

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Victoria Day Excursion
SINGLE First Class FARE
 Good going and returning May 25th only.
First Class Fare & One-third
 Good going Saturday, May 23rd, to Monday, 25th. Valid for return until May 26th.
HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS
 1914—Round trip tickets to Western Canada, via Chicago and North Bay or Toronto on sale May 19, and every other Tuesday thereafter until October 27th, at very low fares. Tickets good for two months.
 We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the "Old Country."
 For full particulars apply to
J. P. HANLEY,
 Railroad and Steamship Agent
 Cor. Johnson and Ontario Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
New Fast Daily Trains
 Montreal - Toronto - Detroit - Chicago via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central Railroads.
 Effective May 27, 1914. Central Tunnel between Windsor and Detroit.
IMPORTANT CHANGES
 Toronto-Windsor-Vancouver Train Service, Effective May 31.
 General Change of Time Sunday, May 31st.
VICTORIA DAY EXCURSION FARES
 SINGLE FARE: Fare & One-third Good going May 1. Good going May 25. Return Limit 23-24-25. Return May 25. Limit, May 26.
 Particulars regarding HALL or O'LEARY tickets from C. CONWAY, Kingston, or write M. G. Murphy, D. P. A., C. P. Ry., Toronto.

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 63 Clarence St. Phone 508

CUNARD LINE
CANADIAN SERVICE
 From Southampton to Montreal
 May 14 ALAUNIA May 20
 May 28 ALTONIA June 3
 June 1 ALTONIA June 7
 June 14 ALTONIA June 20
 June 28 ALTONIA July 4
 July 1 ALTONIA July 7
 Steamers call Plymouth seaboard. Rates—Cabin (11) \$7.25. 3rd-class British seaboard, \$10.25 up. West-bound \$20 up.
 Apply Local Ticket Agent, or THE ROBERTS BROTHERS, LIMITED, General Agents, 50 King St. East, Toronto.

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WHITE STAR
OPENING OF ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION
 MONTREAL - QUEBEC - LIVERPOOL
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 and every Saturday thereafter, BOOK NOW
 Local Agents: S. Kirkpatrick, G. P. B. J. P. Hanley, G. T. R.
DOMINION LINE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE
 EFFECTIVE MAY 31st
NEW LIMITED TRAINS "THE CANADIAN"
 Via Canadian Pacific Railway and Michigan Central Railway
 THROUGH MICHIGAN CENTRAL TUNNEL VIA WINDSOR, ONT.

WESTBOUND DAILY		EASTBOUND DAILY	
Eastern Time.		Central Time.	
Leave Montreal (Windsor St. Depot) 8:45 a.m.	Arrive Toronto 5:40 p.m.	Leave Chicago (Central Station) 8:30 a.m.	Arrive Detroit (Michigan Central Depot) 3:55 p.m.
Leave Toronto 6:10 p.m.	Arrive Montreal 12:35 p.m.	Leave Detroit (Michigan Central Depot) 5:05 p.m.	Arrive Toronto 11:20 p.m.
Leave London 9:35 p.m.	Arrive Montreal 12:35 p.m.	Leave Toronto 11:40 p.m.	Arrive Windsor (Windsor St. Depot) 8:55 a.m.
Central Time.		Eastern Time.	
Leave Detroit (Michigan Central Depot) 11:55 a.m.	Arrive Chicago (Central Station) 7:45 a.m.	Leave Toronto 8:55 a.m.	Arrive Montreal 5:40 p.m.

ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD IN EACH DIRECTION.
 Solid Electric-lighted Trains with Buffet-Library-Compartment-Observation Cars, Standard and Tourist Sleepers and First-class Coaches between Montreal and Chicago in each direction.
 Standard Sleeping Cars will also be operated between Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, and Chicago via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central Railroads through Michigan Central Tunnel via Windsor on trains No. 21 Westbound and No. 20 Eastbound.
 Particulars from F. CONWAY, C. P. A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 1197.

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"
Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.
 Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.
 I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.
FRANK TREMPER, Napanee, Ont.
 Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box for \$2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist. Sample box free if you mention this paper.
National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 174

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 Princess St.
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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
 A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three doses: gross of strength—No. 1, 81c; No. 2, 53c; No. 3, 35c per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: **THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Walkers).**

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 The Tailor.
 630 Princess Street
 Opposite St. Andrew's Church

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National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, 174

