

# COMFORT SOAP

More Soap for Less Money—Less Money for More Soap.

POSITIVELY THE LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

Call at  
**E. A. ROWE'S**  
 For all kinds of Bakery Goods  
 Cooked and Cured Meats.

**OYSTERS AND FRUIT IN SEASON**

**E. A. ROWE :** Confectioner and Grocer

## The Peoples Mills

A Large Quantity of  
 Wheat and Barley Chop  
 Wheat Chop, Chopped Oats  
 Wheat, Oats and Barley Chop  
 Crimped Oats, for Horse Feed

## HAY ON HAND

We have a large supply of First-Class Hay constantly on hand, at lowest prices.

All Kinds of Grain Bought at Market Prices. Special Reductions on Large Lots

Soverign, Eclipse and Pastry Flours  
 Every bag guaranteed; if not satisfactory we will return your money.

**JOHN MCGOWAN**  
 TELEPHONE No. 8.

## 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.	1/4 acre	1.02	.46	2.08
1	Vollett's sy.)	1/4 acre	8.96	1.42	10.38
Pt. Reserve	Vollett's sy.)	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.

## This World-Wide War

has created demand for newspapers unprecedented in history.

The fact that Canada is in a state of war along with the mother country and their Allies against the combined forces of Germany and Austria and the further fact that Canadian troops are on the firing line, will have the effect of increasing our interest in the struggle.

The Chronicle clubbed with The Toronto Morning World will be mailed to subscribers from now to the 1st of January, 1916, for \$3.50.

Take advantage of this special offer as we are obliged to reserve the right to withdraw it without notice as the ramifications of the war may cause a very rapid increase in the cost of white paper which will mean a much higher price for your newspaper.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

## THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID KERR

Continued from page 6.

pent-up passion of her inmost soul.

"No, I'll not stop—there's more to say. Here, within this hour, Mr. Wright asked me again to be his wife, and I refused—refused because of you. I came here to warn him against you, to tell him the truth, because once we loved each other. No one can blame me for wishing him well. I came to tell him because I can't be here after this to save him as once I did. Over my body I dared your hirelings to take him, and not one moved. Now I'm going away forever and I want him to have what protection the truth will give. But my warning would be useless; what you offered to do just now is warning enough in itself. The man who would sell his own daughter is capable of anything!"

"Please, Gloria, stop," Wright entreated. "I'm not accustomed to have any one else fight my battles for me. I can take care of myself."

"May be you can," sneered the boss, "but ever since you've been here you've been hidin' behind my daughter. It's because o' her I didn't go after you hot an' heavy long ago. An' then when they did come near gittin' you the other day, she stopped 'em."

"You, Gloria!" Wright could not understand. She only bowed her head.

"But now, by God! that's all past." Kerr brought his fist down on the table with a bang. His breath came in apoplectic gasps and his face was livid with rage. "She's out of it as far as I'm concerned. I did everything in the world for her, an' it wasn't no use." He turned to his daughter as he hurled out his anger and disappointment between his gasps for breath. "I was ready to stan' by you to the end, an' what do I git for all my schemin' an' plannin' fer you? Nothin' but glum looks an' harsh words. If yer goin' away, go. I disown you. I cast you off."

The girl did not quail beneath his bitter words. They only inflamed her to announce the decision she had already made. Her lip curled with scorn, her eyes snapped, as she looked at her father.

"You disown me! You cast me off!" All the contempt she could muster she threw into her voice. "What right have you, who would barter me away as you would a horse or dog? No, it's I disown you!"

Wright walked over to her and sought to take her hand gently in his, but she drew away. She would stand alone. Like a blind old bear David Kerr seemed to grope his way to the door. There he turned to gaze once more upon the wreck of his latest schemes. His rage was still hot upon him.

"I found you in this—this adventurer's room. I leave you here. Look to yerself, you are no child o' mine."

The door banged behind him and Gloria Kerr knew that they had met for the last time. The girl, feeling so miserably alone in the world, turned to find bent upon her the tender gaze of the man whom she had once sworn to follow to the end of the world. For them love was dead, she knew, and now life would be for her only a succession of weary days.

"I thought all but my body died that day we spoke of love to find it but a dream," she acknowledged sadly, "yet there was one cup still more bitter I had to drain—and this was that cup's dregs."

