

WE CAN FIT ALMOST ANY FEET FROM THE TINY TOT TO THE G. O. P. HIMSELF

For the walking and long walking shoes here is the place to get them. You will feel as proud as a lord in a new pair. Space won't permit us to quote prices. Will be pleased to have you call and get prices and see styles, whether you purchase or not. Our aim is to supply good goods at close prices.



CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING as usual at  
**Down Town Shoe Store**  
J. S. McILRAITH

Furniture! Furniture!

Spring is here and our

Spring Furniture Sale IS NOW ON. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

FOR THE FLOOR—Rugs, all sizes and colors, Floor Mats, Door Mats, Floor Oilcloth of different colors.

FOR THE WINDOWS—Tapestry Curtains, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Bobinette Poles, Brass Poles of different kinds.

FOR THE KITCHEN—Tables, Chairs, Glass Cupboards, etc. FOR THE DINING ROOM—Buffets, Sideboards, Extension Tables, Dining Chairs.

FOR THE PARLOR—Parlor Suites, China Cabinets, Odd Chairs, Parlor Tables, Music Cabinets, Picture Mouldings, Picture Frames, and all other requisites.

FOR THE HALL—Hall Racks, Hall Tables, Hall Seats. FOR THE RED ROOM—Bed Room Suites, Mattresses, Springs, Bed Room Chairs, Couches, Lounges, etc.

NEW STOCK JUST ARRIVED and will be sold at lowest living profits.

UNDERTAKING RECEIVES SPECIAL ATTENTION

**EDWARD KRESS** Next Door to Post Office



"Shoes" "Shoes"

Our Big Summer Sale is now over and we have cleared out all our odd lines.

We are now prepared to cater to the public in the highest grade of Foot wear in town, both in style and quality.

We are stocking a full line of EMPRESS SHOES for ladies, at all prices, which is the leading ladies' shoe made in Canada. Also many other makes at lowest prices.

Don't fail to see our stock of Fall Shoes for men, the latest styles, best quality and lowest prices that can be got in town.

SCHOOL SHOES—We are this year offering a small premium with every pair of School shoes sold at \$1.50 and over, which will enlighten the hearts of your boys and girls and enable them to perform their duties more pleasantly. This premium is a pencil box containing one lead pencil, one slate pencil and one writing pen, articles that are always useful in school, so do not deprive your boys and girls of this great opportunity.

Buy your Shoes here. Don't fail to see our Trunks and Suit Cases, the best money can buy.

Custom work and Repairing promptly attended to. TERMS—Cash or Eggs.

The Big Shoe Store **THOS. McGRATH**

THE LASH OF CIRCUMSTANCES Continued from page 6.

home at about eleven, when a circumstance occurred to me. A few evenings before, when at Mrs. Dace's, she had requested me to open a bottle of wine, which I had done by means of a folding corkscrew I carried upon my key-ring. When I had reached my own door later in the evening I had discovered that my keys were missing, and remembered at the time that I had laid the ring containing them and the corkscrew upon the table after opening the bottle. I had forgotten to replace them in my pocket, but knowing they were perfectly safe, I felt no uneasiness; told myself that I would recover them upon my next visit, and ringing the bell, was admitted by Mrs. Tebberts. I had not seen Mrs. Dace since, and now on my way home decided to stop off for a moment at the Arcadia, and sit in the maid's room to see if I could find the keys in order to avoid disturbing the housekeeper, who retired early. I therefore stepped from the boulevard upon which she resided, and hurried towards her building. I chanced to be upon the opposite side of the street from my destination, and as I was about to cross the way my steps were arrested by the warning honk of a motor car. Pausing at the curb I watched its swift approach, its lights glaring like the eyes of some speeding monster. By the street lamps I saw that it was a ponderous affair, and a pang of regret assailed me that I was not able to possess it. It looked as if rolled to a point opposite me, and then suddenly swinging in a close circle, stopped in front of the entrance across the way. Instinctively I paused in the shadow to watch it.

Its door swung open and out on to the pavement there stepped a great man with a massive bulldog-shaped head and neck, and mustaches that flowed from his lips like yellow fountains. By the gaslight I could see the bear-like power of his arm as he thrust out his hand to some one yet within the car, and a cold premonition of something wretched to come swept over me. To my ears there came a short, peculiar cough, and from this mannerism of which I had heard, as well as from pictures which I had seen in the newspapers, I instantly recognized him. The dragon had arrived in his juggernaut. Richard Mackay, the infamous, the marauder, who, corrupt in body and shrewd in mind, had long reigned as autocrat of the underworld and prince of spicemen, loomed across the way. Fearless and able, powerful, yet subtle, always a dominant force for evil, he was one from whom any man might recoil with secret fear.

And an instant later the wretched thing came to pass. From out of the car and into his grasp there stepped the woman whom I loved with all my soul, and my heart seemed to stop.

With his arm around her waist, brazenly indifferent as to who might witness, he passed across the walk by her side and threw the door wide by a sweep of his free hand. For some reason—I learned later it was because of a weakened spring—the door failed to close promptly, and I distinctly saw them in the subdued light of the interior as they stood close together awaiting the descent of the elevator car. It was but a fleeting glimpse, yet had it lasted longer I believe I should have cried outright in my agony. For, as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life I saw him draw her close to him as impetuously as I had done in my outburst as he lifted her face and half buried it beneath his sweeping moustache. Then the door mercifully closed, shutting out the sight and leaving me with horror filling my breast and the coldness of death creeping over me. For an instant I was incapable of movement, then regaining partial control of myself, I lurched away. Numb and brain, my knees turned to water, and with jealousy tearing at my vitals like a vulture, I staggered homeward.

