

ABRAHAM Fair and Square

Come to the Christmas Store

Thousands of useful articles that will make very suitable Christmas Gifts are attractively displayed, ready for your inspection.

Handkerchiefs

- Picture Handkerchiefs... 2c. Picture Handkerchiefs... 4c. Ladies' Hemstitch Handkerchiefs... 6 for... 25c. Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 5c. 10c 12 1/2c. 15c. 18c. 20c. 25c.

Men's Ties, put up one in a box. A very suitable present. 25c. and 50c.

Braces, in separate boxes. 25c. and 50c.

Fancy Aprons... 50c. and \$1.00.

Something New in Ladies' Collars 25c. and 50c.

Collar and Cuff Sets... 25c.

Don't Forget Our

Grocery Dept.

New Raisins... 3 for 25c.

New Currants... 3 for 25c.

New Orange and Lemon Peel... 2 for 25c.

Mixed Nuts, pound... 20c.

Juicy Oranges... 25c. and 40c.

50 pounds Christmas Mixed Candy, per pound... 10c.

Fine Chocolates and Fancy Cream, pound... 20c.

Highest Prices for Produce

The

J. D. ABRAHAM

Company

GREY COUNTY LIVE STOCK SHOW AT GUELPH

Never did stock from Grey show off to better advantage at the Guelph Winter Fair than it did this year. The prizes offered by the County Council are doing their work and bringing live stock of Grey County to the front. In the beef cattle classes a two-year-old steer "Bobs" won fourth prize in the open class, first in the amateur class and first in the Grey County specials. This steer was bred, fed and exhibited by James McPherson & Sons, of Dundalk, and weighed 1,650 pounds when he was two years and four months of age. He was sold for ten cents per pound, live weight. The first prize steer in the open class was also bred and reared by the McPherson firm, although not exhibited by them. Surely a good showing in the beef classes.

In sheep, Ernest Fleming of Tara, Derby township, was exhibiting for the first time at the large fairs. He showed four Shropshire lambs, and in a class of 20 won sixth place. In the class for the best pen of three ewe lambs he won fourth place in a class of six pens. The two below his were owned by the noted breeders, J. R. Kelsey and J. Lloyd-Jones. Mr. Fleming was also proud of winning the Grey County Special for medium woolled sheep. Grey County farmers are as proud of Mr. Fleming as he is of his victories.

"Anticipator" was a good Hackney exhibited by the Henry Douglas Co., of Meaford. He had the style and action so desired in the perfect Hackney. He is an imported horse and was able to make the others sit up and take notice before he went into the ring.

Congratulations to those who went to Guelph and won out. They have advertised the county, and buyers will come in. This should be followed up by all contributing what animals they can to a county sale of pure bred stock.

HYMENEAL

HOY-NEAL

One of those interesting events took place on Thursday afternoon last at six o'clock at the Methodist parsonage, when the Rev. Mr. Prudham, in the presence of only the witnesses, said the words that made man and wife of Mr. Edward Hoy of Orchard, and Mrs. Charlotte Neal of Holstein. The couple were unattended. The bride was gowned in a beautiful dress of brown silk, with pearl and fur trimming. After the ceremony the newly-wed couple returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McLean, son-in-law and daughter of the groom, where a sumptuous dinner was served to a number of invited guests. The presents were numerous and costly, the groom's gift to the bride being a beautiful set of mink furs and a gold bracelet with amethyst setting. The bride's travelling suit was of gabardine cloth with brown plush hat and plume to match. Mr. and Mrs. Hoy left on Friday morning on a trip to Toronto, Kincardine and other points. They will be at home to their friends after December 20.

In recent years Germany, France and England have systematically subsidized motor trucks on condition that they should be available for Government use in case of need. Great Britain allows a subsidy on each truck of \$50 to \$75.

The Black Sea is without a rival in changes of name expressive of human feelings toward it. To the ancient Greek navigators it was at first known as the Pontus Axieneos, the Inhospitable Sea, on account of the savagery shown by the natives of its shores. Later it became the Pontus Euxinus, the Hospitable Sea; either simply for the sake of changing an ill-omened name to a flattering one, or in allusion to the growth of Greek commerce and colonization round the sea. Finally the Turks called it the Black Sea, because its shelterless expanse, its storms and its fogs contrast with the bright Aegean, which they had previously known.

