

# COMFORT SOAP

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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, together 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	\$18.03	\$ 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
3	Elgin St. W.)	1/4 acre	64.72	10.05	74.77
3	Albert St. E.)	1/4 acre	64.72	10.05	74.77
Part 20	Garafaxa St. W	23x165 feet	10.90	1.69	12.59

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.

Militia regiments throughout the Dominion have been ordered to recruit up to their full strength.

Private Eachus, of the Calgary Engineers cut his throat at Valcartier camp in a fit of despondency.

Sir William Macdonald is reported to be recovering from the serious operation he underwent at Montreal.

St. Catharines' fourth quota to leave for the front left Friday the 7th Field Battery, with a strength of 163.

The United States has taken over the wireless station of the Panama Canal in order to preserve the neutrality of the canal.

Officers of the Central Police of Montreal were notified that they were appointed Dominion police officers by order in council.

Frank Yonkers of Hamilton is suffering from severe burns on the face as the result, it is charged, of his wife throwing acid at him.

The first ship to be registered under the American flag, according to the new ship registry law, was the Moldegaard, built in Norway and owned by the Ocean Freight Line of New York.

**VALUE OF RHEUMA FROM THE COURT.**  
Judge Barhorst was Relieved of Rheumatism After Doctors Failed.  
If you have tried many other remedies and doctors' treatments for RHEUMATISM and found they failed, do not be skeptical about trying RHEUMA. Read the testimony of Judge John Barhorst of Fort Loraming, O.  
"After treatment by three doctors without result, I have been cured of a very bad case of Rheumatism by using two bottles of RHEUMA. It is now two years since I used the remedy, and I am still as well as ever. Previously, I was a cripple, walking with crutches."  
Such testimony should be convincing. 50 cents of Macfarlane & Co., guaranteed.

**THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR**

Continued from page 6.

She put her hand on his arm as a signal to say nothing while she tried to hear what the boys were saying.

"Extry Extry! Get a News! All about the grafters! Extry! Read the big steal! Full account of the railroad grab! Big men and boodlers in combine! Extry! Extry!"

It was now a flood of sound as the boys came under the window.

"What's it all about?" the girl asked.

"That's nothing, only a crowd of newsboys raising a racket. Gloria, listen to me. We must get away from here. Even if you're happy in Belmont, I'm not. Won't you do this for me? Let's get away from this office and talk it over."

She shook her head, and refused to move.

"Gloria, you must do as I say without question. Just this once, please."

Both turned at this instant, as did the others, startled by a hubbub in the outer office. Suddenly the door was burst open violently by young Jim Winthrow, the Banner's political reporter. He rushed breathlessly into the room, flourishing a copy of the Belmont News. Following him came Williams with a look of amazement on his face as he read the headlines of the copy of the paper he had.

"Judge Gilbert! Judge Gilbert!" gasped the reporter, with eyes for no one else. "Have you seen the News? Big story 'bout the belt line railway and the 'lection! Gimme the facts so I can show the News up."

"Let me see your paper."

"Here it is—with big headlines."

Wright knew better than anyone else in the room what was in the paper. What was written there was not for Gloria's eyes to see, nor for her ears to hear.

"You must go, Gloria. Don't stay for this; I'll drive you to Locust Lawn."

He was almost out of the room with her when something the reporter said caused her to stop.

"The News says David Kerr is back of it," exclaimed Winthrow, holding up the paper for Judge Gilbert to see, "and that it's the biggest steal in the history of Belmont."

"What's that?" Kerr demanded, coming forward.

"I didn't see you, Mr. Kerr," the reporter apologized, "but here it is on the front page."

"Come, Gloria," Wright pleaded with her.

"I can't go yet."

Beside her stood Williams, still engaged in reading the flaring headlines of the paper he had brought into the room with him. She seized his paper from him and began to read the startling words.

"It's an infamous lie!" shouted Gilbert, crushing in his hands the paper he had been scanning. "Dr. Hayes, will you please escort Miss Gloria and Mrs. Hayes to their carriage?"

"Stop!" commanded Gloria. The hum of indignation sweeping over the room was stilled. All turned to the daughter of David Kerr. "Is this true?"

"What?" asked Gilbert.

