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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 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			
3	Elgin St. W.	1/4 acre	64.72	10.05	74.77
3	Albert St. E.	1/4 acre			
Part 20	Garafraza 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 at once as we are obliged to give the right to withdraw it of that 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

NEW CIDER MILL

I have just opened up a New Cider Mill, East of the Foundry Building on Saddler St., and am now prepared to manufacture

Cider and Apple Butter

CALL AND SEE ME

ROBERT SMITH
Durham, Ont.

LUCILLE LOVE

Continued from page 6.

should be left in your room, lieutenant?" The tones of the general's voice had risen, a sneer vibrating through every syllable. "The papers, Lieutenant Gibson—immediately! This is your last chance."

"I placed them in the safe, and they are not there now, sir." The tones were quiet, cold, determined.

"You will go to your quarters, sir, and consider yourself under arrest. The humiliation of an escort will be spared you. However, there will be a guard about the place."

A faint little cry of protest. "Oh, father!" sounded clear and distinct against the dead silence. The young man's hand fell from salute as he stepped swiftly toward his sweetheart. General Love's arm reached out and drew the sobbing girl to him, his left hand outstretched as though the mere touch of his aid would be defiling. Gibson halted in his tracks. Again his arm rose stiffly in salute; then without a word he turned, his steps falling fainter and fainter upon the ears of the pair who listened with leaden hearts.

CHAPTER II.

A Man With but One Thought.

HUGO LOUBEQUE turned the packet of papers and orders over and over in his hand, a brooding expression in his eyes that told his thoughts were very far away from the butler crackman who had just brought them to him. A massive figure of a man, he seemed to fill the room with his presence, the chair in which he sat seemed to have been built about him, the room itself with its magnificent furnishings was dwarfed by its occupant. Greatest of international spies, the rise and fall of many nations might have been placed at his door, rivers of blood had burst their barriers at the touch of those powerful fingers, yet all his thoughts were directed toward revenge against one man, toward the destruction of General Love.

Over and over he turned the stolen papers. Only another link it was in the chain he was drawing about the old army officer. The butler coughed nervously, and his master looked up, waving him away without a word of praise. The man had but done his duty. Hugo Loubeque expected that.

The telephone rang and the spy stiffened in his chair, no more the dreamer. Loubeque was at work finishing this detail in his scheme of revenge.

With the ruins of every hope smashing about her, without a thought save the need for a confidante and friend in time of distress, Lucille took up the telephone to speak with her chum, the wife of a young officer who had only just reached the post a month before.

For a second, sensitized by suffering though her mind was, she did not catch the significance of the orders being given by the man whose wire had crossed her own. Then a feeling of faintness caused her to reel at the power and strength she caught in the tones. She listened, conquering her fear in one triumphant throb of love for the imprisoned officer:

"General Love's orders and papers are in my possession now. For Shanghai on the Empress tonight. Have the launch ready."

And then the buzzing of the instrument told her that she could hear no more. She rushed to the window, her heart sinking at sight of the smoke curls spewing from the big liner's funnels. The Empress was ready—ready—and her sweetheart was arrested.

Resolution so vague as to be indefinable urged her across the floor and out the door. She did not stop to analyze the impulse which urged her feet across the parade ground, down the streets of Manila toward the dock. A mad despair possessed her as she caught the signs of readiness from the Empress and saw there was no boat to take her out to the ship which carried the precious orders.

She beat her tiny fists fiercely together. There must be a way. There must be. Faintly to her ears came a humming sound from the boat. It reminded her of another sound she had heard recently, a sound she identified with the solution of her problem—Harley and his aeroplane.

It was a five miles, but her horse could do the distance in short time. Faster even than she had reached the dock did she get to the stables. No time for saddling, for anything save the wild ride before her. Through the moonlight she dashed, the little mare accepting this new freak of his mistress with delight.

The aviator had only just returned from the dance when she flung herself from the mare and grasped him fiercely by the shoulders, shaking him in the vehemence of her command. He stared at her unbelievably as he made out what she desired, but there was something in the entreating eyes, the drawn face, that told her deadly earnestness.

"It means the honor of the man I love."

Harley turned away, turned toward the giant plane. Breathlessly she watched him, waiting his decision. There was a curiously twisted smile upon his lips when he faced her again. "Get in," he motioned.

