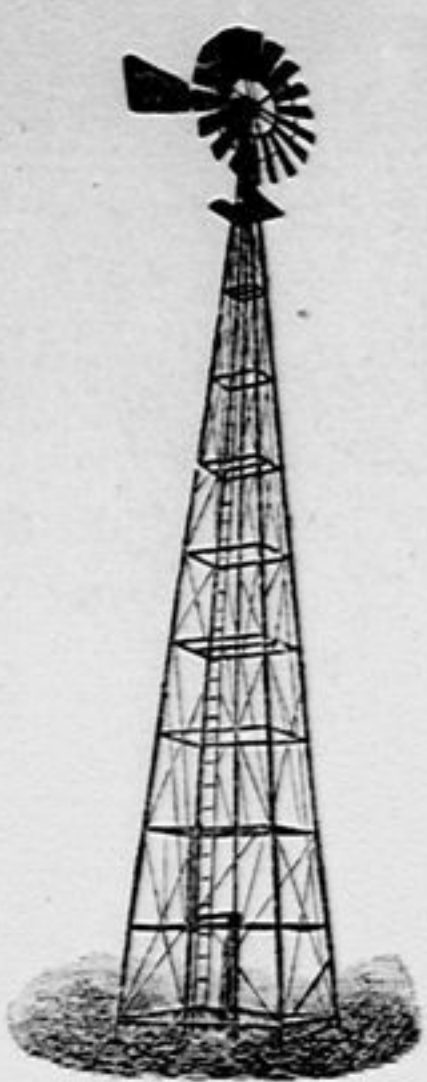


The ONTARIO WIND ENGINE and PUMP COMPANY



Manufacture the Cheapest and the Best Pumping Outfit on the Market.

Sold by **W. D. Connor** Durham - Ontario

Leave your order with us for

Peaches Plums and Tomatoes

Remember please that we get our fruit direct from the Growers. It is Government inspected. The best that grows.

The J. D. Abraham Company

The Store That Sets the Pace

NOVEMBER JOE

Continued from page 7

"How to see?" He rose and went to the door. "Guess Joe missed it," he said, pointing with his finger.

I turned in the direction indicated and saw that upon one of the nails which had been driven into the door of the cabin some bright colored threads were hanging. Going nearer I found them to be strands of pink and gray worsted, twisted together.

"What d'you think of that?" asked Evans, with a heavy wink.

Before I could answer Joe came into sight round a clump of bush on the edge of the clearing.

"Well," called the game warden, "any luck?"

"Not just exactly," he said.

"What do you make of that?" asked Evans again, pointing at the fluttering worsted, with a glance of suppressed triumph at Joe.

"Huh!" said November. "What do you?"

"Pretty clear evidence that, ain't it? The robber caught his necker on those nails as he slipped out. We're getting closer. English rifle, 'Gold Nugget' in his pipe, and a pink and gray necker. Find a chap that owns all three. It can't be difficult. Wardens have eyes in their heads as well as you, November."

"Sure!" agreed Joe politely, but with an abstracted look, as he examined the door. "You say you found it here?"

"Yes."

"Huh!" said Joe again.

"Anything else on the trail?" asked Evans.

November looked at him. "He shot Rizpah."

"The old dog? I suppose she attacked him and he shot her."

"Yes, he shot her—first."

"First? What then?"

"He cut her nigh in pieces with his knife."

Without more words Joe turned back into the woods, and we went after him. Hidden in a low, marshy spot about half a mile from the house, we came upon the body of the dog. It was evident she had been shot—more than that, the carcass was hacked about in a horrible manner.

"What do you say now, Mr. Evans?" inquired Joe.

"What do I say? I say this: When we find the thief we'll likely find the marks of Rizpah's teeth on him."

That's what made him mad with rage and—Evans waved his hand.

We returned to breakfast at Mrs. Rone's cabin. While we were eating Evans casually brought out a scrap of the worsted he had detached from the nail outside.

"Seen any one with a necker like that, Mrs. Rone?" he asked.

The young woman glanced at the bit of wool, then bent over Danny at

she red him. When she raised her head I noticed that she looked very white.

"There's more'n one of that color hereabouts likely," she replied, with another glance of studied indifference.

"It's not a common pattern of wool," said Evans. "Well, you're all wits nesses where I got it. I'm off. It's my business to find the man with the pink necker."

Evans nodded and swung off through the door.

November looked at Sally. "Who is he, Sally?"

Mrs. Rone's pretty forehead puckered into a frown. "Who?"



"It's my business to find the man with the pink necker."

"Pink and grey necker," said Joe gently.

A rush of tears filled her red brown eyes.

"Val Black has one like that. I made it for him myself long ago."

"And he has a rifle of some English make," added November.

