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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.

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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.	1/2 acre	.64	.33	.97
Pt. D	Jackson's sy.	1/2 acre	14.02	2.18	16.20
E	Jackson's sy.	1 acre	1.62	.46	2.08
Pt. Reserve	Vollett's sy.)	1/2 acre	8.96	1.42	10.38
3	Vollett's sy.)	1/2 acre			
3	Elgin St. W.)	1/2 acre	61.72	10.05	71.77
3	Albert St. E.)	1/2 acre			
Part 20	Garafraxa 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.

TRAVERTON.
One of the best pioneer fathers of Glenelg was Mr. Richard Jack, whose death was recorded in your last issue. For over 50 years he dwelt in that happy old home on the 9th concession where the bright family of three sons and four daughters grew up and have gone out into life and won respect, popularity and a goodly share of earth's rewards by their honesty, hospitality and high sense of honor inherited from their parents. Mr. Jack was dearly beloved in this old neighborhood and in the prime of life and later was one of the foremost officials in school and church till he removed to town and he never failed to prove a helpful kindly, and obliging neighbor. It was a pleasure to see him out to the Sunday school picnic in June last.

A goodly number of the old neighbors attended the funeral to Zion on Friday afternoon where his pastor the Rev. W. W. Prudham gave a most appropriate and impressive address after which the handsome casket was lowered into the grave which was draped with white by the Epworth League all the members of the family being present save Thomas of Elbow and Samuel, of Winnipeg. The sympathy of the neighborhood goes out to the members of the family. A beautiful floral wreath was contributed by them and another from members of the McLean family.

The pall bearers were Messrs. J. McNally, W. J. Cook, W. J. Greenwood, J. H. Robson, G. E. Peart and Thos. Glencross. The personal memories of your scribe in connection with the deceased are very happy to recall. We mowed with him bound sheaves together, ate and supped and joked in the old home and gripped hands many a time.

R. T. Cook left on Saturday evening to spend a few days with kindred in Toronto and to view the wonders of the Exhibition and your scribe left on Friday evening for the first time in 25 years.

THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

Continued from page 6.

harder. Understanding this, Mrs. Hayes answered lightly:
"If that's the case, I hope you'll entertain my friend for me until I return. She's interested in the work at the mission."

"You're on," Little Ella replied with an air of resignation as Mrs. Hayes left the room. She rolled over on her side and closed her eyes. Already she began to feel bored.

Although Gloria had professed that she had no fear about being left with the sick woman, when she said it she had in mind only a fear of being alone in such a dismal lodging house and fear that she might be called upon to act as doctor and trained nurse both were her patient to take a turn for the worse. Now, however, a new thought came to her. How was she to act? What was she to do to amuse her? She felt instinctively the antipathy she had aroused. She covered like a lamb before this young she-wolf of the city. She was alone, defenseless, with this creature that had so far reverted to type that she might rend and tear. Even in a battle of wits, and that was all there would be if the girl did not ignore her entirely, Gloria felt herself no match for this brazen child of misfortune. Her comparisons were physical, but it was not a physical fear she felt. Sheltered inexperience was pitted against the most cruel experience society could ever devise or tolerate.

Gloria was mistaken in thinking that Little Ella slept. After Mrs. Hayes had left her she walked quietly back to a chair by the bedside. On it lay a cheap novel with which the sick woman had been beguiling the time. She picked it up and was turning the pages casually when a feeling stole over her that she was being observed. Putting aside the book, she found Little Ella gazing at her stonily.

"Say, what'd you come here for?"
"Why," she answered in surprise, "I wanted to help you."

A sneer curled the sick woman's lip, a cynical sneer of disbelief.

"Help me! To what? I ain't ever saw you down here before. Come on, what brought you?"

"I came with Mrs. Hayes," was all that Gloria could find to answer.

"The woman what just went out?"

"Yes."