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR
 by Harry King Tootle
 Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XIV.
 Even as Wright held Gloria in his arms there came back to him her words:
 "Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."
 They were like lead about his heart, and cautioned him that he must get her away from Belmont as quickly as possible. Words of love must be postponed, new-found bliss be treated as commonplace, until he had finished his hard task of persuading her to go away.
 "You've made me supremely happy, Gloria. I want you to believe in me and trust me—always."
 She smiled up at him her love and confidence as she answered, "I do, I do."
 "I want you to be happy, and I know you're not happy in Belmont. You must go away at once. I'll follow you."
 "But why?" she questioned. The smile was still there, but surprise peeped forth from her eyes. "I'm happy now."
 Wright laughed at her with that delightfully patronising air of possession that lovers assume, caught her in his arms once more and kissed her.
 "I know, dear, but you'll be happier. I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. Can't you trust me?"
 "Yes, but father would—"
 "He won't oppose your going, I know he won't." At thought of David Kerr and the fierce fight they were waging Wright became insistent. "Do this for me, Gloria. You can get a late train for St. Louis tonight. I'll have Mrs. Gilbert go with you. Next week I'll join you, and we'll make plans for the wedding."
 "But, Joe, that's so foolish," she complained. "I like Belmont immensely now." Then she struck a more serious note. "Besides, it wouldn't be fair to father. He's put me through, and I'm not going to disappoint him. To go away—well, I feel it would be disloyal."
 "You can write him we're engaged," he pleaded. "Then I'll go to see him."
 Gloria could not altogether understand his insistence. Then, too, to send her away just after they had found each other was something she could not explain to her father.
 Further discussion was put out of the question by the appearance of Judge Gilbert.
 "Would you object to waiting for Mrs. Hayes in this office?" he asked, pointing to the room next to that in which the men had been conferring. He smiled as he added, "Mr. Wright came on business, you know."
 "I think he transacted it with me, Judge Gilbert," she could not help replying. Then she asked Wright with a smile, "You won't be long?"
 He walked with her to the door, to Gilbert's surprise, crossed the threshold and went into the little office. Somehow or other—such things are always mysteries, certainly they are accidents—the door seemed to close of its own accord.
 "Wait for me a little while," he said, taking both her hands in his. "It's going to be such a glorious world for us. I never knew what happiness meant till now. To be wherever you were has always made life sweet, but now everything takes on a new meaning transmuted by the glory of being loved by you."
 (To be continued.)

enged, Gloria beat a retreat. "Who knows? We may meet in Paris again some day."
 "Some time soon, I hope. I'm sick and tired of it all here, Gloria. Today it has seemed like the game isn't worth the candle. What do you think?"
 "I'm all in the dark, too," was her confession. Slowly and surely in the shadow of her shattered hopes and his unhappy conflict of duty and desire were they being drawn closer together than even they had been when they laughed with the spring and dreamed of the days to come in a radiant sunshine of unwhispered love.
 "I don't know what to think," Gloria went on in a low tone. "I don't seem to understand Belmont."
 "Why don't you go away? Don't you want to?"
 "What for? I know the life out there." She made a sweeping gesture which seemed to encompass all the world outside the four walls which shut them in together. "It wouldn't really satisfy me any more—to live as I used to live."
 "Yet your life here—" He left the rest to her.
 "No, this doesn't satisfy me either."
 "In a word, Gloria, you're not happy."
 Instead of replying directly, she asked with a dropping of her hands to her sides in a hopeless fashion: "Is anybody in the whole world happy? Are you happy?"
 "Don't you think I am?"
 "I'm afraid not."
 The appealing way she looked at him, her whole soul welling up in her eyes, brought him to his feet and set him to pacing nervously up and down. He looked fatigued, distressed, beside himself with care. She forgave him everything but his studied refusal to let her share whatever weighed upon him. Could he not see, she thought, how she yearned to tell him that which whither he went there she would go also, that his joys would be all her joys and that his burdens would be divided with her, that love divided all sorrow and doubled all joy?
 Wright could stand it no longer. He saw her before him, trembling with that same emotion that shook him, aflame with the same fire that burned within him, mutely questioning him with her big, soulful eyes. How could he make amends for that mouth of neglect except by telling her what she long ago had guessed, but what more recently she had a right to doubt? He felt weak where he wanted to be strong. To hear from her lips that she loved him was all that he needed to make him invincible. With her acknowledged love in his heart there was nothing he could not do.
 "Oh, Gloria, I can't tell you what a fight I'm making. You wouldn't understand. Business is business, outside a woman's realm, but I've missed you so much this last month."
 At this declaration she caught her breath. Joy, she found, could sometimes prove the twin of pain. That this man, this strong, fearless man, in his struggles had missed her, had intimated a longing for dependence upon her, made her heart bound. Love, even when his banners have been flung forth to the breeze leagues before the castle wall is reached, never ceases to be a surprise when at last the knock at the gate is heard.
 "You're no right to say your work is outside of woman's realm if you're—if you've missed something a woman could supply."
 "Something the one woman could supply," he corrected.
 "I must be going," she said, rising from her chair; "I'm afraid Mrs. Hayes isn't coming."
 He stepped between her and the door, letting her take several steps forward, because they brought her closer to him, before he said:
 "No, Gloria, you must hear me. I didn't mean to speak now, of all times, but it had to be some day, and perhaps it is all for the best now."
 The woman leaned her hand upon the table for support, turning half away from him.
 "Don't Joe, please don't," she murmured. "I must go."
 "No, no, I must tell you. You've asked me if you could help me. I want you to help me; you can help me always. I love you. I want you to be my wife. I have loved you, oh, so long; and, most of all, I've felt that you have needed me. Don't tell me that it was just selfishness, dear, that made me feel that my protecting arms should be about you always. Love is love, a law unto itself alone. We must recognise it, and bow to it, because it brings us happiness."
 He came a step nearer, but she did not turn to him. She stood half turned away, her eyes downcast, her lips parted into half a smile. Her breath came fast and she could feel her heart beat. Then she heard him say in a lower tone, so gently:
 "Nothing to say, Gloria? Can't you believe me?"
 She turned to find herself gazing into his eyes.
 "Yes, I believe in you—as I believe in my father."
 This answer was not enough. He had asked her to be his wife. Not yet had she replied.
 "Say that you care for me, Gloria; tell me that you love me."
 "I've always cared, Joe. I do love you."
 "For better or worse?" He held out his arms.

