

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

- \$ 8.75 Coats now \$ 6.49
- 10.00 Coats now 7.89
- 11.00 Coats now 8.89
- 12.50 Coats now 9.49
- 18.00 Coats now 13.89

GIRL'S COATS

- \$3.00 Coats now \$2.19
- 4.00 Coats now 2.89
- 5.25 Coats now 3.89

Get Busy Right Now and Get First Choice

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 Suitings. 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.

Don't Forget

That we carry the Latest in GENT'S FURNISHINGS. A Fine Line of Fancy Shirts, Collars and Ties have just arrived.

S. A. RIFE & CO.

Post Office Block - DURHAM, ONT.

This Store is a Nice Christmas Present Headquarters

for the people of Durham and Vicinity

Think of it - During these troubled times you have a store to go to and get Neat and Useful Christmas Presents for 25 cents and less.

Don't think because we do not exceed 25c in retail value that we have nothing suitable.

This is the first Christmas in Durham's History that a Store of this kind has prevailed.

We ask you to put our Christmas Stock to the test, see if we have anything suitable before paying the long price

The Variety Store

Headquarters for Santa Claus NOTHING OVER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Large Sales Small Profits

McKECHNIE'S WEEKLY NEWS

Special RUBBER SALE

This is "Maltese Cross Brand." Weather-Chilled Novembers Icy Blast means that the Feet as well as the Body must be protected and this can be well done by investing in a pair of Maltese Cross Rubbers. We have just received a heavy consignment and are ready to supply you with any size at the right price.

Men's Jersey Arties	\$1.40	Ladies' Jersey Rain Slippers	\$1.15
Men's Tremont High Heel	1.00	Ladies' (Street) High Heel	75
Men's Plain Overs	90	Ladies' Plain Rain Slipper	70
Men's (Wool lined) Plain Overs	75	Ladies' Plain Overs	65
Boy's Plain Overs	75	Misses' Plain Overs	55
Youth's Plain Overs	65	Infant's Plain Overs	45

We also have several other Specials in Rubbers that we have no space to quote

We have a new stock of Shoes that we can interest you in with the Leathers Good and the Prices Right.

Men's Heavy Oil Tanned Tan Blucher ..	\$3 10	Ladies' Fine Dongola Blue Pat. Trimmed	\$1 50
Men's Heavy Oil Tanned Black Blucher	3 10	Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher	1 75
Men's Kip Blucher	2 50	Ladies' Fine Dongola Blucher, Special..	2 10
Men's Heavy Water Proof Shoe	2 50	Ladies' Fine Dongola, Buttoned, Special	2 50
Men's Medium Weight Shoe	2 00	Ladies' Tan Blucher	3 25
		Ladies' Pat. Button, something very new	3 50

Highest Price for Farm Produce

G. & J. McKechnie

Departmental Store Durham

LUCILLE LOVE

Continued from page 7.

She did not know how it was worked, but the crowd of men opened readily for the escort and herself—not only opened, but assisted them along their way. The door of a great limousine stood open before her. Swiftly she was hustled into the car, and before her companion had closed the door the car shot forward, gaining speed with every rod.

The futility of further resistance made her sink back against the cushions, sick with apprehension of what was to come, a dull apathy gradually closing about her and soothing her tired eyes. After all, she had known that Hugo Loubeque would be able to do as he said.

The car leaped like a living thing through the streets of the city and then doubled upon its tracks so that she might have no chance to place certain sites and gain some idea thereby what her ultimate destination was. Lucille studied her captor from under cover of her heavy lashes. She could see but little of the face for the heavy morning veil swathing it. She only made out that she appeared apathetic, disinterested, now her portion of the work assigned to her had been carried through. It seemed a characteristic attitude of all who worked for the man. They were but cogs in a vast machine, responsive to the master's touch.

Only at the end of their drive, when the chauffeur opened the door, did the woman speak.

"Any attempt to escape would be quite useless," she said in a dull, mechanical tone of voice. "If you are wise you will not make the situation any more difficult for yourself by being foolish."

As the motorcar ceased purring at the curb, the woman pressed the door bell. Came a scuffling along the hall, a shadow fluttered there a second, then the door swung open. Lucille stepped across the threshold with her captor, surprised to see no one in sight. Apparently the door had opened of its own volition. Before her was a straight stairway, appearing to end at the second flight. To her left was a living room into which she was ushered. Again the woman pressed a bell.

"You will want some tea and cakes," she said quietly.

Lucille turned at a suggestive clink of china. She had heard no one enter the room, yet, in the shadows, she saw an attentive butler holding the tea tray while the mysterious veiled woman poured. The man moved toward her, moved silently, swiftly, surely. There was something about his manner, his perfection, strikingly reminiscent of some one she had seen before.

"Thompson!" she gasped. "Thompson! You here! What are you doing here?"

