

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.
 DRAFTS are sold, drawn direct on our correspondents,
 also BANK MONEY ORDERS.

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 Wheat Chop, Chopped Oats
 Wheat, Oats and Barley Chop
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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

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NEW REVISED CLUBBING RATES

The Chronicle and Weekly Mail and Empire, 1 year	\$1.75
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	1.60
The Chronicle 1 year, and The Daily World to September 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 Hoop Oilment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
 The Harnessmaker

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FROM \$1 UP...

Take one with you on your vacation. If you don't know how to operate one we will teach you in a few minutes. Easy to learn. Come and see.

Extraordinary Offer

To introduce two popular favorites next Friday and Saturday we will give

3 15 ct. Cakes Palm Olive Soap and
 1 50c bottle Palm Olive Shampoo or Cream
 95 cent value for 50 cents

Only a limited number. Don't be too late.

MACFARLANE & CO.
The Rexall Store

Three rather remarkable cures have been effected lately at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, it is claimed.

THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

Continued from page 6.

standard to perch. "You just missed hearing Dr. Hayes pay his respects to newspapers, Judge Gilbert," said Joe Wright with a smile. The layman's opinions always interested and usually amuse a journalist.

"What's the matter? Have you told him you won't publish the box scores of the ball games this year?" "I'll do that for him, and gladly."

"Then there's no occasion to kick. That's the only thing that can trouble a fat man." "This time I was speaking generally," explained Hayes. "I don't like some of the ways reporters have."

"That's only a small part of the business," laughed Wright. "If you complain only about that I shall have you for a staunch adherent."

Mrs. Hayes saw that Kendall was at a loss to understand the drift of the conversation, and accordingly said, "Dr. Hayes is coroner, Mr. Kendall, and the Banner man calls us up at most unearthly hours."

The Belmont Banner was the morning paper, and its editor, Deacon Jerry Withrow, was always at the beck and call of the boss. Kerr let him think that he had something to do with directing the affairs of the city. This was a harmless delusion, since his pliant attitude always made him consider a suggestion let fall by the boss as a scheme which he himself had hatched.

"I think it is dreadful for nice men to be mixed up in politics," said Mr. Gilbert. Perhaps, it was no more dreadful than was the lack of knowledge of politics displayed by the nice women of Belmont. This would have been difficult to impress upon Mrs. Gilbert. She knew well enough that her husband was consulted by that odious David Kerr, but that was in a legal way and Kerr paid well for the advice he received. Even the tone in which she spoke showed how thankful she was her husband was not in politics. Mrs. Hayes was quick to say what she thought along the same line by adding:

"And Dr. Hayes doesn't have to at all, you know. He says he does it for the good of the party."

This would have been all very interesting to Kendall if he had had the entire evening to spend in such pleasant company. Time was pressing, however, and in the few minutes still at his disposal he wished to sound Wright at greater length about the Belmont News.

Kendall looked closely at the young man whom he had already set down as an opponent. Physically Wright seemed no shirker of a combat. His shoulders were broad and his body well developed. Led to believe from his knowledge of the reformer that he would find Joe Wright a long-haired theorist and Utopian dreamer, the lawyer found instead a self-possessed, well-balanced young man. The newspaper owner's manner, even in repose, was judicial. To Kendall's thinking he had the air of a man who would not be swayed by prejudice or liking. It was his part, however, as a special pleader, to make Wright think himself too much an idealist—if he could—in opposing the just claims of the stock-yard company.

"I suppose you found the News somewhat run down when you took hold of it," Kendall remarked casually. "Yes, the name was about all I bought."

"I thought the paper had a pretty good mechanical plant," interjected Gilbert.

