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# LUCILLE LOVE

## THE GIRL OF MYSTERY

BY THE "MASTER PEN"

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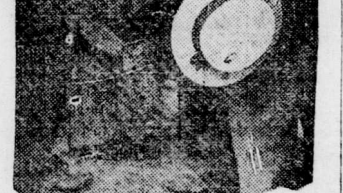
### CHAPTER XIX.

#### An Appeal.

LUCILLE started just as her hands encountered the packet of be-gimed papers and documents. A faint humming sound mingled with the heavy tread of the fireman above stairs. But she had won, was victorious after many defeats. Still, that sound—

She seemed to have heard it before. With a little cry of horror she looked up, her hands clasping the packet to her breast. The room that had been her boudoir was slowly closing down upon her, was moving down, down, down, its dark floor threatening to crush her like a letterpress closes upon its contents. Then it stopped.

She looked toward the door through which she had entered, her delight at



She Saw Loubeque In the Doorway.

the escape dying before the sight of Loubeque's tall, saturnine figure in the doorway, the glowing cigar tip picking out his every feature, the hateful smile upon his face. He extended his hand, bowed gracefully, sarcastically.

"The packet of papers, Miss Lucille, if you please," he murmured.

For the fleeting second Lucille wondered what would happen did she refuse to surrender the papers to Loubeque—wondered what diabolical thing might enter his brain when he found himself defied. A glance at the room which had started to descend upon her drove the thought away as quickly as it brought a shudder through her slender frame. Slowly, reluctantly, she held out the packet to him, watching him furtively, as with the utmost courtesy he bowed and placed it in his breast pocket.

Slowly he conducted her up the stairs. In his private room he motioned her to a chair, seating himself at the desk.

"I am not going to threaten you again," he said quietly. "I wish you to know that this is the last time you can interfere with my plans. Child, can you not be made to see what folly it is—this fight against me?"

"Mr. Loubeque," she said softly, "have you never grieved that it is impossible for the finer feelings you are continually suppressing to be returned because your ambitions are cruel and base? I do not like to wage this constant war with you. I do not like to battle with the man who has been so kind to me in his own way that I could love him as another father. But you would ruin my father; you would wreck my sweetheart's life. You would keep me apart from perfect happiness after I have merely peeped through the door of that happiness only to have it slammed shut in my face. Can't you see that it is you who must go down to defeat? Can't you see that love such as supports a frail girl to battle with you as I have done will not be downed by the most powerful man? Can't you see that I cannot stop even if I do sometimes grow very tired and sick at heart and pray to this soul of mine to let me lie down for a little while and rest? Rest—rest!"

She broke off with a sob of the most acute distress. "There is no such word as rest for me. Always it is go on, go on, constantly go on, until it seems I must fall along the wayside. But I do not fall. I have won from you constantly; I have always won, and I shall always continue to win. And you know it, Mr. Loubeque, for I can see it on your face—now."

Like one inspired she was, as the

balting tones of her plea changed to those of passionate conviction, a certainty that expressed itself in words tumbling from the tongue with utter abandon, words that seemed to come from other lips than her own. And as Loubeque looked back at the beautiful figure of the girl he was surprised to see that suddenly she seemed to have changed, that the slip of a child who had come on board the Empress from the hydroaeroplane had suddenly become a woman of such capacity for love and hate as even he himself did not have.

Came back to him the girl he had loved and whom he still loved as fondly as in the old days of flirtation walk at the Point, from which he had been expelled. Swiftly she came to his side, placing her hand upon his shoulder, her voice low and tender again like the sighing of an April breeze through the greening baby leaves.

"You think you are working for hate, and all the time you are working for the same reason that I am—you are working because of love. Can you not see what a perversion of love is this thing you constantly seek to do? Can you not?"

Lucille could feel the man's shoulders trembling, could mark the tremendous effort he made at self-control. She was almost ready to plead with him for a return of the papers, to give up his entire life work and count it failure, confident that he was well along the road to doing so, when a rap sounded on the door.

