

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Paid Up - \$11,560,000  
 Reserve Funds - 13,575,000  
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**COLLECTIONS** Having 370 Branches throughout Canada and the West Indies, this Bank possesses unrivalled facilities for handling collections with economy and despatch.

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A Large Quantity of  
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 Wheat Chop, Chopped Oats  
 Wheat, Oats and Barley Chop  
 Crimped Oats, for Horse Feed

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See our Hay and Get our Prices before buying elsewhere  
**On the car at \$14.50 per ton**  
 Any Quantity of Good Oats wanted at 40c per bushel.

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 Every bag guaranteed; if not satisfactory we will return your money.

All Kinds of Grain Bought at Market Prices. Special Reduction on Flour and Feed in Ton Lots. TELEPHONE No. 8

## JOHN MCGOWAN

### NEW REVISED CLUBBING RATES

The Chronicle and Weekly Mail and Empire, 1 year	\$1.75
The Chronicle and Weekly Globe, 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Family Herald & Weekly Star	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Witness, 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Sun 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Farmers' Advocate, 1 year	2.50
The Chronicle and Canadian Farm, 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily News, 1 year	2.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Star, 1 year	3.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily World, 1 year	4.75
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Mail and Empire	4.75
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Globe, 1 year	1.60
The Chronicle and The Grain Growers' Guide	2.00
The Chronicle 1 year, and The Daily World to September 1, 1914	4.00
The Chronicle and Daily Mail and Empire on rural routes, 1 year	4.00
The Chronicle and Daily Globe, on rural routes	4.00

## The Island of the Stairs

Continued from page 6.

me What would I do, what could I do without you? "I am," she hesitated: it was hard for her proud spirit—"I am sorry," she finished.

"Say no more," I answered, looking down at the little hand on my sleeve, my soul thrilling to her words and touch. "No harm shall come to you save over my dead body, and that is not enough for me to promise. I mean to extricate you from this peril."

"But is it possible?"

"I think so; I pray so."

"You are one against so many."

"I have one ally in the ship, you forget," said I, smiling at her, relieved and thankful to see her in her right mind again and awake to the truth and my real feeling toward her.

"And that is—"

"Yourself."

"A feeble helper," she rejoined, smiling in turn.

"We shall see."

"And will you forgive me for having misjudged you?" she asked pleadingly.

"Gladly."

"My hand on it, then," she said, holding out her little palm which I swallowed up in my large one on the instant, standing silent as usual, holding it the while.

"And are you not sorry that you—you—kissed me?" she faltered at last.

"No," I answered bluntly enough—being a plain man I have always felt compelled to tell the truth—except, perhaps, when her interests were at stake—"I am not sorry." But as she swiftly tried to draw her hand away I added, "I promise you I won't do it again, and you will forgive me, I know. Meanwhile we have much to plan. We may be interrupted any time and we had best get at it."

I released her hand and she faced me calmly enough.

"You don't know how much safer I feel when I have you to depend upon," she said.

How my heart leaped at that assurance and I saw that she had indeed forgiven me.

"I shall leave everything to you, Master Hampton," she continued. "Do you tell me what to do, and I will do it."

"I know you will. I could not ask a braver, better second," I answered heartily.

At that moment I heard a step on the ladder. Somebody was coming. Quick as a flash I realized the part we had to play in public. I balled my fist and struck the bulkhead savagely. I suppose I must have changed my expression as well, for in her surprise she screamed faintly.

"That's it," I whispered, "scream again, louder, louder." she asked in incomprehensible amazement, in this crisis my wits working quicker than hers.

"There is somebody outside. We have a part to play. I am abusing you and you are fighting," I whispered swiftly. Then louder, fairly shouting at her indeed, I cried, "Down on your knees, wench. You will find that you have met your master now."

I made some sound of scuffle and she did indeed scream loudly. In the midst of the commotion the door was tried, but fortunately I had turned the key.

"Who's there?" I shouted, and to my lady whispered, "Beg for help!"

Entering into the spirit of the game and smiling at me, since there was none but I to see, albeit she infused strange terror in her voice, so that I was amazed myself, she cried at the top of her voice:

"Help! Help!"

I in turn called louder yet:

"Silence, woman!" and struck the bulkhead again.

Finally turning to the door I opened it a bit, and there stood one of the younger seamen.

"What wait you?" I began sternly and stormily. "I don't care to be disturbed just now."

"You are wanted on deck. It is just dawn. Land has been sighted, and there's a heavy sea running. I'm ball an' Gibby want your counsel and advice what's to be done."

"Good!" said I. "I will be with you in a moment. Tell them I have yet a word or two to say to this woman here."

The man turned on his heel, passed through the cabin and climbed the ladder to the deck.

"Now," I said quickly, thrusting one of my pistols into my little mistress's hand, "we can talk no longer this time. I am going to do my best for you, and if I fail here is a weapon. You know what to do with it."