"What the paper says?" She held up the paper, her hands trembling. Then she began to read: "If the party now in power wins, Belmont will surely be sold to the merciless stockyards terminal trust. The deal, which means millions for the unscrupulous promoters and nothing for Belmont, has been engineered by that king of underhand manipulators, one no less unscrupulous than the very men to whom he would sell his town, David Kerr!"

There was horror in her tones and she held the paper from her as a thing unclean.

"Is this true?" she demanded imperiously.

"Not a word of it," Judge Gilbert was quick to answer.

"Not you." She turned to David Kerr. "Father, is it true?"

The boss of Belmont looked like some wounded wild animal brought to bay. He gazed with speechless rage at Joe Wright, and then looked at his daughter. She stood with arm outstretched to him, a mute but eloquent appeal for a denial. The big man shook himself, as if calling forth all his strength for a final effort, and straightened himself to his full height. Looking her squarely in the eye he replied firmly:

"No, Gloria, it ain't true."

The sigh she gave as her arm dropped to her side seemed to be a prayer of thanksgiving that he had come through the ordeal unscathed. She knew he would, but she wanted the words of denial from his own lips. Her next order showed every one that she was the daughter of David Kerr.

"Then punish the man who published the lie."

Wright's heart seemed to stop beating as he heard the words that had in them all the finality of a funeral bell. Kerr had his own reasons for wishing to minimize the matter. Joe Wright he would willingly, gladly have sacrificed, but he did not know how it would react on Gloria. He could find means to make the newspaper man suffer without Gloria being cognizant of the fact.

"That's just Western politics." The boss tried to pass it off lightly. "Don't let that bother you."

"He must be punished, I say." Her indignation knew no bounds. "Would you let it go unchallenged that I am the daughter of such a man?"

Kerr was aroused by her spirited manner. It would be necessary, he



Walked Out of the Room.

saw, for him to carry it through to the end.

"Suppose it was Joe Wright?" he asked.

The occasion was too serious for a smile, but in her heart she laughed away the suggestion. She wanted to show her contempt for a man who through a newspaper would utter such lies, and she therefore replied:

"That can't be. He isn't that kind of a man. But if he did, I would still say—"

"It is Joe Wright," Kerr roared.

All leaned forward to hear what the girl would say.

"Then I would still say, 'Punish Joe Wright!'"

From Wright's lips there burst forth one word:

"Gloria!"

He came a step toward her, and she turned to him with an assuring smile.

"I don't believe it, Joe." Again she addressed her father and with fine scorn declared, "It's a lie. He couldn't do it. You don't know him as I do." Turning once more to the man she loved, she said proudly, "Say it's a lie, Joe."

The two stood gazing at each other utterly oblivious of everything else in the world. In her eyes there was nothing of doubt. She put into her look all the love and confidence she had promised would always be his. With Wright it was far otherwise. No matter what he said, the fact could not be kept from her. She would investigate. At the top of his editorial page that day were the words, "Owned and edited by Joseph Wright." He had just sworn that he would be the champion of the people of Belmont, and here at his first trial he was quailing under the eyes of the woman he loved. With a wrench he tore himself away from his dear desire to save her from pain and answered huskily:

"You don't understand."

"You!" she cried in an agony of despair as she realized he was confessing.

A single movement of his head showed his assent.

"Oh, you coward!" Her disgust was overpowering. The withering contempt she put into her words was equaled by her look of scorn. He started to speak, but with a gesture of impatience she stopped him.

"All your words are lies, lies, lies! And to think that I promised within this hour to be your wife! You make me hate myself for ever having looked at you. Now I understand why you urged me to leave Belmont." Again he tried to speak. "Not a word. I'll not listen to you. Father, take me home."

She shrank from Wright as if to look at him were dishonor.

All the great love he had for her welled forth in one cry:

"Gloria!"

The girl could not, would not hear. She had but one refuge for her breaking heart. Turning to her father she flung herself into his arms with only a single word: "Father!"

With never a word, with never a look to right or left, the man she had promised to love and who had promised to love her, walked out of the room.

Sobbing as if her heart would break, Gloria rested in her father's arms.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

The unexpected and sensational manner in which the visit of Joe Wright to Judge Gilbert's office was terminated was not without effect upon every one in the room. Pity for Gloria was the dominating emotion, for everyone present realized her unhappy position. The dramatic revelation of her love affair, the knowledge that she had been sacrificed, stirred every heart. Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Hayes, not well versed in politics, harbored no slight resentment against the publisher of the News, since they regarded the article as too severe. Were not their husbands interested on the same side as David Kerr? And they were honest men. But their husbands knew the full measure of the bitter cup that both the boss and his daughter, for the father's misdeeds, were called upon to drain.