For some reason which she could not define a shudder ran through her at the sound. She seemed to recognize a sinister presence close by. She glanced at Loubeque, and her heart sank as she saw the wave of emotion she had bred within him had passed, that he was again the icy, indefatigable international spy.

"Come in," he called briskly. Slowly, cautiously, yet with not the slightest uncertainty, the door pushed open. Before the visitor appeared on the threshold Lucille knew who it would be.

For a moment she was taken aback by Thompson's perfect aplomb. She knew he had been the one who robbed her of her necklace, that he had sprayed her with ether and taken it from about her throat while she slept. And yet not so much as by the quiver of an eyelash did he show any sign of surprise or fear.

"I was delayed, sir," the butler began apologetically, when Loubeque lifted his hand imperatively.

"You were delayed," coldly repeated the spy, separating every syllable and meeting it out as though it were a death judgment. "It is perhaps better that you were delayed, Thompson. I have just received a letter from a man with whom you are acquainted. In this letter, Thompson, he informs me he intends turning traitor to my interests, that he intends assisting Miss Love to make her escape."

"Quite so, sir," murmured the butler-thief.

"I am informed by him that he spied upon you while you cut through the bars of Miss Love's window."

"Thompson did not stir, but Lucille saw the scar go a sickly white.

"The man lied, sir."

"Men do not lie at such moments."

For just a moment Thompson was silent. The hush upon the room was so profound as to make the ticking of Loubeque's watch strike upon the ears like mallet strokes. Slowly the butler's index finger moved to the scar upon his cheek.

"The man you speak of evidently did the work in the hope of releasing Miss Love. I gained this scar while trying to prevent the flight, sir."

"It's a lie!" Lucille burst forth passionately. "That man tried to rob me here in this very house. That was why I insisted upon a maid to serve me when I took the drug you put in the drink."

"Why did you not mention it at that time?" The spy's tones were dubious. "Because I did not wish you to know I had anything of such value about me."

"Value? You had no money when you left Manila."

"No, but I obtained possession of a wonderful ruby necklace in the cavern of the jungle just before I was rescued by the Blüster. Three nights ago when I boarded the train for here that man drugged me while I slept and stole the necklace from about my throat. Then he dropped out of the window of his compartment. That is why he was detained."

Loubeque fastened his cold eyes upon the butler. The man had nerves as steady as a rock. Lucille studied the judge and culprit earnestly. She could see that Thompson was beating down

the spy's belief in her story. Swift as a flash, without a second's thought, she darted toward the thief. She had noticed his fingers involuntarily seek the right hand breast pocket of his coat



His Fingers Gripped Thompson's Throat.

when she made her charge. In one swift movement she had ripped open the coat. With the other hand she plunged toward the place she knew the necklace to be.

At first Thompson was taken off his guard. Then he sprang back with a hoarse cry of rage and alarm, forgetful of everything. The girl clung to her hold like a tigress. He grasped her wrist roughly and thrust her, reeling, across the room, his eyes glaring as with clinched fists, he stared at her, while, dashed though she was by the violence of him, she held triumphantly in her hand the gorgeously dazzling ruby necklace.

Hugo Loubeque did not utter a sound; did not change expressions for one instant. Slowly, with all the leathery grace of some giant animal, he rose and stepped toward his minion.

The cold expression in his eyes had turned to one of grim ferocity, such an expression as made Lucille shudder, as she saw his fingers reach out and grip Thompson about the throat, defining, pressing—

Not hurriedly, but with cold, definite, murderous purpose, the spy slowly forced the struggling figure into limbo, then cast him from him without apparently making the slightest effort, rubbing his palms slowly together as though the touch had defiled them.

Lucille was chilled with horror as she watched the spy resent himself, his face calm and emotionless. Apparently he had quite forgotten the huddled, silent figure upon the floor, whose blackened face was slowly regaining its color. Thompson was groaning when Loubeque impatiently pressed a button and waited for an answer.