Instinctively Wright felt the concerted action masked under the innocent question and the remark by Gilbert. Just what Kendall had to gain he did not know, but since he recognized him as a representative of large interests he thought best to let him know what stand the News might be expected to take. It was just as well that Gilbert should have it clearly in mind also. If the clients of these men were playing the game fair and square they would welcome his kind of newspaper. If they weren't, and Wright knew there had been lapses from grace on the part of some of them, he hoped they would recognize in the paper the power which would first seek to prevent, and, failing in this, then try to correct. Judge Gilbert's allusion to the good mechanical plant he seized upon for a text.

"That's true, the News has a good mechanical plant." He paused to let that sink in before he continued. "Somehow or other when I think of a newspaper I never think of that side of it. I have in mind only the feeling of confidence with which a newspaper inspires its readers."

"What do you think the ideal newspaper is like?" asked Judge Gilbert. He wanted to know to what kind of star this young man had hitched his wagon. "The ideal newspaper is one which has no axe to grind, and no personal animus in the discussion of private affairs or public questions, but only a constant regard for the truth and the lasting welfare of the state."

Kendall went to what he considered the heart of the matter. "Aren't you leaving out of consideration, Mr. Wright, that everything—this government, even—is but a compromise?"

"No, I recognize that, and I believe in compromise. Without it we would still be cave dwellers. It is exactly because of this everpresent compromise that an honest newspaper is so valuable. It must see to it that this compromise is open and above board. It mustn't be the give-and-take trade

of low politicians in the back of a saloon or the far more dangerous trades of men higher up and powerful interests; not that kind of compromise, which after all is a sale of something one does not legally own to one who cannot or will not secure it honestly. I tell you that the majority must rule fairly and with a proper deference for the rights of the minority, that's where a newspaper can be of service."

Having decided to deliver a broadside, Wright had gone about it with great enthusiasm. The sight of Mrs. Hayes gazing wonderingly at him, for she did not understand what he meant, caused the editor to break out with a laugh. He recognized that Judge Gilbert's drawing-room was not the proper place for a lengthy exposition of his views.

"I'm afraid I'm preaching," he apologized, "and there's nothing I had more than that."

"Not at all," protested Kendall. "Your views interest me greatly, Mr.



"He May This Time."

Wright. When I come again I am going to see how far along you are on the road to the ideal."

With this Kendall announced that he must be going, and made his adieux. To have a few last words about Wright, Judge Gilbert accompanied the visiting attorney even to the front gate. His very last assertion was that he himself would have nothing to do with the proposed franchise grab and that he was morally certain David Kerr was of the same frame of mind.

CHAPTER III.

As Judge Gilbert was about to enter his front door, having accompanied Mr. Kendall as far as the gate, he saw a carriage stop in front of the house. The man who got out and came up the walk he recognized instantly. None the less he did not walk like the David Kerr of yesterday; he seemed in every motion as he came into the light cast by the porch lamp to be the David Kerr of ten years hence. Realizing that only something unusual could bring the master of Locust Lawn out at night, and to his house, too, the lawyer went down the porch steps to meet his visitor.

"Good evening, Mr. Kerr," was Gilbert's greeting. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Evening, Amos. Can I see you alone? I don't want to be interrupted."

"We can go into the library. No one will disturb us there."

To this Kerr made no reply. He toiled heavily up the steps and into the house. Gilbert's surprise increased on finding, when his visitor removed his overcoat, that he had on evening clothes. It was more an intuitive feeling than observation which made Gilbert understand how uncomfortable the boss found his unaccustomed raiment.

As Kerr walked through the hall and into the library, his own thoughts did not weigh so heavily upon him as to prevent him from satisfying his curiosity by gazing about him. It was the first time in his life that he had ever set foot in Gilbert's house. The invitation had been extended many times, but Kerr knew his social limitations and had always refused.

The judge pushed forward a big leather chair and into it Kerr dropped without a word. His hands rested listlessly on the arms of his chair, the bosom of his shirt was rumpled and bulged out of his waistcoat, his breath came heavy and fast, and he gazed dully at the fire in the grate. Gilbert had never seen him in such a condition before. Until now he had always been the man of iron, accepting his many triumphs and his few minor defeats in the same imperturbable manner.

