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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 st.	1/4 acre	.64	.33	.97
Pt. D	Jackson's st.	1/4 acre	14.02	2.18	16.20
E	Jackson's st.	1 acre	1.02	.46	2.08
1	Vollett's st.	1/4 acre	8.96	1.42	10.38
Pt. Reserve	Vollett's st.	1/4 acre			
3	Elgin St. W.	1/4 acre	64.72	10.05	74.77
3	Albert St. E.	1/4 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.

### SHORT BITS OF LIVE NEWS

A large meeting was held at Lancaster, Ont. to organize the Glangarry County branch of the Red Cross.

Owing to crop failures it will be necessary for the Government to render assistance to homesteaders in the west.

The newly authorized regiment of Berlin got off to a good start with four strong companies organized on its first drill.

The Cobourg battery, which has been at Esquimaux for the past few weeks, will probably return to the Kingston barracks.

A proposal is gaining ground in Manitoba to follow Saskatchewan's example and give horses to the Imperial Government.

Yesterday upwards of 100 of the farmers of Clarksons and vicinity loaded two express cars with fruit and vegetables for Valcartier.

The Oxford Knitting Co. of

Woodstock resumes operations on Monday with a full staff, having closed down at the commencement of the war.

Morgan Bennett performed an experiment in his laboratory at Brantford, which resulted in an explosion that burned him badly and caused the walls to bulge six inches.

### Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

exactly meet the need which so often arises in every family for a medicine to open up and regulate the bowels. Not only are they effective in all cases of Constipation, but they help greatly in breaking up a Cold or La Grippe by cleaning out the system and purifying the blood. In the same way they relieve or cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism and other common ailments. In the fullest sense of the words Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are

**A Household Remedy**

## THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

Continued from page 6.

arrow that sank into her heart. As she dwelt upon it her eyes fell upon her handsome tailored coat and her beautiful hat she had laid aside.

"And with the money these unhappy creatures pay, he—God in Heaven! Where did the money come from for these clothes I wear? What shall I do? All these years, and I never knew!"

Where the money came from to pay for her handsome clothes wracked her as poignantly as would a great physical pain. Her thoughts were incoherent, skipping from one horrid phase of the situation to another. Though they were disconnected, they were not vague. Each was a ruthless view of her deplorable position.

"Why did he let me come home? How can I bear to have anyone look at me on the street? I can hear them now saying, 'That's she, the boss' daughter. See her fine clothes. We know where the money came from to buy them.' And I, like a leper, must ever cry, 'Unclean, unclean,' and see those whom I would love flee ever on before me."

This made her think again of Joe Wright. Surely he had loved her beyond all reason to have wished to marry her, the daughter of such a man.

"Joe, poor old Joe, how he has suffered because of me." She had chosen in her blindness not to listen to him and now he was gone forever. She had obeyed the dictation of pride and stifled the prompting of love, and now her punishment seemed greater than she could bear. "He did love me. He knew, and still loved me. And I drove him away. Well, it was better so; but he did not love me—once. It's better so—for him."

It was now a far more grievous prospect than that of the long years which had confronted her when she had realized the previous day how solitary was to be her way. Then she had had position, power, and pride; now these had been stripped from her, and nothing had been given her in their stead. In a passionate flood of tears she sank to the floor and cried as if her heart would break.

Through it all Little Ella slept, not knowing that in her room was being enacted a tragedy of the heart more profound than any she with all her shallowness could live in a century of heartaches.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Grief made Gloria insensible to the flight of time, and how long she had been prostrate on the floor before sounds on the stairs aroused her she did not know. Thinking that it must be Mrs. Hayes returning with a physician, she rose hastily and tried to remove all traces of her tears. She wished above all to avoid explanations, and if none was asked she did not wish to have her grief misconstrued. But it was not Mrs. Hayes, for Gloria could hear the heavy tread ascending to the floor above.

Little Ella was restless and rolled and tossed in her sleep. The daughter of David Kerr looked with pity upon her. Her discipline was too new, her spirit was still too untamed for her to understand fully the kinship of the human race. Although she recognized that she was herself without the caste she thought was hers, she had not come to know that on the last great day there would be only the judgment of the just and the unjust, not of the high and the low, of the rich and the poor, of the wise and the ignorant, of the master and the servant.

"Poor girl," murmured Gloria, "you shall see that I do understand."

There was also much which she could learn from this bit of flotsam cast up by an unkind sea upon a cheerless shore. Seeing that Little Ella was not sleeping soundly, her desire to know more got the better of her duty as a nurse. She shook her gently, and soon was rewarded by seeing her eyes open.

"What you want?" asked the patient.

"Time to take your medicine," Gloria answered unblushingly. This was only a subterfuge, and it hurt her to receive the profuse thanks which it evoked.

"How are we going to begin to make things right down here?" Gloria asked when Little Ella had sunk back upon her pillow.

"Begin?" The girl did not understand.

"Yes, you and I. Things can't go on as they are."

"Why, begin with the boss, of course."

