

DOWN! Goes the PRICE of Women's Winter COATS

Too Mild Weather
and too many Coats
on hand

THAT'S the REASON

Away they go now

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and
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The
J. D. ABRAHAM
Company

The Fashionable Tailoring

We Make Suits for Others
Why Not Let Us Make Yours?

Come in and have a look at our Tweed and Worsted Suits. MEN-OF-MODE in all pursuits and positions have equal occasion for Suits MADE HERE.

They all find in our work that Union of STYLE and STABILITY which best becomes the up-and-doing.

Ladies Tailoring is Our Specialty

We have opened a Ladies' Tailoring Department in connection with the Gent's Tailoring, and are prepared to Guarantee you a Perfect Fit and give you the Latest Styles. Come in and get our prices.

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PEOPLE!

Do not buy your Christmas Goods till you see our stock. We guarantee our prices on Christmas Goods as low as any other year as our stock was bought before the war commenced.

The Variety Store

NOTHING OVER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LUCILLE LOVE

Continued from page 7.

The girl in making snatches at sight of the vicious knife the young Chinaman passed to the woman. The man muttered a guttural deep in his throat as he crouched. Evidently the revolver he carried bothered him, for he placed it upon the chair. Lucille's fingers darted out, closing upon the welcome butt just as the woman leaped across the distance that separated her from the couch upon which the blanket bulged deceptively, driving the ugly knife down with a force that sent her off her balance. Lucille knew she could hide no longer and stepped from behind the door, the revolver leveled upon the pair, her voice shaking despite herself.

"Hands up!" she cried. The man crouched, crouched away from her, but the sight of the girl there seemed to enrage the woman completely. Brandishing the knife wildly, she leaped forward, then lurched from side to side simultaneously with the discharge of the gun, slipping, wounded, to the floor in a heap. The man crouched still further away, and Lucille advanced upon him.

Somehow she felt no compunction now, felt no fear, only felt the necessity for immediate haste in getting away. She signaled to the fellow that he should get out of his robes instantly. Sounds of activity came from every direction. She was shaking like a runaway horse with the strain. The young fellow was equally nervous, but the revolver at his chest made him hasten. Lucille forced him under the blanket, hissing a warning in his ear which he evidently understood, as it was emphasized by a meaning prod that was more eloquent than any other language—the point of a businesslike gun. Voices were in the hall now.

Lucille dragged the body of the woman under the couch and squatted in the woman's place just as the door opened and a head was poked inside. She mumbled something inarticulate, guttural, peevish voiced, and the head was withdrawn after the owner cast one glance at the figure under the blankets. He had no sooner closed the door than the girl picked the knife from the floor and ripped the blanket into strips, securely tying her prisoner and gagging him.

Then, after waiting a second at the door, mustering her courage, she stepped into the hallway and down into the open air.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mystery of a Voice.

It was the sight of the ocean that braced her against the chill that threatened to send her back. She shrugged her shoulders and marched steadily down the foul smelling, dirty little street until she glimpsed a building taller than any others surrounding it and decorated with a gorgeousness of elaboration which made her forget everything save admiration for the skill and patience expended in such work. Before the door stood a closed palanquin, evidently the vehicle for a personage of great consequence from the rich silk robes that overflowed the sides.

"Lucille!" came a hoarse whisper. This time she knew she had made no mistake. She even identified the direction from which the voice came. But surely nobody save Hugo Loubeque knew her in this place, and Hugo Loubeque—

Something small and compact fell at her feet and she stared at it wonderingly, incredulously, recognizing it for the diary of Hugo Loubeque, the international spy. The sound of the closing door made her hurriedly snatch it from the ground and conceal it beside the ruby necklace. Then she



She Stepped Inside the Palanquin.

struck back against the side of the house, eyeing the portly, sallow faced Chinaman who came slowly and majestically toward her.