Feeling that she must do something to end this catechism, Gloria happened to glance at the book she held in her hand, and this led her to ask:
"Wouldn't you like me to read to you?"

"Naw. I can read fer myself."

"Perhaps there is something else I might do. What do you say, I might write a letter for you?"

"A letter? Who to?"

"Isn't there some one who ought to know you are sick?"

"Who'd want to hear from me?" the woman replied sullenly. "I ain't the belle of the village any more."

"Haven't you a mother?"

"She's dead."

"A father, then? Isn't there some one watching for you, hoping to see you come down the quiet little street?"

Here was an attempt to awaken a sentiment for the past which met with no success. Little Ella replied roughly:

"They're watching at his house all right—all right—him and that pasty-face wife of his—so they can run out and unchain the dog. Then they'd gather in the parlor an' say prayers for the dead—that's me."

"What could you have done to have your family treat you so?" Gloria asked. "What could you do to be estranged from your father, of all persons?"

This was something Gloria could not understand. Once she would not have understood a lack of love where two had lived together continuously. Now she could waive that point, but the estrangement was beyond her.

Little Ella considered the question gravely. What was she to tell this inquisitive girl who evidently was not asking questions just for the fun of prying into some one else's life? Somehow or other Gloria began to appeal to her. She had decided that the visitor's ignorance was real, not feigned. In reply to the question as to why she was not received at home, she turned her big dark eyes, lusterless now, upon Gloria, and said quietly:

"I loved."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gloria, and a sudden pain shot through her.

"Oh, what?"

"Was it really love?"

The question came forth without a thought of how it might affect her hearer. It did, indeed, provoke Little Ella, taking away that kindly feeling which had begun to kindle in her heart because of Gloria's ignorance.

"Didn't I say I loved?" she demanded harshly. "What do you know of love? You can't come down here and teach me anything. Poo! I don't believe you know what real love is. Were you ever in love?"

Ordinarily to a girl reared as Gloria had been no more serious affront could have been offered her. It was a meddling with her private affairs which was unpardonable.

"Was you?"

Little Ella asked the question again with the sharpness gained from listening to the city attorney cross-examine witnesses in police court. Seeing that she was almost compelled to say "yes" or "no," Gloria replied defiantly:

"Yes, I was."

"And ver not married?"

"No."
"Goin' to be?"
A pause.
"No."
"Say, yer overlookin' a bet. What's the matter?"

Gloria felt herself fascinated by this slight little woman who in her excitement had propped herself up in bed on a thin, trembling arm. The light had come back into her eyes as she pursued her inquiries and they shone like two burning coals.

"He didn't really love me," Gloria said more to herself than to the girl.

"Did he tell you so? How do you know?" There was no answer. "Hubb! You asked me questions so I thought I'd ask you some. Did he know you loved 'im?"

"He did, but—my father discovered that he was unworthy."

This information seemed to Little Ella to be a bond of fellowship. She fell back on the bed to rest, and remarked philosophically:

"Humph! My ol' man thought the feller I loved was no good, too. Guess we've had pretty hard times, eh?" No reply, "What'd you think?"

"I—he was unworthy."

It was now Gloria who spoke helplessly.

"So you had to choose between 'im an' yer father?"

"Was there any choice? I gave 'im up."

"I left home. So, you see, I've loved more'n you've ever loved," she cried.

"You didn't really love." There was scorn in her voice as she spoke. "I've gone through fire an' storm fer the man I loved, because I loved a real man. You must 'a' loved some kid on the ribbon counter. A real man wouldn't 'a' let you give 'im up."

This was a tribute to the animal perfection of the graceful young creature before her. The sight of Gloria, something to be desired, to be possessed, made Little Ella feel that a man with red blood in his veins would give her up without a fight. She hated her for her masses of beautiful hair, her deep, soulful eyes, her complexion of apple blossoms, and her delicate white hands. She hated her for her svelte, girlish figure and her beautiful clothes which brought out her best lines. A woman may be down in the world, but she has eyes to see.