"Shall I use it on them?"

"No, lass," I answered grimly, "on yourself if it comes to the worst."

"I understand," she said, paling a little.

"Lock the door when I go out, and on no account open to any voice but mine."

"I shall remember."

"And keep up the acting," I said. "Whimper and cower away whenever we are seen together."

"I shall not forget," she said, standing very straight, looking at me bravely, her eyes shining.

"And now goodbye!"

I turned away, but she caught me by the shoulder. She extended her hand rather high. I was not too dumb not to understand what she wanted, and so I bent and kissed it, and it was no light kiss of gallantry, but I pressed my lips passionately against the little hand.

"May God keep you," she said as I turned away, breathing the "Amen"

I dare not speak.  
 I heard the key turn in the lock behind me, and with a heart full of misgivings in spite of my stern and resolute purpose, I came out on deck again.

Continued next week.

### FLESHERTON

Too late for last week.

After a lengthy illness, borne with great fortitude and patient waiting for departure there passed peacefully away at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. D. McFavish, on Monday, April 20, one of the early settlers at Flesherton in the person of Mrs. Mary Stewart, relict of the late George Stewart, aged 85 years. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, when service was held in the Presbyterian church, filled with a large congregation. Favorite hymns of the deceased were sung, and from a favorite text, Ps. 23:1 the pastor, Rev. Mr. McVicar, gave an appropriate address. Rev. Mr. Kerr and Rev. Mr. Dudgeon assisted in the service, after which interment was made in the public cemetery beside the remains of the deceased's husband, who predeceased her 15 years, and one son 23 years. Beautiful floral offerings covered the casket, there being a wreath from the family, wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wright of Hamilton, a spray from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart of Toronto and a wreath from the Ladies' Aid of Chalmers' church. Mrs. Stewart united with the church 35 years ago, and also with the Ladies' Aid, being one of the first members at its organization. Two years ago she was made an honorary member. The deceased, whose maiden name was Mary Hollern, was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. At 10 years of age she came with her parents to Canada and lived in Toronto, where, in 1859, or 55 years ago, she was married to Mr. Stewart and came to Artemesia, settling at Flesherton. She was a kind-hearted neighbor and indulgent mother, devoted deeply to her family, of whom the following survive: William, Charles, Albert and Mrs. McFavish, at Flesherton; Mrs. Jake Williams at Eugenia; Harry, at St. Paul's, Perth county; and Mrs. W. E. White, in Prince Edward Island, who through illness was unable to reach home for the funeral. Thirteen grandchildren also survive.

A sad case of suicide occurred at Rock Mills on Tuesday morning of last week when Mr. Jas. Leitch, who had been for some time employed there, took his own life with a shot-gun, the discharge of which entered the abdomen, causing almost instant death. He was alone in the stable when the tragedy occurred, but the report being heard, he was discovered at once, beyond help. The coroner was called, but decided an inquest unnecessary. Mr. Leitch had been in poor health for some time and it is thought in a fit of despondency the rash deed was committed. The remains were taken to Dornoch, where his wife was buried. The deceased was 59 years of age, and we understand leaves three sons, who are in the west.

Mr. Albert Parry, who had been ill for several months, died at the home of his brother Edward, near Ceylon, on Friday last. The funeral took place at Flesherton cemetery on Sunday, Rev. Mr. Kerr officiating. The deceased was 47 years of age, and unmarried.

Mr. W. J. Hazzard, a resident of Stone's line, Artemesia, passed away on Saturday after only a few days' illness with heart affection. The funeral will take place at Flesherton cemetery, being delayed for the arrival of a sister from the west. A brother died suddenly with heart trouble in July last. The deceased was in his 48th year and unmarried.

Last week's meetings of the Methodist League and Presbyterian Guild were literary. At the former, Mr. M. K. Richardson, on the Irish Home Rule question, and Mr. H. S. White on Bible teaching in schools. At the latter, Principal White spoke on How We Are Governed and Principal Holland assisted on the program with a well-rendered solo. Both meetings were of an interesting character.

Representatives of the Dominion Alliance spoke in the churches here on Sunday and gave able addresses—Mr. Mason in the Baptist church in the morning, Mr. Duggan in the Presbyterian church in the afternoon and Mr. Caswell in the Methodist church in the evening. At the morning service in the Methodist church the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Thos. Rowe of Ottawa district, who is visiting Mr. Wm. Sharp and other old friends. Mr. Rowe was a resident here 28 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moore are moving to the former Wm. Neil residence, which has been for a couple of weeks in the hands of the house decorator, and looks quite new and attractive.

Inspector Huff, who is accompanied by his bride, is making Flesherton his headquarters for a couple of weeks, while visiting the schools in this place and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffs of Edson, Alta., spent a few days with the latter's sister, Mrs. Dudgeon, at the parsonage.

