

## PROLOGUE.

Nowhere has Booth Tarkington done such finished, exquisite work as in this story of boyhood. The full flavor of his story is not only for the grown man or woman, but for any one who enjoys the comic muse. It is a picture of a boy's heart, full of those lovable, humorous, tragic things which are locked secrets to older folks unless one has the gift of understanding. Booth Tarkington has it eminently, and "Penrod" will stand as a classic interpretation of the omnipresent subtlety-BOY

> CHAPTER I. A Boy and His Dog.

NROD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog. A bitter soul dominated the vaneus curved and angular surface known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless, for Penrod come into his twelfth year wearng an expression carefully trained to rutable. Since the world was to misunderstand everythi mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impene-trable than the face of a boy who has carned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomiess as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush, ar aimost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations and one of his own mother's most intimate friends.

Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The then, using a knothole as a stirrup, Children's Pageant of the Table threw one leg over the top, drew him-Round," and it was to be performed self up and dropped within. Standing in public that very afternoon at the upon the packed sawdust, he was just en's Arts and Guild hall for the women's Arts and Guille Benefit of the Colored Infants' Rettersociety. And if any flavor of eweetness remained in the millire of Penrod Schofield after the dismal trials of the school week just past, that problematic, infinitesimal remmant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a feature of the spectacle and declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the pro-gram the Child Sir Lancelot.

After each rehearsal he had plotted scape, and only ten days earlier there had been a glimmer of light. Mrs.
Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold,
and 2 was hoped it might develop into
pneumonia, but she recovered so quickthat not even a rehearsal of the en's Pageant was postponed. e debated plans for a self mutisuch as would make his apce as the Child Sir Lancelot intient on public grounds. It was cole and attractive thought, but souts of some extremely sketchy ninary experiments caused him andon it.

There was no escape, and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefor oded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke.

The dog's name was undescriptiv his person, which was obviously result of a singular series of mes alliances. He wore a grizzled mustache and indefinite whiskers. He was small and shabby and looked like an old postman. Penrod envied Duke because he was sure Duke would nev er he compelled to be a Child Sit Lancelot. He thought a dog free and kled to go or come as the wind Penrod forgot the life he led

There was a long soliloguy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words. The boy's thoughts were adjectives, but they were expressed by e running film of pictures in his mind's eye. morbidly prophetic of the hideosities before him Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear h keen anxiety.

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the child, Jentul hearted, meek and mild. What though I'm but a littul child.

All of this except "sof" was a quota-

tion from the Child Sir Laucelot, as conceived by Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and thoughtful steps entered a one storied wing of the stable consisting of a single apartment, floored with cement and used as a storeroom for broken

bric-a-brac, old paint buckets, decayed

garden hose, wornout carpets, dead furniture and other condemned odds

and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away. In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself; it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The ig box, so high and towerlike, so commodious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfill its legitimate function, though providentially it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing, an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" (he explained sometimes) of

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vacation, and had netted at one tim

was locked and guarded, but twenty-

seven rabbits and Belgian hares, old

and young, had perished here on a sin-

gle night-through no human agency,

but in a foray of cats, the besiegers

treacherously tunnelling up through the sawdust from the small aperture

which opened into the stall beyond the

partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood

on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box:

then, using a knothole as a stirrup,

Duke had not followed him into the

storeroom, but remained near the open

回

tall enough to see over the top.

Eleva-ter!" shouted Penred.

ting!

attitude. Penrod felt in a dark corner

of the box and laid hands upon a

simple apparatus consisting of an old

husbel basket with a few yards of

clothesline tied to each of its handles.