The first thing to do was to get Gloria away from the office. For several days she had been staying with Mrs. Hayes, and thither she was now taken. By Dr. Hayes' order she was put at once to bed, and under the influence of an opiate, she was soon asleep. Dr. Hayes came downstairs and announced to Kerr, who was savagely pacing back and forth in the drawing-room, that his daughter was suffering from a great nervous shock. He also said that she would probably sleep for several hours.

Continued next week.

**NEWS FROM THE U.S.A.**

The Chilean Government has decided not to exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915.

McAdoo announces that National banks may loan on securities based on cotton and tobacco warehouse receipts.

Three were injured at Narragansett, R.I., when the tire of a big touring car burst, sending the car dashing into a stone wall.

Although 13,000 volts of electricity passed through his body, John Grant of Burlington, N.J., is alive and stands a good chance of recovery.

Two morgue attendants are under arrest in New York, charged with the theft of \$2,500 worth of jewellery from the body of Miss Catherine McGee.

Belief in financial circles that the war will last longer than anticipated was responsible for another advance in wheat on the New York Produce Exchange.

Members of the New York Boy Scouts will be at the various steamship piers to meet incoming boats to render such aid as they can to the refugees.

Wm. Haddon of Wilmington, Del., reported to the New York police that he had been robbed of \$32 his hat, coat and shoes in Battery Park.

While fishing at Pine Brook, Philip Zink, an East Orange, N.J., caught a turtle on a fishline, after having had his boat pulled a considerable distance.

Mrs. Mary Wyckoff, a Dolington, N.J. woman, is in a precarious condition as a result of being accidentally shot when she knocked down a loaded shotgun while sweeping.

The American National Board of Censors of motion pictures urges producers to request their audiences to refrain from any expression of partisanship when war scenes are shown.

Because of the war and the importation of thousands of unskilled laborers in New York, charity organizations declare that there is more unemployment than at any time since 1893.

Mrs. Frank E. Bullock, the New

York woman whose auto ran down and instantly killed Patrick Welsh, a Civil War veteran, was found wandering in the woods in a demented condition.

In an effort to increase trade with South and Central America, the Department of Commerce at Washington has opened an information bureau for the benefit of manufacturers and business men.

Death of dyestuffs may cause the closing of many American textile mills within the next 60 days unless the foreign supply is resumed or adequate arrangements are made for their manufacture in the United States.

The body of Michael Soos, of Hackensack, was exhumed at the cemetery of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Lodi, for the purpose of testing the confession of George Piro, 18 years old, who told the police that he poisoned Soos' at the suggestion of his wife, with whom Piro said he was in love. Mrs. Soos afterward married another man. The police doubt Piro's confession.

The members of the Hamilton police force at the front will have their places kept for them.

The classes in dressmaking at the Industrial and Art School of London will work on soldiers' clothes.

**FALLING HAIR AND ITCHING SCALP**  
Needless—Use Parisian Sage.  
Now that Parisian Sage can be had at any drug counter it is certainly needless to have thin, brittle, matted, stringy or faded hair. No matter how unsightly the hair, how badly it is falling or how much dandruff, Parisian Sage is all that is needed. Frequent applications and well rubbed into the scalp will do wonders it acts like magic. The hair roots are nourished and stimulated to grow new hair, itching scalp, dandruff and falling hair cease—your head feels fine. Best of all, the hair becomes soft, fluffy, abundant and radiant with life and beauty.  
You will be surprised and delighted with Parisian Sage. Try at least one 50 cent bottle from Macfarlane & Co., they will refund the purchase price if you are not satisfied. X3

**Feed Feed Feed**

Prices of all kinds of feed are likely to be higher before long, and as we have a large stock on hand it will pay anyone needing feed to get our prices before buying, as we are selling some lines at original prices.

PHONES—Day, No. 4. Night, No. 23.

**The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co.**  
Oatmeal Millers.

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Nasmith's Highpan Loaf  
Nasmith's Homemade Loaf  
Nasmith's Brown Loaf  
Nasmith's Breakfast Scon

are all of the Highest Quality, and can be obtained at **Saunders & Aitchison's Store.**

There's a difference—Try a Loaf It will tell its own Story

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