

Compliments of the Season

May You and Yours Enjoy a Christmas of Unforgettable Pleasure with Health and Plenty for the New Year.

W. H. BEAN Big 4

HOME STUDY

Thousands of ambitious young people are being instructed in their homes by our Home Study Dept. You may finish at College if you desire. Pay whenever you wish. Thirty Years' Experience. Largest trainers in Canada. Enter any day. Positions guaranteed. If you wish to save board and learn while you earn, write for particulars.

NO VACATION
Walkerton Business College
GEO. SPOTTON, President

Winter Term Opens January 4th

DECIDE NOW TO ENTER THE FAMOUS



Yonge and Charles streets, Toronto. This School stands without a superior in Canada. Write for Catalogue. W. J. ELLIOTT, Prin., 734 Young St.

Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

PHOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquisition of knowledge.

FEES: \$1 per month in advance
V. W. H. HARTLEY, J. F. GRANT,
Chairman, Secretary

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoop Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

The Easy Road to a GOOD SALARY

Is the one leading to a course of 6 or 8 months in the
Mt. Forest
BUSINESS COLLEGE
Students and Graduates assisted to positions. Enter any time. Full particulars in free catalogue.
D. A. McLachlan, G. M. Henry,
President, Principal.

Practical Tailor

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Suits, Thoroughly CLEANED and PRESSED
ALTERATIONS and REPAIRS
MODERATE CHARGES

T. Redman
Workshop, Middaugh House

LUCILLE LOVE

THE GIRL OF MYSTERY

BY THE "MASTER PEN"

Copyright, 1914. All moving picture rights reserved by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which is now exhibiting this production in leading theaters. Infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.



"The Empress." Lucille quickly explained.

"Well, well, well"—he rubbed his hands together in frank amazement—"to think that any one escaped from the wreck of the Empress!" Once more his lips pursed. "But why have you not reached friends?"

"I am Lucille Love," she said quietly. "I cannot go back."

"Lucille Love, daughter of General Love?" He studied her keenly, nodding his head from side to side. "Yes, yes; your father and I were quite well acquainted when he was stationed at the Presidio here, and you will not go back because of the disgrace that caused you to leave when the orders from Washington were stolen?"

"There was no disgrace," Lucille said, her tones fairly chilling. "The papers were stolen by an outsider, sir. That was why I boarded the Empress. That is why I am here. That is why I seek money; why I am still searching."

"But my dear Miss Love," he smiled. "you must realize that there is not money enough in the establishment to purchase such a wonderful necklace as the one you own. A few stones, possibly, or," he added as an afterthought, "I might purchase an option on the necklace for, say, as much of a reasonable sum as you desire at present and will then look about for a purchaser."

Lucille's face showed her relief. "I will give you \$10,000 for an option to sell the necklace within six months," the man continued quickly. "Meanwhile I will keep it here and give you a receipt for it in order that I may show it to possible customers."

"Ten thousand dollars?" Lucille's eyes were wide in wonderment. It was not ten minutes later, with a mutual promise to say nothing of the transaction, that she left the shop with a certified check for the sum mentioned in her tightly clenched fist, accompanied by a clerk.

A strange shadow seemed to have fallen upon her, one which took a large part of the amusement she anticipated getting from her shopping away. She could only ascribe it to meeting with one who had known her father, who unwittingly showed her what the judgment of the world had been in regard to the missing orders, the necessity for immediately flogging Hugo Loubeque.

As she left the bank with the roll of banknotes in her hand and a warning from the clerk still ringing in her ears she thought no longer of adorning herself, had forgotten her shabbiness and her fear of meeting her sweetheart. Her thoughts were still upon clothes, the most gorgeous clothes. And her thoughts were also upon Hugo Loubeque, the international spy, the man who stood between her and the fruition of all her hopes, the man—and a warm flush suffused her cheeks, which she fought down swiftly—who was constantly proving himself but a mere man, after all; a man susceptible to woman's charms.

Her head was high, her cheeks sparkling as she entered the first fashionable shop she came to; her manner such that the crowding, jostling women made way for her as for a queen in regal attire instead of a young girl with habiliments torn and disheveled.

And always, alongside the doors of all the establishments she entered, waiting—patiently waiting, fervently waiting—a rather servile appearing man stood, respectful, quiet, contained. Lucille's return to her apartment at the hotel was greeted with an apparent respect that spoke plainly of the arrival of the food of packages she had ordered sent immediately that she might prepare herself for the conquest of Loubeque.

It was several hours later that she looked at herself in the long cheval glass, frank admiration and wonder tingling within her, mantling her cheeks with roses that no ruby necklaces could have purchased. For the first time she realized that she was wonderfully beautiful. And even as she stood there came a clear tapping upon the door. With a smile upon her lips she moved toward it, allowing it to open the slightest fraction at a time.

Hugo Loubeque stepped within, immaculate in his evening clothes, and bowed gravely, his eyes taking her in from head to toe, frank admiration glowing in them.

"You will dine with me?" His manner was courteous as ever, yet there was a change. Something already was lost between them, some of the strands which bound them together slackened, dropped apart never to be put together again.