He passed the ends of the lines over

a big spool, which revolved upon an

axle of wire suspended from a beam

overhead, and, with the aid of this im-

provised pulley, lowered the empty

basket until it came to rest in an up-

right position upon the floor of the

storeroom at the foot of the sawdust

of the sawdust in another corner of the an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted door and drew forth a cigar box in and generous sawdust box had served which were half a dozen cigarettes brilliantly in war and peace; it was made of hayseed and thick brown Penrod's stronghold. wrapping paper, a lead pencil, an eraser and a small notebook labeled: There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; the English Grammar. Penrod Schoonjon deep had known mercantile imfield. Room 6, Ward School Nomber

The first page of this book was pure y academic, but the study of English undefiled terminated with a slight jar This was a venture of the preceding at the top of the second: "Nor must an adverb be used to modif"an accrued and owed profit of \$1.38. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom

"El-e-vay-ter!" shouted Penrod stern-

ened, he gave a superb impersonation

doughnut shape and presently slumber-ed. It was dark in the box, a condition

that might have been remedied by sliding back a small wooden panel on run-

ners, which would have let in ample

light from the alley, but Penrod Scho-

lantern without a chimney and a large

oil can, the leak in the latter being so

nearly imperceptible that its banish-

ment from household use had seemed

to Penrod as inexplicable as it was

He shook the lantern near his ear;

nothing splashed; there was no sign

but a dry clinking. But there was

plenty of kerosene in the can, and he

filled the lantern, striking a match to

illumine the operation. Then he lit the

lantern and hung it upon a nail against

the wall. The sawdust floor was slight-

ly impregnated with oil, and the open

flame quivered in suggestive proximity

to the side of the box; however, some

rather deep charrings of the plank

against which the lantern hung offered

evidence that the arrangement was by

no means a new one and indicated at

least a possibility of no tatality oc-

Next Penrod turned up the surface

providential.

"You get in that el-e-vay-ter!"

"You want me to come down there

Immediately followed: "HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROAD-AGENT OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MTS"

And the subsequent entries in the book appeared to have little concern with Room 6, Ward School Nomber

The author of "Harold Ramorez." etc., lit one of the hayseed cigarettes seated himself comfortably, with his back against the wall and his right shoulder just under the lantern, elevated his knees to support the notebook, turned to a blank page and wrote,

"CHAPITER THE SIXTH" He took a knife from his pocket, and, broodingly, his eyes upon the inward embryos of vision, sharpened his pen-After that he extended a foot and meditatively rubbed Duke's back with the side of his shoe. Creation, with Penrod, did not leap, full armed, from the brain; but finally he began to produce. He wrote very slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity, faster and faster, gathering momentum and growing more and more fevered as he sped, till at last the true

real literature may be made to burn. Mr. Wilson reched for his gun but our hero had him covred and soon said Well I guess you don't come any of that on me my freind. Well what makes you so sure about it

fire came, without which no lamp of

sneered the other bitting his lip so savageley that the blood ran You are nothing but a comon Roadagent any way and
I do not propose to be bafied by such,
Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr.
Wilson covred by his oftomatick. Soon the two men were struggling to-gether in the deathroes but soon Mr. Wil-son got him bound and gaged his mouth and went away for awhile leavin our hero, it was dark and he writhd at his inds writhing on the floor wile the rata came out of their holes and bit him and vermin got all over him from the floor of that helish spot but soon he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungen and got all his boads

n Mr Wilson came back to tant hir Soon Mr Wilson came back to tant him with his helpless condition flowed by his gang of detectives and they said Oh look at Ramorez sneering at his plight and tanted him with his helpless condition because Ramorez had put the bonds back sos he would look the same but could throw them off him when he wanted to Just look at him now sneered they. To hear him talk you would thought he was not stuff and they said Look at him now, him that was going to do so much. Oh

hot stuff and they said Look at him now, him that was going to do so much, Oh I would not like to be in his fix

Soon Harold got mad at this and jumped up with blesing eyes throwin off his bonds like they were air Ha Ha sneered he I guess you better not talk so much next time. Soon there flowed another awful struggle and siezin his ottomatick back from Mr Wilson he shot two of the detectives through the heart Bing Bing went the ottomatick and two more went to meet their Maker only two detectives to meet their Maker only two detectives left now and so he stabbed one and the scondrel went to meet his Maker for now

scondrel went to meet his Maker for now our hero was, fighting for his very life. It was dark in there now for night had falen and a terrible view met the eye Blood was just all over everything and the rats were eatin the dead men.