"Look at me," she cried, beating her flat breasts with her red, bony hands.

"A man died fer me—an' he thought I was worth it. Did you love a man well enough for him to do that fer you?"

Gloria could only avoid the question by tactlessly referring to Little Ella's present state.

"You don't know what you're saying. Can't you see what he's brought you to?"

"Don't you say a word against him," snapped the sick woman. "All men ain't alike, neither. It wasn't his fault, I'm here. It's the system."

"The system! What's that?"

Here was the introduction of a new element. Gloria's curiosity was aroused. There was something inexorable about it, to judge from Little Ella's manner of speaking.

"Well, call it society, if you want to," conceded society's victim.

"What do you mean?"

"Say, are you stringin' me, or was you born yestiddy?"

She laughed harshly at the humor of such a question.

"I don't understand," was all Gloria could reply.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gloria had not been reared without an understanding of the various layers of society. Of those close to her own station in life she had an intimate and intelligent knowledge, but as she went down the scale her acquaintance grew slighter and her understanding more vague. The poor creatures whom as a class Little Ella now represented to her were almost as foreign and as misunderstood as would be a lama of Thibet. Having no knowledge, she could have no real pity.

Gloria had never dreamed, even when she tried to put the worst possible construction on what few things she knew, that the world could be so cruel. Never for an instant had she thought that it was possible for men whom she regarded as upright and honorable to be engaged directly or indirectly in exploiting vice and ignorance. It had never occurred to her that men whom she might know, some of them owned dreary blocks of hovels and tenements from which high rents were secured only because the people who lived in them were not respectable. Poor and honest tenants could have paid but poor and precarious rents.

As little Ella told her story of the "system" at Gloria's request, her voice grew shriller and shriller as the indictment grew graver. She talked rapidly, sometimes turning aside from the direct channel of her revelation, to explore some little eddy of a specific instance which made her account a reality. Gloria could have credited something to exaggeration had it not been that just at the moment she thought the girl was beginning to draw on her imagination some incident would be introduced suddenly to make the whole thing ghastly real.

For the first time the daughter of David Kerr learned of the peddlers of showy dresses, the vendors of cheap perfumery, the stealthy disseminators of cocaine, and the many other leeches that faten on the unfortunate of the underworld. She learned that all the misery was but a monument to human greed. Nothing was exploited in which there was not a profit of three or four hundred per cent. Nothing was exploited which did not tend to kill the finer feelings, reducing the poor victims in time to the level of brutes.

Continued next week.

FLESHERTON.
A liquor case which occupied considerable time was aired before Magistrate McMullen and Mr. Tavish in the town hall on Tuesday evening last week when Richard Hoy of the Collingwood was charged by Inspector Harbison with keeping for sale in a local option district. Mr. Hoy, of Markdale, was counsel for Mr. Harbert and Mr. McDonald, Owen St. for Mr. Hoy. Evidence was produced that a case of liquor from Toronto addressed to R. Hoy was delivered to Mr. Hoy's son-in-law R. Phillips. The latter denied receiving the case or delivering to Hoy, who also swore he did not order the liquor it was not delivered to him. The magistrates were convinced the liquor was delivered to Phillips, notwithstanding his denial, but there being no evidence to prove delivery to Hoy, a conviction could not be made and the case was dismissed.

The family of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Wright have had a very fine monument erected in the public cemetery to the memory of their parents.

The Presbyterian W.M.S. who have during the year been preparing clothing and quilts for one of the North-west missions, packed a bale at their meeting last week valued at \$25.80.

Mr. S. R. Henderson had a new piano delivered at his home last week.

At the meeting of the Women's Institute last week, Mrs. R. H. Wright gave a good report of the recent county convention, held at Chatsworth. It was resolved that the Institute give a patriotic concert in behalf of the war fund.

Rev. J. Dudgeon attended district meeting at Chatsworth on Friday last.

