

IT'S HOT NOW

BUT you can easily be cooled by calling at ROWE'S Ice Cream Parlors, where all the choicest iced and cool drinks are served on short notice. Perhaps you want something cool for your friends at home. If so try one of our City Dairy ice cream bricks. Nothing better can be procured anywhere. Just call and be convinced.

E. A. ROWE : Confectioner and Grocer

Spring! Spring!

OUR SPRING GOODS are now arriving and as we have selected our stock from some of the leading Canadian factories, we have no doubt the most up-to-date lines that money can buy.

We are the sole agents for the Relindo Shoe, formerly known as the J. D. King Shoe, which is the leading shoe for ladies' in style and quality, made on the stage last, short vamps, high heel, Good-year welt in

Gun Metal Calf, Tan Calf, Pat. Colt and Vici Kid in blucher or buttoned styles.

We have also a new line for men, known as the "Monarch" Shoe, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Misses', boys' and youths' fine and heavy shoes at lowest prices. Now is your time to buy cheap rubbers. We have a full stock on hand for spring. Don't fail to see our trunks, suit cases, and travelling bags. All we want is a call at the Big Shoe Store near the bridge.

TERMS—CASH or EGGS.

Come to the Big Shoe Store **THOS. McGRATH** Near the Bridge

Matthews & Latimer

For Flour
Feed Seed
Fresh Groceries
New Fruit and Nuts
Choice Confectionery
Pure Spices and Vinegars
No. 1 Family and Pure Manitoba Flours
Fine Salt. Farmers Produce Wanted

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER
The Hanover Conveyancer

OFFERS

325 ACRES close to Proton Station brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and Saugeen Junction, fine brick residence splendid barn, splendid soil, good water orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business, Grey County, post office in connection. Less than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land store and dwelling. Barn, other frame dwelling and \$4,600 stock.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE five miles from Durham: very cheap.

Large number of cheap farm properties Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected. All kinds of writings drawn.

No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere. Our methods seem to please.

Always Prompt, - Never Negligent.
H. H. MILLER - Opposite The Rel House, Hanover

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Rugs, Oilcloths
Window Shades
Lace Curtains
and all Household Furnishings
New Stock just arrived and will be sold at the lowest living profit.
Undertaking receives special attention

EDWARD KRESS

THE WAY IN DENMARK.

A law has been passed in Denmark under which the Government makes loans to farm laborers who desire to become small farmers. The "farm" on which the loan is made must not be less in area than two and one-half acres and the largest loan to any such person is \$2200. Since the law was made, over 5000 such loans have been made by the government, averaging \$1600 each.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

rors of that scene witnessed near the Cimmaron Crossing, but making sufficiently clear his very slight connection with it, and the reason those who were guilty of the crime were so anxious to get him out of the way. She listened intently, asking few questions, until he ended. Then they both looked up, conscious that dawn was becoming gray in the east. Keith's first thought was one of relief—the bright sky showed him they were riding straight north.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ford of the Arkansas. They were still in the midst of the yellow featureless plain, but the weary horses had slowed down to a walk, the heavy sand retarding progress. It was a gloomy, depressing scene in the spectral gray light, a wide circle of intense loneliness, unbroken by either dwarfed shrub or bunch of grass, a barren expanse stretching to the sky. Vague cloud shadows seemed to flit across the level surface, assuming fantastic shapes, but all of the same dull coloring, imperfect and unfinished. Nothing seemed tangible or real, but rather some grotesque picture of delirium, ever merging into another yet more hideous. The very silence of those surrounding wastes seemed burdensome, adding immeasurably to the horror. They were but specks crawling underneath the sky—the only living, moving objects in all that immense circle of desolation and death.

Keith turned in his saddle, looking back past Neb—who swayed in his seat, with head lolling on his breast as though asleep, his horse plodding after the others—along the slight trail they had made across the desert. So far as eye could reach nothing moved, nothing apparently existed. Fronting again to the north he looked upon the same grim barrenness, only that far off, against the lighter background of distant sky, there was visible a faint blur, a hazy haze, which he believed to be the distant sand dunes bordering the Arkansas. The intense dreariness of it all left a feeling of depression. His eyes turned and regarded the girl riding silently beside him. The same look of depression was visible upon her face, and she was gazing off into the dull distance with lack-luster eyes, her slender form leaning forward, her hands clasped across the pommel. The long weariness of the night had left traces on her young face, robbing it of some of its freshness, yet Keith found it more attractive in the growing daylight than amid the lamp shadows of the evening before. He had not previously realized the peculiar clearness of her complexion, the rose tint showing through the olive skin, or the soft and silky fineness of her hair, which, disarranged, was strangely becoming under the broad brim of the hat she wore, drawn low until it shadowed her eyes. It was not a face to be easily associated with frontier concert-halls, or any surrender to evil; the chin round and firm, the lips full, yet sufficiently compressed; the whole expression that of pure and dignified womanhood. She puzzled him, and he scarcely knew what to believe, or exactly how to act toward her.