Soon our hero manged to get his back to the wall for he was fighting for his very life now and shot Mr Wilson through the abodmen Oh said Mr Wilson through the Wilson stagerd back vile eaths soil. Mr Wilson stagerd back vile oaths soilin his lips for he was in pain Why you

"Eleva-ter?" shouted Penrud. "Tingour you sneered he I will get you yet Harold Ramorex The remainin scondrel had an ax which old and intelligently appre The remainin scondrei had an ax when he came near our heros head with but missed him and remand stuck in the wall Our heros amumition was exhaused what was he to do, the remanin scondrel would hensive, approached slowly, in a semi-circular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket soon get his ax lose so our hero sprung forward and bit him till his teeth met in delicately, then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, uttered the flech for now our hero was fighting for his very life At this the remanin scondrel also cursed and swore vile oaths. Oh sneered he — you Harold Ramores what did you bite me for Yes sneered Mr Wilson also and he has shot me in the abodmen too one bright bark, sat down and looked up triumphantly. His hyprocrisy was shallow, many a horrible quarter of an hour had taught him his duty in this

the abodmen too
Soon they were both cursin and reviln
him together Why, sneered they what
did you want to injure us for Why, you
Harold Ramorez you have not got any
sence and you think you are so much but
you are no better than anybody else
Soon our hero could stand this no longer
If you could learn to act like gentimen

Duke looked Juddenly haggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and, Soon our here could stand this no longer If you could learn to act like gentimen said he I would not do any more to you now and your low vile exppresions have not got any effect on me only to injure your own self when you go to meet your Maker Oh I guess you have had enogh for one day and I think you have learned a lesson and will not soon atemp to beard Harold Ramorex again so with a tanting laugh he cooly lit a cigarrete and takin the keys of the cell from Mr Wilson poket went on out

Soon Mr Wilson and the wonded detective manged to bind up their wonds and got up off the floor — it I will have that dasstads life now sneared they if we have to swing for it he shall not escape us again. upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat. Again threat-Reckless with despair, Duke jumped into the basket, landing in a disheveled posture, which he did not alter until he had been drawn up and poured out upon the floor of sawdust within the box. There, shuddering, he lay in

Chapiter seventh Chapiter seventh

A mule train of heavily laden burros laden with gold from the mines was to be seen wondering among the highest clifts and gorge of the Rocky Mts and a tall man with a long silken mustash and a cartidge belt could be heard cursin vile oaths because he well knew this was the lair of Harold Ramorez Why you mean old mules you sneered he because the poor mules were not able to go any quicker for him I will show you Why— it sneered he his oaths growing viler and viler I will whip you sos you will not be able to walk for a week you mean old field had more interesting means of former soap box, in a corner, took a mules you Scarcly had the vile words left his lips

> "Penrod!" It was his mother's voice calling

from the back porch. Simultaneously the noon whistles began to blow far and near, and the romancer in the sawdust box, summoned prosaically from steep mountain passes above the clouds, paused with stubby pencil halfway from lip to knee. His eyes were shining, there was a rapt sweetness in his gaze. As he wrote his burden had grown lighter, thoughts of Mrs. Lora Rewbush had almost left him, and in particular as he recounted (even by the chaste dash) the annoyed expressions of Mr. Wilson, the wounded detective, and the silken moustached mule driver, he had felt mysteriously relieved concerning the Child Sir Lancelot. Altogether he looked a better and a brighter boy.

"Pen-rod!" The rapt look faded slowly. He sighed, but moved not. "Penrod! We're having lunch early

just on your account, so you'll have plenty of time to be dressed for the pageant. Hurry!" There was silence in Penrod's aerie.

"Pen-rod!"
Mrs. Schofield's voice sounded near er, indicating a threatened approach Penrod bestirred himself. He blew out he lantern and shouted plaintively:

"Well, ain't I coming fast's I can?" "Do hurry," returned the voice, withdrawing, and the kitchen door could be heard to close.

