

COMFORT SOAP

"IT'S ALL RIGHT"

The Oftener You Use It—
the Better You Like It

POSITIVELY the LARGEST SALE in CANADA



THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

Continued from page 6.

snow or her shattered hopes and his unhappy conflict of duty and desire were they being drawn closer together than even they had been when they laughed with the spring and dreamed of the days to come in a radiant sunshine of unwhispered love.

"I don't know what to think," Gloria went on in a low tone. "I don't seem to understand Belmont."

"Why don't you go away? Don't you want to?"

"What for? I know the life out there." She made a sweeping gesture which seemed to encompass all the world outside the four walls which shut them in together. "It wouldn't really satisfy me any more—to live as I used to live."

"Yet your life here—" He left the rest to her.

"No, this doesn't satisfy me either."

"In a word, Gloria, you're not happy."

"Instead of replying directly, she asked with a dropping of her hands to her sides in a hopeless fashion:

"Is anybody in the whole world happy? Are you happy?"

"Don't you think I am?"

"I'm afraid not."

The appealing way she looked at him, her whole soul welling up in her eyes, brought him to his feet and set him to pacing nervously up and down.

He looked fatigued, distressed, beside himself with care. She forgave him everything but his studied refusal to let her share whatever weighed upon him.

Could he not see, she thought, how she yearned to tell him that whither he went there she would go also, that his joys would be all her joys and that his burdens would be divided with her, that love divided all sorrow and doubled all joy?

Wright could stand it no longer. He saw her before him, trembling with that same emotion that shook him, aflame with the same fire that burned within him, mutely questioning him with her big, soulful eyes. How could he make amends for that month of neglect except by telling her what she long ago had guessed, but what more recently she had a right to doubt? He felt weak where he wanted to be strong. To hear from her lips that she loved him was all that he needed to make him invincible. With her acknowledged love in his heart there was nothing he could not do.

"Oh, Gloria, I can't tell you what a fight I'm making. You wouldn't understand. Business is business, outside a woman's realm, but I've missed you so much this last month."

At this declaration she caught her breath. Joy, she found, could sometimes prove the twin of pain. That this man, this strong, fearless man, in his struggles had missed her, had intimated a longing for dependence upon her, made her heart bound. Love, even when his banners have been fung forth to the breeze leagues before the castle wall is reached, never ceases to be a surprise when at last the knock at the gate is heard.

"You've no right to say your work is outside of woman's realm if you've—if you've missed something a woman could supply."

"Something the one woman could supply," he corrected.

"I must be going," she said, rising from her chair; "I'm afraid Mrs. Hayes isn't coming."

He stepped between her and the door, letting her take several steps forward, because they brought her closer to him, before he said:

"No, Gloria, you must hear me. I didn't mean to speak now, of all times, but it had to be some day, and perhaps it is all for the best now."

The woman leaned her hand upon the table for support, turning half away from him.

"Don't Joe, please don't," she murmured. "I must go."

"No, no, I must tell you. You've asked me if you could help me. I want you to help me; you can help me always. I love you. I want you to be my wife. I have loved you, oh, so long; and, most of all, I've felt that you have needed me. Don't tell me that it was just selfishness, dear, that made me feel that my protecting arms should be about you always. Love is love, a law unto itself alone. We must recognize it and bow to it, because it brings us happiness."

He came a step nearer, but she did not turn to him. She stood half turned away, her eyes downcast, her lips parted into half a smile. Her breath came fast and she could feel her heart beat. Then she heard him say in a lower tone, so gently:

"Nothing to say, Gloria? Can't you believe me?"

She turned to find herself gazing into his eyes.

"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

This answer was not enough. He had asked her to be his wife. Not yet had she replied.

"Say that you care for me, Gloria; tell me that you love me."

"I've always cared, Joe; I do love you."

"For better or worse?" He held out his arms.

"To the end of the world," she whispered as his arms were folded about her.

And as their lips met in their first kiss, Wright saw in her eyes the light that never yet has shone on land or sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

Even as Wright held Gloria in his arms there came back to him her

words:
"Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."

They were like lead about his heart and cautioned him that he must get her away from Belmont as quickly as possible. Words of love must be postponed, new-found bliss be treated as commonplace, until he had finished his hard task of persuading her to go away.

"You've made me supremely happy Gloria. I want you to believe in me and trust me—always."

She smiled up at him her love and confidence as she answered, "I do, do."

"I want you to be happy, and I know you're not happy in Belmont. You must go away at once. I'll follow you."

