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has created demand for bridge.-Carried. 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

GLENELG COUNCIL.

The Council met November 7 as work on Morrison bridge. per adjournment, all the members present, the reeve in the chair; follows: W. Beaton, \$130. minutes of last meeting read and Laughlin \$3.75, W. J. McFadden confirmed. Communications read as follows:

8 \$57: report on Ward appropria- \$8.-Carried. tion in Ward 1, \$113.75; also spework on Darkies' Corners | 15 at 10 a.m. bridge \$74; report on appropriation in Ward 2 \$25.90. also repair of culvert on south line \$11.50: an account from Mrs. Beggs for necessaries for the Allord family \$12.84.

survey sideroad 25 .- Carried.

scarletina.-Carried.

road 25, cons. 7 and 8.

Lindsay-Peart-That John Mc-This World=Wide War Lindsay-Peart-That John Mc-\$4.50 for timber sold at Morrison

> Lindsay-McMillan-That Emerson Peart be paid \$3 for services on Traverston bridge.—Carried.

Lindsay-McMillan-That Malcolm Black be paid \$10 for putting in culvert at lot 15, con. 6 and that Wm. Matthews be paid \$3 for repair of Orr's bridge.—Carried. McMillan-Lindsay-That treasurer is hereby instructed to remit \$100 to Watson, Smoke, Smith & Sinclair, for money due J.

C. Ross for inspecting Traverston bridge, being in full payment.-C. Young-McMillan-That Geo. E. Peart be authorized to pay to the treasurer \$3 statute labor money unexpended.—Carried.

By-law No. 549, Nomination introduced and read 1st and 2nd

time. Peart-Lindsay-That By-law No 549 be now read a third time, signed, sealed and engrossed on By-law book.-Carried.

McMillan-Young - That Reeve be paid for one trip to Traverston bridge, \$2, and for two trips to Darkies' Corners br. \$2. and that members of the council be paid \$1 each for committee

Gravel accounts were paid \$2.50, J. Ledingham \$3.65, Mrs. M. Stoneouse \$4.50.

Report of Commissioner for Lindsay-Peart-That commis-Ward 1 on statute labor expendi- sions be paid as follows: R. ture amounting to \$33; an ac- Lindsay, on appropriation, \$8, on count from R. McDowell, C. E., specials, \$8; J. A. McMillan, \$4,25, services on Traverston bridge and G. E. Peart \$11.25, T. Nichol, on survey of sideroad 25, cons. 7 and Traverston bridge \$34, Jos. Young

Council adjourned to December

-J. S. Black, Clerk.

XMAS SEALS AGAIN THIS YEAR The little Xmas Seal will be with while quarantined for scarletina. us again this year. A new design has just been approved by the McMillan-Lindsay-That R. Mc- Postmaster-General, who agrees Dowell be paid \$42 for services on to their use, but on the back only Traverston bridge, and \$15 for of all mail matter. The design is appropriate to prevailing condiang—Peart.—That John Mc- tions, showing a little Angel of Kechnie be paid \$10 for attend- Peace over the earth and bespeakance on Allord family, and Mrs. ing goodwill for the Consumptives Beggs \$12.84 for necessaries for in need. The first order for three that family while closed up for million Seals is already being turned out. It is expected that Lindsay-McMillan-That Geo. E. further large supplies will be re-Peart be authorized to pay to the quired before the Christmas every word"—she sobbed, then lifting the fierce embrace of the woman, who treasurer \$5 granted by P. Mc- Season is over. Orders for Seals Cullough, and \$5 grnated by Jas. should be sent to the National Whiteoaks towards opening side- Sanitarium Association, 34 Ross Street. Toronto.

LUCILLE LOVE

Continued from page 6.



His Tall Form Was Smothered In an

time because I wanted the teer of my this moment ton nech a what a loid you in the open boat. It is no quarter from now on. I shall have no mercy hereafter. I will know that you are only safe when you are dead."