(To be continued.)

### Baiting the Railroads.

"Our community thinks your railroad oughter furnish a couple more trains per day. We're going to take the matter to the Legislature, too."

"But very few people in your community ever travel."

"Maybe not. But we like to see the cars go by."

### Discouraging Outlook.

"Do you believe that we shall ever have universal peace?"

"I'm afraid not. Of course the nations may cease warring against each other; but men and women will probably keep right on getting married."

### Jack's Wife.

Bank Teller—This cheque is all right, but you must be introduced. Can you bring in your husband?"

Woman—Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off!

### Undesirable Crop.

He—"Will you share my lot?"

She—"No, I don't like the crop of wild oats on it."

Breaking promises is the best thing a weak man does.

"Have you an opening here for me?" asked the assertive young man. "Yes," answered the capitalist. "It's right behind."

"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?" He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."

"Halloo Sandy! Thinking of the future, eh?" "No," replied the Scotsman. "To-morrow's the wife's birthday, and I'm thinking of the present."

A New York policeman swore to the following affidavit: "I hereby swear that the prisoner set upon me, calling me a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, and idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

If a joint of meat should be underdone to eat, and several slices have been carved out, it can be cooked again and served up as a fresh joint if the hole is filled up with mashed potatoes, and it is cooked in a brisk oven for an hour,

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. JANUARY 3.

Lesson I. God's Patience with Israel. Judges 2, 7-19. Golden Text, Hos. 14.

Verses 7. And the people served Jehovah all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that out-lived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of Jehovah, that he had wrought for Israel.—Joshua was so strong a servant of Jehovah that he not only kept the people of Israel true to Jehovah during his own life, but so influenced the elders who were associated with him that they too kept Israel true to their God. This mark of Joshua's leadership stands out very strong. It is also to be noted that Joshua and his elders had seen the great works of Jehovah that he had wrought for Israel. Because they served Jehovah, they were able to see what Jehovah was doing; their eyes were open. People in rebellion against God or indifferent to God have their eyes closed and are not able to see.

9. In the border of his inheritance in Timnath-heres, in the hill-country of Ephraim, on the north of the mountain of Gaash.—Timnath-heres is the Timnath-herah of Josh. 19: 50; 24: 30. This city of Joshua has been placed at Kefer Harris, nine miles south-easterly from Shechem.

10. Another generation that knew not Jehovah.—The succeeding generation after Joshua and his elders were less and less true to the religion of Jehovah, and so it was inevitable that a time would come when the Israelites had entirely receded from the religion of their fathers.

11. Served the Baalim.—Baalim is the plural of Baal and means more than one god or lord. There are many evidences that Israel was familiar with the worship of more than one heathen god. See Judges 3: 7; 8: 33; 10: 6, 10.

12. The God of their fathers, who brought them out of the land of Egypt.—The historical writers of the Old Testament never permitted the people of those days, nor do they permit us, to forget that God was kind to the early Israelites in Egypt. Baal means owner or lord, and is used of both gods and men. Baal, however, was more particularly the god of the Tyrians. Ashteroth is the plural of Ashtoreth, who was the principal goddess of the Zidonians.

14. And the anger of Jehovah was kindled . . . and he delivered them . . . and he sold them . . . so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies.—This is a picturesque description of the writer. Of course, when the Israelites became weakened through religious corruption, they were not able any longer to withstand their enemies, and as Jehovah would no longer have any protection or influence over them, as they were exercising their own free will against him, it was natural that they should be beaten by their enemies and so weakened that they could no longer fight for their honor and safety. We can well understand that the children of Israel in their time of misery and consequent repentance realized that the anger of Jehovah was upon them.