LUCILLE LOVE

Continued from page 7.

The chauffeur reversed heavily, fought with his wheel, but vainly.

Then the heavy car lost balance, tilted heavily and rolled down, down, down.

Lucille felt no fear. It was all too deadly for that. She was only conscious, even as her tiny hands clutched the edge of her seat, of a droning sound from behind that was growing into the rhythmic hum of a motorcar.

Came a long period of delicious languor, of sinking, such as though she floated upon ether; a harsh, crunching jolt and blackness—merciful unconsciousness that closed black shutters across the mental vision of her and brought a sweet smile to the lips that had been tightened so long. Sleep—

Lucille pieced together happenings vaguely after that; then dismissed them as of no account. Nothing appeared to matter. She was comfortable and partially content. She recollected for a fractional space of time being lifted and carried away by strong, friendly, pitying arms. The memory passed immediately with the coming of an impression of swift travel in a motorcar, which, in turn, gave way to the more sharply etched impression of being wheeled aboard a train in an invalid's chair. Then came a vision of the lean, powerful face of Loubeque close to her own, the gentle whisper of his voice close to her ear, calling her name over and over again, while, matching the suffering in his tones, were the deeply carved lines of agony upon his face. Over and over again the man called to her, and yet she knew it was not to her he called, but to the mother whom she resembled.

She felt all her sympathy going out to this man who had proved such a bitter enemy, who had brought such catastrophe upon her and her's and who would again prove so relentless should she attempt to take advantage of his temporary weakness to appeal to the better side of him.

Undoubtedly Loubeque was again in possession of the papers. Suddenly she felt that he had conquered his emotions and moved away. She slowly opened her eyes and looked about. She was in her own private compartment on the train. She was alone.

Tremulously, fearful yet almost positive her hands would not encounter that which she sought, she touched her bosom. The feel of the necklace and papers reassured her, drove away the last mists of unreality. Where she was going she did not know nor care. With the precious papers she could do anything. Simultaneously with the thought came one of terror. Vague at first, it spread over her spirit like a veil that obliterated all light, all hope.

As though forcing herself against her will, she closed her eyes and drew forth the bundle and necklace. Yes, there could be no doubting the genuineness of the rubies. Their scintillant luster was fairly blinding. But she paid them little heed. Her fingers groped at the papers even as her eyes snapped open. Then a little cry of rage and chagrin came from her lips.

The packet upon the table had evidently been nothing but a blind. Hugo Loubeque had taken no chances with the stolen papers even while awake. She had stolen a sheaf of worthless waste paper. The international spy still held the whip hand. She clinched her pretty teeth tightly together even as she kept repeating to herself over and over again the question of why—why had he bothered to pursue her when he knew how she had been misled; why had he not allowed her to go her way and leave him safe to transact the last act in his plan of revenge? Why—why—why had he taken to himself so dangerous an enemy? She knew he was fond of her, fond of her in the same way her own father was, but what of that? Alone, with the ruby necklace, she had sufficient means to do as she pleased and be perfectly safe from any danger.

But was she safe from any danger? Had she not been in danger before? Yes, on the train. And the reason was because Thompson knew she held the ruby necklace. Thompson was one to be feared and respected. Softly she slipped down the vestibule aisle. She had reasoned out the answer. Thompson had escaped Loubeque and, foiled in his attempt to gain the necklace, was still in the pursuit.

Slyly she stepped down the aisle, through car after car, until she halted abruptly and moved back again, for, dozing against a pillow in the tourist car, a long gash over his eye rendering him a bit villainous looking, was the butler-thief.

Lucille sought her compartment, her brain awhirl. It was a three cornered fight now—Loubeque to retain the papers and to protect her in her wealth; Thompson to gain the ruby necklace and revenge himself upon his master, but she—Lucille only sought the papers. Nothing else counted as against that. And Loubeque held the papers.

CHAPTER XXI. Lucille indulges a Feminine Instinct. LUCILLE thrilled with indescribable delight when she found herself once more in San Francisco, the place where last she had seen her sweetheart. She imagined him roving the city, using every means in his power to find her. She knew he had led the assault upon that house, and that not even the secret exit made by the occupants could divert him from his purpose of finding her. But she had a far better chance than he with Loubeque. She

only caught herself hoping that the international spy would return to his home.