"Oh, Gloria, believe me, out of unhappiness happiness comes. Your place is with me now. I hadn't told you, but I, too, am going away forever. And what is more, I'm going to take you with me."

She looked at him in wonder, then slowly shook her head.

"No, you can't leave Belmont, Joe. You're not a coward. I'm going, but your place is here."

"Do you think I shall let you go alone? Never. The one reason I am going east is to sell the Belmont News. I'm through with it. Then I shall follow you over the world until I make you mine—because I love you."

The girl looked at him with the faintest of smiles battling with her settled melancholy. He was bordering on melodrama, and she was regarding him with the same gentleness a loving mother exhibits toward an unreasoning little child.

"How selfish you are, Joe. All your fine sermons are going for naught. You've preached of your duty, and yet at the chance to show your devotion to that duty you're wanting to give up the fight. I'm not worth it, Joe, really I'm not. Think of Belmont. A general doesn't desert his soldiers after a victory, just because he knows the enemy has sent for reinforcements. That would be cowardly, and it isn't like you, Joe. The brave general doesn't give ground, he advances. Don't follow me, I would hate you. I know how Belmont needs you."

"But I need you, Gloria. And what is more, you need me and I can't let you go alone. There is a world elsewhere, even other Belmonts where we can live and labor and love. I didn't know till your father referred to it that you were at Noonan's that day. Can't you see how I need you for my guardian angel? How did you happen to be there?"

Briefly she detailed the visit, minimizing her part in saving him. None the less he was able to see that it was to her he owed perhaps life itself. He listened in silence, letting her tell her story in her own way.

"Gloria, I've come to a decision." She looked at him questioningly. "I'm going to do what you've ordered. I'm going to stay here and fight for Belmont."

"Joe, you mean it!" Her face lit up with pleasure and she held out both her hands to him. He took them both, and to her surprise, and despite her resistance, drew her to him.

"But I'm not going to stay alone. If I'm to fight the good fight, I'm not going to fight alone. You called me a coward for wanting to go; won't you reward me for deciding to stay? And out of unhappiness—happiness will come. You must stay, Gloria; our place is here."

"Our place!" she echoed, and then was silent for a little time, her head upon his shoulder. He held her tightly, she could not escape. The feeble efforts she had made to break from him were now abandoned as she thought more and more upon his words. At last she looked up at him and smiled. "Yes, Joe, our place is here, and our happiness. Right in this room all my old pride died. But there has been born a new pride, a pride in you and in me, and in what it has been given us to do." The tears came into her eyes as she thought of what they were to each other. "You are all I have in the world, dear; you are my world. Make me always proud that I am your wife."

Wright drew her closer to his heart and kissed her. And there in the shelter of his arms she rested. Peace had come to her.

### THE END.

**Garlic For Wasp Stings.**  
 The inhabitants of French Switzerland and Savoy rub a crushed clove of garlic upon a spot that has been stung by a wasp or a bee. According to Professor Mermod of Lausanne, this makes the swelling go down and takes away the pain.

**Mistaken.**  
 "I called, Mrs. Jims, to take my conge."  
 "Well, you won't get it, for we never had nothing like that of yours here."—Baltimore American.

**A Costly Street.**  
 The biggest sum ever spent in improving one street was 70,000,000 francs, laid out on the Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

**An Imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect patience.**

Some poets write because they must, and others write to "raise the dust;" Some write because it is a blessing; Why others write will keep you guessing.

**Willie—Paw, why do the theaters close in summer and open in winter?**  
 Paw—Because eggs are 75 cents a dozen in winter, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The bat hangs clinging by his toes.**  
 There's nothing strange in that. It merely indicates he knows That he's an acro-bat.

**First Deaf Mute (gesticulating)—**  
 What do you do when you come home late and your wife begins to scold?  
 Second Ditto—Turn out the light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**While Caesar fought he'd also write**  
 And send stuff on in batches,  
 Convinced no doubt that half the fight Was in the news dispatches.  
 —Washington Star.

**"I know at least one office that always has to seek the man."**  
 "That so? I'd like to know which one it is."  
 "The detective office."—Detroit Free Press.