"I tried to get you by telephone several times today," Gilbert began. "I know it, but I wasn't in the mood for nothin'." The very tone in which he spoke betrayed that fact.

"I promised Kendall I'd call you up in regard to the new franchise he's anxious for you to support." "That'll keep."

"I told him that personally I could not be interested."

This drew no answer from the boss. Gilbert made no further attempt at making conversation and for a time the two men sat in silence. When Kerr launched his first question it seemed apropos of nothing.

"How long you been in Belmont, Amos?"

Gilbert's brain went through a series of rapid thought transitions in an effort to divine whither the question led. He was accustomed to Kerr's interrogatory methods, but everything was so out of the ordinary this even-

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 Cooked and Cured Meats.

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... his best to fathom the boss's purpose, before, in his usual indirect fashion, he disclosed the object of his visit. The question was one easily answered, albeit with some surprise.

"Why, a little more than twenty years."

Kerr continued to gaze into the fire, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings. Gilbert could not have sworn that the boss had heard him reply. Then came another question, still seemingly apropos of nothing.

"Remember your first office—after you quit keeping it in the top of your hat?"

"Yes, very well. I paid you two dollars a week for desk room in a corner of your real estate office—in that same old office you still have on Fifth street."

"That's what I charged you—but I don't guess you've got a receipt for every week. Was it you or Bill Stoner in them days used to use my big atlas for a ironin' board?"

"Both of us, I believe."

Kerr moved restlessly in his chair, then went on.

"Many's the time I've opened that book to show a man the plot of an addition and out would drop your other handkerchief. I guess the mirror in your room wasn't big enough to hold a handkerchief on your wash day."

He looked about the library, absorbing its quiet elegance. "Things mighty different now, ain't they?"

"Then I was struggling to get a start."

It seemed to be a monologue Kerr was delivering. His questions were answered, but he made no sign that he heard. His remarks were delivered at random, and he never took his gaze from the fire, except the one time he had looked about the room to note the contrast of the present with the time when Gilbert had first come to Belmont.

"But that time you wanted to get married to a mighty nice girl."

"Yes, that was about the time I was elected prosecuting attorney."

"Exactly," then after a pause, "and you got married."

Gilbert could not understand the drift of the conversation, but he recognized that Kerr was reviewing the past step by step.

"Then I gave up my desk in your office, and moved to the courthouse."

"But you still came to see me, Amos."

This was said as quietly as had been his previous remarks. Taken by itself it was a harmless utterance, but in connection with what had gone before it was of great significance.

Yes, Amos Gilbert, the rising young prosecuting attorney, had gone to see David Kerr after he had moved his office to the courthouse. The boss let that remark sink in well before he asked:

"After that how long was you on the bench?"

"Six years."

Continued next week.

FLESHERTON.

The lower school entrance to Normal examination announced last week show excellent results for the pupils of Flesherton High School. Eighteen wrote, fifteen of whom were recommended and fourteen were successful, viz.: Thomas Bunt (honors), Zella Bentham, Clarence Dudgeon, Glen Davis, Marion Knox, Murray Legate, Lena Legate, Minnie McArthur, Lillian McPhail, Donald McVicar (honors), Winnie Scilley, Emma Whittaker, Elmer Wright and Odess Walter.

Mr. Joseph Watson, who lost his residence recently by fire, has purchased Mr. Chapman's farm, the old Thos. Blakely homestead near Mount Zion. Mr. Watson gets possession in March.

Born—At Flesherton, on Monday, July 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Irwin, a daughter.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Archie Fisher, 4th line, a son.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid are preparing for a garden party next week, and the Methodist Ladies' Aid the week following.

Mr. W. Osborne was down from Owen Sound last week and paid his sister, Mrs. W. J. Bellamy, a short visit.