16. And Jehovah raised up judges who saved them.—A remnant of the righteous is always left among the people. History shows no period when there was total and absolute apostasy. And out of this remnant always has appeared a leader, strong in religious conviction and insight, and capable to rally the backslidden people to the standard of the true God. This was the great work of the judges. They saved their people at critical times. They saved them because they could

## THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM

Christ Meant That It Should Work a Revolution in Society as Well as the Soul

"Thy Kingdom come."—Matthew vi., 10.

No change in religious thought is more remarkable than that which has taken place in our interpretation of Jesus' oft repeated phrase, the "Kingdom of God." That the whole gospel of the Nazarene is contained in His idea of the "Kingdom of God" and the whole purpose of His life summed up in His prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," has long been understood, but not until our own day have we come to see just what was meant by this idea and this purpose.

In the past men have assumed that the "Kingdom of God" referred to a certain inward attitude of mind or condition of spirit. The word "Kingdom," it has been agreed, was used by the Master in a figurative sense and was intended to apply to the inner and not the outer world, to things spiritual and not material. The establishment of the Kingdom meant the establishment of God's purpose in the hearts of men, and the coming of the Kingdom the transformation of the human soul from a state of depravity to one of grace. "The Kingdom of God is within you." This has been accepted in all ages as the final and perfect definition of the teaching.

### The Kingdom of God.

Very recently, however, have men come to feel that, while Jesus undoubtedly meant this, He also meant much more than this. For what evidence is there, in our records of the Nazarene's career, that He meant to limit His idea of the Kingdom to the inward realm of the spirit? On the contrary, is there not abundant evidence, in what He said and did, that He meant very particularly that the Kingdom should cover the outward as well as the inward world, and work a revolution in society as well as in the soul? "In Jesus' conception," says Professor Rudolf Eucken, the most eminent living exponent of spiritual idealism, "the Kingdom of God" is by no means merely an inner transformation, affecting only the heart and mind,

bring them back to a belief in God, to a worship of God and, hence, strengthen their arms to strike the enemy.

17. And yet they hearkened not unto their judges.—One judge would arise and be a strong factor in bringing the people together, but as soon as the danger was over, back again into the evil practices would the people go. Before the rise of Deborah there were a number of minor judges, who are only incidentally named, or not named at all. This was the beginning of the period of the judges, when it was more difficult for any leader to impress fully and finally upon the minds of the people that they must be true to God if they would be safe from their enemies. But because these judges are only incidentally named or not named at all, we must not conclude that they were not great leaders.

18. When Jehovah raised them up judges, then Jehovah was with the judge.—"I will neither leave you nor forsake you." A steady stream of testimony from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation shows indisputably that God always has been with His people, that He has never raised up a man for any particular position and left him to his own resources. The leaders in the world's history have been great because God has been with them. When they turned from God or

and leaving the outer world in the same condition. Rather historical research puts it beyond question that the new Kingdom means a visible order as well—that it aims at a complete change in the state of things. . . . Never in history has mankind been summoned to a greater revolution than here, where not this and that among the conditions but the totality of human existence is to be regenerated." Not "the Kingdom of God is within you," is the correct translation, but "the Kingdom of God is among you!"

Here, in this extension of our understanding of the gospel of the Kingdom, is the greatest religious discovery of our age. The Kingdom of God is indeed "within" us, but it must not stay there. On the contrary, it must go out "among" our fellow men, and there transform the social order into a realm of perfect righteousness and peace. The Kingdom must have its source in the heart, which, to quote the phrase of St. Augustine, "Rests Not Until It Rests In God;"

but, like a river and not a stagnant pool, it must then flow out, to clothe with beauty the waste places of the earth. The Kingdom means the will of God "done on earth," which in turn means the establishment of justice among men. The betterment of living conditions, the establishment of just relations between employers and employes, the reduction of infant mortality, the protection of helpless old age, the alleviation of poverty, the conquest of disease, the furthering of knowledge, the "war against war"—all these things are the works of the Kingdom, and the men and women everywhere who are achieving these things are the servants of the Kingdom.