Replacing his manuscript and pencil in the cigar box, he carefully buried the box in the sawdust, put the lantern and oil can back in the soan box. adjusted the elevator for the reception of Duke, and in no uncertain tone Duke stretched himself amiably, afecting not to hear and when this pretense became so obvious that even a dog could keep it up no longer sat down in a corner, facing it, his back to his master and his head perpendicular, nose upward, supported by the convergence of the two walls. This from a dog is the last word, the comble of the immutable. Penrod commanded, stormed, tried gentleness, persuaded with honeyed words and pictured rewards. Duke's eyes looked backward; otherwise he moved not. Time elapsed. Penrod stooped to flattery, finally to insincere caresses; then, los ing patience, spouted sudden threats.

"Ma'am?" "Are you up in that sawdust box again?" As Mrs. Schofield had just heard her son's voice issue from the box and also as she knew he was there anyhow, her question must have been put for oratorical purposes only. "Because if you are," she continued promptly, "I'm going to ask your pape

not to let you play there any"-Penrod's forehead, his eyes, the tops of his ears and most of his hair be-came visible to her at the top of the box. "I ain't 'playing!" he said indignantly

Well, what are you doing?" "Just coming down," he replied in grieved but patient tone. Then why don't you come?" "I got Duke here. I got to get him down, haven't I? You don't suppose I

want to leave a poor dog in here to

starve, do you?" "Well, hand him down over the side to me. Let me"-"I'll get him down all right." said Penrod. "I got him up here and I guess I can get him down."

"Well then, do it." "I will if you'll let me alone. If you'l go on back to the house I promise to be there inside of two minutes. Honest.

After her departure Penrod expended some finalities of eloquence upon Duke, then disgustedly gathered him up in his arms, dumped him into the basket and, shouting sternly, "All in for the ground floor-step back there, madam-all ready. Jim!" lowered dog and basket to the floor of the storeroom. Duke sprang out in tumultuous relief and bestowed frantic affection upon his master as the latter slid down

CHAPTER II. The Costume.

FTER lunch his mother and his sister Margaret, a pretty girl of nineteen, dressed him for the sacrifice. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did what they would to him.

During the earlier anguishes of the process he was mute, exceeding the oathos of the stricken calf in the shamoles, but a student of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At ehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attende by mothers and grownup sisters. Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costuming to be "as medie ral and artistic as possible." Otherwise and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes to the good taste o the children's parents. Mrs. Schofield and Margaret were no archaeolog but they knew that their taste was as good as that of other mothers and sisters concerned, so with perfect confi-



Then They Began by Shrouding t Legs In a Pair of Silk Stockings.

dence they had planned and executed costume for Penrod, and the only misgiving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lance-

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehement ly; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue, but now mostly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere ampleness, but they were long, and it required only a rather loose imagination to assume that they were tights.

The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description difficult. In 1886 Mrs. Schoffeld, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming out party" a dress of vivid salmon silk which had been remodeled after her of fashion until a final unskillful camcook, but had decided not to do so, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks

It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness. At all events the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position for its farewell appearance in society upon the back, breast and arms of the Child

away her husband's winter underwear that she perceived how hopelessly one of the elder specimens had dwindled, and simultaneously she received the inspiration which resulted in a pair of trunks for the Child Sir Lancelot and added an earnest bit of color, as well as a genuine touch of the middle ages, to his costume. Reversed, fore to aft. with the greater part of the legs cut off and strips of silver braid covering

When it had been placed upon Penrod the stockings were attached to it by a system of safety pins, not very perceptible at a distance. Next. after being severely warned against stooping. Penrod got his feet into the slippers he wore to dancing school-"patent leather pumps," now decorated with large pink rosettes.

"If I can't stoop," he began smolderingly. "I'd like to know how'm I goin' to kneel in the pag"-"You must manage!" This. uttered

hrough pins, was evidently thought to be sufficient

garet thickly powdered his hair.

"Oh. yes: that's all right." she said. replying to a question but by her mother. "They always powdered their

"It doesn't seem right to me-exactiy," objected Mrs. Schoneld gently "Sir Lancelot must have been ever so long before colonial times."