Miss Jennie Blackburn of Mt. Forest is visiting her cousin, Mrs. T. J. Fisher. Mrs. Cornforth and two daughters of St. Thomas are visiting her daughter, Mrs. Archie Fisher.

Mr. W. P. Crossley is on a holiday with friends on Manitoulin Island.

Miss Brown and Miss Long, milliners, have gone on their holidays, the former to her home in Rosvanna and the latter to her home in Honeywood.

Mr. Wilfred Henry, bank clerk at Orangeville, is home on holidays.

Miss Wilma Down of Hatherston visited for a few days with her aunt, Mrs. F. G. Karstedt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Meldrum of Bonito, Man., who visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McCauley, have gone to Grand Valley and other points to visit before returning home.

Miss Olive Bryson of Toronto is visiting Miss Gladys Cornfield.

Mrs. Gladys and daughter, Miss Vera, of Toronto, are visiting their cousin, Mrs. W. A. Armstrong.

Miss Switzer and Miss Irene Wilson were successful in their junior vocal examinations taken recently, and Miss Mary McMullen passed in elementary piano.

The Presbyterian Sunday School's annual picnic, held last week at Mr. Jake Lever's, was very successful. There was a large turnout and a very enjoyable time was spent.

Flesherton band filled two engagements last week at garden parties. On Tuesday evening at Priceville Methodist church and the following evening at the Maxwell Presbyterian party.

Mrs. Jas. Jamieson and Mrs. Geo. Bellamy and children visited over the week end with friends in Markdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pye of Clarksburg and Mrs. Dickenson of Thornbury motored over and spent a day last week with Dr. and Mrs. Carter and Mr. Pye's mother.

Mrs. John Wallace and four children of London are visiting Mr. James Wallace and daughter. Mr. Wallace accompanied his family and spent Sunday with his father.

Mr. Chas. Stafford of Griffin, Sask., is on a short visit here with his sister, Mrs. J. P. Otterwell.

Miss Izett Ashenhurst of Toronto is the guest of the Misses Mitchell; Miss Boyd of Markdale visited on Monday.

Miss Ethel Fisher is home from London on a holiday for a month.

Mr. Newton, Leader of London is on a holiday at Mr. Jas. Fisher's.

Mrs. Jos. Rodley has gone to Niagara on an extended visit.

Mr. D. T. Wright and two daughters of Dundak were visitors in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Oscar England and sons, Herbert and Lorne, of Coldwater, are here on an extended holiday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Breen.

Mrs. John Wright and daughter Mildred are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Gaudin at Heathcote.

Miss Henry, recently from Lucknow, has taken a position in Mr. R. J. Sproule's office.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brothwell of Port Hope are visiting their son and also Mrs. Jas. Fisher.

Mr. R. Irwin was in the city a couple of days last week.

Mrs. Bryan is visiting Mrs. James Cargo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Munshaw, Mrs. Welton and Mr. Frank Duncan visited friends in Owen Sound on Sunday.

Saturday was quiet here save for the large number passing through to the Orange demonstration at Markdale, which our citizens attended in large numbers. Eugenia and Fourth Line lodges passed through with enlightening life and drum music.

The little five-year-old son of Mr. A. McBae of Ceylon, met with a nasty accident, falling from a fence and fracturing his arm.

The Misses Minerva and Valeria Stafford leave this week for Montreal, to reside with their father and attend University.

ELECTRICAL EFFECTS

Will be Striking Feature of this Year's Canadian National Exhibition.

Do you remember how the tiny electric lights twinkled like fireflies amid the foliage of the trees at the Canadian National Exhibition last year? That was the foundation of a wonderful system of electrical ornamentation that is being completed for this year's Exhibition. The Grand Plaza will be canopied with electric stars, and the fountain will be illuminated, while various devices symbolic of Peace Year will help to beautify the grounds.

Alfred Boyer, Sandwich, committed suicide by taking poison.