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The Ottawa Government has been asked to establish labor bureaus and otherwise do all they can to relieve the unemployment situation.

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl who has spent most of her life at school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character.

CHAPTER II—Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper.

CHAPTER III—Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft.

CHAPTER IV—Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe.

CHAPTER V—Gloria twits Wright on his failure to keep an engagement to meet her in Paris. He explains that the death of his mother prevented his going to Paris.

CHAPTER VI—The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the furnishing of the Kerr home.

CHAPTER VII—One society bud who refused to meet Gloria is forced to do so when her father is made to feel Kerr's power.

CHAPTER VIII—Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News.

CHAPTER IX—Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper.

CHAPTER X—Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work.

CHAPTER XI—Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office.

CHAPTER XII—Wright in his desire to keep from Gloria knowledge of her father's position, avoids her during the fight. Gloria is piqued.

CHAPTER XIII—Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference.

CHAPTER XIV—Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish.

CHAPTER XV—The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him.

CHAPTER XVI—Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work.

CHAPTER XVII—She calls on a sick girl of the underworld named Ella.

CHAPTER XVIII—She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters.

CHAPTER XIX—Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination by thugs in the pay of the political ring. She hides him in Ella's room and defies the thugs.

CHAPTER XX—She awakes them by announcing that she is Kerr's daughter. Ella threatens to give up Wright to the thugs and is choked into unconsciousness by Gloria who then falls unconscious on Wright's body.

CHAPTER XXI—They are rescued by Dr. Hayes and his wife. Wright is taken to a hospital and Gloria is taken to the Hayes home. Wright decides to sell his paper and leave Belmont.

CHAPTER XXII—Gloria hears that Wright is going away and calls upon him to ask his forgiveness for her harsh words.

CHAPTER XXIII—David Kerr calls on Wright and in Gloria's presence makes him a proposition to finance the News and have Wright succeed him as boss. The offer is spurned. Wright and Gloria decide to remain in Belmont and continue the fight to reform the city.

"If mother could have a fault, it was her pride of me. I suppose when all the things she had planned for herself came to naught at my father's death she centered everything on me. It wasn't right, of course, because I wasn't worth it, but I tried, always tried to be worthy of that pride. And when she came to die—she wrote—"

He couldn't go on, and Gloria, respecting his grief, was silent, too. "I'm so glad she lived to see it all come true," Gloria said finally in a low tone. "It makes me think of what sacrifices my father has made for me. Just because he loved me and wanted me to have everything, he has given up what joy I might have been to him. Your story has taught me what I owe to him."

At this a sudden pain shot through the man's heart. It made him pledge himself before heaven to protect her from the truth.

"My mother died when I was a baby, just as your father did," she explained wistfully. "And, as I told you, I envy you your mother. I wish you had written me. I could have at least sent my sympathy."

Now Gloria understood. All that year her thoughts had presented him other than in the true light.

"I wrote to you," he said gravely. "As soon as I wrote to anyone, I didn't know your address, and ventured letters at Brown, Shipley's in London, and the American Express company in Paris. I had heard you speak of both places, I thought. Both letters came back."

"Give them to me. I want to keep them. We left Paris before you wrote, and hurried to Japan. Our mail was sent in care of Cook's. What did you do—afterward?"

"I took a long rest. There was not a relative to share my sorrow with me. Now that I've come down out of the mountains and taken stock of life I find I haven't a soul in the world—"

"Don't say that, Joe." She felt irresistibly drawn to him and put forth her hand and laid it on his sympathetically. He turned his own and let hers nestle within it.

"You're still the same Gloria."
"A year isn't so long a time."
And so they sat, with never a word to say, just that hand clasp of silent sympathy as they gazed into the fire.

CHAPTER VI.

in the drawing-room, Kerr and Gilbert were just beginning a conversation which had for its theme the new turn affairs had taken, when Dr. Hayes passed through the hall on his way out with his wife. Sam Hayes was a member of the ring's inner shrine, and when the opportunity arose for what was termed a quick clean-up he was always a member of the syndicate. Therefore, the die having been cast, the judge called him in and announced the determination to push the franchise, a deal with which the coroner was already familiar. Far more than for any other reason Kerr was always willing to include him because his Belmont connections were so strong that he really lent an air of respectability to any undertaking.