"But why?" she questioned. The smile was still there, but surprise peeped forth from her eyes. "I'm happy now."

Wright laughed at her with that delightfully patronizing air of possession that lovers assume, caught her in his arms once more and kissed her.

"I know, dear, but you'll be happier. I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. Can't you trust me?"

"Ye-es, but father would—"

"He won't oppose your going, I know he won't." At thought of David Kerr and the fierce fight they were waging Wright became insistent. "Do this for me, Gloria. You can get a late train for St. Louis tonight. I'll have Mrs. Gilbert go with you. Next week I'll join you, and we'll make plans for the wedding."

"But, Joe, that's so foolish," she complained. "I like Belmont immensely now." Then she struck a more serious note. "Besides, it wouldn't be fair to father. He's put me through, and I'm not going to disappoint him. To go away—well, I feel it would be disloyal."

"You can write him we're engaged," he pleaded. "Then I'll go to see him."

Gloria could not altogether understand his insistence. Then, too, to send her away just after they had found each other was something she could not explain to her father.

Further discussion was put out of the question by the appearance of Judge Gilbert.

"Would you object to waiting for Mrs. Hayes in this office?" he asked, pointing to the room next to that in which the men had been conferring. He smiled as he added, "Mr. Wright came on business, you know."

"I think he transacted it with me, Judge Gilbert," she could not help replying. Then she asked Wright with a smile, "You won't be long?"

He walked with her to the door, to Gilbert's surprise, crossed the threshold and went into the little office. Somehow or other—such things are always mysteries, certainly they are accidents—the door seemed to close of its own accord.

"Wait for me a little while," he said, taking both her hands in his. "It's going to be such a glorious world for us. I never knew what happiness meant till now. To be wherever you were has always made life sweet, but now everything takes on a new meaning transmuted by the glory of being loved by you."

She loosed one hand from his grasp and put it over his mouth.

"Naughty boy, you must go back to work. You're playing truant here. I mustn't listen to you. When I listen

to you, you make me forget everything but that I love you. And now I want to be alone and think."

To leave her for an instant was like having his life's sun in eclipse. At last she freed herself from his arms and bade him go. He had gone as far as the door, his hand upon the knob when she quickly crossed the small space between them, threw her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Remember, dear, in whatever you do, I'm with you. May my love and my confidence support you ever."

Continued next week.

THE BOILED SHIRTS.

Sweet youth, you come and ask for admonition, you'd have me preach and counsel you a spell; and so I say, to better your condition, go, learn a trade, and learn it passing well. The world is short on skilled and drilled mechanics, but it is long on trifling human squirts, who, facing work, are prone to fits and panics, who wear kid gloves and boiled or scalloped shirts. The man who toils at bench or loom or anvil is worth a gross of those who talk or write; 'twould serve them right to bring some cans from Canville, and put them in, and seal the bunch up tight. The man who takes his tools from out their locker, who swings a sledge or pines the shining saw, is more worth while than any

tireless talker, who boosts the Flag, or yet expounds the law. The country swarms with men demanding payment for dizzy schemes, the thought of which appals; the country swarms with men in princely raiment, and what we need's the man in overalls. Go forth, fair youth, and learn to be a tinker, a plumber bold, a tailor or a cook, and men will say you are a peach and clinker, when on the product of your skill they look.—Walt Mason.

SPLITTING UP AUSTRIA.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

What of Austria when it is all over? Undoubtedly Austria will be split in two, as the statesmen of forty years ago predicted when war scares were of weekly occurrence. The Slav states of Austria will fall to Russia and she will lose her German states to Germany. And it is not unlikely that race divisions will be marked in Russia. It has been forecasted that the Mongolian half of Russia would be formed on its Asiatic side and the Slav portion will have Constantinople for its capital. Race prejudices will be reinforced by this war and deep gashes will be cut in Austria and Russia, where the cleavage line of race runs regardless of mountain chains or rivers.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC SURVEYORS ARE HERE AGAIN.

Those pessimistic individuals who prophesied that we would hear no more of the hydro-electric railway survey had their dreams rudely shattered on Friday evening when a party of eight surveyors dropped into town to begin the survey of a line from

Flesherton to Collingwood by way of Maxwell and Feversham.

The junction with the previously surveyed line will be just south of the village at the rear of S. Irwin's farm. The survey crosses a corner of R. Bentham's farm and passes over the gravel road a few rods from the corporation limits, then passing out through C. Irwin's farm to the northeast.—Flesherton Advance.