Mrs. Rone started. "So he has, but I never remembered that till this minute!" She looked back into Joe's gray eyes with indignation. "And he smokes 'Nugget' all right, too. I know it. All the same, it isn't Val!"

"It's queer them bits of worsted on the doornails," observed Joe judicially. Her color flamed for a moment.

"Why queer? He's been here to see me—us more 'n once this time back. The nails might have caught his necker any day," she retorted.

"It's just possible," agreed November in an unconvinced voice.

"It can't be Val!" repeated Mrs. Rone steadily. When we were out of sight and of earshot I turned to November.

"The evidence against Black is pretty strong. What's your notion?"

"Can't say yet. I think we'd best join Evans; he'll be trailing the thief."

We made straight through the woods toward the spot where the dog's body lay. As we walked I tried again to find out Joe's opinion.

"But the motive? Haven't Mrs. Rone and Black always been on good terms?" I persisted.

Joe allowed that was so and added, "Val wanted to marry her years ago."

"But surely Black wouldn't rob her, especially now that he has his chance again."

"Think not?" said Joe. "I wonder!" After a pause he went on: "But it ain't hard to see what'll be Evans' views on that. He'll say Val's scared of her growing too independent, for she's made good so far with her traps, and so he just naturally took a hand to frighten her into marriage. His case agin Val won't break down for want of motive."

"One question more, Joe. Do you really think Val Black is the guilty man?"

November Joe looked up with his quick, sudden smile. "It'll be a shock to Evans if he ain't," said he.

Very soon we struck the robber's trail and saw from a second line of tracks that Evans was ahead of us following it.

"Here the thief goes," said Joe. "See! He's covered his moccasins with deer skin, and here we have Evans' tracks. He's hurrying, Evans is. He's feeling good and sure of the man he's after."

Twice November pointed out faint signs that meant nothing to me.

"Here's where the robber stopped to light his pipe. See! There's the mark of the butt of his gun between these roots. The snow's thin there. Must 'a' had a match, that chap," he said after a minute, and, standing with his back to the wind, he made a slight movement of his hand.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Saving myself trouble." He turned at right angles and began searching through the trees. "Here it is. Hung up in a snag. Seadog match he used." Then, catching my eye, he went on: "Unless he was a fool he'd light his match with his face to the wind, wouldn't he? And most right handed men 'ud throw the match thereabouts where I hunted for it."

Well on in the afternoon the trail led out to the banks of a wide and shallow stream, into the waters of which they disappeared. Here we overtook Evans. He was standing by the ashes of a fire almost on the bank.

He looked up as we appeared. "That you, Joe? Chap's took to the water," said the game warden, "but he'll have to do more than that to shake me off."

"Chap made this, too?" inquired November, with a glance at the dead fire.

Evans nodded. "Walked steady till he came here. Dunno what he lit the fire for. Carried grub, I s'pose."

"No; to cook that partridge," said Joe.

I glanced at Evans. His face darkened. Clearly this did not please him. "Oh, he shot a partridge?"

"No," said Joe; "he noosed it back in the spruces there. The track of the wire noose is plain, and there was some feathers. But look here, Evans he didn't wear no pink necker."

Evans' annoyance passed off suddenly. "That's funny," said he, "for he left more than a feather and the scrape of a wire." The game warden pulled out a pocketbook and showed us wedged between its pages another strand of the pink and grey wool. "I found it where he passed through those dead spruces. How's that?"

I looked at Joe. To my surprise he threw back his head and gave one of his rare laughs.

"Well," cried Evans, "are you still sure that he didn't wear a pink necker?"

"Surer than ever," said Joe, and began to poke in the ashes.

Evans eyed him for a moment, transferred his glance to me and winked. Before long he left us, his last words being that he would have his hands or "Pink Necker" by night.

CHAPTER VII.

The "Pink Necker."

JOE sat in silence for some ten minutes after he had gone; then he rose and began to lead away southeast.

"Evans 'll hear Val Black's the owner of the pink necker at Lavette's village. It's an otter's to a muskrat's pelt that then he'll head straight for Val's. We've got to be there afore him."

The afternoon was yet young when we arrived at Val Black's. Val was not at home, but Joe entered the house and searched it thoroughly. I asked him what he was seeking.

"Those skins of Sally's."

"Then you think Black?"

"I think nothing yet. And here's the man himself, anyway."

He turned to the door as Val Black came swinging up the trail. He was of middle height, strongly built, with quick eyes and dark hair which, though cropped close, still betrayed its tendency to curl. He greeted November warmly. November was, I thought, even more slow spoken than usual.

"Val," he said, after some talk, "have you still got that pink necker Sally knitted for you?"

"Yes, I've got her."

"Where?"