He rose and motioned to the chair, an ominousness in word and gesture which compelled obedience. Fascinat ed, panie stricken, she obeyed, while from his pocket be drew a long loop of fine cord which he bound about her wrists and ankles, then strapped her securely in the chair. He stood off a moment, regarding his handiwork then moved toward the door. "You see I have been prepared for the visit,' be murmured "I will just be a little while, so don't be worried this time. The door closed behind him.

A scant quarter of an hour than to her was interminable and the spy returned, the smile still playing about the corners of his mouth, a smile that matched poorly the agate expres sion of his cold eyes He untied the cords that had bound her, watching her curiously as she chafed the blood back to her hands.

"Yes," be answered ber unspoken question, "you may go now. I do not care any more whether you heed my warning or not. You have chosen to continue the war. I merely wish you to know what it means to you. I have made arrangements that will look to your being cared for in San Francisco, so the end of this trip means nothing to you. Good night, Miss Lucille Love."

It was as though his mockery, his gibing tones, were giant hands against her chest, pushing her through the door and upon the deck.

His threat of looking after her at the end of the voyage-his mockery-she must appeal to strong hands now.

She could not imagine how, in a free country, he could do anything. Still, she knew Hugo Loubeque and the knowledge terrified her. She decided the to rely upon her women's fragility to gain the master's sympathy. She had reached this conclusion as the astonished captain looked at her wan, miserable face when he answered her knocking.

> Swiftly, the words tumbling over one another in the nerve racking strain of trying to convince the man of the unbelievable things she had gone through at the spy's bands, she poured out her whole story. Slowly, under the spell of an obvious sincerity, she saw he was convinced

CHAPTER XIV. Lucille Finds a Friend.

E summoned a steward and dispatched him for Loubeque, demanding an answer. Evident ly the spy had been waiting some such thing, for he appeared quite promptly, his face worn and harried. He started violently at seeing Lucille, then took both her hands in his own and patted them soothingly, his voice the cajoling one with which one soothes a child. The captain's stern countenance had fallen, and the good man looked rather foolish.

"Mr. Loubeque," he began abruptly, "this young lady has made complaint to me that you have threatened her with death. Have you anything to say?"

"Certainly, I shall be more than pleased to look after her if the poor child has escaped the surveillance of her relatives No friend could do less," the spy answered suavely, and he touched his hand lightly to his head.

The captain nodded, and Lucille, seeing now the maddeningly unbelievable quality of the story she had told re- resistance met her. Then just as a garding her adventures, felt bot rage beavily veiled woman pressed toward fairly burning her up. She sprang at her, with eyes that glittered a menace the captain, taking his coat in her matching poorly the affectionate pose hands and shaking him fiercely.

eyes in which the clear light of sanity | continually referred to Lucille as "her glowed unmistakably. "Captain, I THE TO FOR ERRI EVERY WORD IS THIS "

tue captain turned from one to the other in the very extremity of perplexity Finally he nodded to Loubeque that he might leave, and, with a slow

smile, the spy turned away. "Young lady," the captain said, "you will resume your duties for tonight, and in the morning I will see that you are properly clothed I will immediately send a wireless to the authorities in San Francisco and see that you are met by them at the pier No harm can come to you from this man You understand why I am unable to do more for you. I"-

Lucille extended her hand, grasping his firmly and meeting the troubled eyes of the man with her own-her own eyes, in which glowed gratitude and confidence and truth And in that hand clasp the pair cemented a common union against any enemy.

Hugo Loubeque stood a little apart from the eager passengers gathered at the rail watching the giant harbor of the Golden Gate creeping about them, encircling them.