Land is cheap. For easy figuring let us say it is worth \$160 an acre. A square rod, then, is worth only \$1, and ten cents' worth will be a little more than twenty-seven square feet, or a little farm slightly more than five feet on a side. How often a boy will waste a dime and think nothing of it. For a dime he can buy land enough to hold a flower bed, four hills of clover or a peach tree! The boy who can save a dime can become rich. Make a dime look like a tiny farm. The boy who learns to know values will some day come into his own.

The Scientific American, an independent authority, says: "The complication into which Germany has fallen seems to spell the ultimate overthrow of the greatest and most efficient military organizations the world has ever seen. For if, as is probable, the German fleet is crushed or driven under the shelter of its seacoast fortifications, and shut up there for the rest of the war, Germany will be so absolutely blockaded that not a pound of foodstuff will find its way into her dominions. She is not self-supporting and Austria will be hard put to it to feed her own armies and people. The Triple Entente, on the other hand, having command of the sea, will be able to call upon the markets of the world for supplies."

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JOHN MCGOWAN

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

in Arrears for Taxes in the Town of Durham, in the County of Grey.

By virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Durham, and authenticated by the Seal of the Corporation of the Town of Durham, in the said County of Grey, bearing date the 6th day of July, 1914, and to me directed, commanding me to levy upon the lands hereinafter described for the arrears of taxes, due for three years and over, respectively due thereon, to gether with all costs incurred.

I hereby give notice that pursuant to the Assessment Act, I shall on Saturday, the 21st day of November, 1914, at the hour of 1.30 in the afternoon, at the Town Hall, in the Town of Durham, in the County of Grey, proceed to sell by Public Auction so much of the said lands as may be necessary for the payment of the arrears of taxes and charges thereon, unless such arrears and charges shall have been sooner paid.

All the undermentioned lands are patented.

Lot	Street	Quantity of Land	Taxes	Costs	Total
Pt. Park Lot 3	George Street N.	Half acre	\$48.03	\$ 7.46	\$55.49
49	W. Hunter's sy.	1/4 acre	.64	.33	.97
Pt. D	Jackson's sy.	1/4 acre	14.02	2.18	16.20
E	Jackson's sy.	1 acre	1.62	.46	2.08
Pt. Reserve	Vollett's sy.)	1/4 acre	8.96	1.42	10.38
3	Vollett's sy.)	1/4 acre	64.72	10.05	74.77
Part 20	Elgin St. W.)	1/4 acre	10.90	1.69	12.59
	Albert St. E.)	1/4 acre			
	Garafaxa St. W	23x165 feet			

ARTHUR H. JACKSON,
Treasurer, Town of Durham.
Town of Durham, Treasurer's Office, 10th August, 1914.
First published in The Durham Chronicle 13th August, A.D. 1914.

YOUNG CROWN PRINCE WANTED WAR.

"William the Younger," as Vorwaerts, the battling organ of the German Socialist party, contemptuously calls the German Crown Prince, broke forth shortly before war commenced with a crop of fresh incidents. The eruption, like the "incident" of Zarnern last winter, was again telegraphic and it throws interesting light on the future Kaiser's attitude. The Prince sent several effusive "wires" to Lieutenant-Colonel Frobenius, author of "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny," a rabid jingo production predicting a European war conflagration in 1915, and to Professor Buchholz of Posen, a patriot of the same calibre, who, in a pamphlet, "Bismarck and We," flays the present government for permitting the unrestrained growth of democratic sentiment. To Frobenius the Crown Prince telegraphed: "I hope your book will find a way into every German home." Buchholz he wired: "I have read most excellent treatise with the greatest interest." Crown-princely effusions have reproduced in the press, the

boom in the sale of the Forbenius book and the Buchholz pamphlet has been promptly inaugurated. The Liberal Vossische Zeitung called for "regulations" suppressing the political indiscretions of the Kaiser-to-be, but they have been going on for the matter of ten years now and nobody, not even the austere Kaiser himself, has evolved effective ways and means of muzzling this ebullient heir. The Crown Prince's popularity has not suffered much in consequence of recurring "incidents." He is regarded as the best liked royal personage in the country without exception.

ANOTHER PROPHECY.

(Hamilton Times.)

The Christian Guardian expresses the opinion that whether Sir James Whitney grants it or not, the women of Ontario are going to get the franchise. Yes; and they are going to get equal privileges with the men in the Methodist church before many years elapse.

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