

HOME STUDY

Thousands of ambitious young people are being instructed in their homes by our Home Study Dept. You may finish at College if you desire. Pay whenever you wish. Thirty Years' Experience. Largest trainers in Canada. Enter any day. Positions guaranteed. If you wish to save board and learn while you earn, write for particulars.

NO VACATION

Walkerton Business College
GEO. SPQTTON, President

4

Cader's Block

Our Spring Prints Are Now In

AND ARE A THING OF BEAUTY!

We have a Large Range to select from and Prices are Moderate as Well

An Early Call is Your Advantage!

W. H. BEAN
The Big 4

Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

PHOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquisition of knowledge.

FEES: \$1 per month in advance

V. W. H. HARTLEY, J. F. GRANT,
Chairman. Secretary

EFFICIENCY

First, last and all the time is the chief feature of the courses of instruction in the

ELLIOTT Business College

Yonge and Charles streets, Toronto. Yes our graduates succeed. They have that habit. Write for Catalogue.

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoop Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

High School and Senior Public School Pupils Attention.

Mount Forest Business College

MOUNT FOREST, ONTARIO

Is prepared to fit you for a Business Career. Our graduates are all in positions. Fall term begins September 1st. Write or call for particulars.

D. A. MCLACHLAN, G. M. HENRY,
President. Principal.

ENTER ANY TIME

Mt. Forest BUSINESS COLLEGE

And train for a better situation. We prepare you to occupy lucrative positions. Decide to LEARN NOW.

The DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

by Harry King Tootle

Copyright by A. C. McClure & Co., 1912

CHAPTER XXI.

The one person who could have told how Joe Wright had come to visit Mike Noonan's lodging house was David Kerr. He had sprung the trap himself, never dreaming that his own daughter would be caught in it. When the light on the Interurban Railway had first started, at command of the boss, Jack Durken, a ward heeler, apparently had gone over to the enemy.

The man had found employment in the circulation department of the News, and soon afterward the information reached Wright that one of his own employees was a former henchman



The Thought of Physical Injury Did Not Occur to Him.

of the notorious first ward leader, Mike Noonan. Durken was loud in his denunciations of David Kerr and his followers, and appeared willing to betray whatever he knew of the methods of the gang.

The editor found him a fountain of information regarding the shady politics of Belmont. In reality Durken told only what David Kerr ordered him to tell. Wishing to establish Wright's confidence in the man, Kerr had him disclose many things of slight importance that were absolutely authentic.

One of the charges continuously brought against the machine was that it was colonizing floaters in lodging houses in the low, thickly-populated river wards. Durken even admitted it when Wright asked about it, and several days later suggested a tour of inspection. The blood of the star reporter warmed in the editor's veins. The idea was tantalizing. It was one of those stories a good man would sacrifice half a year's salary to handle.

Without saying anything to anyone, the owner of the News thought of the expedition for several days. The more he thought of it, the more it appealed to him. The more it appealed to him the less was the likelihood of his considering the axiom that in battle it is a general's duty not to get hurt. In fact, the thought of physical injury did not occur to him. He was a stranger to Belmont, no one knew him, and in the daytime there was no danger.

When Wright finally decided to investigate personally it was only a few days before the election. He determined that he would wander down into the first ward two days before the votes were cast to gather material for his story. The next afternoon, just on the eve of the election, his final attack on the machine would be an expose of ring methods of handling vagabond voters imported for the occasion.

This programme was being carried out as originally planned, notwithstanding the break with Gloria the previous day, when Wright was induced to go through Noonan's "hotel." Here, deserted by Durken, who had been his guide, he had fallen into the hands of Turkey Ryan and Buck Kelly.

Although dazed by the unexpectedness of the attack, he had nevertheless managed to give a good account of himself. The cramped attic quarters in which they had fought had been in his favor. The two bruisers had been surprised by what a scientific boxer could do in a rough-and-tumble fight. To the momentary indecision resulting from his good defense Wright owed his escape from the room in which he had been trapped.

A stinging blow having taken all the fight out of Kelly, he lurched and fell forward against the door just as the newspaper man had managed to elude his assailants for the instant and slip out of the room. Forced to minister to his companion, Turkey Ryan had lost many valuable seconds before he could take up the pursuit. It was during this respite that Wright, groping blindly for the stair, had tripped and fallen, to be found unconscious by Gloria in front of Little Ella's door.

