

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Paid Up - - \$11,560,000  
 Reserve Funds - - - 13,575,000  
 Total Assets - - - - 180,000,000

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, also  
 TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES, available throughout the world.  
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MONEY transferred by letter or cable.

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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  
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**On the car at \$14.50 per ton**  
 Any Quantity of Good Oats wanted  
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Every bag guaranteed; if not satisfactory  
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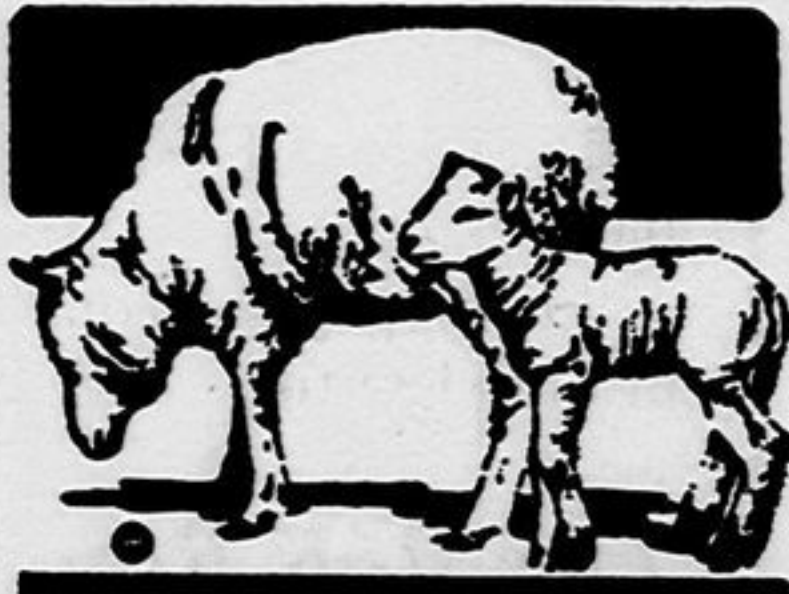
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The Chronicle and Weekly Globe, 1 year	1.75
The Chronicle and Family Herald & Weekly Star	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Witness, 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Weekly Sun 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Farmers' Advocate, 1 year	2.50
The Chronicle and Canadian Farm, 1 year	1.90
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily News, 1 year	2.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Star, 1 year	2.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily World, 1 year	3.50
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Mail and Empire	4.75
The Chronicle and Toronto Daily Globe, 1 year	4.75
The Chronicle and The Grain Growers' Guide	1.50
The Chronicle 1 year, and The Daily World to Sep-	
tember 1, 1914	2.00
The Chronicle and Daily Mail and Empire on rural	
routes, 1 year	4.00
The Chronicle and Daily Globe, on rural routes	4.00

For  
 Machine Oil, Harness Oil,  
 Axle Grease and  
 Ointment, go to  
**S. P. SAUNDERS**  
 The Harnesser



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 North in Northern Ontario.

From all points in Ontario and Que-  
 bec on the Grand Trunk and Canadian  
 Pacific Railways except west of Chalk  
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 good going June 10th and valid for re-  
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### THE WESTERN FAIR

Ontario's Greatest Exhibition.

Although hit hard by fire twice  
 within a year, the Western Fair of  
 London, Ontario, with favorable  
 weather, will be bigger and grander  
 than ever this year. A very much  
 larger amount has been appropriated  
 for amusements and attractions than  
 ever before. There will be something  
 doing every minute. The Canadian  
 Royal Dragoons will give their fa-  
 mous "Musical Ride" twice daily. The  
 best program possible for the patrons  
 of the grandstand has been provided.  
 An entirely new program of fireworks  
 will be given and changed every night.  
 No person can afford to miss this year's  
 Exhibition, Sept. 11th to 19th. All  
 particulars given on application to the  
 Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ont.

A Conservative will run in opposi-  
 tion to Tudholme in East Hamilton

Hon. W. J. Hanna spoke at a Sal-  
 vation Army memorial service at  
 Sarnia.

## The Island of the Stairs

Continued from page 6.

then a faint whispered prayer came to me.

I strove desperately to collect my senses, and finally I realized where I was—the cave, the battle, the earth-quake, Pimball and the woman!

"Mistress Lucy!" I cried.  
 "Oh, thank God!" her voice came through the darkness hysterically, "I thought you were killed."

"No," I answered, slowly rising to my knee and stretching my members to see if I had control of them, which, fortunately, I soon discovered I had. "I was stunned but otherwise I believe I am not much hurt. How is it with you?"

"I am well and unharmed."

"Thank God!"  
 "For heaven's sake, water," inter-rupted a trembling hoarse, anguished voice.

"Who speaks?" I asked.  
 "I, Pimball, I am pinned to the ground, my legs are crushed, my back is broken, I am dying."

"There should be a lantern here," I said. "I placed it—let me think—where did I place it?"

"It was just to the left of the opening," answered my little mistress. I was turned around and giddy, but I managed to fix the direction of the entrance by Pimball's groans and by good fortune presently found the lantern. It would burn but a few hours, but we never needed a light as we did then. My flint and steel I carried ever in my pocket, and to kindle a flickering flame was but the work of a moment. If I had not possessed it I would have given years of my life for that light which threw a faint illumination about the place.