To others the sight meant home, but to Loubeque it meant bitterness, gall. It meant the country that had been his, but which had east him forth an unworthy son unfit to be its citizen. His eyes fastened morosely upon the slender, pretty slip of a girl clinging to the rail, her lips parted as she watched the dock, black with eager friends and relatives, coming closer closer

ship swung into her moorings Hugo Loubeque slowly lifted the cigar from of terror, of fear in them as be saw she had marked his gesture

Came a crowding forward in the cen

ter of the throng upon the deck. The gangplank thrust its nose out, out, un til it rested upon the dock. Some of the passengers looked about in sur rise at sound of a guttural oath. They edging their way from the rear of the

wondered. Lucille tripped down the gangplank. Once more the man who had uttered the oath lifted his cigar. Came a quick upheaval in the throng. The spy smil- Penzance, there is a menument erected ed to himself, then moved toward the to the memory of Doll, or Dolly, Pentplank. He looked down upon the crowd reath, who attained the age of 102 and of men surrounding the slip of a girl, was the last woman who spoke the surrounding her so closely she was hid- Cornish tongue. This is the inscrip den from sight. The policemen were tion: "Here lieth interred Dorothy fighting their way to the ship Came a Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to scream in a woman's voice. Loubeque have been the last person who con bent forward, his knuckles showing a versed in the ancient Cornish, the pe blue whiteness from the fierceness of culiar language of this country from his grip upon the liner's rail.

"Help, help: Cap"of the girl's voice. The crowd of men Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in un way before her. Her arms were about 12) "-London News. the neck of the girl who had screamed,

smothering her lips with kisses. "My poor, dear sister!" she sobbed crowc of men.

The captain stood at Loubeque's el- There is nothing which lends more

"You sent a wireless, sir, regarding a an ill tempered woman. young woman"-

The captain turned to Loubeque, his eyes threatening.

become of"-

Hugo Loubeque lazily pointed his cigar toward a black, high powered motorcar leaping out into the city's

"The insane girl?" he smiled. "I believe I saw her step into that machine, captain."

The sergeant waited curiously. Knowing there was something between the two men, scenting the atmosphere

of hatred, he waited.

"No use now, sergeant," sighed Lucille's friend. Something told Lucille as she stood

at the ship's rail that trouble awaited her once her feet were set upon the wharf. And her hand closed about the diary hidden in the bosom of her dress, the diary she had read so many times she knew it well nigh by heart. the diary with its tale of gigantic power and unscrupulousness in the ac- ish. complishment of one purpose, the destruction of her father. What chance did the honest, simple minded captain have, what chance did the officers of a mere municipality have when they opposed themselves to one who overthrew nations and their rulers by the lifting of his band?

Her steps were laggard as she marched down the plank. Almost immediately she felt a pressing forward in the fore ranks of the crowd, a pressing forward that tended in her direction. She looked about her and found a man's face staring into hers from every direction. There was no enmity on those faces. They were not brutal, not even evil. But there was a fixed purposefulness about them, a grim regard of her that told her instinctively they were the minions of Hugo Loubeque. Yet not a hand was laid upon her, not a voice lifted. She tried to force her way forward, but a steady of her form, Lucille lifted her voice "I am not insane-it's the truth- only to have her appeal smothered by

> poor sister." Continued on page 8.

Campbett und His Poem.

At a dinner where Thomas Campbell and Lord Nugent were present the conversation drifted from the use of Latin words in English to monosyllabic verse. Some one expressed a doubt whether two consecutive lines composed of words of one syllable could be found in our language. Lord Nugent at once quoted:

'By that dread name we wave the sword And swear with her to live, with her to

Campbell said be did not believe in the lines and asked where they came from. Lord Nugent said, "From your own 'Pleasure of Hope.'" "How do you know that?" asked the poet. "I know it all by heart," replied Nugent. "I'll bet you a guinea you can't repeat it," said Campbell. The bet was taken and Nugent started declaiming. The poet soon got tired and said: "I see you know the poem. Don't go any further." The other insisted upon redouble stakes, and Campbell paid the extra guinea in order to be spared the recital of the poem which had made him famous- which he had forgotten

The World a Lasking Glass.