Evidently the owner of the palanquin, a personage of great circumstance from his dwelling and personal attire, she judged. Her fingers pressed against the diary and encountered the rubies. The touch of them gave her a swift idea and she cautiously drew the necklace from about her neck, detaching one from the strand and knotting the stout hair wire so none should escape because of the loosening. She looked at the pigeon-blood a moment, recalling her father's contemptuous sentence regarding the corruptibility of the Chinese noble, then advanced toward the man just as he reached out to enter his vehicle.

His face was impassive as he stared blankly at her. Finally in desperation she held out the ruby to him. He turned it over and over in his

fingers. His eyes were fairly glowing when he lifted them once more and met hers, nodding as she moved toward the palanquin and stepped inside, secreting herself under the silk robes and burrowing to one corner while the owner entered.

Her thoughts ran riot during that trip. Where had the diary of the spy come from? Surely not Loubeque, yet no one but Loubeque was familiar with her name. Possibly its possessor had been a prisoner. A prisoner—

Wetherell or some one of his crew. They had possession of the diary and precious papers. But why confined? What could it all mean? She racked her brain for an answer, was so absorbed in the puzzle that she did not notice the palanquin had halted, did not notice until she heard a familiar voice chatting with the owner in Chinese. But she would have recognized that voice in any quarter of the globe, would have known it anywhere, for it was the voice of Hugo Loubeque, international spy and her enemy.

His tones were light, happy; he appeared satisfied with himself and with life. She looked out to find herself upon a quay, a great boat docking there, its hold being filled by coolie stevedores. And, stepping up the gang-plank, a broad smile upon his face, moved Hugo Loubeque.

Lucille thrilled. If Hugo Loubeque smiled, he was happy. If the spy was happy it was because he had secured the papers once more. If he stepped upon this giant boat it was because the papers were in his possession. If they were in his possession then she would follow.

But the diary? Her fingers told her that this was no phantasy, no figment of an overwrought brain. She held the diary and Hugo Loubeque was boarding the boat. If he boarded the boat it was because he was not yet aware of his loss. Whichever it was, she must follow him. She must be aboard the boat when it sailed.

Through the days when Loubeque watched Lucille hovering about the black borderland of death in the house to which he had been recommended by his subordinate, the governor of the province to which the fishing smack that rescued them bore them, his brain had fed upon one thought. The papers in the possession of Captain Wetherell must be found. But how?

The day before he saw Lucille was out of danger, the problem was answered for him by a call from the governor of the province, in whom he recognized a man he had been instrumental in aiding, and one who feared him greatly.

Instantly it was all clear to him. Here was one he need fear making no confession to. He had found out, aboard the boat, exactly where the shipment of arms was to be made. He knew Wetherell might go hundreds of miles out of his course before the vengeful man of war, but he also knew that the goods must be landed at the designated place before he received his pay.

Leaving a sum of money with the nurse Loubeque decided that when Lucille recovered she would be sufficiently well provided for to get word to her people and escape from this, the last of her adventures. He led a company of picked soldiers aboard the fighting craft provided for their transport and sailed toward the spot where the delivery was to be made.

There in a tiny islet he arrived barely a day before the yacht put in with its illicit cargo. The skirmish with the landing crew lasted a scant hour, but already the spy had discovered that Wetherell, the man he wanted, was not with the outfit and he began laying plans for taking the yacht.

Captain Wetherell, impatiently waiting for his men to return for a second load, had finally tired and was bringing it ashore himself. From the shore suddenly shot out the boat his mate had taken in, but instead of the crew he knew so well the oars were now being manned by Chinese soldiers. In a minute he found the side of his boat battering against that of the other, with soldiers piling recklessly upon his small crew.

He caught a flash of Loubeque laying about him, saw that resistance was utterly useless. Swiftly his hand sought the precious bag in which were the papers he had stolen from Lucille. He drew it open hurriedly, the sealed packet of papers—which formed the major bulk of his contents—and the diary falling at his feet. He felt Loubeque's eye upon him, caught a flash of the spy as he sprang at him, and with a derisive laugh hurled the bag with the heavy packet overboard.