Gloria could not have been stabbed by a more cruel reply.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "but how?"

"That's up to you and yer pa."

Little Ella recognized that the boss was out of her sphere of influence.

"Yes, yes, I know. Tell me—does David Kerr," she spoke the name with an effort, "ever—come down here?"

"Him? Naw. We never see nothin' o' him." His daughter gave a sigh of relief.

"We don't know nothin' 'bout him much. We don't see him, but we feel him. He lives alone, out in the country."

"Then can he really know?"

"He's a man, ain't he?" demanded the woman of the streets fiercely. "I knows, but what does he care? I wish he had a daughter."

"What's that?" Gloria asked. The manner in which Little Ella had spoken made her catch her breath with a feeling that was akin to dread.

"I wish he had a daughter, an' that

and a nave to suffer what we down here suffer."

Gloria held up her hand, bidding her cease from even thinking such a thing.

"No, no, no, not that."

"Why not?" the other went on doggedly. "Could she be any better? Was once? I tell you, I'd like to have a daughter of his here, and watch her struggle to keep the bread in her body."

"Have you no mercy?" begged Gloria.

"What mercy hev I had shown you by Noonan—cept fer his own? What mercy from David Kerr? Wouldn't he laugh to see a daughter of his in this hell-hole?" Gloria conversationally covered her eyes with her hand as if to shut out even the thought of such a sight. Little Ella went on harshly, "What a joke it would be. But I'd laugh. I'd watch her, the little darling, to see that she paid the price as I've done."

Gloria could stand it no longer.

"Stop, you senseless girl. You make a mockery of pity and compassion. It's absurd to vent your rage upon something that doesn't exist. David Kerr has no daughter."

Little Ella accepted this answer without question, unmindful that a short while before her visitor had denied all knowledge of the man.

"I wish he had," she said regretfully.

A door slammed suddenly overhead.

"Aren't you afraid here alone?" Gloria asked.

"Naw. I ain't scared in the daytime, an' at night I'm out most of the time."

The sound of a scuffle on the floor above brought both women to attention. There came a sudden, smothered cry for help which made Gloria's blood run cold. Then there was a heavy thud as if some one had been felled by a blow.

"What's it all about?" she cried springing to her feet in terror.

"Nothin'. Stay where you are. We're safe as long as we don't open that door."

The sounds of the affray grew louder. Again came the cry for help.

"What's going on? I must know. Some one's in trouble. Didn't you hear some one call?"

"They're maybe just foolin' you, but in."

"But I can't stand here doing nothing. I must see what's the matter."

One could never accuse Gloria of lack of courage. She had never seen the horse she was afraid of, and a boat in a heavy sea made her lurch the more the louder the wind whistled through the rigging. Her feeling of personal power, inherited from her father, had been strongly developed. She had by this time overcome her first fear, and now she intended to know what the trouble was all about. Some one was in distress and to do what she could was her one thought as she started toward the door.

"Better not open that door," Little Ella pleaded.

Even as she spoke, they heard a door slam at the head of the stairs above. Some one lurched heavily to the stairway, and then to their horror—they knew it by the sound just as well as if the scene had been enacted before their eyes—she tripped and plunged down the narrow stairs.

"I must know what's going on," Gloria cried.

She rushed across the room and wrenched open the door. At the foot of the stairway just before her was the body of a man, limp and motionless.

"It's a man. He's hurt," she called back to the sick woman as she knelt to examine him.

He had fallen so that she could not get a good look at him in the dark hallway, and she rolled him toward the door to get him on his back and see his face. As she gazed upon his countenance the fingers of death itself seemed to seize her by the throat. Her heart gave one great leap and then stood still. On the floor before her lay the body of the man she loved.

"Joe!" she screamed. "What are you doing here? Joe, Joe, speak to me!"

But there was no answer. His eyes were closed, and the pallor of death seemed to be upon his face.

With strength beyond what she had ever known herself to possess, Gloria seized the motionless form and dragged and rolled the man into Little Ella's room. Before she turned to him again she closed and bolted the door. Then she bent over him and begged him to speak to her, to open his eyes and know that she was with him.

"Joe, don't you know me?" she pleaded. Then to Little Ella, "He's

dead, ne's dead. See, ne doesn't move."

"Yes, he does," answered the other woman. She had been sitting up in bed, an excited spectator of all that had transpired. "He's breathin'. Tear open his shirt and feel his heart beat."

Wright was a pitiable object as he lay on the floor like one dead. His coat and waistcoat were gone, and his collar and cravat had been torn away. On his white shirt were bloody stains. Gloria felt his heart and was rewarded by its feeble beat. She next dashed water from the pitcher over his face, but without avail. He showed no signs of returning consciousness. From a wound just above his temple on the right side of his head the blood began to trickle down over his face, making its pallor all the more ghastly. She had no means of knowing how serious this was, and naturally came to the conclusion that it was a death-wound. There was only one thing to do: get a physician.