"We are going to put a line to the stock yards down Maple avenue, Sam," began the attorney.

"So it's settled, is it?"

"Yes. You remember that vacant tract beyond Benton Park? The one that the Belden Brothers are thinking of cutting up for a residence addition? Well, you can't build a house in a mile of it when the road's through there, but it'll be worth a great deal more for factory sites.

"You'll have railroad connections, see?" explained Kerr.

"What's doing?" asked Sam, always keen for a dollar.

"Get an option on it," continued Gilbert, "and we'll cash in big."

"How long an option?"

The attorney looked at Kerr. "Sixty days," said the latter.

"In that time we can ram the franchise through the council, and when that's done any bank'll lend us the money to take over the property."

Hayes went out to rejoin his wife, after promising to take the matter up in the morning.

Gilbert was just on the point of beginning a discussion of Gloria's future when a reporter from the Belmont Banner was announced.

"I'll come out to see him," said the lawyer, rising.

"No," objected Kerr, "have him in. I want to see him, too."

So Mr. James Winthrow, the young political reporter for the Belmont Banner, was admitted.

Winthrow, like the usual run of star reporters in a town the size of Belmont, was not only a shrewd young American, but he was also well aware of his great shrewdness. He had made as many political prognostications as any young man in the country, and they were quite as misleading in the main as were any of the others.

Being on the machine paper and a loyal reporter, it followed as of course that he was a loyal machine man. Old Jerry Winthrow, the editor, was a distant relative, but friendly enough and interested enough in the youth to explain to him some of the turnings of the political wheels.

When Winthrow saw Kerr closeted with his legal adviser he could not suppress a whistle of surprise.

"Evening, judge. Good evening, Mr. Kerr."

"How are you, Jim?" said Gilbert. The boss merely nodded an acknowledgement of the greeting. "What can I do for you?"

"Some stock-yard terminal rumors in the air, judge; just rumors, and I can't find out a thing."

"I haven't heard a thing about it," the lawyer assured him. Then to Kerr, "Have you?"

"Not a word," answered the boss.

"Where did you get it?" queried Gilbert.

"Floating 'round town. I met Mr. Kendall just now going to the station, but he wouldn't talk. I know that the surveyors have been out.



"Make the invitation for a month." When Mr. Kendall said he'd been here to dinner, Elby, he's our city editor, told me to see you." Gilbert turned to Kerr. The leader was a man of few words. He discoursed

of the matter under discussion with one sentence.

"Tell Elby, Dave Kerr said not to print a line; he'll understand."

That was all. It was an order, and the reporter accepted it as such. Things in Belmont were so well regulated that there was no danger from any source which would cause Kerr to think twice before sending his order to the city editor of the Banner by the reporter of that paper.

As Winthrow rose to depart, Kerr asked: "You have anything to do with the society columns?"

"Occasionally stumble on a story."
"Tomorrow put in that Miss Gloria Kerr has returned from a trip around the world."

Winthrow put it down, and then asked with pencil poised: "Is she at Locust Lawn?"

"Yes," said Kerr. "Don't write the item until I telephone you later in the evening," interrupted Gilbert. He had been plotting and planning along social lines ever since Kerr had told him of Gloria's return. Several things he had already thought of flashed through his mind. The impossibility of Locust Lawn as a social center was one of these, and Gilbert had something to suggest before having the Banner write the story which would herald her return. "You can add this, though. Say that Judge and Mrs. Gilbert will issue invitations next week for a dance to introduce Miss Kerr."

No sooner had the reporter gone than Kerr turned to Gilbert and said with what was for him unaccustomed warmth: "That's mighty good of you, Amos." "Not at all." Then the lawyer went on in an injured tone, "I'm only sorry that you put the franchise up to me as a trade. I'm not doing it for that." "I knew you'd do it for the girl's sake, but I want you to get what you can out of it, Amos. I owe you that much."