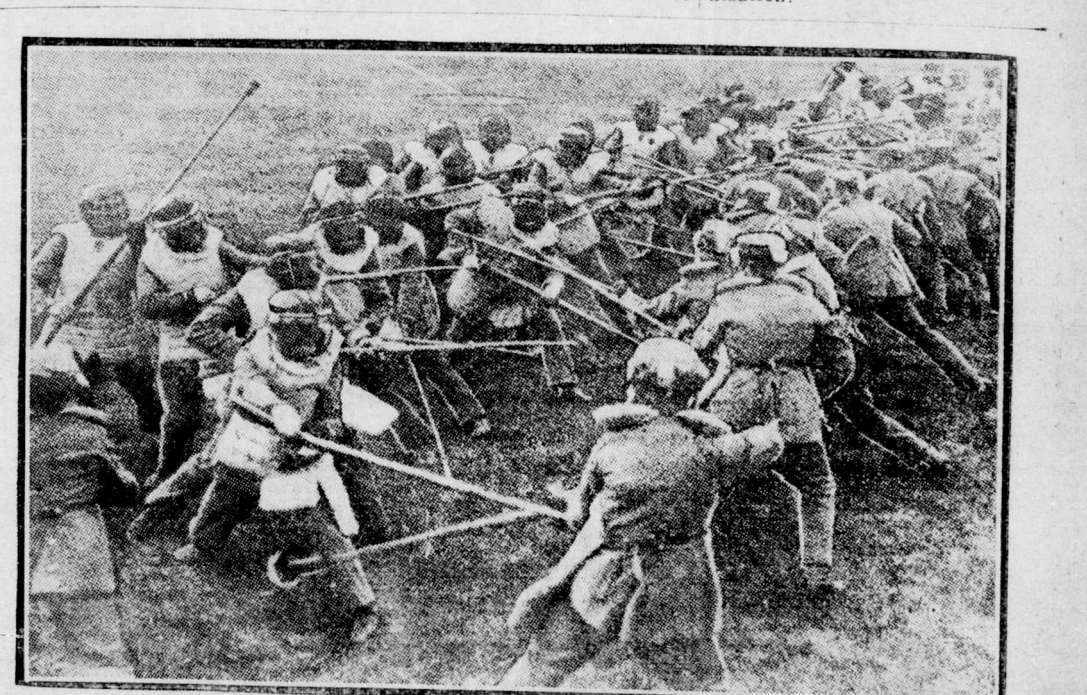
For the first time since the earliest days of Christianity the Master's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," is being little by little answered. And this for the reason that we understand that the Kingdom means to quote Eucken once more, "a new order of the world and of life!"—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

when other influences dominated them, their greatness began to wane, and finally disappeared.

19. But it came to pass, when the judge was dead, that they turned back, and dealt more corruptly than their fathers.—The perversity of the Israelites is strongly shown here. Every retrogression or backsliding was worse and further than the preceding one.

### Originator of the Red Cross.

We hear and read a lot in these days about the Red Cross, but how many of us could say (writes a London correspondent) offhand that the founder of this international movement was Henri Dunant, who died only four years ago? Greatly influenced by the example of two Englishwomen, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale, Dunant started the movement unofficially in 1859 at the time of the Austro-French battle of Solferino, when he was known, because of his dress, as the "man in white." In his old age he fell into poverty, but the award of the Nobel Peace Prize smoothed the passage of his last years. Dunant was a native of Switzerland, the flag of which is a white cross on a red ground. Out of compliment to him a Red Cross on a white ground was chosen by the nations as a symbol of this beneficent organization.



German Recruits Learning to Use "Bayonets." The Germans have come to have a wholesome respect for the bayonet since the allied armies showed them it was not an obsolete weapon, and a squad of recruits are here seen learning to fight with long padded sticks of the length and weight of the rifle with bayonet fixed. They are well protected against any possible injury.

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