Anatole France, in one of those derightful monologues of his which, when he receives his friends and all who care to visit him at the Villa Said, go by the name of "conversation." though nobody ever talks but M. France, told Then a slow crunching as the great us one day about his mother.

"She used to sacrifice my father to me a little," he said "I always came his mouth and waved it in a deliberate first. She taught me all day long, and circle that ended with its tip pointing her lessons have been my guide ever toward the slender girl. He caught since. I remember one day she show her eyes and smiled at the expression ed me some little faces over a door way. You see they are laughing, she said. A few days afterward, when we passed them again, she told me to look. They are not laughing today, she said. They cannot know you've been naugh ty, you think, and yet you can see they're not pleased with you. It will always be like this Whenever you saw a tall, somber, saturnine passenger do wrong everything will look resmoking a cigar, his eyes fastened proachful. The leaves, the sun, the upon a squad of bluecoated policemen moon, will look unhappy when you have misbehaved. The world is throng into the exact center. They tooking glass, my boy "-John N Ra phael in London Globe.

The Last Speaker of Cornish.

In the little village of St. Paul, near the earliest times till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of The officers whirled in the direction St. Paul. This stone is erected by the jammed closer, resisting, without the fon with the Rev. John Garnett, vicar appearance of resistance, the shoulders of St. Paul, June, 1869 'Honor thy of the law. From outside the jam father and thy mother that thy days darted a woman clad in deep mourn- may be long upon the land which the ing Easily the throng of men gave Lord thy God giveth thee' (Exodus xx

Keep Yout Temper.

uncontrollably, her arms about Lu- most essential to a nappy married life? yard, cille's waist, bearing her through the The ability to keep one's temper, beyoud all question.

bow, his face troubled The policemen to misery not only for its possessor, fought their way to the center of the but also for those about him, than an group to find no woman there. Their ungovernable and unreasonable temleader, a sergeant, stepped toward the per. No one is worse to live with than an ill tempered man, except perhaps

Bad tempered people completely spoil the lives of those who associate with them. The feeling of strain is ever "The girl," he demanded. "What has present. One never knows just when the storm will break, although apparently the weather, metaphorically, is "set fair." Life in these circumstances is a burden almost beyond bearing

Ironical.

"Don't knock on the glass with your hand-you might hurt it. Use a sledgehammer." That's the ironic notice to be read on the window of a Bronx vermin exterminator's shop. Inside the window are three or four ferrets. trained to hunt rats. Before the shop owner put the sign on the window tapping on the glass to arouse the ferrets was one of the favorite sports of the neighborhood.

Not a Regular.

The tall blond has Mrs. Malaprop backed off the map when it comes to reckless handling of the queen's Eng-

"My cousin, Ignatz, has joined the navy," she confided to her friend. "Is he a regular sailor?" asked the

short brunette. "Not yet," replied the tall blond. "He is just a sub marine, I guess."-Youngstown Telegram.

The literary man or artist who was once easily identified by his tortoise shell glasses would now pass unnoticed at a chauffeurs' ball.

London has a school to train nurses that care for dogs. They should be well paid, as there is no chance for marriage with a rich convalescent.

The Society For the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise would be doing still more for New York's nerves could it only save the time its name takes.

A hig wheat crop combined with a scarcity in the meat supply may mean that the ratio of ham to bread in sandwich is to be further decreased. .

It is a waste of time to attempt to get a girl to take any vital interest in the woman question until she has settled the man question one way or an other.

TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came

Irishman one day. As the streets were paved with gold sure everyone was gay: Singing songs of Piccadilly Strand

and Leicester Square. Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there: It's a long wav to Tipperary.

-Chorus.

It's a long way to go; It's a long way to Tipperary,

To the sweetest girl I know, Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tip-

perary, But my heart's right there.