Gilbert was glad that his wife entered at this minute, for a discussion of Gloria's social future probably would not bring out all sides to the question without a woman being a party to the conversation.

"I just have to talk to some one," Mrs. Gilbert confessed immediately "and I didn't have the heart to go into the library. I peeped in just now and they were sitting in front of the fire laughing and talking and appearing to be having the best time in the world. I don't know why, but it made me think of the times when you used to come to see me, Amos."

Husband and wife smiled at each other, and she said:

"You were a beautiful girl, Julia."

"I'll tell you what," Mrs. Gilbert went on, conscious of the compliment but not desirous of herself making a comparison. "Gloria is a beautiful girl and what is more, I can see that she has a beautiful character. I'm so sorry she has been away so long."

"What could I do, ma'am?" asked Kerr. "I couldn't take care of her at Locust Lawn."

Locust Lawn had been in Gilbert's mind all the time, and he had waited only to sound his wife before speaking. Her enthusiasm was such, as evidenced in what she had just said, that he thought now was the proper time to broach the subject.

"There's only one thing to do, Mr. Kerr," he said. "Gloria must come in and stay with us. Locust Lawn is all right as a home for you, but as it stands it is no place for a young lady in society; especially, since you want me to be plain spoken, no place for a young lady who has had such advantages as your daughter."

"Exactly, exactly," asserted Kerr. He had seen that, and it had been one of the thorns in his flesh all day.

Mrs. Gilbert was quick to see that it was the only thing to be done. She had become as much interested in Gloria as had her husband, and now she added her own invitation to his.

"The judge has expressed my own ideas exactly," she said. "Mr. Kerr, you must let her come to us. We have fallen in love with her already."

"Have you, ma'am?" Kerr asked.

"Then I'm awfully glad."

"Make the invitation for a month," Gilbert directed, "and then we can ask her to stay on."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said his wife angrily, as she started on what was to her a pleasant errand; "I'll ask her for the rest of her natural life, and if she wants to stay that long she's welcome."

CHAPTER VII.

Gloria plunged into the work of making over Locust Lawn according to her own ideas with her usual enthusiasm. Accompanied by Mrs. Gilbert, she haunted the architect's office, carrying with her magazines containing pictures and descriptions of beautiful homes. When the plans for the alterations were finally approved, David Kerr learned with a sigh of relief that the changes could be made without driving him from the shelter of his own roof.

At the same time Gloria was planning for the changes in the country place she and Mrs. Gilbert were also busy preparing for the ball which would serve as her formal introduction to Belmont society. Her time was so engaged that she thought the suggestion of her hostess an excellent one when Mrs. Gilbert said that it might be better not to become tangled up with too many social engagements at a time when it was more vital to see that the Locust Lawn alterations were properly under way. The girl was aware, from what she had heard her father and others say, that things were dull at present, and she did not wish to spur them into a premature activity. When the ball was given for her it would be time enough to begin. Mrs. Gilbert was not letting things

Continued on page 7.

To the Woman Who Realizes She Needs Help
You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to feel old and look old.
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FOUND IN A WELL.
Mr. Hugh Knott of this place, lost a 2-year-old colt the middle of May, and notwithstanding a diligent search by advertising and otherwise got no trace of the animal until one day last week he visited his farm in Euphrasia, which is vacant, when his suspicion was aroused by a strong odor and on looking into the well found the lost colt. The well was near the house and was covered by a little building. The colt had in some manner got through the door and the well covering gave way, letting it down head first into some seven feet of water in the ten-foot well. The lowering of the water later on in the season exposed a portion of the animal and in this way the silent alarm was given and the mystery solved.—Markdale Standard.
WHERE THE BUTTONS CAME FROM.
The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon in mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few moments of news and gossip the caller remarked, as she began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons:
"You seem to be usually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there is one like my husband had on his last winter's suit."
"Indeed," said the minister's wife, with a slight smile. "Well, all these buttons were found in the contribution box, and I thought I might as well make use of them—What, must you go? Well, good bye, come again soon."