As she started to her feet she heard two men running down the stairs and making a search from room to room on her floor. These must be the men who had attacked him. She could not let him fall into their hands, and therefore she could not leave him to go for aid. The impotence of her position made her feel like screaming to relieve the nervous strain.

"What do you know about this? How did he come here? What has happened to him?"

"I dunno," answered the woman. "There's somethin' doin' all the time in this dump."

A sudden knock at the bolted door chilled Gloria with terror.

"What's that?" she whispered.

"Somebody's at the door," replied Little Ella, in the same low tone. This fact was obvious.

"They can't come in," Gloria continued.

Again came the knocking, louder and more insistent.

"I can't let anything happen to him," murmured the unhappy girl in agony, remembering how the day before she had demanded that he be punished. "Joe, Joe, what does it all mean?"

But Wright made no answer. He lay like a log as the girl he had loved bent over him, wiped the blood from his face, and brushed back his disheveled hair.

With the next knock came the voice of a man demanding entrance.

"Ella, Ella, open this door."

Gloria rushed over to the bed.

"Tell him you can't get out of bed," she implored in a whisper. "Tell him there's nobody here."

"I can't get out o' bed. There's nobody here," Little Ella called.

This answer did not pacify the man.

"That's a lie," he shouted. "There's somebody in there or the door wouldn't be locked. Open this door, do you hear me, or I'll bust it down."

Continued next week.

FLESHERTON

Owing to war conditions and advice from the Government to economize, the Directors of East Grey Fair decided last week to withdraw the fair this year, which is being done by other societies in the country. Members will all be carried over in good standing for next year and the prize lists, already in the hands of members, will hold good.

The national call to prayer for the cessation of war was duly observed here at a union meeting in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, last week. The pastor of the church conducted the exercises, and an appropriate, concise address was given by Rev. Mr. McVicar.

Mr. Geo. A. Watson removed his family last week to Priceville, where he will conduct a saw-milling business. We are sorry to lose Mr. Watson and family. He was a good citizen, filled the

position of police trustee and was elected one of the first members of the village council after incorporation.

Before leaving for Priceville last week, Miss Violet Watson's companions in her class at the public school, spent a jolly evening at her home and presented her with a pretty jewel case.

Mrs. H. S. White entertained a number of her friends at an afternoon tea on Friday last, given in honor of her mother, who left for her home at Blenheim on Monday, accompanied to Toronto by Mrs. White.

Mrs. Hugh Waters of the Durham Road, aged 39 years, passed away on Saturday last, after a protracted illness. The funeral took place to Greenwood cemetery on Monday. Mr. Waters and family have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

Miss Elizabeth Sargent, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Sargent of Ceylon, who had been ill for some time, passed away at the home of her parents on Sunday. The funeral took place to Flesherton cemetery on Tuesday. The deceased, who was in her 25th year, was a highly esteemed young woman. Her parents and brothers, who nursed her with most tender care, feel very keenly their loss.

Mr. Wes. Buskin and family motored to Guelph and visited his brother and family over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Munshaw visited friends at Stayner.

Mr. W. Kenny from near Dundalk, and his brother, Pete, visited friends at the old home, 4th line, over the week end.

Mrs. Geo. Moore, Victoria Corners, is visiting her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. H. Moore, who has been ill.

Mr. W. H. Hemphill and sister visited friends in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wright motored to Owen Sound, accompanied by the former's mother and sister, Mrs. McPhatter, who returned home after an extended visit with her mother.

Mr. Everette Wright has moved into Geo. Watson's residence.

Dr. Murray, W. J. Henderson and Geo. Richardson motored to the city last week and spent a few days sight-seeing.

Mr. Mark Stewart spent last week with friends at Toronto and at the Fair.

Mr. W. H. Bunt attended the Undertakers' Convention in the city last week.

Word was received here last week that Ed. Elder, son of the late Mr. Wm. Elder, of this place, is now very ill in the hospital for consumptives at Weston.

A cement walk is being laid at the Presbyterian church, which was a needed improvement.

Mr. Fred Bellamy visited over the week end with his sisters in the city.

Mrs. W. Boyd, Mrs. J. Bowler, Mrs. T. A. Blakely, Miss Maud Richardson, the Misses Trimble, Miss Ella Karstedt, visited in the city last week.

Mr. Robt. Thistlewaite is home from Toronto on a holiday.

Mrs. J. A. Boyd and little Miss Doris, of Markdale, were visitors over the week end with Mrs. Geo. Mitchell.

Mr. T. A. Blakely is installing a large new chopper in his mill this week.

Mrs. Henry Ellis of Powassan visited Mrs. Jas Jamieson last week.

Mrs. A. Shields of Detroit is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Thompson, and other friends.

Mr. Archie Sinclair, C.P.R. agent at Priceville, has been transferred to the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, last week. The pastor of the church conducted the exercises, and an appropriate, concise address was given by Rev. Mr. McVicar.

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Each winner at the Sherbrooke, Que., exhibition will give 5 per cent. of his prize money to the patriotic fund, meaning a contribution of \$1,000.

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Gloria Felt for His Heart.