This world is full of paradox.  
 Now, take the moving pictures.  
 We know that they are here to stay,  
 And yet they are not fixtures.  
 —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

**Willie—Paw, when does a man feel his oats?**  
 Paw—When he is full of corn and rye, my son.

**My yard seemed rather small and mean,**  
 Appeared by far too scant  
 For all the beans and other greens  
 That I desired to plant.

**But when I struggled with the ground**  
 And got my hands all rough  
 And bent my back I quickly found  
 'Twas plenty big enough.

**"Take this nutmeg, for example. It is but a little thing—"**  
 "Ah, but it serves a grate purpose."—Baltimore American.

**Now doth the busy, city man delight to grasp his spade**  
 And overturn the waiting soil and level down the grade,  
 And when the bed is spaded up and free from roots and stones  
 He goes and gets the arnica and groans and groans and groans.

**Something Gained.**  
 "Do you think we have gained anything by equal suffrage?"  
 "Sure! When my wife comes home at night after she has been campaigning all day she's so hoarse that she can hardly talk."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Berlin Patriotic Fund has far exceeded the \$90,000 mark set for it.

The Hamilton fire chief and two of his men were injured when a shunting engine rammed his auto at a street crossing.

Mrs. J. A. Jones, of London, Ont., the wife of a volunteer, has announced that she will not accept a cent from the War Relief Fund so long as she is able to go out washing and scrubbing.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 18, 1914.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 32-42. Memory Verses, 34-36—Golden Text, Matt. xxvi, 41—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Wholly forgetful of Himself and His approaching sufferings, in a way that we cannot understand, He comforted that little band with the incomparable words of John xiv, xv, xvi and prayed the prayer of John xvii, such a prayer as was never prayed on earth before or since. Then they sang a hymn and went out into the mount of Olives (verse 26). He went forth over the brook Cedron, because His son Israel had turned against Him and would not have Him (Ex. iv, 22; Ps. lxxxi, 11). We cannot but think of His father David going forth over the same brook because his son rebelled against him (II Sam. xv, 23), but as truly as David returned and reigned when the rebellion was over, so shall the Son of David return and reign when Israel's rebellion is over.

Having entered a garden in Gethsemane (John xviii, 1), He said to His disciples, "Sit ye here while I shall pray," and, leaving eight of them, He took Peter and James and John and went a little farther and began to be sorrowful and very heavy (verse 33; Matt. xxvi, 37). Putting the three records together as well as we can, it seems to have been like this: He was withdrawn from the three favored disciples about a stone's cast, saying to them, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me." Then He went forward a little and kneeled down and fell on His face on the ground and prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done." And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. And, being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (Matt. xxvi, 37-39; Mark xiv, 33-36; Luke xxii, 41-44.)

Then He came to the three and found them asleep and saith unto Peter: "Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch with me one hour? Watch ye and pray lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." He went away the second time and prayed the same words, and returned and found them asleep again, and they did not know what to answer Him.

He went away and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then He came the third time to the three and said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest, it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Then He returned to the eight and found them also sleeping for sorrow, and said: "Why sleep ye? Rise and pray lest ye enter into temptation." This attempt at a conservative story of that awful night in the garden may not be quite correct in every detail, but it is helpful even to try to do it. Do it for yourself, and you will be blessed in doing it.

It is clear that He prayed three times, that He found them three times sleeping, that He sweat, as it were, drops of blood, that an angel strengthened Him, that after His agony He was able to rise up and go to meet His enemies.

What shall we say of the favored three who were also with Him at the raising of the ruler's daughter and on the mount of transfiguration and two of them honored to bring to Him the ass' colt and to prepare the Passover? What about their sleeping at His transfiguration (Luke ix, 32), as well as in the garden, and the fact that neither glory nor suffering can keep such mortals as we are awake? What about the boasting of Peter and then his not being able to watch one hour? Oh, the loneliness of it all on His side! "No man knoweth the Son save the Father." How can He continue to love such as we are and ever hope to make anything out of us? May His patience with us make us more patient with each other.