Upon the night of horror that followed I do not care to dwell. Like one in a fever I tossed through the hours sleepless save for the fitful dream moments when I wandered first into the evil haunts of the nightmarish Morning creeping grayly into my room found me with head splitting and set eyes that stared at the ceiling. As one who is crippled with rheumatism in every joint, I arose stiffly, bathed myself and crawled out into the air. It was Sunday morning, and already the chime of distant bells mellowed in my ears. It was all plain to me now, her deceit and treachery; and had I been sentenced over night to the gibbet I could not have been more wretched. In the miserableness of it I stood soul sick before the utter hollowiness of all things. There could be but one explanation of it. The hideous innuendoes that had haunted my ears like the whisperings of a sea shell had been used as a false light to mislead the world; as a dummy for the fool. Oh, the treachery and the wickedness and the black shame of it! And that this woman for whom I would have given my heart's blood could be guilty of such cruelty to me! Broken-heartedly, I sobbed beneath the oaks like a child.

Plainly there was but one thing I could do. I must renounce her unqualifiedly, even though it well-nigh killed me, for I could never share her with anybody—as well might a man be asked to cut his heart in twain. I must not even see her again, for I dared not trust myself in her presence. What I might do if I should meet her alone I did not know. Whether I would violently denounce her for her faithlessness, break down miserably as I was now doing, or commit some other scene, I could only conjecture. But, in any case, matters would not be mended. The injury was irreparable. I must cast her out of my life and pursue my way in wretchedness and silence. I returned to my rooms.

that I should be just in time to see you alight with Richard Mackay. The door of the lower entrance remained open for a few seconds after you had entered. I saw your scene with him before you entered the elevator. Never in my life had I seen such a change come over a human countenance as swept hers at my words. The color fled in a flash, and her cheeks became ashy gray. Into her eyes, the instant before so soft, there leaped the glitter of a leopardess as she gathers herself for the leap. Tense and seeming to crouch, I saw the leopardess in every outline of her curved body. Then as suddenly she relaxed; the glitter faded and the heat of anger gave way to the coldness of scorn. She stepped backward with a mocking bow.

"You honor me greatly, my dear sir, and I assure you that I shall never forget it. Yesterday you told me that I was an angel exalted above your hope; to-day I am a fallen thing beneath your contempt. And all because of a miserable occurrence like that! And you would have left me with no opportunity to explain my guiltlessness had I not forced you to grant me that right."

"Your guiltlessness!" I returned acidly. "I have charged you with no guilt beyond treachery to me. You told me that no other man made love to you, and I believed you. You had told me that Mackay was merely your financial agent, and I pinned my heart upon your naked word. You have crucified it. Yet I could forgive you were it not for the fact that this man is married and has a family, and you are well aware of it. I leave the question of your guiltlessness towards his wife to your own conscience."

Her bosom heaved and her hands tightened. "Listen," she said in a voice hard as steel. "You shall hear me out now, for there are things that you must know. Not that I care for your opinion, and not that I care to retain even your friendship after this, but because it is my duty to myself and to Mr. Mackay, who seems at least to respect me. I had told you much of my affairs, but not everything. Mr. Mackay made certain investments for my husband, and it was that fact principally that brought me back from the Orient. He has been kind enough now that I am alone in the world, to protect them for me and give me the benefit of his judgment and experience, that I might not have to exist on the charity of friends. That makes it necessary that I should sometimes see him. As to what the world says about me, I do not care the snap of my finger, for it has always maligned me, and I do not even like the pains to deny what it may say. As for that scene in the hall, as your highness seemed pleased to designate it, I have only to say this. I was taken ill last night at a late luncheon, at which he happened to be present with others, and he hurried me home in his car. I was very faint when we arrived here, and he supported me with his arm across the walk and into the building. Before the elevator came down I must have lost consciousness.

as for a moment, for when I regained my senses he was holding me in his arms to prevent my falling, and bending over me as he asked me what he could do for me. In a moment I had recovered my strength and requested him to release me, which he immediately did. He escorted me as far as my door and left me there at my request after I had assured him that Janet would do all that was necessary for me. Mr. Mackay did no more than any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. "The pride of her pose was magnificent, and the cold dignity of her tones that of an outraged empress. Never before had she seemed so beautiful, so pure, so womanly. And groping for something, no matter how slight, upon which to once more fasten my faith in her, my jealousy and black suspicions once more fled before her bearing and explanation, and in their place love and belief came surging back. The terrible smothering weight within me was lifted, and I could have cried aloud in the blessedness of my relief, I fell upon my knees before her as I

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**John McGowan**

**You wash dishes about two hours every day. That's one hour wasted!**

Dishes get dirty, greasy and sticky, and soap will not clean them. Soapy dish water merely cleans the surface; it doesn't dig out the corners and drive out the decayed food particles. Moreover, soap leaves your dishes with a soapy, animal fat smell that is far from inviting. GOLD DUST is the sanitary dish washer. It not only cleans the surface, but digs deep after hidden particles of dirt and kills the germs of decayed food which ordinary dish-water overlooks. GOLD DUST sterilizes, as well as cleanses.

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