"Yes, Miss Love! Thank you! I am employed by Mr. Loubeque, Miss Love! Thank you!"

And then gradually she understood, knew who had stolen the papers from



Thompson.

her father's safe, realized how completely they had all been fooled by this cunning servant.

"Go away!" she muttered brokenly.

"Go away! I can't bear to look at you!"

"Yes, miss. Thank you!"

When she looked up he had disappeared.

Swiftly she gathered herself together. Such childish tricks must not be permitted to shatter her courage for even an instant. She slipped stealthily to the door through which she had entered the house. In the hall she looked cautiously about, then put her foot upon the stairs and proceeded to move to the first flight. Midway, she was paralyzed into inactivity by finding the stairs to be in motion.

Horror seized her. Then once more she braced herself. Only another trick of Loubeque's it was. The stairs seemed to fold up within themselves like a miniature escalator. They grew steady once more, and the girl looked about an unfurnished room of stone walls. But she did not see these walls, did not mark the lack of decorations or furniture in the room, for a company of men formed a crescent facing her, one tall figure—that of Loubeque—standing apart from the rest, immovable, silent.

The solitary figure lifted his hand. Then, frozen with terror though she was, Lucille saw that each figure was swathed in a black robe and that a plain silk mask of black covered every

face. Masks through which threaten- ing eyes glared out upon her, masks so light they fluttered against the wearer's features with hideous significance.

Slowly the company passed her, pausing before her to peer narrowly into her face, as though impressing her every feature indelibly upon their minds. When she regained her powers of observation the line had passed, had paused and disappeared. She looked about her.

She was alone.

CHAPTER XV.

Correspondence Under Difficulties.

TWO days and never a sign more of Loubeque. Lucille had feared and dreaded that first meeting.

The room assigned her was to all outward seeming a daintily furnished bedroom; but, trying the large windows, she found they only could be let down from the top and were there covered by a thin netting of a metal that resisted every attempt at prying apart. Looking more carefully, she saw this same filament of wire was interwoven with the glass so they could not be completely smashed. The only means of escape lay by the door, and to get out that way involved a flight of steps which passed many rooms.

But she must escape. The thought of what Loubeque might be doing unimpeded drove her brain tyrannically against a worn out body. She had the man's diary, wherein was evidence against him of such crimes as would have appalled the most hardened courts, would have set nations at one another's throats, entailed countless deaths. The thing was so deadly that, zealous though she was in her object of saving her sweetheart, Lucille knew she could never bring herself to the point of making public such a document. She had the rubies from the throat of the hideous idol in the subterranean cave. Times without number she regarded the glowing stones, shuddered at the blood red rays that mocked her from each facet, imagining the heart of each to have borrowed over and gingerly groped at it with her fingers, drawing them sharply back as they encountered human flesh.

For just a second she faltered before investigating her discovery. Loubeque must have come from her room in this fashion. It might be that in some way Loubeque had fallen and injured the machinery. To stoop down, take the papers from his pocket and hide them between the crack of the door of the room and the bottom of the elevator was the work of an instant.

As the room glided gently into place without so much as a tremor she leaped down and lifted the groaning man's head to her lap. She had come barely in time, for the spy was struggling feebly to get to his feet. He smiled ruefully as he lighted a match and scanned the features of his companion. For a second he appeared dazed, then swift consternation crossed his face as his hand shot toward the place where he had placed the stolen papers.

"Come," he said quietly, his tones silky, yet dry and cold and hard, "come, young lady. Of course you understand the papers will be found, and this is merely delaying the inevitable."

He did not wait for her to speak, merely touched her arm and assisted her to the platform. He stirred slightly. Came the whirl of machinery, almost immediately shut out. Once more the room was in motion, going upward this time. She closed her eyes instinctively before the mystery of it all. When she opened them once more she was in the place she had left. Everything was as it had been save for a broken window pane and the presence of Loubeque.

He regarded her narrowly, still smoking silently. He opened his lips as though to speak, then closed them sharply and stepped to the door, listening a moment, then ringing a bell, which was almost immediately answered by the butler and the woman who had first captured the girl.

Hurriedly Thompson explained what had happened—the pebble wrapped strip of white paper which the man outside had picked up, the manner in which he had mysteriously disappeared, ending the butler's pursuit, the admission of policemen to the house and the throwing of the spring that lowered the girl's room to the basement.

"And he got out of the way, eh?" Loubeque frowned thoughtfully, then laughed a dry, barking laugh as he turned to the girl. "And with all this luck working for you, Miss Lucille, you see now how impossible it is to escape. Now I shall leave you alone to reflect upon the advisability of restoring the packet to me. Until then you will not be disturbed even by a servant. You may recall, my child, that thirst is a very unpleasant torture."