Without a second's hesitation the spy was in the water after it. Wetherell fairly choked with rage as he saw the man he hated close his hand over the bag. Then he was conscious of the diary still in the bottom of the boat and, picking it up, thrust it in his shirt.

Wetherell scowled heavily as Hugo Loubeque, having been helped into the boat, brushed against him, his face smiling grimly as he looked down into the eyes of the yachtmaster.

"Very foolish, Wetherell. Now, I think the sight of you making a little jaunt up a hill with a swordsman behind you studying the cleanest place to take that head from your shoulders would be about as pleasant as anything I'd care to look at."

Wetherell did not answer. Only, even after being bound, the feel of the diary that had dropped from the bag gave him some comfort.

The yawning side of the great vessel stood open before Lucille, the coolie stevedores trundling their great loads of merchandise across the wharf and disappearing within, as though swallowed up forever.

Continued next week.

THE WAR

Continued from page 1.

martial law prevails the sale of alcoholic drinks of any kind shall be forbidden.

The death of Lord Roberts on Saturday, removes from the British army, the best-known and most beloved commander the force has possibly ever known. He died on the firing line in France, in sound of the battle's roar, and in harness—where he would have chosen. While on a tour of inspection of his Indian troops, he contracted a chill, from which he never recovered. He was born at Cawnpore, India, 82 years ago.

So far, the battle between the German forces and the Allies on the west, seems to be in the nature of a draw, with the Allies possibly advancing slightly. The delay to the German advance through France and Belgium will probably result disastrously for them, as any stay gained in this direction is most certainly of great advantage to the allied forces. Last week, 25,000 new men arrived from India, 20,000 are on their way from Australia, the Canadian contingent of 32,000, now in England, is almost ready for active service, and the British army of 1,250,000 is being rapidly whipped into shape. If the German troops can be held in check for a sufficient time to allow of these extra, fresh men to be pushed into the firing line, it is expected this increase to the Allied troops now in the field will spell complete rout for the enemy.

Meanwhile, the Russians are hammering their way into the German provinces in the east, and are credited with two blows given to one received.

The Allies, too, have an almost unlimited war credit, and are also in practically full control of the seven seas, thus ensuring an adequate supply of war munitions and foodstuffs. Added to this is the freedom in transporting troops from Canada, Australia, India and, if necessary, Japan, who only awaits the word to commence pouring her soldiers into France. It is estimated that so far, not more than 400,000 British are in France and Belgium, yet they have proven, man for man, to be superior to the Kaiser's soldiers. With an additional force of probably 1,500,000 fresh Britishers, the bulk of whom will be on the line not later than early next spring, each day's delay to the Germans is disastrous to the Germans and favorable to the Allies.

From indications, the Germans have played their best card, and lost. With a fully prepared and completely mobilized army, have been held back on the west at all times, except at the very outset of the campaign. To the lay mind the Germans should have been, and apparently were at their best at the commencement of the campaign, and under such conditions, having failed in their purpose, can scarcely hope to recoup their losses and delay, now that the British and French armies are on a much sounder war footing than at the commencement of hostilities.

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Some of Canada's best-known writers of fiction are contributors to The Companion, besides many of the most prominent figures in politics and literature in the old country. The whole world is scoured for the best that is to be said on any subject of general interest.

The Boys' Own Page, the Girls' Own Page, the Family Page treating of farming, gardening, domestic economy, cookery, the use of tools, etc., the doctor's weekly health talk—these and a score of other features make The Companion almost indispensable when it has once found its way into a home.

If you do not know The Companion, let us send you one or two current issues with the forecast for 1915. Every new Canadian subscriber for 1915 who sends \$2.25 for the 52 weekly issues of 1915 will receive free all the issues of the paper for the remaining weeks of 1914; also The Companion Home Calendar for 1915.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions received at this Office.

Frank Merkley of Horning's Mills met with a bad accident on Friday. He was working in a gravel pit when the top of the pit caved in, burying him up to his shoulders. It took about one hour to release him. He was brain ed, and his legs badly hurt.

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McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

Special RUBBER SALE

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