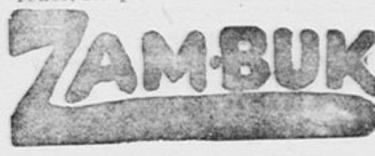
Fubdub says his wife holds all sorts of university degrees."

"Yes, he told me in confidence that he thinks she must have taken a course at the war college at some time."-Kansas City Journal.

If you want to cure that skin disease of yours, you can only do so by using an ointment so refined as to be capable of penetrating to the root of the disease. Zam-Buk is capable of doing this, whereas ordinary eintments remain on the sur-

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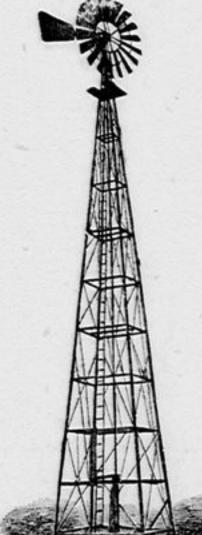
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