Britain sent a call for troops through Kitchener one day, To help the Belgians and the French, the Kaiser's men to slay;

Irishmen forgot Home Rule; united for their King. peating the whole poem or claiming They rushed to join the Ailied Troops, and as they marched they'd sing:

> A girl of six was shot by an intruder in her home in New York in trying to defend her mother.

Mrs. Sarah Brandon is dead at

.Beilaire, Ohio, aged 113. She sent 16 sons to the Civil War. Six burglars attacked a girl in

New York, and after binding her

hand and foot, escaped with \$40.

The Elberon Hotel at Elberon, N. J., was burned with a loss of over \$100,000. Incendiaries are

TRAVERSTON

Too late for last week. November weather, and its dreadful mire,

Would make a saint from heaven desire To utter his thoughts in an intensive way.

Mr. A. G. Blair sold a very handsome 4-year-old filly to Roch Marion on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Harry Gray left on Monday morning for Stratford, to engage

in taking out square timber. Miss May Robson arrived home on Monday from Toronto.

A cousin from the Nelson family from Galt is visiting at the cosy homestead on the 4th concession. There is a lot of trouble among live stock, especially horses, the past few weeks. Indigestion is the chief cause of trouble.

The contrast between "The Good Shepherd and the Hireling" was the theme of the Rev. S. M. Whatey's graphic and eloquent discourse in Zion on Sunday, and his earnest, sympathetic message won him a warm spot in the hearts of Zionites and brought his hearers into closer touch with the

One who cares so tenderly. Having about four acres of turnips this season, Mr. Wm. Paylor of the Falls Farm is going heavily into stock feeding, and lately has purchased quite a number of

For a few weeks every fall your scribe takes the fever of speculating in cattle, and last week purchased 27 head. Hence, Which of all the domestic virtues is there's a bellowing in the barn-

> Mrs. John McNally of the 6th was away all last week assisting in nursing her brother-in-law, Mr. Dan. McArthur, near town. Everyone is wishing for his speedy recovery, as few men are more

> highly esteemed than he. The Women's Institute of this locality, met at the fine brick home of Mrs. Colin McArthur on Thursday of last week, and about 40 were in attendance and the program was a most interesting one. Mrs. McArthur and daughters most hospitably treated the big crowd. They meet in December at

the home of W. J. Cook. This Week's Budget.

Zionites have made arrangements to hold their Christmas Tree concert on Christmas Eve. Mr. Lorne McNally, who has spent since last April in Lumsden district, Sask., arrived home on Tuesday of last week, hale and

hearty. Mr. Norman Campbell, who has been homesteading near Zealandia. came to Durham by G. T. R. on Saturday, and getting a ride out to Pomona, dropped unexpectedly into the old home on the 6th concession and gave the family a

most pleasant surprise. Miss Mary Peters left recently to spend the winter in Rochester. Owing to the downpour of "the beautiful," Mr. Jas. Hastie had a more than busy time in the smithy

the past few days. Mr. Wm. Beaton was around with the tax bills the past few days, and after handing out the slips, many a farmer leaned up against woodshed or barn door to relieve the weakness of his knee

joints. We saw a fellow figuring up the profits on duck raising lately. He estimated that every fourpound duck had gobbled up about ten bushels of oats, and realized, when plucked and marketed, about 40 cents. The chap was somewhat puzzled as how to enter the item in his "loss and gain" account.

'Tis not often that we make market predictions, but we'll venture to say that within three months the prices for oats, potatoes, cattle and horses, will advance from 25 to 50 per cent. Just

jot that down. Mr. R. T. Cook and Miss Jennie, spent the week-end with their sister, Mrs. W. J. McFadden, of

Egremont. Miss Lizzie McArthur of the 10th concession, was assisting to nurse her uncle, Mr. Dan. McAr-

thur, last week. Vincent Paylor passed his 20th birthday on the 20th inst. and is looking forward to casting his vote in the near future. His father purchased some heavy feeders on Monday.