Rev. A. McVicar was at Orangeville on Monday.

Mrs. England and children have returned to their home at Coldwater, after an extended visit here.

Mr. Jos. Armstrong and family returned to the city on Saturday after a few weeks' sojourn at their cottage here.

Mrs. A. E. Harper of Chicago and Miss Minta McCarthy of Niagara Falls, who visited Mrs. T. J. Stinson Toronto line, left for home on Monday.

Mr. Gordon Badgerow of Toronto joined his wife last week visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis Toronto line.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell and family moved to Alliston on Saturday and visited over Labor Day with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hislop of Thornbury visited the latter's brother Dr. J.P. Ottewill, last week.

Dr. Ern. Armstrong and wife of Cobalt are visitors at Mr. F. H. W. Hickling's.

Mrs. Kindree of Blenheim is visiting her daughter Mrs. H. S. White.

Mr. Emerson Bellamy of Markdale holidayed over Labor Day at his home here. Mr. Geo. Bellamy, employed at Markdale also spent the day with his family here.

Mr. W. T. Hodgson teller in the Union Bank Owen Sound, was a visitor at Mr. W. Trimble's over the holiday.

Rev. R. C. Kerr is holidaying in the city this week.

Mrs. J. Blackburn visited her sister in the city last week and Mrs. J.P. Ottewill spent a few days with her son.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore visited over the week end with friends in the city.

Mrs. Albert Stewart visited in Toronto the past week.

Mrs. Wm. Clinton of Feversham is visiting Mrs. Jos. Clinton this week.

Miss Oldham and Miss Holmes were in the city visiting over the week end.

Mr. T. A. Blakely visited his daughter in the city last week.

Miss Long and Miss Brown milliners have returned to their former positions with F.W. Hickling and F. G. Karstedt respectively.

Miss Florence Thurston has returned from a month's visit in Chicago.

Miss Elsie Wright was home from Model school at Hanover over the holiday.

In our note last week of teacher's we overlooked Miss Kate Wilcock taking a school at Mono Road.

A letter on Monday from a friend in Tennessee who travels widely in the United States says in part: "This is a terrible war but Germany will be beaten sooner or later. The sentiment in the United States is in favor of England and the others with her."

Mr. Frank Duncan went to the city on Tuesday to combine business with pleasure for a few days

PROTECT THE HEART FROM RHEUMATISM.
Rheuma Purifies the Blood and Throws off Complicating Diseases.

Weakening of the blood tissues by continued attacks of Rheumatism affects the heart and produces complications which result fatally. RHEUMA puts the blood in condition to ward off other diseases and eradicates Rheumatic conditions from the whole system. Recommended for all forms of Rheumatism. 50 cents at Macfarlane & Co's. This letter will convince you of its great value:

"For nine weeks I was unable to work owing to my feet being badly swollen from Rheumatism. I also suffered severe pains in the back. After using two bottles of RHEUMA the Rheumatism has entirely left me."—F. H. Morris, Fort Erie, Ont.

THE NO SUGAR METHOD.
The London Daily Mail publishes the following recipe for bottling fruit, a method of preserving it that requires no sugar. The recipe has been followed for 30 years with success, says the sender. Take your bottles (bottled fruit bottles, as they stand heat fill to the top with plums, have ready a kettle of boiling water and a tin funnel. Stand the bottles of fruit in the oven (not hot it takes about ten to fifteen minutes) watch them, at the first sign of a crack in a plum take out the bottle, put the funnel down the bottle, and pour in boiling water to the very top of bottle. till cold, then pour on suet, lard or oil just warm enough to pour one-eighth inch deep. Keep in a dry place.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
INCORPORATED 1869

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

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT Accounts may be opened with an initial deposit of One Dollar. Interest is credited half yearly.

JOINT ACCOUNTS An account in the names of two members of a family will be found convenient. Either person (or the survivor) may operate the account.

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