He closed the door behind him very softly. Not a sound came from without. Hunger, thirst, solitude—all three in this prison, this prison so much unlike a prison that it was rendered only the more hideous thereby. And even though outsiders knew she was being detained here they could not find her, could not even secure adequate evidence that she was here did they make an examination. She hung herself upon the bed, burying her face in her hands and giving way to sobs.

She straightened, startled by a faint tinkle against the window pane. Swiftly she approached the window. Upon the street no one was in sight. She looked up and espied the face of the captain peering cautiously from over the brick wall above her.

Feverishly she ripped at the netting which had been within the glass before she broke it. Carefully she drew the glass inside and laid it upon the

NAMES OF PERSONS WHO PAID SUBSCRIPTIONS AND AMOUNT PAID BY EACH

John Hudson Hanover	\$1 00
Nat Whitmore Priceville	1 00
V. J. McFarlane Durham	6 00
S. Puthurbough Durham	1 00
Alex Hopkins Durham	1 00
H. I. Storrey Durham	1 00
John Wright Durham	1 00
Jas McDonald Dixley Sask.	2 00
A. W. Blyth Marden	2 00
W. Cameron Stratton Stn	2 00
Mrs. C. McKinnon Bassano	
Albert	1 00
Joseph Moore Varney N.B.	1 00
J. Hunt Unionville, Mich.	1 00
W. Livingston Armstrong,	
New Ontario	

The furniture factory has been working full time for the past couple of weeks.

Ohio's birth rate last year was 43.82 girls and 46.121 boys.

The foot and mouth disease has broken out afresh in Indiana.

A widow leaped five storeys to her death in New York Monday.

One killed and five hurt was New York's auto record Monday.

Pittsburg has set aside \$100,000 to aid its unemployed this winter by giving them work.

Eight lives were lost in a tenement fire in New York, which is blamed on the Black Hand.

November 29 is to be Tuberculosis Day in the United States, when all ministers will speak on the campaign.

"The college man is the best fighter," declared David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University.

One person dead and two injured was the result of a train colliding with an automobile in South Bethlehem, Pa.

Drugs are blamed for most of Chicago's crimes, according to a statement before a Chicago investigating committee.

An eight-year-old New York girl was killed instantly by a car in attempting to save her younger sister from death.

A minister of Stroudsburg, Pa., has just died, aged 82, having officiated at 2,105 weddings, 1,229 funerals and preached 6,424 sermons.

The netting gave slightly, so tore her hands opening the space until she could get her shoulders through. Slowly, round and round, she worked the opening. It was finally wide enough. She looked up. The captain nodded briefly, then disappeared.

In a moment he reappeared, slowly dangling a heavy rope from which he had made a looped chair. Lucille edged her way slowly through the opening. She stood upon the heavy sill outside, hanging to the netting with one hand while she reached for the rope with the other. The second time her fingers closed about it. Swiftly she tucked it about her skirts, then drew taut. Her feet swung clear of the ledge. Then she felt herself being slowly lifted, lifted in little spasmodic jerks.

Her finger tips brushed the roof. Another pull and she had a firm hold and was drawing herself over. Powerful hands closed about her wrists, when from below came a shout that told she had been discovered.

With an oath the captain yanked her to the roof, jerked her there so violently she toppled and fell against him, straightened and caught his arm to support herself.

From beneath them came sounds of pursuit, hurrying footsteps upon stairs, loud voices. Lucille seemed to have all the initiative now. She grasped the man's arm and hurried him toward the closest chimney just as a skylight door swung open where they had stood.

He drew a revolver and held it steadily pointing toward the place. A chip of plaster cracked at their feet. Lucille looked down at a flattened lead bullet. Yet there had been no shot fired. She stared incredulously at the man.

"A silencer—Maxim silencer," he whispered.

Continued next week.

Even in driving a bargain it is just as well to keep to the right.

You can't flatter an honest man by telling him that he's honest.

The cat has nine lives, while man has difficulty in leading two.

Satire, like a surgeon's knife, should be used not to wound, but to cure.

Havana's Pathetic Little Door.

This little door is one of the entrances to La Casa Beneficencia, the large and well regulated orphan asylum of Havana. The passerby might easily take it for a coal hole if coal were generally used in Cuba, for when the door is closed there is nothing to indicate its use. On opening it, however, one finds a revolving circular box divided into three compartments. It does not need a very vivid imagination to picture the drama that has been enacted here on many occasions.

A woman, her head covered with a black shawl, her arms holding a bundle to her breast, hurries along the narrow street. She reaches the little door. Glancing furtively about to see that no one is looking she opens the door and, shaken by stifled sobs, kisses for the last time the baby she is about to renounce. She places the child in the circular box, gives it a turn and hurries on. Inside one of the Sisters of Charity hears the tinkle of a bell. It marks the arrival of a newcomer in La Casa Beneficencia.—Boston Herald.