Hugo Loubeque leaned against the liner's rail, pencil poised over the open page of the diary which was headed "Loubeque's Account With Love." Items upon that page had been canceled, more remained clear. The hand started to draw through one of these

As his eyes wandered up the great... in mid-heaven grew more and more distinct, the figures of a man and woman emerging. A grim smile crossed the spy's face as he put the diary and pencil back in his pocket, for Hugo Loubeque was thorough, and the item might not be canceled yet.

Grimly Hugo Loubeque watched the aeroplane approaching the Empress. Ruthless, above all authority, next to omnipotent with the power he had given his life to build up that he might be revenged upon the man who had brought about his ruin early in life, the international spy watched this attempt at interference with his plans—for such he instinctively knew it to be—keenly.

Cheers rose from the deck at the masterly manipulation of the plane. Then the aviator's purpose of landing on the liner's deck became clear. The explosions of the motor died out abruptly. Then the plane swooped down to



"It means the honor of the man I love."

ward the deck nose-on, righted itself and glided to a perfect landing.

Lucille separated herself quickly from the passengers. She was beginning to think again, to realize what a task lay before her. The orders and papers of her father were upon the boat, but who carried them she did not know. Of all these hundreds any one might be the thief. Harley interrupted her mood of black depression, taking her hand and wishing her luck. "Everything is arranged with the captain," he reported. "And Miss Love," he added earnestly, "I don't know what there is to be done, but you cannot help succeeding when you start with such spirit."

The encouragement flamed her eyes, blinding out the sight of the aviator as he started his engine once more and, with one short glide, rose toward the element he loved. Her slender figure straightened as she turned from the rail, her head uplifted itself courageously, almost defiantly.

The sound of her own name, repeated twice in a hoarse whisper of incredulity, brought her out of her abstraction. She looked wonderingly at the man who had called her by name, amazed at the emotions twitching his powerful face.

Hugo Loubeque mastered himself with an effort. He had never seen the general's daughter before, this girl with the face and form of her mother, and this apparent resurrection of what had been a living memory so long had stunned him out of his usual composure.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured as she passed him. "I thought I recognized"—He stopped abruptly, amazed at the expression of delight and craft and joy and guile which mingled on her face as she stopped and stared into his face, and in the clash of eyes the man knew that this slip of a girl recognized him for her enemy.

Lucille stared after his retreating figure, her lips parted, her eyes twin stars for the hope that had been kindled there.

"The voice on the telephone," she whispered over and over to herself.

The international spy paced up and down the floor of his suit, for the first time in years a prey to emotions that threatened to overwhelm him.

The message in his eyes had been clear. This girl knew that the papers his underling had stolen from the general's safe were in his possession. She was his enemy, determined to go appalling lengths to thwart him, just as he must forget the instinctive love he had felt for her, this girl who came from the sky and stirred up visions of days when he had known such a thing as happiness. He settled himself in a chair, closing his eyes while he rearranged all he knew of the general's household. Undoubtedly the general's aid, with whom she was in love, had been charged with the theft.

His somber eyes glowed at the completeness of the havoc he had wrought. Not alone had General Love been struck, but his entire household.

It was an hour before Loubeque rose and moved toward the door, an expression in his eyes which told the problem had worked itself out.

In the wireless room he wrote out his message, waiting idly while he watched the operator adjust his helmet and send the message hurtling back to Manila. He wondered at the indifference of the wireless man to the import of the message.

"Not the aid, General Love sold me papers."

The operator turned indifferently. "Signature?" he queried.

The international spy shook his head, smiling at the expression of interest kindled in the young man's eyes. He must for once do work of the most difficult sort and do it himself instead of trusting it to a subordinate. To do this he must ingratiate himself with this man.

That accusatory message must not be answered. Undoubtedly upon its receipt at Manila an investigation would be started which would open with finding the source of the original charge. To obviate this the wireless must be put out of order, must be wrecked so thoroughly it would be impossible to repair it until the Empress was out of the zone of communication.