Lucille merely nodded. Her heart was growing larger and larger, and she found herself frightened. She rested her hand upon his sleeve and allowed him to escort her to the dining

room. In the dining room she gave herself over to a mood effervescent as the champagne that bubbled in the glass before her. Loubeque had not proven adamant against the frank admiration which went the length of the room at the appearance of Lucille.

She was playing a part she had never dreamed of playing until she caught sight of her beautiful reflection mirrored back at her from the long glass in her apartment. And a great shame was upon her, even as her growing self disgust divided itself between shame at seeing the great Loubeque falling into the net she was deftly weaving for him. She watched him narrowly, marking the constantly growing boldness of his frank admiration.

A rather pretty girl whirled into the center of the big dining room and without waiting for the faint murmur of applause that greeted her appearance to subside, began to dance. Lucille noticed that Loubeque had so far given himself over to the spirit of reverie that his dishes went untouched as he watched the indifferent dancing. Inspiration came to Lucille. She saw the weak spot in Hugo Loubeque's well nigh perfect armor, thought she saw a method of reaching it. Quietly she excused herself and left the room.

Once at the end of the room her manner changed. Swiftly she turned, taking the direction she had seen the dancer leave and coming into a small room where the entertainers sat. She approached the girl, drawing her to one side.

"If I pay you well," she whispered eagerly, "would you let me dance in your place the next time—pay you—pay you \$100—\$500?" she added as the girl regarded her suspiciously.

"Five hundred dollars?" Wonderment glinted in the eyes upon her. "What do you want—to get chance at cabaret work?"

"No—no, I can dance, but I merely wish to do it once. There is a reason I cannot explain now. But it means everything to me. Please—please"—Tears glistened in eyes filled to overflowing with such honest pleading that the girl quickly nodded.

"Let's see your work," she demanded. "What line, miss?"

Lucille slowly recalled an old Spanish dance she had learned years before, one she had danced in private theatricals. The cabaret dancer whispered to a young man in the corner who took his guitar from its case and thrummed lightly until Lucille nodded.

"You'll do," the girl said five minutes later, then, with a tinge of envy in her voice and eyes, "dead sure you ain't after me job?"

Lucille pressed the money upon her, warmly assuring her over and over again that such was not her intention. "All right then. You're due in half an hour. I'll fix it with the manager and put the orchestra leader wise to the game. The dress ain't quite the stuff fer'—"

Lucille nodded gayly. Hurriedly she scribbled a note to Loubeque, reassuring him as to her delay and begging him to wait a short time until she came. Then she darted to her suit, fairly tearing her gown from her in her haste. She did not know what odd whimsy had induced her to purchase the little coquettish fluff of a dancing gown that fitted the part she intended playing so perfectly.

A bit breathless she returned to the cabaret. The girl gave her a shove forward and she found herself standing in the big room, heard, as from a long way off, the stringed orchestra brilliantly playing "La Paloma."

"G'wan! Beat it!" It was the voice of the cabaret dancer. Lucille knew then that she must go through with what she had started. Taking a long breath, her body swayed to the strains. Slowly, gracefully she glided into the room, her face partially concealed by the mantilla. A gasp of surprise followed her appearance, men and women leaned forward, forgetful of their dinner, lured by her infectious grace and charm. But she had eyes for but one man, the international spy, who, a surprised, puzzled expression on his face, leaned far forward in his chair, watching this woman who danced so wonderfully.

Then suddenly the music changed. Lucille flashed a glance at Loubeque and from that moment danced to him and him alone. It was perfectly obvious to every one in the room. The spy sank back in his chair, a bit embarrassed but quite aglow with delight. The music was growing slower, slower, and, with a trickling laugh of implied merriment, Lucille flung wide her mantilla and bowed mockingly to the arch-spy.

strange ones at her, his palms cracked vigorously together as he led off the whirlwind of applause that set the glasses and cutlery dancing. The orchestral leader waved his baton toward Lucille for an encore, and from her chair opposite Loubeque, into which she had sunk, she half rose to respond with a bow.

"My God!" The voice was hoarse, terrifying in its bitterness, its scorn. Lucille turned, startled; then, involuntarily, her hands reached out toward the man who was standing, tense, a horrid expression of disgust and unbelief upon his countenance.

"Dick!" she quavered. Lieutenant Gibson moved away as her slender figure swayed toward him. Her hands were upon his wrists. He looked at them a second then slowly detached them and turned away, leaving the great room, leaving behind the woman who had dared everything for him.

And Lucille, the radiant face of a moment before gone into a mask, a frigid, icy mask, watched him as, without turning, he left her alone to fight



"My God!" said Lieutenant Gibson.

the battle for him. Loubeque touched her shoulder sympathetically.

"Poor child, Lucille!" he murmured. "It was Gibson. After all you might have believed of him, to have him turn that way instantly!"

"Dick is a man," she smiled sadly. "Man is full of suspicion. But when a woman loves she does not ask for references."

CHAPTER XXII.