Not for the cunning brain of such a one as the spy to go back to a place from which he had been driven and which he had every reason to believe would be under surveillance. Instead of doing this he promptly took a motor to the St. Francis, relying upon the very audacity of his move to protect him.

Lucille followed him quietly, almost meekly. They had but little to say to each other. Both knew the other's thoughts too well to waste time in words; both knew the other's relentlessness of purpose. And, more than anything and everything else, both knew that the fight between them must be settled very shortly, that any move must be made quickly.

Lucille slipped out of the hotel the second day, undecided as to what to do and caring little to plan or plot. For always there was to be reckoned with Thompson, who had turned against his former master. Thompson was the man upon whom she convinced herself with feminine intuition she must depend. Thompson would lay open a way. And the hate of Thompson would turn itself against the hate of Loubeque and then her own great love would have its innings.

And in this mood, for the first time since leaving Manila so abruptly in the aeroplane of Harley, her thought turned from the sweetheart she felt was in the city to the thought of meeting him. She stopped short, the song upon her lips frozen there as she looked down at herself. For the first time



Her Hands Sought the Precious Necklace.

In months an idea recurred to her, an idea that seemed to have formed a major portion of her ideas in life before that time—clothes.

Clothes! She fairly blushed as she looked upon the beautifully dressed women upon the street. Clothes! Why, she looked a perfect ragamuffin. She had become frightfully self-conscious, ascribing the glances of admiration bestowed upon her from pedestrians to her shabbiness. Unconsciously her hands sought the precious necklace.

She speeded swiftly and furtively down the street. Self reliance had become a part of her from her experiences, but the thought of obtaining money was something that appalled her. She had never known anything of money in her life.

Resolutely she bit her lips and forced her way through the doors of a jewelry establishment, fighting her resolution to the point of approaching the bespectacled, important looking man behind the counter.

"I wish to sell," she murmured bashfully. The salesman stared from her to the necklace, his eyes growing wider and wider with bewilderment as he looked upon such stones as he had never seen before in his life.

"The proprietor"—he whispered. Lucille followed the direction of his pointed finger, on the verge of bursting into laughter at the change in his demeanor. With added confidence she pushed open the ground glass door, upon which was marked a caution for all outsiders to keep out.

A keen eyed little man turned upon her abruptly, his lips half open for a protest against the intrusion, when his eyes fell upon the necklace she carried loosely in her hands.

"I wished some ready money," Lucille quickly explained, blushing at her own temerity as she placed the precious necklace upon the desk.

The man drew a jeweler's glass from his drawer and stooped to examine each stone, his lips pursing to vent a little whistle of awe and admiration every few moments.

"Where did you get this necklace, miss? I presume you realize something of its value?"

"I—I really don't know exactly where. It was on a savage island, where I was cast away—an island just eight days out of Manila."

"A savage island—from Manila"—A bit of the incredulity had left his manner already. Once more he stooped to examine the necklace. "Yes," he muttered; "the cutting of the stones is different from any I have ever encountered—old Asiatic undoubtedly." Again he turned to her. "How long ago was this, miss? What is this story of being cast away? I do not recollect any wrecks!"

Continued next week.

NEWS OF OLD ONTARIO

Walkerton is suffering from a low supply of water.

The Owen Sound Patriotic Fund amounts to over \$20,000.

Judge Wm. Boys of Barrie is dead, aged 81 years.

The town of Perth has an assessment rate of 25 mills and an overdraft of \$19,000.

Albert Fennell of Walkerton fell from a coal car and injured his spine. His leg was partially paralyzed.

W. Campbell, Kincardine, was injured and nearly suffocated when a landslide fell on top of him.

John Wolfe of Walkerton was turned back as an undesirable at the American border, owing to ill-health.

Private Fred Lake of the 36th Worcestershire Regiment, who was wounded by a shrapnel in France and is now in a hospital at Netting, England, has a wife and home in Owen Sound.

Alphonse, the five-year-old son of Val Berberich of Walkerton upset a dish of water and scalded his left foot.

