

COMFORT SOAP

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Makes Monday Shorter,
Easier, Cooler.

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

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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, together 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	64.72	10.05	74.77
3	Elgin St. W.)	1/4 acre			
3	Albert St. E.)	1/4 acre			
Part 20	Garafraxa St. W	23x165 feet	10.90	1.60	12.50

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 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

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.

clear her sweetheart or the charge against him.

It was on the eighth day she was awakened from one of the naps she had accustomed herself to taking, by the girl's turning on her pallet and regarding her out of eyes that held the light of sanity in lieu of the delirium it had seemed so impossible to combat.

Slowly, very slowly, under the abrupt relaxation of the strain under which



In the Village of the Savages.

she had been, Lucille's knees sank from under her and beside the bed of rushes she knelt, shaking with incoherent sobs, filled with a joy so great the tears refused to flow.

How long she knelt she did not know, was never to know. But merciful slumber came to her and she was awakened by the tender touch of a calloused hand upon her shoulder. Startled she sprang to her feet, then laughed at her alarm as she looked at the chief and saw from the expression upon his face that he knew his child was out of danger.

She turned to the patient, still sleeping. Yes, no one could fall to see that the crisis was reached and passed. "She is going to get well," said Lucille, and the chief smiled at her tone.

From outside came a sudden clash of sound, a rippling, drumming sound that diminished to almost an echo only to rise slowly, gradually into a perfect thunderous wave. There was something musically triumphant about it which seemed to her to jibe with the majestic tones of a huge organ.

Slowly the chief's right hand reached out, his head slowly bending in obeisance. Lucille wonderingly placed her fingers upon the forearm of the man and emerged into the open, her eyes rounded in wonderment at the sight that greeted her.

Gorgeously caparisoned in scarlet and gold, a wonderful throne of the same colors upon his back, a bronzed native astride his head, knelt a milk white elephant almost at her feet. Before the huts stood the natives, their wide shields held across the forearms of their right hands, while they drummed out the chorus she had observed before by slapping their spears against the tightly drawn surfaces. The old chief stood motionless beside the elephant, and she realized slowly that he meant her to take the seat.

She shook her head in negation. She was too utterly tired and worn out to do anything. Before she had time to regret her decision, the old man stepped toward her, unwinding a curiously shaped amulet from about his neck. Came a crowding forward of the natives from every direction, the men in the forefront, the woman and children in the rear. Something in the silence that succeeded the drumming noise, in the sober faces of the orderly throng surrounding her, made her turn toward the chief rather expectantly.

Gravely as any king bestowing an order upon a loyal subject, the old man lifted the amulet by its two golden threads and dropped it about her neck, an amulet of a curious milky stone carved into the semblance of an elephant and glittering with tiny precious stones, so set as to spell out certain native words.

Lucille looked about, smiling at what she knew to be a sign of these

Lucille's Elephant.

people's belief in her. And then the smile died upon her lips, faded from

her eyes and was succeeded by one of fear.

For behind the throng, arms folded, his saturnine face impassive, cold, determined, stood Hugo Loubeque, his eyes fastened undeviatingly upon her.

What followed the ceremonial attendant upon the presentation of the white elephant to Lucille was all a blur to her. She remembered being taken to some temple, the triumphant return in the chair upon the back of the sacred beast, but always before her eyes loomed the figure of Hugo Loubeque. This afternoon, when she had come back to the hut which the chief assigned to her, she felt certain relief at knowing the man was about.

Vaguely she had dreaded his coming before but always had she thought it inevitable that he would come upon her. She knew him too well to imagine he could have survived his ship's fire and still lose track of the papers for which he had fought so hard. And the diary with his life's story, his mapped out scheme of revenge; the picture of the woman he loved which he had kept so many years—No, she had always felt that the man was far from defeated even though the belt had been thrown away long since and the contents transferred to a bag she carried next her heart.

Times there were when she would have fled from the place in a sudden fit of hysteria induced by thinking of the urgency for the information in her possession being in Manila. Cooler thought always made her grapple with the impulse for hate and place herself in the hands of this superior power which had looked after her through such startling happenings.

If the international spy was at work—and at work she knew he assuredly was, now he had located her—why did he not strike? That was the hardest part of her stay in the village—the constant strain of waiting for the inevitable.

It was the fourth day that her attention was irresistibly drawn to a native whose facial traits differed so materially from those of any of the men she had seen about the village that she studied him more closely.

The man was seated, cross legged, upon a log just a little distance beyond the village. His eyes were narrow slits that emitted sharp slants of evil light when they fell upon her, a light that frightened her and made her turn hurriedly back toward her hut.

She had not made over twenty steps before an unseen menace cast its shadow upon her heart. Though she could hear nothing, she knew unconsciously that the man was following her at such a pace he was obviously doing so for a purpose.

Slowly, relentlessly, the pat pat of the native's feet came to her. She halted and whirled upon him. The slits of eyes met her own and she read there the light of an unconquerable purpose. Her lips opened but no words would come.