"Our friends back yonder should be turning out from the corral by now," he said finally, anxious to break the silence, for she had not spoken since he ended his tale. "It will not be long until they discover Hawley's predicament, and perhaps the welkin already rings with profanity. That may even account for the blue haze out yonder."

She turned her eyes toward him, and the slightest trace of a smile appeared from out of the depths of their weariness.

"If they would only remain satisfied with that. Will they follow us, do you think? And are we far enough away by this time to be safe?"

"It is hardly likely they will let us escape without a chase," he answered slowly. "We possess too much information now that we have their rendezvous located, and 'Black Bart' will have a private grudge to revenge. I wonder if he suspects who attacked him! But don't worry, Miss Hope; we have miles the start, and the wind has been strong enough to cover our trail. Do you see that dark irregularity ahead?"

"Yes; is it a cloud?"

"No; it's the Arkansas sand dunes. I am going to try to keep the horses moving until we arrive there. Then we will halt and eat whatever Neb has packed behind him, and rest for an hour or two. You look very tired, but I hope you can keep up for that distance. We shall be safely out of sight then."

"Indeed, I am tired; the strain of waiting alone in that cabin, and all that happened last night, have tried me severely. But—but I can go through."

Her voice proved her weakness, although it was determined enough, and Keith, yielding to sudden impulse, put out his hand, and permitted it to rest upon hers, clasped across the pommel. Her eyes drooped, but there was no change of posture.

"Your nerve is all right," he said, admiringly, "you have shown yourself a brave girl."

"I could not be a coward, and be my father's daughter," she replied, with an odd accent of pride in her choking voice, "but I have been afraid, and—and I am still."

"Of what? Surely, not that those

fellows will ever catch up with us?"

"No, I hardly know what, only there is a dread I cannot seem to shake off, as if some evil impended, the coming of which I can feel, but not see. Have you ever experienced any such premonition?"

He laughed, withdrawing his hand. "I think not. I am far too prosaic a mortal to allow dreams to worry me. So far I have discovered sufficient trouble in real life to keep my brain active. Even now I cannot forget how hungry I am."

She did not answer, comprehending how useless it would be to explain, and a little ashamed of her own ill-defined fears, and thus they rode on in silence. He did not notice that she glanced aside at him shyly, marking the outline of his clear-cut features. It was a manly face, strong, alive, full of character, the well-shaped head firmly poised, the broad shoulders squared in spite of the long night of weary exertion. The depths of her eyes brightened with appreciation.

"I believe your story, Mr. Keith," she said at last softly.

"My story?" questioning, and turning instantly toward her.

"Yes; all that you have told me about what happened."

"Oh; I had almost forgotten having told it, but I never felt any doubt but what you would believe. I don't think I could lie to you."

It was no compliment, but spoken with such evident honesty that her eyes met his with frankness.

"There could be no necessity; only I wanted you to know that I trust you, and am grateful."

She extended her hand this time, and he took it within his own, holding it firmly, yet without knowing what to answer. There was strong impulse within him to question her, to learn then and there her own life story. Yet, somehow, the reticence of the girl restrained him; he could not deliberately probe beneath the veil she kept lowered between them. Until she chose to lift it herself voluntarily, he possessed no right to intrude. The gentlemanly instincts of younger years held him silent, realizing clearly that whatever secret might dominate her life, it was hers to conceal just so long as she pleased. Out of this swift struggle of repression he managed to say:

"I appreciate your confidence, and mean to prove worthy. Perhaps some day I can bring you the proofs."

"I need none other than your own word."

"Oh, but possibly you are too easily convinced; you believed in Hawley."

She looked at him searchingly, her eyes glowing, her cheeks flushed.

"Yes," she said slowly, convincingly. "I know I did; I—I was so anxious to be helped, but—but this is different."