"That doesn't matter." Margaret ressured her. "Nobody'll know the difference. Mrs. Lora Rewbush least of all. I don't think she knows a thing about it, though, of course, she does write splendidly and the words of the pageant are just beautiful Stand still. Penrod!" (The author of "Hurold Ramorez" had moved convulsively. Besides, powdered hair's always be coming. Look at him. You'd hardly know it was Penrod!"

The pride and admiration with which she pronounced this undeniable truth might have been thought tactless, but Penrod, not analytical, found his spir-its somewhat elevated. No mirror was in his range of vision, and, though he had submitted to cursory measure ments of his person a week earlier, he had no previous acquaintance with the costume: He began to form a not un pleasing mental picture of his appearance, something somewhere between the portraits of George Washington and a vivid memory of Miss Julia Marlowe at a matinee of "Twelfth Night"

He was additionally cheered by a sword which had been borrowed from a neighbor who was a Knight of Pythias. Finally there was a mantle, an old golf cape of Margaret's. Fluffy polka dots of white cotton had been knickerbeckers, a white satin waistsewed to it generously; also it was or. coat and a beautifully cut little swalnamented with a large cross of red low tailed coat with pearl buttons. fiannel, suggested by the picture of a The medieval and artistic triumph crusader in a newspaper advertise- was completed by a mantle of yellow ment. The mantle was fastened to velvet and little white boots sporting Penrod's shoulder—that is, to the gold tassels. shoulder of Mrs. Schofield's ex-bodiceby means of large safety pins and are liant career and addressed the Child ranged to hang down behind him, Sir Lancelot, gathering an immediate touching his heels, but obscuring no- ly formed semicircular audience of lit. wise the glory of his facade. Then at the girls. Woman was ever the trailer last he was allowed to step before a of magnificence.

worst immediately happened. It might "What you got on "inquired Mr.

Levy after dispensing information.

"What you got on under that ele golf cape?"

if Penrod's expectations had not been a little less violent, perhaps, if Penrod's expectations had not been l'enrod looked upon him coldly. At so richly and poetically idealized, but other times his questioner would have as things were the revolt was volcanic. approached him with deference, even Victor Hugo's account of the fight with apprehension. But today the with the devilfish, in "Toilers of the Child Sir Galabad was somewhat in-Sea," encourages a belief that, had toxicated with the power of his own Hugo lived and increased in power, he might have been equal to a proper recital of the half hour which followed Penrod's first sight of himself as the Child Sir Lancelot. But Mr. Wilson himself, dastard but eloquent foe of Harold Ramorez, could not have ex- set up as a wit. "Then you're nakid!" pressed, with all the vile dashes at his mand, the sentiments which animated Penrod's bosom when the instantaneous and unalterable conviction descended upon him that he was intended by his loved ones to make publie spectacle of himself in his sister's stockings and part of an old dress of

To him these familiar things were not disguised at all. There seemed no possibility that the whole world would not know them at a glance. The stockings were worse than the bodice. He kid!" had been assured that these could not "Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Lora Rewbe recognized, but seeing them in the bush, pushing her way into the group. mirror, he was sure that no human "Remember, we are all little knights eye could fall at first glance to detect and ladies today. Little knights and the difference between himself and the ladies of the Table Round would not former purposes of these stockings. make so much noise. Now, children Fold, wrinkle, and void shrieked their we must begin to take our places or history with a hundred tongues, invoking earthquake, eclipse and blue ruin. paign at a dye house had left it in a The frantic youth's final submission condition certain to attract much at- was obtained only after a painful teletention to the wearer. Mrs. Schofield phonic conversation between himself had considered giving it to Della, the and his father, the latter having been called up and upon by the exhausted Mrs. Schofield, to subjugate his offspring by wire.