Cautiously, stealthily he advanced upon her. There was a deathlike coldness about him that reminded her of the one she knew to be his master. She could feel the glitter of his eyes, could read the meaning in the terrific hands which were outstretched toward her.

There seemed nothing to do, no way out of his clutches. She tried to shriek, but felt the sounds strangling in her throat. Her fingers encountered the slender golden threads that wound the amulet about her neck. She ripped at them as though they had caused her fright. And then everything became more distinct, more astonishing.

For, with a little gasp of fright, the menacing figure dropped flat upon the ground, dropped before her. For a second she thought the man was dead, then her eyes widened with astonishment as slowly, with face turned always down, the man crawled in a wriggling motion suggestive of a snake, back, back, until his body was lost in the tangle of shrubbery where she had come across him first, only a swaying of the leaves there, an occasional crackling of twigs betraying the fact that such a one had ever existed.

Lucille stared straight ahead of her. The terror that had fallen upon her was too great for immediate relief. Again her fingers sought her throat, falling upon the amulet which the grateful chief had presented to her and immediately she realized what had saved her from the man.

Continued next week.

The 13th Royal Regiment of Hamilton was inspected by General Lessard and Majors Beckford and Forbes, The turnout, 636, was the largest in the regiment's history.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Scatter grated white potato over the carpets if you wish to clean them and freshen their colors.

Use a bicycle pump to clean such parts of the sewing machine as you cannot reach with a cloth.

Before peeling onions, let them stand in water, then peel, and the eyes will not smart so badly.

If a baking dish has been scorched or burned, fill it with cold water to which a pinch of soda has been added. Allow it to boil and the dish can be easily cleaned.

It makes sponge cake very light and spongy if a tablespoonful of water, with the chill off, is put into the cake mixture directly after putting in the eggs.

After washing quilts and while they are still on the line, but nearly dry, beat them with a carpet beater and they will be wonderfully light.

Soot from a stove or chimney where wood is burned, if put into a pitcher and boiling water poured over it, makes a healthy drink for house and garden plants.

To remove perspiration stains from waists, sponge the place with a clean rag, wet in clear, cold water. Then cover with powdered chalk and brush off carefully with a soft brush.

When beating the whites of eggs with a rotary egg beater, try holding the beater at an angle instead of straight up and down in the bowl. This accomplishes the work much quicker.

Regularity

of the bowels is an absolute necessity for good health. Unless the waste matter from the food which collects there is got rid of at least once a day, it decays and poisons the whole body, causing biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches. Salts and other harsh mineral purgatives irritate the delicate lining of the bowels. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the bowels effectively without weakening, sickening or griping. Use

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

Special Shoe Sale

\$5,000 STOCK OF NEW SHOES At Bargain Prices

1,200 Pairs of Men's and Womens New Fall Styles

A chance for everyone to save money. We are overstocked. These are hard times for merchants and customers alike. This big offering of bargains will meet you half way in your efforts to economize—Good Shoes at almost factory prices.

Read This Bargain List

<h4>Women's Gunmetal Buttoned</h4> <p>A Beautiful Shoe with Goodyear Welted Sole. Regular price \$4.00 Sale \$3.00</p>		<h4>Women's Shoes For Street Wear</h4> <p>Women's Patent Blucher with Cuban Heel, and Goodyear Sole Regular price \$4.00 Sale price \$2.75</p>
<h4>Men's Shoes</h4> <p>Exactly like Cut in Patent, Colt or Velour Calf. Reg. \$4.50. Sale..... \$3.50</p>	<h4>Women's Pumps For Evening Wear</h4> <p>Patent leather pumps with turn sole and French heel Reg. price \$3.50 Sale \$2.50</p> <p>Two strap kid pump, with turn sole and French heel Reg. price \$3.00 Sale \$2.00</p> <p>Patent leather Ankle Pump. Regular price \$3.00. Sale price \$2.00</p>	<h4>Men's Shoes</h4> <p>Men's Gunmetal Blucher with Mat. Calf Top. Reg. ular \$4.50. Sale..... \$3.00</p> <p>Men's Patent Blucher with flexible Goodyear sole Reg. \$4.50. Sale..... \$3.00</p> <p>Men's Gunmetal Buttoned, a beautiful shoe for evening wear Regular price \$4.50 Sale price \$2.95</p>
<h4>Men's Heavy Work Boots</h4> <p>In Tan, Crone, English Kip, Urus Calf and Mule Skin. Reg. \$3.50 Sale \$2.50</p>	<h4>Boy's Shoes</h4> <p>Youth's Gunmetal, Buttoned, a real dressy shoe. Reg. \$3.00. Sale..... \$2.19</p> <p>Boy's School Shoe. A real solid shoe in blucher cut, one that will keep his feet dry. Reg. \$3.00. Sale..... \$2.19</p>	<h4>Children's Shoes</h4> <p>Girls Vici-Kid, in both Buttoned and Gunmetal Blucher. Regular price \$2.25. Sale price..... \$1.65</p>

These Reduced Prices are for Cash Only
Do not fail to get in on this Bargain Sale

Saunders & Aitchison