It was a matter of hours before he got his opportunity, the operator leaving his board and going to the saloon. Hugo Loubeque wasted not a second. The sound of the man's boots had not ceased to sound before the box lay open before the spy. His hands moved like lightning, carrying out the plan he had conceived as the safest and most effective from the instructions of the operator. In and out his fingers moved, loosening a screw here, a wire there.

CHAPTER III.

A Second Accusation.

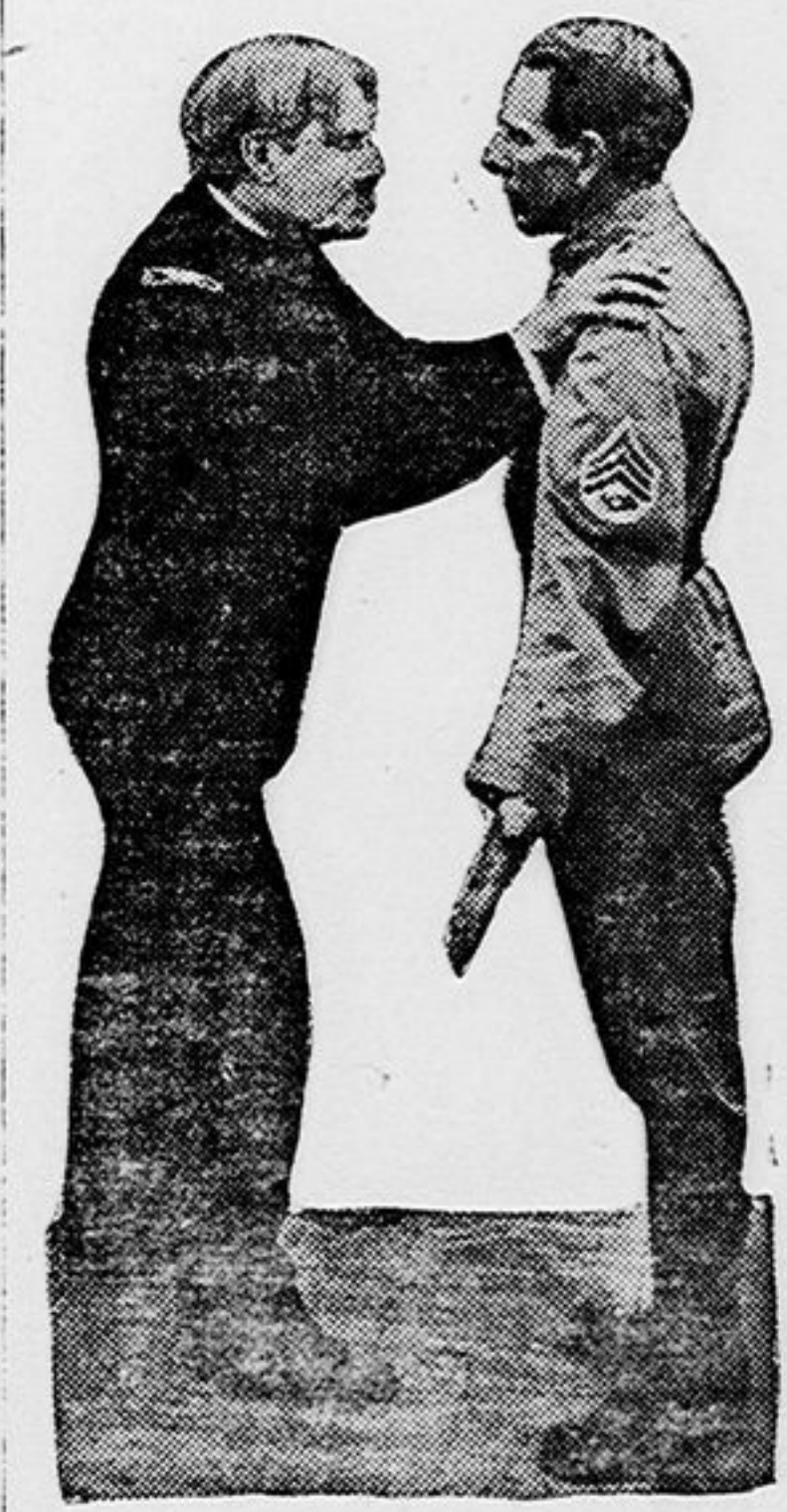
GENERAL LOVE sat at his desk trying vainly to figure out what motive there could have been for his trusted aid's taking the desperate chance of which he had accused him.