"Yes," She said.
 tal survey of all the weather records of the last twenty years. Wright had almost forgotten what he had said when she at last gave the conversation football a dainty kick by saying:
 "This time he was ready for her. His embarrassment was wearing off and he began again promptly:
 "Don't the rains make the road pretty bad out your way?"
 "My friends manage to get out to see me."
 This was a chill rejoinder, and Wright felt he had lost several points in their game of indirection.
 "Locust Lawn is quite a distance out," he ventured.
 "Not far enough to discourage my friends."
 This goaded him to an apology. He regretted that she was not making it easy for him, but he forgave her because he knew she did not understand.
 "Because I've been so busy, please don't think that I'm discouraged."
 "Why should I think of it at all?" she replied with spirit.
 Her remark hurt him, both her words and her manner of speech. It tore away his reserve and made him burst forth in protest.
 "That's not like you, Gloria. We've been such good friends."
 "We have been good friends," she admitted promptly. "Is there any reason, Joe, why we should not be now?"
 His heart beat high within him at her words. They were so direct, so honest, so like the one woman of his dreams. It grieved him that he could not be as direct with her; but that was impossible, for over them was the sinister shadow of David Kerr, her father, the boss of Belmont.
 "There's no reason why we shouldn't be good friends, Gloria. What put that idea into your head?"
 "My circle of friends in Belmont seems to have grown smaller and smaller."
 "Please don't put me on the outside."
 "You seem to have put yourself there."
 The conversation lagged. There was so much to think about. Gloria was seeking to reconcile his explanations with her own observations. Looking at him closely she saw that he did not have that fresh, robust look which a month ago had made him seem fit for a gladiatorial contest. As he sat in the big office chair he seemed to relax with fatigue. His face was thinner, and there were little lines of worry about his eyes. Between his brows and on either side his mouth were to be seen creases which the girl thought proclaimed to the world his strength of character. A month ago she had not noticed them. She had felt he was such a man, but the wrinkles, confirming her belief, could almost be called a source of joy to her. They had made away with some of the youthfulness, but in his face she now saw something which more than compensated. It had greater strength now, strength such as was written on her father's countenance.
 "You look tired." Her low, sympathetic tones and her solicitous look did what nothing else could do. They melted his stern purpose to bear it all in silence for yet a few days into a desire to take her as much as he dared into his confidence. With a woman's quick perception she would understand that he was unhappy. Her sympathy and her confidence in him would nerve him to fight the good fight as nothing else could and his heart was stirred by the possibility.
 "Yes," he admitted, "I'm tired and sick at heart."
 "Why don't you take a vacation? Go to Europe."
 "I can't pick up and run away like that; but I'd do it anyway if it would bring back the dear old days."
 "The days I knew?" the girl made bold to ask.
 "The days your madoise—delightful."
 "Can they be gone forever?"
 "You mean—" Wright did not dare to put his hope in words.
 Carried farther than she had intended, Gloria beat a retreat. "Who knows? We may meet in Paris again some day."
 "Some time soon, I hope. I'm sick and tired of it all here, Gloria. Today it has seemed like the game isn't worth the candle. What do you think?"
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 Thousands of people suffer from baldness and falling hair who, having tried nearly every advertised hair tonic and hair-grower without results, have resigned themselves to baldness and its attendant discomfort. Yet their case is not hopeless; the following simple home prescription has made hair grow after years of baldness, and it also unqualified for restoring gray hair to its original color, stopping hair from falling out, and destroying the dandruff germ. It will not make the hair greasy, and can be put up by any druggist. Buy: Rin, 6 ounces; Lavona de Compose, 2 ounces; Menthol Crystals, one-half drachm. If you wish it perfumed, add 1 drachm of your favorite perfume. This preparation is highly recommended by physicians and specialists, and is absolutely harmless, as it contains none of the poisonous wood alcohol so frequently found in hair tonics.