The two ladies made all possible haste after this to deliver Peyrod into Nevertheless, they found opportunity to exchange earnest congratulations upon his not having recognized the humble but serviceable paternal gar-ment now brilliant about the Lance-lotish middle. Altogether, they felt that the costume was a success Penred looked like nothing ever remotely The area thus costumed ceased at imagined by Sir Thomas Malory or the waist, leaving a Jaeger-like and un-medieval gap thence to the tops of looked like nothing ever before seen the stockings. The inventive genius of on earth-but as Mrs. Schofield and woman triumphantly bridged it, but in Margaret took their places in the audia manner which imposes upon history almost insuperable delicacies of narration. Penrod's father was an old fashioned man. The twentieth century had failed to shake his faith in test was pleasantly tempered by their red fiannel for cold weather, and it satisfaction that, owing to their efwas while Mrs. Schofield was putting forts, his outward appearance would be a credit to the family.

The Child Sir Lancelot found him-self in a large antercom behind the stage a room crowded with excited children, all about equally medieval and artistic. Penrod was less conspicuous than he thought himself, but he was so preoccupied with his own shame, steeling his nerves to meet the first inevitable taunting reference to his sister's stockings, that he failed the seams, this garment, she felt, was to perceive there were others present in much of his own unmanned condition. Retiring to a corner immediately upon his entrance, he managed to unfasten the mantle at the sho and, drawing it round him, planed it again at his throat so that it concealed the rest of his costume. This permit ted a temporary relief, but increased his horror of the moment when, in pursuance of the action of the "pageant." the sheltering garment must be cast aside.

Some of the other child knights were also keeping their mantles close about them. A few of the envied opulent awang brilliant fabrics from their They fastened some ruching about shoulders, airly showing off hired his slender neck, pinned ribbons at splenders from a professional contumrandom all over him, and then Mar- sr's stock, while one or two were in sulting examples of parental

## Suffered Tortures Until She Tried "Fruit-a-tives"

St. JEAN DE MATRA, Jan. 27th, 1914. "After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been made well by "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered so much that at last I would not dare to eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was well. I quickly regained my lost weight—and now I eat, sleep and digest well-in a word. I am fully recovered, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives.' MMR. CHARBONNEAU.

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ence, particularly little Maurice Levy. the Child Sir Galahad. This shrinking person went clamorously about, making it known everywhere that the best tailor in town had been dazzled by a great sum into constructing his costume. It consisted of blue velvet

All this radiance paused in a bril

"What you got on?" inquired Mr.

"What you got on?" he repeated.
"Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The elate Maurice was inspired to he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on un der that ole golf cape! He's nakide He's nakid!" The audience of little girls giggled ir-

ritatingly, and a javelin pierced the the Child Blaine, amber curied and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golder laughter to the borrid jest, Other boys and girls came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, be's na-

kid!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad "Penrod Schofield's nakid! He's na-a-a-Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion. He slid behind Mrs. Lora Rewbush and, being near a door,

opened it unnoticed and went quickly, closing it behind him. He found bimself in a narrow and vacant hallway which led to a door marked Janitor's Room."

(to be continued.)

## When the Grave Yarned for Him

Sandy Goulette Took Dodd's Kidney Pills for Bright's Disease

Now He Can Do His Day's Work As Well As He Could Ten Years Ago-Offers Proof of His Statement.

Old Fort Bay, Labradore, Que. bruary 7th, - (Special.) -Cured of Bright's Disease when the grave vawned before him, Sandy Goulette, an old settler here, wants all the world to know that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was swollen out of shape from head to foot. I was so short of breath I could hardly speak," Mr. Goulette states. "The d ctor could do nothing for me. The minister gave me the holy sacrament and a good old priest came and told me that I could not live much longer. "I was sick all winter and in the

spring I telegraphed two hundred miles for two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took three pills the night they came and I got relief before morning. I took Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me.

"If anyone doubts this statement they can write me and I will give them names of people who know me and who will vouch for me. I am able to do my day's work as well now as I could ten years ago." Dod's Kidney Pills are no cure-all.

They simply cure the Kidneys.

Wire made of a new Gernan alloy with aluminum for its base is about twice as tough as steel wire.

ESTABL

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OBIT

The death Ontario at noon 1916, of Mrs. J. home of her p M. J. Lynch, 13 ter a short illn Belleville twent

leaves to mourn Jeremiah Murpl years old, also Mrs. M. J. Lyn two sisters, M home. The funeral the residence

Burnham street mine o'clock to -Hamilton pape