There, opposite me, where I had stationed her, protected by a niche in the cave from the rain of rocks which had beaten me down, was my mistress, safe and unharmed. I stepped toward her and with a low cry of thankfulness she fell into my arms. I soothed her for a moment and then turned to the other occupant of the chamber. The entrance was blocked up, the rock had settled down. Pimball's legs were broken and his back as well. It was impossible to release him what lay upon him weighed tons and tons.

"You murdering hound!" I cried. "you have brought this upon us." But he would only plead for water, disregarding my reproaches.

I was for killing him with my cut-llass, which I picked up, but she would not have it so. She filled a half coco- nut shell with water and brought it to him. She bathed his brow and gave him some to drink. It gave him tempo- rary relief, but his minutes were numbered. His life was going out by seconds.

"God!" he cried as his eyes caught the gleam of the gold and silver; "the treasure!" He stretched out his hand toward it and then stopped. "I am undone," he choked out with a fearful scream. "Mistress!"  
 "Yes?"  
 "Forgive"—  
 Indeed, she forgave him. I make no doubt, but her forgiveness came too late, for his head dropped—he had been looking sideways—and his face buried itself in the wet sand.

"Is he dead?" she asked, aweekstruck. I nodded. No closer inspection was needed to establish the truth of that fact.

"And we, too, shall die," she said, shuddering. "We are buried here in the bowels of the earth, in this treas- ure lined prison."

"The earthquake which closed the mouth of the cave may have opened the other end."

"It is possible," she answered, "but not likely."

"And, besides, you remember the running stream on the other side, which we did not follow?"

"Yes."  
 "It must run somewhere."  
 "Well?"  
 "Where water runs man and woman may follow."

"At least it will do no harm to try."  
 "Come, then," said I, extending my hand to her and holding the lantern before me for pitfalls.

### CHAPTER XVII.

In Which We Win Light, Life, Liberty and Love.

**W**E went down the cave. To find the water was easy. Sure enough, it led away through a narrow rift in what direction we could not tell, although its tendency was downward, and I knew it would come out upon the beach somewhere. It had not seemed to me as I examined it before the earthquake that the rift was more than enough to carry the water, but it had probably opened wider now by the shock, and so we followed it. Al- though sometimes the walls closed over the water course, making tunnels, we managed to force our way through them. I went in the advance, for I knew that what my bunk could pass would present little difficulty for her. We wandered in and out among the coral until it seemed to me that we had gone five miles, although in reality it could have been but a few hundred yards.

At last we came to a place too low and too narrow for me to pass, al- though I might, perchance, have thrust her through.

"You see," she said, "this is the end."  
 "No," said I.

I still had the ax with me and the sword which I had thrust into my belt. The rock seemed soft. Lying

down upon my back and covering my eyes with one hand, I struck at it with the ax, thus enlarging the pas- sage. The water beneath me was deathly cold, the candle in the lantern was burning lower and lower, but I hung on. Never did I work so in all my life as then. At last I loosened a huge rock, which fell suddenly upon me. Had I not seen it coming and dropped the ax and stayed its progress with both upraised hands it might have crushed me. As it was, it fell fairly upon my breast. I could not throw it aside; the way was too narrow. I held it up in my hands and forced my way through, although what I should meet or where I should bring up on the other side I knew not. I thrust hard and harder with my feet and presently my way was clear, and I shoved my- self through the opening. With one great final effort I rolled the rock aside and then lay on my back on the sand, breathless, exhausted.

She dragged herself over my body and through the passage I had thus made and then knelt by my side, kissed me, murmuring words I did not dare to listen to lest I should go mad with joy. And, indeed, I was so exhausted that I could scarcely credit that I had heard anything real. Presently, how- ever, I staggered to my feet again. She had forgotten the lantern, but I went back after it.

We were in a more spacious cave. The stream, fed by other brooks, had become larger. The descent was much more rapid. The cliff wall was, I be- lieve, narrower at the treasure cave than anywhere else in the island. It was, perhaps, not more than half a mile wide. We stumbled rapidly down the long vaulted passage to the other wall. As we approached it I half feared that the rock might be solid, and that the brook might plunge beneath it, but fortune did not do its worst for us. There was a rift in the wall, around which the brook ran. A long distance away appeared to me a spot of dimness. Recklessly we clasped hands and ran to the opening.

Alas, when we reached the light we found that the entrance was closed by a huge stone. It did not exactly fit the opening, and the light filtered around it. I stood panting, staring at it.

"Are we to be ended now," I cried, "after having come thus far? Stand clear," I shouted, not giving her time to answer.

Then with all my strength I swung the ax and struck the rock fair and square and by good fortune upon some fissure, for it shattered and a crack started. Once again, this time with tremendous force, I swung and struck. The ax sank into the stone, the helve shattered in my hand. It was a right good blow, if I do say it myself, for the rock was by this time fairly split in two, the pieces falling to the right and left. Still it was well in the en- trance. We had not yet a clear pas- sage.