But no matter in which direction he turned, the general was unable to see how the young officer could be honest. Where had he received the money so unexpectedly that led him to believe he might be married before his promotion was confirmed? And yet—always there was that "yet" to contend with. He knew the boy, knew him so well he had been willing to intrust his daughter's life to him, and he could not believe that Gibson was guilty of the charge.

He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the entrance of his orderly, who told him of Lucille's flight to the Empress. Alarmed, the general set for Harley.

Briefly Harley told of his trip to the Empress with Lucille, the earnestness of her pleadings, the final words that had won his consent.

"For the honor of the man I love." Over and over again he repeated the words, trying to make something of them. Of course she meant Gibson, but what could she find out on the Empress relating to the robbery of the safe in this office? Puzzled he ordered his aid brought before him. There was a certain suspicion, an air of contempt in the very figure of Gibson that told



The Orderly Told Him of Lucille's Flight.

the superior he was himself under another's suspicion. It was more than puzzling, more than baffling—that accusatory pair of frank gray eyes.

"Lieutenant," he began slowly, "I have tried to think of some solution to this affair that will not involve you. You must realize how greatly I desire this. But I have thought for hours and there seems no other explanation of the disappearance of the papers I turned over to you. Can you suggest some other person that might possibly have an interest in their disappearance?"

"I can, sir," steadily answered the aid, his eyes holding those of the older man. "I am not, however, insubordinate nor insolent to my superior officer."

The smoldering flame in General Love's eyes leaped high as he grasped the semiaccusation. By an effort he mastered himself, forcing his voice to steadiness.

"Harley, the aviator, has just reported that Lucille came to him this evening and persuaded him to take her to the Empress. She evidently felt she possessed information that would clear you of this charge and that the Empress was carrying the guilty party. Can you tell me anything of such knowledge?"

Gibson stared incredulously at his superior. Could it be possible that this old man was willing to make his daughter a scapegoat for his crime? No, it was all too unbelievable. And yet the general must have sold the papers. He could see no other explanation. But what was this tale of landing aboard the Empress in an aeroplane? The orderly again entered, silently passing a Marconigram across the desk.

Gibson stared wonderingly at his chief, wondering at the purpling of his already florid face. Suddenly with a choking laugh the old man tossed the wireless to his aid, the fast blow of Hugo Loubeque: "Not the aid, General Love sold me papers."

The lieutenant felt a warm throb of pity for the old man. The general straightened slowly, rising from his chair.

"Somewhere, somehow there is an explanation," he muttered. "And Lucille is all that stands between us and disgrace. You will come with me, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir. You have some idea?"

"To the provisional governor," curtly answered the old soldier, "until this charge can be sifted. Meanwhile, we will wait until there is word from Lucille in answer to the message I sent."

"A message? You did not mention that."

"Certainly I sent a message immediately Harley told his story. We can drop in there on the way to the governor's mansion."

Gibson nodded shortly. He was in a haze still, feeling that his suspicions of the old officer had been unfounded, knowing that some evil brain was conspiring at their destruction.

Gibson did not notice the general's orderly hurrying toward them until the man halted in salute there on the parade grounds, the moon casting an eerie shadow across his olive khaki.

"Sir," he reported, "the operator has tried to reach the Empress, but there is no response. Her wireless must be disabled."