It was noon, the sun pitiless and hot above them, before they straggled within the partial shelter of the sand dunes, and sank wearily down to their meager lunch. Their supply of water was limited, and the exhausted ponies must wait until they reached the river to quench their thirst. Yet this was very far off now, and Keith had seen enough of their surroundings to locate the position of the ford. Slow as they must proceed, three hours more would surely bring them to the bank of the stream. They discussed their plans briefly as the three sat together on the warm sand, revived both by the food and the brief rest. There was not a great deal to be determined, only where the girl should be left, and how the two men had better proceed to escape observation.

Fort Larned was the nearest and safest place for their charge, none of the party expressing any desire to adventure themselves within the immediate neighborhood of Carson City. What her future plans might be were not revealed, and Keith forebore any direct questioning. His duty plainly ended with placing her in a safe environment, and he felt convinced that Mrs. Murphy, of the Occidental Hotel, would furnish room, and, if necessary, companionship. The sole problem remaining—after she had rather listlessly agreed to such an arrangement—was to plan the details as to permit the negro and himself to slip through the small town clustered about the post without attracting undue attention. No doubt, the story of their escape had already reached there, embellished by telling, and serious trouble might result from discovery. Keith was surprised at the slight interest she exhibited in these arrangements, merely signifying her acquiescence by a word, but he charged it to physical weariness, and the reaction from her night of peril; yet he took pains to explain fully his plan, and to gain her consent.

This finally settled, they mounted again and rode on through the lanes traversing the sand dunes, keeping headed as straight as possible toward the river. The ford sought was some miles down stream, but with the horses' thirst mitigated, they made excellent progress, and arrived at the spot early in the evening. Not in all the day had they encountered a living object, or seen a moving thing amid the surrounding desolation. Now, looking across to the north, a few gleaming lights told of Fort Larned perched upon the opposite bluffs.

Continued next week.

A HOME-MADE MOUSE TRAP.
A home-made mouse-trap consists of a plate, cup and bowl that will fit entirely over the cup. Place cup inverted on plate, one edge tilted upon the bait, then the bowl inverted and tilted on lowest edge of cup. The slightest nibble will cause the bowl to fall, thus entrapping the mouse, and the whole thing can then be placed in a pail of water to drown the mouse.

REST OF THE DEAD LIVED NOT AGAIN

The General Resurrection and the First Resurrection.

Pastor Russell's Address at the International Bible Students Convention in Scotland—Several Thousand Hear Explained Much-Misunderstood Text.



PASTOR RUSSELL

Glasgow, Scotland, July 28.—Bible students of this vicinity numbering hundreds have had a three days' Convention. Another General Convention of Bible Students will be held in London August 2-5. To-day's session, attended by several thousand, was addressed by Pastor Russell. We report one of his addresses, based on Revelation xx.

It was announced that next Sunday he would address a similar Convention in London.

Many Christians whose faith cannot accept the Divine promise have turned instead to the theory advanced long before Jesus' day by the Grecian philosophers, headed by Plato. Their teachings respecting death, although less logical than the Bible theory, require less faith. Thus we have it to-day that Christian faith respecting the future life is supported, not by the Bible, but by the teachings of the heathen from Plato down.

Plato and all the heathen claim without evidence that dying was not the penalty for sin, that, on the contrary, it is another step of an evolution process, a passage-way to a new life, under new conditions, of which they know nothing. Theirs is merely a guess, a philosophy, and, of course, has no use for a resurrection of the dead, because the fact of death is denied, and the dead are said to be more alive than when they were alive.

The Bible declares that from the very beginning God purposed the resurrection of the dead and that, therefore, all believers were privileged to speak of the deceased, not as dead in an absolute sense, like the brute, but as being asleep—waiting for the glorious morning of Messiah's Kingdom and the resurrection. Thus the Prophet declares, "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thus the Bible tells us that "Abraham slept with his father," and so with all the patriarchs of the Old Testament; and of St. Stephen, in the New Testament, we read, "He fell asleep," when stoned to death. And so the Apostle speaks of the Church saying, "We shall not all sleep"—some will be alive and remain until the coming of Christ.

St. Paul says, "If there be no resurrection of the dead, * * * then those who are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." (I Corinthians xv, 13-18.) How could this be true if they have been alive in heaven for centuries?

First or Chief Resurrection. Not all of the dead will have the same resurrection. Some will be raised to the likeness of the first Adam, while others, members of the Body of Christ, will be granted a superior resurrection—to glory, honor, immortality and the divine nature. Of the latter St. Paul explains, "sown in weakness, raised in power; sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown an animal body, raised a spirit body." (I Corinthians iv, 43, 44.) Of the same class our text declares, "Blessed and holy are all they that have part in the First Resurrection; * * * they shall be Priests unto God, and unto Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." (Revelation xx (6; v, 10).)