Mr. Donald McLean, of The Globe staff, Toronto, visited over the week end with his sister, Mrs. McVicar, at the manse.

Mr. Geo. B. Richardson of Toronto, spent last week at his home here, before leaving to spend the summer in New Ontario, in the Government position of fire ranger.

Mr. Frank VanDusen of Cheslev spent Sunday with his mother here. Frank is well pleased with his new location in Bruce.

Miss Maud Richardson spent last week with her sister and brother in Toronto. Mrs. I. B. Lucas of Markdale spent the week with her

Continued on page 8.

**COMFORT SOAP**

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A WALL OF SOAP

One year's sales of Comfort Soap means enough soap to build a wall 15 feet high and 29 miles long. Think of it! Enough to completely surround The City of Toronto.

POSITIVELY THE LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

Call at  
**E. A. ROWE'S**  
 For all kinds of Bakery Goods  
 Cooked and Cured Meats.  
**OYSTERS AND FRUIT IN SEASON**  
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## For Good Honest Value You Can't Beat Us

We confidently believe we are underselling any other store in Durham. Prospective customers should look over our line of

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Underwear and Dresses  
 Men's Suits, Pants, Underwear, Shirts, Sweaters, etc.  
 Also a full line of Boys' Furnishings at close Prices.

In order to raise money we are giving special reductions in all lines

### Live Poultry Wanted

We are in the market for any quantity of Live Poultry

Hens, Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys.

And are paying the Highest Price. Cash or Trade. We will pay an extra price for good birds.

Poultry must not be fed for at least twelve hours before being brought in. Bring in your Poultry on any day of the week. We will buy them.

### Hides and Skins Wanted

We will also purchase any quantity of

Beef-hides, Sheepskins, Tallow, Horsehides, Wool, Old Rubbers, Horse Hair, Copper and Brass, also any quantity of raw skins, Mink, Fox, Coon, Muskrat or Skunk

The Highest Prices for Skins in good condition; poorer quality will receive a lower price.

## M. GLASER

1 door south of Burnet's Bakery  
 Garafraza St. Durham

## CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

MANITOBA, ALBERTA SASKATCHEWAN

Each Tuesday March 3 to October 27, inclusive.  
 Winnipeg and Return - \$35.00  
 Edmonton and Return - \$43.00

From Toronto, and Stations West and North of Toronto. Proportionate fares from Stations East of Toronto. Through Colonist and Tourist Sleepers.

REDUCED SETTLERS' FARES (ONE-WAY SECOND CLASS) EACH TUESDAY, MARCH AND APRIL

Settlers travelling with live stock and effects should take SETTLERS' SPECIAL TRAIN which leaves West Toronto each Tuesday during MARCH and APRIL after arrival regular 10.20 p.m. train from Toronto Union Station.

Settlers and families without live stock should use REGULAR TRAINS, leaving Toronto 10.30 p.m. DAILY. Through Colonist and Tourist Sleepers.

Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West. COLONIST CARS ON ALL TRAINS. No charge for Bertha. Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write M. G. Murphy, D.P.A., Toronto.

R. Macfarlane, Town Agent

## Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

J.HOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquisition of knowledge.

FEES: \$1 per month in advance

REV. W. H. HARTLEY, Chairman.  
 J. F. GRANT, Secretary

### TRAVERSTON

Too late for last week. We are stuck so close to the land these days that no news of public doings and happenings reach us.

Fall wheat has wintered fairly well in this vicinity.

Zion Sunday school is to be re-organized on Thursday evening of this week and will reopen next Sunday at the usual hour.

On May 1, both Ebordale and Traverston post offices pass out of existence. Mrs. Smith and councillor Peart have proved most obliging, careful officials, and while the majority of the people are more than pleased with free rural delivery, yet a feeling of loss creeps over the patrons of these offices as they realize that they no longer may linger long to designate the local parts of each municipality.

Seeding has commenced in real earnest this week, and every farmer is working full time, and churning glaoire extra.

Mr. Will Henry, and his son Everett, of Belfast, near Lucknow, spent a day with us last week. He has disposed of his fine farm there and was up looking for timber, or may purchase stockers to ship down to the farmers of that vicinity. Mr. Henry was one of the old schoolmates, as the family formerly owned the farm on which No. 5 is situated. He saw many changes in old Glenelg.

Mr. O. Konold of Priceville has disposed of Gunn's "Shurkrop" fertilizer to several farmers, among of this neighborhood, among whom are W. J. Cook, J. McNally, A. G. Blair, C. McClocklin, and your scribe.

### NO DOUBT HE WOULD

Tramp—I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me you were very kind to poor, unfortunate fellows like me.

Old Gentleman—Indeed! And are you going back the same way?

Tramp—Yes, sir, was the answer.

Old Gentleman—Well, said the old gentleman, just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Duncan McMartin, a Cobalt millionaire, died in Toronto Saturday night.