No one ever knew exactly what had taken place in Noonan's lodging house that afternoon in early spring. Returning from the mission with Dr. Norton, Mrs. Hayes was surprised to

called upon Dr. Norton to aid her in opening the door. Gloria had not fastened it as securely as she had thought, and it required no great strength on the part of the physician to force it open.

Gloria was removed to Mrs. Hayes' home in a carriage as soon as she was revived. Little Ella in a semi-conscious condition, was hurried to the city hospital in a police-ambulance. An examination having shown that Wright had sustained no serious injury, as soon as he regained consciousness he was taken to his own apartment.

David Kerr was not allowed to see his daughter. Although the exact nature of the shock to which she had been subjected was not known, since both Kelly and Ryan had disappeared, yet the physicians did not think it best in her nervous condition for her to see even her father. The following day she remained in bed, speaking never a word, busy with her own thoughts. The next day, that of the election, she dressed, but did not leave her room.

When it was seen that Gloria was under the cloud of a settled melancholy, there was debate how best to minister to her. Her very silence made the problem more perplexing. She uttered never a word by which they might peck out the heart of the mystery. Strange as it may seem, she did not even ask about Joe Wright. She did, however, read the morning and afternoon papers carefully. In neither was there any reference to an attack on the editor. As her mind beat upon the bars of its new iron cage, it sufficed her to know that all must be well with him.

Joe Wright's injuries were not of a serious nature, yet it was thought best that he remain at home for several days. By means of the telephone and through the men who came to the house he edited the News the day previous to election. Over the same telephone line came the cheering news the next night that the dominant party had been defeated. David Kerr's rule had been broken.

Nothing of a personal nature had been allowed to help contribute to this success. No mention had been made in the News of the assault on its editor in Mike Noonan's lodging house, because to Wright it had appeared as a personal matter. The day previous Gloria had denounced him and cried aloud for vengeance. He recognized that had Gloria not been mixed up in the affair the result might have been the same, but the personal element was what made him hold his peace.

The news that the day had been carried for good government was only a temporary intoxicant. There were a few moments of exhilaration when his real feelings were submerged in the general rejoicing that David Kerr had been given a more severe setback than he had ever received. Then came the ebb of the tide, leaving him on the desolate shore of disheartening uncertainty. The past was a nightmare and the future a blank.

The tumult and the cheers had died away, the brass bands at last were stilled, his sitting-room with two windows on the street and its own private entrance had been cleared of tobacco smoke, and the reception he had held when it was learned the election had gone his way was at an end, when Joe Wright sat himself down alone in the quiet of the first hours of the morning to take stock of his future.

Gloria? What of her? It was always Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, running through his mind, knocking at the door of his heart.

Always of the Gloria who had spurned him, he thought, for he knew nothing of the part she had played in the lodging house. It was not a situation to contemplate with equanimity—this living in the same town with the woman he loved madly. Were Belmont of some size, a city like St. Louis or Pittsburgh, there would be the probability that their paths would seldom cross. Yet in Belmont everyone knew everyone else and never a week passed but what they all met at least in passing.

It would be impossible for him to avoid Gloria altogether. He was frank enough to acknowledge to himself that he would undoubtedly seek those places where there would be some certainty of his meeting her. To be in the same town with her meant that he could not give her up. Yet he knew that any overtures he might make would be worse than useless. He felt that her prejudice was such that there could never be established that bond without which matrimony is unholy. The ruffled pool may again be calm, the misted mirror may again be clear, yet he believed in her ignorance she would feel that when two hearts but once have broken troth there is no alchemy that love distills can make the past to live again and the dead present as though it had not been.

The harder he tried to fight against his conviction of what he should do, the more Wright was convinced that there was but one course for him to pursue: It would be best for him to leave Belmont. This would be not for a week or a month, but for all time.



"That Surely Was a Raw Frame-Up They Handed You."

willing to let it go at a sacrifice, to lose what he had himself put into it, so anxious was he to escape from Belmont in search of that magical flower, heart's-ease.

Having made up his mind, Wright went to bed, but not to sleep. The few remaining hours of darkness he rolled and tossed. It was not the bruises he had received in the fight at Noonan's that kept him awake, annoying as they were. It was always the one thought—Gloria, Gloria, Gloria.

Morning brought diversions which slightly relieved the tension. There were two editorials to be written upon the political situation. This was followed by conferences with men on the paper, and then came the letter to the newspaper broker announcing that the News was for sale. He did not dictate this to his secretary, but wrote it out laboriously in long-hand.