Ernest Boyle of Southampton, was sentenced to three months in jail for breaking into the G. T. R. station there.

Rev. Jas. McCrea, for eight years a pastor in the Fergus district, has accepted a call to Elberts, Ont., near Chatham.

Robt. Steele, a farmer living at Maple Hill, near Walkerton, lost his barn, implements and most of his season's crops by fire.

Eight young men of Formosa, in Bruce county, sacrificed skin for the embellishment of one of the local young ladies who had received serious burns.

The moulders employed by the Canada Malleable Iron Company at Owen Sound have gone on strike owing to a reduction in wages.

Miss Flora Mitchell of Warton, while in a fit of temporary insanity, it is believed, committed suicide by plunging into the Georgian Bay.

Donald McLaughlin, an escaped convict from Central Prison, was sentenced to three years in Kingston penitentiary for housebreaking at Bracebridge.

M. Coady of Hamilton, was seriously injured when a board struck him on the head while he was threshing at Jackson's farm, Peel county. He will recover.

James Johnson of Lucknow was probably fatally burned, and his wife and baby are in a serious condition after a fire in their home, which started when Johnson endeavored to kindle his fire.

Laurier, the 14-year-old son of Edward Good, Collingwood township was almost instantly killed by the explosion of a rifle, over the possession of which he and his younger brother were struggling.

Wm. Exham was discharged by the judge at Walkerton after pleading guilty to the theft of \$120 from Maurice Crawford, a Tara farmer, for whom he worked last summer. Restitution and a largely signed petition in his favor obtained the leniency.

Uxbridge is losing time on account of the war. The village has a new town clock, but cannot receive the benefit of it owing to the fact that the glass face is made of small pieces of glass which are obtained from Belgium. Several of these were broken on their way to Canada, and it is taking much time to secure substitutes.

A COSTLY SPREE.

Driving off the road and wrecking buggies is becoming so frequent an occurrence with Walkertonians returning from Mildmay that nothing resembling a sensation was caused here on Thursday night when it was learned that Charles O'Brien and John Cahoon had upset into the ditch on their way back from the Carrick capital and had damaged Lettner's livery rig to the extent of \$15. A number of empty bottles in the buggy were among the souvenirs they brought from their visit, and as both were apparently badly under the influence of booze, a warrant was issued for the arrest of O'Brien on the charge of driving on the highway in an intoxicated condition and endangering public travel. The accused was apprehended by Chief Ferguson and taken before Magistrate Tolton on Friday morning, when he was assessed \$26 for damage to the buggy and cost of the trial. As the presence of the empty bottles caused the authorities to suspect that there had been an illegal sale of booze by the bottle in the German burg, Chief Ferguson quizzed Cahoon tactfully on the subject but was met with the response that they had found the bottles lying in Mildmay empty on the road and had brought the glass trophies in, thus disclaiming any connection between the Mildmay vessels being empty and the Walkerton visitors being full.—Times.

The Christian Guardian, the official organ of the Methodist church, has put a price of \$1.00 on each obituary notice. For this sum you can have 150 words of commendation—but if your good works require a more voluminous report one cent for each additional word will be added to this charge.

Large Sales Small Profits McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

Christmas Bargains

Notwithstanding the great advance of the prices of Dry Goods, we, through careful buying at the right time are enabled to offer Special Bargains from now till Christmas.

- Flannelette Blankets, per pair \$1.40
- Scotch Blankets, per pair \$3.00, 4.00 4.75 and 5.50.
- Unbleached Table Linen, per yard 25c, 40, and 50c.
- Bleached Table Linen, per yard 25c 50c and 7-c.
- Linen Towels, per yard 5c.
- A pretty assortment of Handkerchiefs
- Fresh Groceries are continually arriving. We sell them at popular prices

- Ladies' Coatings \$1.50 per yard double fold.
- Flannelette from 9c per yard.
- Linoleums 12ft wide \$2 00 per yard.
- Rugs from \$7.75 to \$25.00.
- A fine display of Sweater Coats.
- The newest designs in the neatest patterns of men's Neckties.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

The stock is large and varied, made in the newest designs and good fitters.

Don't Forget the House Furnishings on the second floor

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE FOR PRODUCE

G. & J. McKechnie Departmental Store Durham