As to His own experience in the garden we may be quite certain that He was not shrinking from death on the cross, nor was He asking to be delivered from that. We know that the devil tried to kill Him as a babe in Bethlehem and by His own townsmen at Nazareth and possibly in the storm on the lake, but he could not, for the time had not come. My own conviction concerning His agony and bloody sweat in Gethsemane is that it was another attempt of the devil to kill Him before the time and thus prevent His great sacrifice for sin on Calvary. The key to it is found in Heb. v, 7. "He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death and was heard." It is the record of His third weeping. He prayed to be saved from death, and He was heard and therefore saved from death, the death in the garden which seemed imminent. An angel came to Him and strengthened Him that He might go on to the cross and finish the great atonement for sin which He came to make. Yet He was willing to leave His work unfinished and die in the garden if His Father should so will it.

Luck.

A king once said to a minister, "Do you believe in luck?" "I do," said the minister "Can you prove it?" asked the king. "Yes, I can." So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a bag containing peas mixed with diamonds and set in two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The one who believed in luck quietly laid himself down on the ground on his blanket; the other after a time found the bag and, feeling in the dark the peas and stones, ate the peas and threw the diamonds to his companion, saying, "There are the stones for your idleness." The man below received them in his blanket. In the morning the king and the minister came and told each man to keep what he had found. The man who believed in trying got the peas which he had eaten; the other got the diamonds.

The minister then said, "Sire, there may, you see, be luck, but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds, so let none hope to live by luck."—Eastern Fable.

### Concerning Two Sounds.

When Joseph Henry Lumpkin was chief justice of Georgia a case was brought up from Columbus in which a wealthy citizen asked for an injunction to prevent the construction of a planing mill across the street very near his palatial residence. His grounds for complaint consisted chiefly in the proposition that the noise of the mill would wake him too early in the morning. "Let the mill be built," said the chief justice in rendering his decision. "Let its wheels be put in motion. The progress of machinery must not be stopped to suit the whims or the fears of any man. Complainant's fears are imaginary. The sound of the machinery will not be a nuisance. On the contrary, it will prove a lullaby. Indeed, I know of but two sounds in all nature that a man cannot become reconciled to, and they are the braying of an ass and the tongue of a scolding woman."—Atlanta Constitution.

### How Attraction Acts.

Attraction acts very curiously. Thus if there were a man in the moon and if he were like the men on the earth he would be able to leap over a three storied house with as much ease as an ordinary jumper springs over a three foot fence, in consequence of the forces of attraction being much less at the moon's surface than at the earth's. An elephant there would be as light footed as the deer here. A boy throwing stones might easily land them in an adjoining county. On the other hand, the reverse of all this would happen in Jupiter and Saturn. They being so much greater than the earth, their attraction would so impede locomotion that a man would scarcely be able to crawl, and large animals would be crushed by their own weight.

### Anchored.

"You are not very happy in this house," friends remarked to the renter. "No, I can't say we are." "Your ceilings are falling." "They are, and that isn't all. Our roof leaks, our cellar fills with water every time it rains, our radiators thump, our furnace is too small for the house, its appetite is too large for our income, our gutters have rusted away, the porch sags, the house hasn't had a new coat of paint for seven years, the wall paper hangs loose in every room, and the chimney is shorter after every wind storm."

"Why in the world don't you move?" "Because we can't find another house with a hall that our long oriental runner will fit."

### Insurance From Italy.

Insurance came from medieval Italy. It is believed to date from the sixteenth century, and at that time it was known in Florence. The Romans did not know insurance. The nearest they came to it was the practice of a company supplying the army to require a guarantee from the state against the loss of ships. But this was soon abandoned, because damages had been collected for sunken ships too worthless to float.

### An Odd Perquisite.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with English coronations is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the heir apparent on the night preceding the coronation. In olden times this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly embroidered coverlets of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold.

### Warm Retort.

"Do you know, John, there are times when you show signs of actual human intelligence." "That's all right, Charles. If you knew twice as much as you do now you'd be half witted."—Minnesota Minnehaba.

### No Complaint.

"Some day," cried the outraged poet, "you editors will fight for my work!" "All right," sighed the editor resignedly. "I'll be a good sport if I get licked."—Puck.

### Easy For the Pig.

Instead of driving a pig to market Chinese coolies tie it to a pole, cover it with wrappings of straw and marsh grass and carry it, two bearers to a pole.

One today is worth two tomorrow.—Franklin.