The morning was more than half over when he began to pack. It was Wright's intention to leave Belmont that night, ostensibly on a vacation for the purpose of recuperation after the hard campaign. The owner of the News felt, however, that he would never return.

The many steps necessitated in packing taught him how weak he was, and after lunch he called in Patty, the little daughter of his landlady, to help him. They had always been the best friends, and her sorrow when she learned he was going away on a long vacation was genuine. The child was of much assistance, bringing all the smaller things from the living room into the bedroom where the real work of packing was being done.

When the packing was about completed the little girl remembered that she had brought a doll with her. In searching for it in a pile of clothing beside Wright's trunk she felt something hard. To satisfy her curiosity she drew it forth, to discover, instead of her doll, that it was a framed picture of a young woman. It was a picture of Gloria which had appeared in a weekly society paper.

Patty had helped wrap the framed pictures in old newspapers, and as she brought Gloria's picture, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Here's another picture, Mr. Joey."

Wright had put it aside surreptitiously when packing the things he had planned to take with him for immediate use. For the fraction of a minute there had been a debate in his mind as to whether or not he would be weak enough to carry her picture with him. He had finally placed it under a pile of clothing beside his steamer trunk.

"It's extremely good of you to find that picture," the man remarked with the gravity he sometimes assumed in treating Patty as one of equal years and understanding; "I doubt if I should have found it."

"I was hunting for my dolly, and looked under a pile of things and found the pretty picture lady." She gazed at the picture of Gloria admiringly.

"Really, Patty, you astonish me! Your perspicacity is exceeded only by your perseverance. I don't think I should ever have found that picture. Just leave it on the table there, and don't—if you love me—lose your dolly any more, please; at least not until all my things are securely packed."

Patty was just on the point of asking the name of the young woman who had so taken her fancy, when the door-bell rang. With the announcement that no one was at home and she had to answer the bell, she scampered off.

Wright picked up the picture and gazed at it intently. He was sacrificing all for her. Was the sacrifice worth while? The question would have been an idle one. He loved her, had never loved anyone else and never would love anyone else. No sacrifice was too great which would mean any increased happiness for her. The sound of some one being brought to his rooms by Patty caused him to put the picture hastily face downward on the table. The door opened to admit Dr. Hayes.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wright," he exclaimed cordially as he came forward with hand outstretched. "I hope you'll let an opponent drop in to congratulate you on winning the election."

The editor's face lit up with pleasure as they clasped hands. "Thank you, old man. It's awfully good of you to stop by before I started on a little vacation. The News won its fight; but of course we can't expect this to be the end of the contest, can we?"

From Girlhood

THE change may be critical and cause untold suffering in after-life. The modern young woman is often a "bundle of nerves"—"high strung"—fainting spells—emotional—frequently blue and dissatisfied with life. Such girls should be helped over this distressing stage in life—by a woman's tonic and nerve—that has proven successful for over 40 years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a keen enemy to the physical weaknesses of woman. A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.

It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo.

Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians and Specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her free.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

to Womanhood

Central Drug Store

SCHOOL OPENING

We are ready with the Largest Stock of High and Public School Books and Supplies ever shown in town

Everything New—and at the Lowest Prices

Scribblers, Exercise Books, Note Books, Pads, Pencils, Slates, Pencil Boxes Etc.

STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS

It will pay you to buy your School wants here

Central Drug Store

Is It Hot Enough For You?

It may be at present, but it's not too soon TO LET THAT CONTRACT for your Furnace or Hot Water Heating System. Go At Once, and see

J. H. HARDING

Durham - - - Ontario

CORN CHOP AT SPECIAL PRICES

We have a good stock of CORN CHOP on hand that we are selling in Ton lots at about the same price as Oats, and every Feeder knows that Corn is better feed than Oats for feeding stock. If you want heavy feed get our prices on this feed, as it is good value for the price we are asking for it.

We have other good Feed on hand all the time, at prices as low as we can make them.

Our terms on Feed are strictly Cash, or Grain at market price. We do not give any Credit.

If you have Grain of any kind to sell we will pay highest market prices for any quantity of Oats or other Grain at our Elevator.

We want empty feed sacks, if you have any bring them in and we will pay you FIVE Cents each for all you bring.

PHONES.

4 and 26

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co
Oatmeal Millers.