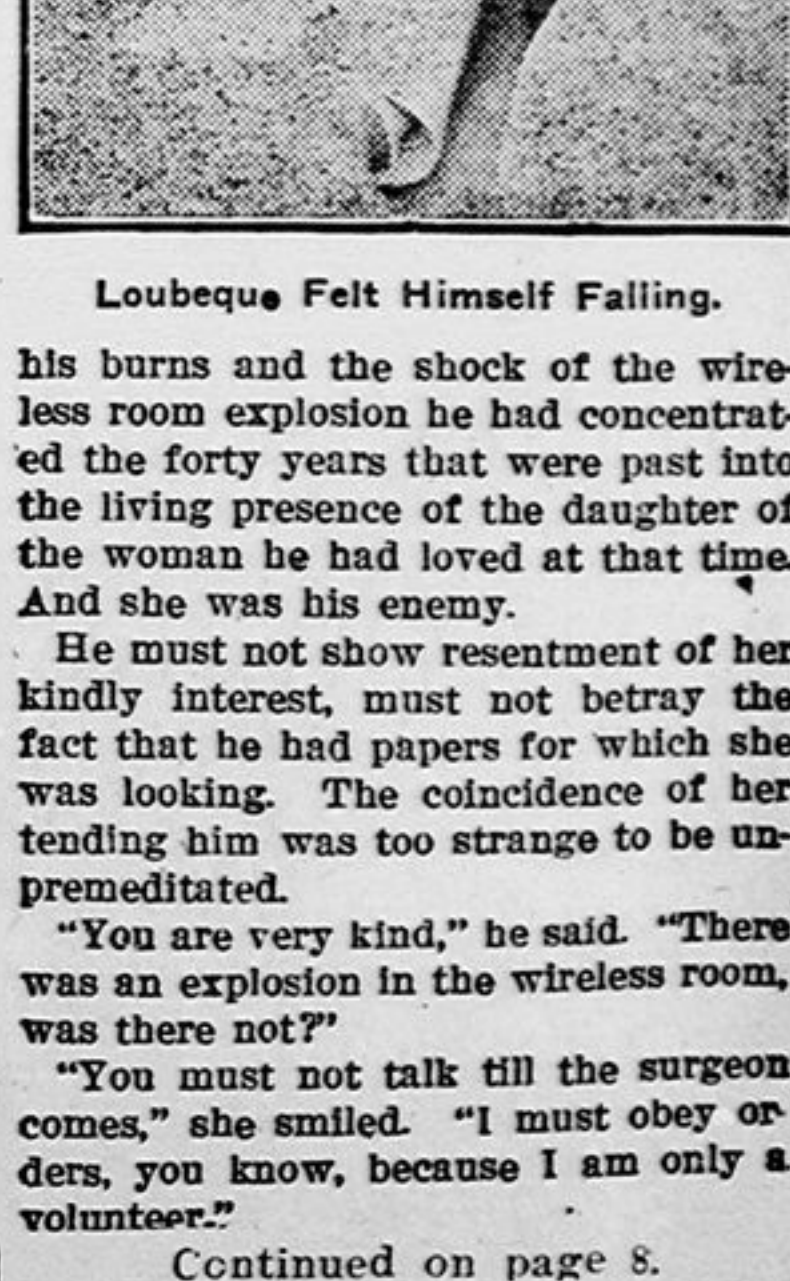
General Love stared at his aid. Fear gleamed in the eyes of both men, a mutual fear for a mutual object. Who was this unseen enemy who struck such fierce blows from out of the dark? And Lucille, sweetheart and daughter; Lucille, the pampered, dainty, fragile Lucille was undoubtedly near this one who even commanded the lightnings to do his will.

Curiously Hugo Loubeque watched the operator as he settled back in his chair, almost immediately receiving the flash that a message was on the way to him from some unseen, unknown source.

Came a long silver of light that seemed to nudge the switchboard violently from its fastenings, a shaft that reached out and pierced him through and through, blinding him with its bursting light vapor. Then Loubeque felt himself falling, falling into a pit that seemed to have no bottom.

It was hours before he could piece together what had happened, how he chanced to be in bed, what the cause of the terrible throbbing pains upon his arms and torso was. Then the wonder of Lucille's being with him, ministering to him, drove every pain away and he watched her from under cover of his heavy lashes as she moved about the stateroom, quiet, cool, sympathetic.

He straightened in bed so abruptly as to bring a moan of anguish from his lips. In the lassitude induced by



Loubeque Felt Himself Falling.

his burns and the shock of the wireless room explosion he had concentrated the forty years that were past into the living presence of the daughter of the woman he had loved at that time. And she was his enemy.

He must not show resentment of her kindly interest, must not betray the fact that he had papers for which she was looking. The coincidence of her tending him was too strange to be unpremeditated.

"You are very kind," he said. "There was an explosion in the wireless room, was there not?"

"You must not talk till the surgeon comes," she smiled. "I must obey orders, you know, because I am only a volunteer."

Continued on page 8.