On Board the Terror. LUCILLE awoke to a numbed sense of failure, defeat, of loss irreparable. For a few moments she allowed her head to rest against the pillows, perfectly passive, retracing the course of her efforts in the fight with Loubeque for recovery of the papers up to this disastrous conclusion.

She dressed leisurely and for some time was seated at her window scattering crumbs on the ledge for stray birds. As she crossed the room a moment later a metallic sound struck against her ears again and again before she was even conscious of it. She looked about the room, then made out the sound coming from the window ledge. Curiously she regarded the pigeon strutting about there eagerly devouring the crumbs. Upon his leg she saw a tiny brass cylinder, tap, tap, tapping with his every step.

Her heart gave her a warning, thumping violently even as she recognized the pretty creature for a carrier bird. Stepping quietly to the window of her bedroom, she stared about her, a smile crossing her face as by careful count she made out the crumbs upon the eighth window ledge from hers. That would be Hugo Loubeque's apartment.

Swiftly, softly, tremulously, for fear the bird might have fled, Lucille reached the ledge, her voice low and caressing as she reached and clasped him firmly. In a second she had detached the cylinder, taking the tiny tissue paper note from it.

Arrangements complete. Deliver papers to Ensign Howell, U. S. ship Terror, with affidavit as to sale by General Sumpter Love, now under trial, Washington, D. C. At your residence; 5:30.

Lucille gasped as she took in the meaning of the message. For just a moment she sat staring dully ahead of her, dismay and terror frozen in her eyes. At 5:30 the international spy's work would be completed and her father ruined.

She clinched her fists tightly together, pacing up and down the floor of her suit, her pretty teeth fastened upon her under lip, her very being vibrant with protest at the horrible injustice of it all. It must not be. It could not be. She stopped suddenly. It should not be. Calmly she crossed to the writing desk and added a line through the hour appointed, carefully making an eight of the five. She scanned the result of her labors with knitted brows. She loosed the pigeon, pointing him toward a window which was open. She knew Loubeque was growing impatient from that sign. Furtively she watched the eager hands clutch the bird and draw him from view. The window slapped shut once more.

His residence she knew must mean the house of mystery, the weird place of horrors, of sliding staircases and

Nervous Women

Are troubled with the "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feeling may or may not be accompanied by backache or headache. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form and be a well woman!

Mrs. Eva Tyler of So. Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y., says, "I have been in a run-down condition for several years. Suffered from nervousness and a great deal of pain at certain times. Have taken several different medicines but found your Favorite Prescription has given the most relief of anything I have ever tried. Am very much better than I have been in some time. I gladly recommend this remedy to any woman in need of a tonic." Write Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

in Girlhood Womanhood Motherhood

SHOPPING MADE EASY HERE

Large Assortment—New and Up-To-Date Goods

Both Useful and Ornamental

Here are a Few Lines from Our Stock.

FOR MOTHER:	FOR FATHER:
Pair Glasses	Pair Glasses
Hot Water Bottle	Large Print Bible
Thermos Bottle	Standard Poets
Dainty China	New Fiction
Cut Glass	Reprint Fiction
Brass Novelties	New War Books
Hymn or Prayer Book	Box Cigars
Box Stationery	Smoker's Set
	A Good Pipe
	Leather Wallet

FOR HER:	FOR HIM:
A Kodak	A Kodak
Dressing Cases	Safety Razor
Manicure Set	Shaving Outfit
Party Bag	Smoker's Set
Hand Bag	Waterman Fountain Pen
Music Case	Tobacco Pouch
Choice Candy	Desk Blotter
Newest Perfume	Violin or Accordion
Dainty Stationery	Mandolin
New Fiction	Bible, Hymn or Prayer
Standard Fiction	Books
Padded Poets	His Favorite Magazine
Her Favorite Magazine	Standard Books
Snap-Shot Album	New Fiction

FOR THE CHILDREN:—Kodaks, Dolls, Games, Picture Books, Story Books, Bibles, School Cases, Child's Stationery, Purses, Music Cases, Chain Purses, Pictures, Cups and Saucers, Candy, etc.

Shop Early. Goods Delivered at the Proper Time

MACFARLANE & CO.

WHEN YOU WANT Stoves, Ranges Stove Pipes or Stove Repairs

GO TO

J. H. HARDING

Durham - Ontario

THE STOVE STORE

FALLING HAIR AND ITCHING SCALP

Needless—Use Parisian Sage.

Now that Parisian Sage can be had at any drug counter it is certainly needless to have thin, brittle, matted, stringy or faded hair. No matter how unsightly the hair, how badly it is falling or how much dandruff, Parisian Sage is all that is needed. Frequent applications and well rubbed into the scalp will do wonders it acts like magic. The hair roots are nourished and stimulated to grow new hair, itching scalp, dandruff and falling hair cease—your head feels fine. Best of all, the hair becomes soft, fluffy, abundant and radiant with life and beauty.

You will be surprised and delighted with Parisian Sage. Try at least one 50 cent bottle from Macfarlane & Co., they will refund the purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Continued on page 7.