I was mad now, as mad as I had been in the inner cave fighting for her. The blood rushed to my face, a mist to my eyes. I stooped down and with my hands I seized one piece of that rock and, with such strength as Her- cules might have used, thrust it aside. My mistress stood staring at me in awe, also in terror. The way was opened.

We stepped out upon the sand. My clothes were torn to rags; blood was clotted in my hair and on my fore- head; my face was black with sweat and dust. There were wounds on my arms and legs. I was a gory and hor- rible spectacle. Mistress Lucy had suffered no wounds, but her clothes were rent and torn. Her face was grimy and beneath the dust and earth stain it was as white as the cap of a wave.

"Thanks to God," she said at last, "and you, we have won!"

I thought she would have fainted. I caught her by the arm, sat her down upon the island and sprinkled the wa- ter from the brook in her face until presently she revived.

"We are not safe yet," I urged. "There were hundreds of savages upon the island. They could not all have been in the cave. We must go warily. We cannot rest now."  
 "I am ready," she said with great spirit, getting to her feet and stretch- ing out her hand: "if you will help me I can go anywhere."

I still had my sword. I drew it and led on, keeping well under the shelter of the cliffs. We walked up the end toward the giant stairs. There were men, islanders, at the top of the wall, but my first glance told me that we had nothing to fear from them, for the stairs were gone. They were but a scattered heap of stones. The earth- quake had crumbled the work of the builders of bygone years, and as the stairs had fallen away they had left the cliff sheer and bare for a hundred feet. They couldn't come at us.

"It is an act of God," said I, "that has broken down the stairs."  
 "But there may be another way of descent," she said after a moment. "Oh, let us leave this dreadful island!"

I had no hope that the dinghy had been spared, but its place was not far away, and we walked to it in silence. It was gone. A tidal wave had fol- lowed the earthquake. The canoes in which the islanders had come had been dashed to pieces and their keepers killed. The survivors were prisoners on the island unless their friends came to their help and even then until they could devise some way of getting down the cliff. And we, too, were prisoners. Some of our gear, the compass, some provisions which I had stored in the crannies of the rock were still there, but they were useless to us. Some- thing else had happened. The earth- quake had broken the vast barrier reef. Before us was a practicable pas- sage to the sea!

If we only had a boat! I turned to the canoes hopeful of finding one sea- worthy, and as I did

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**Physiognomy.**  
 Lavater was not the first to write upon the science of physiognomy. Great and lasting as were Lavater's contributions to the "science," he was by no means the first in the field. The first systematic treatise on physiog- nomy is that attributed to the wonderful old Greek, Aristotle. Aristotle seemed to have thought of pretty nearly every- thing, and among the rest of things he thought of was physiognomy, the art of reading the character from the face. His six chapters on the subject are still very interesting reading.—New York American.

The Inspired Office Boy.

"Ma, I ain't goin' to work for that man any more," said Johnny after his second day as office boy for Horatio Smithers.

"What's the matter?" his mother asked.

"I'm afraid I won't git my money. He always makes me find out what a man's business is before I let him into the office. I guess he must be afraid of collectors."

**Doesn't Forget His Glasses Now.**  
 The London Lancet publishes the fol- lowing letter:  
 "I happened to go into a restaurant in Holborn in the evening for a meal and sat at table about three-quarters of an hour eating dinner and after- wards smoking while thinking out a little problem, during which my eyes probably became, unknown to me, fixed in more or less of a stare. The evening I did not happen to wear my spectacles and could not distinguish details of anything a few feet away. Just before I rose to go out of the restaurant a man crossed the floor and boxed my ears, much to my astonish- ment, and said, 'Take that, you impu- dent young boulder, for glaring at me like that.' I was too astonished to say anything for a moment, thinking the man had taken leave of his senses, but before I could jump up to expostulate he had run out, so the irate diner never knew the truth that I had not seen him at all. I have always been careful since to wear my spectacles in like circum- stances for fear of innocently giving offense."

**Taking Time by the Forelock.**  
 A peculiar phenomenon was observed in east end society circles recently. A certain college youth barely twenty years of age has been making himself very agreeable and popular with a crowd of little girls. Now, twenty is the age when boys usually shun the society of children and spruce them- selves up for "fussing" with their own contemporaries. But this youth flirts not, neither does he dance. The debau- tantes sigh after him, but in vain. He buys candy for maidens nine and ten years old, but none for their elder and presumably more attractive sisters.

"You like little girls, don't you, Paul?" asked somebody, kidding him.

"Oh, not particularly," he sighed.

"You see," he went on seriously, "it will be at least ten years before I shall be able to marry. By that time

One Way.

Child—Suppose I called you a mean old pig. What would happen? Govern- ess—I should tell your father, and he would punish you. Child And if I only thought it. Governess—No harm so long as you don't say it. Child—Then I only think it.

His Last Chance.

Client—My uncle left all his money to the deserving poor. What would you advise me to do? Lawyer—Turn over a new leaf and be one of them. —Chicago News.

Unwarranted Liberty.

You are taking a liberty when you pat a strange horse on the nose. Sup- pose horses went around patting men on the nose!