"Right here," and Black pulled the muffler out of his pocket.

"Huh!" said Joe.

There was a silence, rather a strained silence, between the two.

Then November continued. "Where was you last night?"

Val looked narrowly at Joe. Joe returned his stare.

"Say, November Joe, are you searching for trouble?" asked Black in an ominously quiet voice.

"Seems as if trouble was searching for me," replied November.

There was another silence. Then Val jerked out, "I call your hand."

"I show it," said Joe. "You're suspicious of nothing, are you?"

month back. And you're suspected of entering Sally's house last evening and stealing pelts."

With a shout of rage Val made at Joe.

November stood quite still under the grip of the other's furious hands.

"You act innocent, don't you, you old coyote!" he grinned ironically. "I never said I suspected you."

Black drew off, looking a little foolish, but he stared up again.

"Who is it suspects me?"

"Just Evans. And he's got good evidence. Where was you between 6 and 7 last night?"

"In the woods. I come back and sleep here."

"Was you alone?"

"Yes."

"Then you can't prove no alibi." Joe paused.

It was at this moment that Evans, accompanied by two other forest rangers, appeared upon the scene. Quick as lightning he covered Black with his shotgun.

"Up with your hands," he cried, "or I'll put this load of birdshot into your face."

Black scowled, but his hands went up. He stood panting. At a sign one of the rangers sidled up, and the click of handcuffs followed.

"What am I charged with?" cried Black.

"Robbery."

"You'll pay me for this, Simon Evans!"

"It won't be for awhile—not till they let you out again," retorted the warden easily. "Take him off up the trail, Bill!"

The rangers walked away with their prisoner, and Evans turned to Joe.

"Guess I have the laugh of you, November," he said.

"Looks that way. Where you takin' him?"

"To Lavette. I've sent word to Mrs. Rone to come there tomorrow. And now," continued Evans, "I'm going to search Black's shack."

Continued next week.

THE WESTERN FAIR, LONDON.

September 10th to 13th.

Queen's Park at London, Ont., the home of the Western Fair, is a very busy place at present, as active preparations are in progress for the great exhibition to be held in September. Ever since the last exhibition the entire grounds and buildings have been in possession of the military authorities. The city of London and the board of directors of the Western Fair Association have been very pleased to be able to help our Government in some small way in these strenuous times and so the grounds and buildings were placed at their disposal entirely free. As the soldiers are now under canvas a great deal of work will have to be done to prepare the buildings for the exhibition. Owing to an unfortunate fire in the grand stand the old structure is entirely demolished, and a new and up-to-date steel stand with a seating capacity of 5,000 people is in course of erection. This will very much add to the comfort and convenience of the visitors as every seat in the new stand will give a full view of everything taking place on the track and platform. For any information regarding the exhibition write the secretary, A. M. Hunt, London, Ont.

Large Sales Small Profits

McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

House Furnishings

Our stock is large and varied, comprising the newest designs and the neatest patterns in Wall Paper. Floor Oil-cloth Linoleums and Rugs.

Wall Paper

The Wall Papers are made by the Canadian Wall Paper Manufacturers, Stauntons. They are reliable, new in design and neat in appearance.

Linoleums and Floor Oilcloths

The Linoleums and Floor Oilcloths are of Canadian and Scotch makes in the best up-to-date designs. Notwithstanding the great advance in price we are still selling at the old prices.

Rugs

Our Rugs are the product of the best English Looms in the best designs, having all the Oriental tints of the famous Eastern Rugs but at lower prices.

Boots and Shoes

Our stock is large and full in all lines, special sizes and designs ordered and delivered at once.

Boys' School Shoe, a good substantial shoe 1.75
Ladies' common sense, wide & comfortable 1.50
Ladies' dongola blucher, very serviceable 1.75

Ladies' dongola blucher, very dressy 2.10
Men's Box Kip Blucher 2.35
Men's Split Blucher 2.25

The Highest Prices for Produce

G. & J. McKechnie

Departmental Store

Durham

The Paris Millinery Parlor

FALL OPENINGS 1915

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

SEPTEMBER 9, 10 and 11

Call and see our display of New Fall Millinery which is Larger and better than ever.

MRS. T. H. McCLOCKLIN

Lambton Street (One door west of Standard Bank) Durham

BE PREPARED TO DECORATE

THIS FLAG COUPON

together with \$1.10, which covers the cost of distribution. Will, When Presented or Mailed to the office of

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE
DURHAM, ONTARIO

Entitle the reader of this paper presenting same to
A BRITISH FLAG

MAIL ORDERS.—If flag is desired sent by mail, send the \$1.10 and 5c additional postage in first zone (or 7c any Canadian point).

A FLAG FOR YOUR HOME

VICTORY

LOYALTY