

PORTUGAL

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.



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 readers," says the Munich (Bavaria) Post.

Poverty Amid Plenty

An English traveller writes: The hotels in Russia are greatly overcrowded by refugees from Poland and the other war zones.

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 Eton, plain "Henry."

The first fruits of the conquest of the German Cameroons reached London in the shape of about 400 tons of cocoa.

PENROD



CHAPTER XXIII. Over the Fence.

IN 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.

Forgotten by the merry-makers, 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.

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.

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.

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

"I'll never speak to you again!" "You will too!" she sobbed passionately.

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.

"They're only turkey trotting," said Robert Williams. With fearful outcries the mothers, aunts and sisters rushed upon the pavilion.

"Of course it was dreadful," said Mrs. Schofield an hour later, rendering her lord an account of the day, "but it was every bit the fault of that one extraordinary child. And of all the quiet, demure little things—that is, I mean when she first came. We all spoke of how exquisite she seemed—so well trained, so finished! Eleven years old! I never saw anything like her in my life!"

"I suppose it's the New Child," her husband granted. "And to think of her saying there ought to have been champagne in the lemonade!"

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, ducking a shower of broken glass, glittering razor flourishing wildly.

Penrod stood petrified, a broken sling in his hand. He could hear his parent's booming descent of the back stairs, instant and furious, and then.

red hot above white lather, Mr. Schofield burst out of the kitchen door and hurried forth upon his son.

"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

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 in my eyes, and the sling broke!"

"What sling?" "This'n." "Where'd you get that devilish thing? Don't you know I've forbidden you a thousand times!"

"I'm sorry, papa," said Penrod. Mr. Schofield coughed, and as he reached the door called back, but without turning his head.

"Never mind, little boy. A broken window isn't much harm." When he had gone in Penrod wandered down the yard to the back fence, climbed upon it and sat in reverie there.

A slight figure appeared, likewise upon a fence, beyond two neighboring yards. "Yay, Penrod!" called comrade Sam Williams.

"I caught Billy Blue Hill!" shouted Sam, describing retribution in a manner perfectly clear to his friend. "You were mighty lucky to get out of it!"

When Adeline 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.

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.

"What do you think of old Uncle Peter 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."

The Busy Woman. "Is she a woman of affairs?" "Yes—everybody's. She's the neighborhood gossip."—Judge.

Explained. The reason women cry at a wedding is because they know that all men are alike.—Detroit Free Press.

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 engaged." "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 criminal loose?" "Well, she had the sweetest little poodle. We simply couldn't send it to jail."—Kansas City Journal.

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.

HERE'S A SECRET. 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 ointments remain on the surface skin.

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