"But the Rest of the Dead." Ah! this part of our text is sadly misunderstood and has thrown many Bible students off the track of truth. They have understood the passage to mean that Christ and His glorified Bride class will reign for a thousand years over such a humanity as will be alive at the time of the setting up of the Messianic Kingdom. They think that this passage teaches that all the millions of the world who have died during the past six thousand years will have no share in the blessings of Messiah's Kingdom.

The proper thought is this: Adam had life and the right to continue it unceasingly so long as he was in harmony with God. When he sinned he came under the sentence, "Dying, thou shalt die." Our race, his children, shared his sentence by heredity. Hence we are all dying. From the Divine standpoint none have life. Those who become disciples of Jesus are said to pass from death unto life, although their new life will not be completed until the First Resurrection. But speaking from this standpoint Jesus said, Let the dead bury the dead, but go thou (believer) and preach the Gospel.—Luke ix, 60.

From this Divine standpoint the world in general to-day is dead, has no right to life and can obtain eternal life only through accepting Jesus: "He that hath the Son hath life. He that hath not the Son shall not see life."

Thus seen the world, whether in the grave or out of the grave, are all from the Divine standpoint dead. During the thousand years of Messiah's reign these will all be dealt with, instructed and helped with a view to assisting them up, up, up, out of sin and out of death, and back to perfect life and all that Adam lost. The up-raising of the world, during that thousand years is the general resurrection. This is the meaning of the word anastasis—it does not refer to mere awakening from the tomb. Hence, although the world will be gradually rising out of sin and death conditions, they will not live again in the sense of attaining perfection of life until the thousand years shall be finished.

THE FALL FAIRS

Alvinston.....	Oct. 1, 2
Amherstburg.....	Sept. 23, 24
Ancaster.....	Sept. 24, 25
Atwood.....	Sept. 19, 20
Beamsville.....	Oct. 10, 11
Blenheim.....	Oct. 2, 4
Blyth.....	Oct. 1, 2
Bridgen.....	Oct. 1
Brinsley.....	Oct. 10, 11
Burford.....	Oct. 1, 2
Cayuga.....	Sept. 26, 27
Chatham.....	Sept. 12, 13
Chesley.....	Sept. 23, 24, 25
Comber.....	Sept. 17, 18
Colborne.....	Oct. 8, 9
Delaware.....	Oct. 1, 2
Dorchester.....	Oct. 16
Drayton.....	Oct. 2
Dresden.....	Oct. 1, 2
Drumbo.....	Sept. 26, 27
DURHAM.....	Sept. 24, 25
Elmvale.....	Sept. 24, 25
Embro.....	Oct. 3, 4, 5
Erin.....	Oct. 3, 4
Essex.....	Sept. 17, 18
Fergus.....	Sept. 24, 25, 26
Florence.....	Oct. 3, 4
Flesherton.....	Sept. 26, 27
Fort Erie.....	Oct. 1, 2
Fordwich.....	Oct. 5
Forest.....	Sept. 23, 24
Galt.....	Sept. 20, 21
Hanover.....	Sept. 20
Harrow.....	Oct. 8, 9
Hepworth.....	Sept. 18, 19
Holstein.....	Oct. 1, 2
Highgate.....	Oct. 11, 12
Ingersoll.....	Sept. 17, 18
Jarvis.....	Oct. 1, 2
Kinmount.....	Sept. 16, 17
Kirkton.....	Sept. 26, 27
Lakeside.....	Sept. 27
Lambeth.....	Oct. 1
Leamington.....	Oct. 2, 3, 4
London (Western Fair).....	Sept. 6-14
Meaford.....	Sept. 26, 27
Merlin.....	Sept. 26, 27
Midland.....	Sept. 26, 27
Millbrook.....	Oct. 3, 4
Milverton.....	Sept. 26, 27
Mount Forest.....	Sept. 17, 18
New Hamburg.....	Sept. 12, 13
Norwich.....	Sept. 17, 18
Niagara Falls.....	Sept. 25, 26
Onondaga.....	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Ottawa (Central Canada).....	Sept. 5-16
Owen Sound.....	Sept. 10, 11, 12
Parkhill.....	Sept. 26, 27
Petrolia.....	Sept. 24, 25
Port Carling.....	Sept. 19, 20
Ripley.....	Sept. 18
Rockwood.....	Sept. 24, 25
Sarnia.....	Oct. 3, 4
Seaford.....	Aug. 26, 29
Shelburne.....	Sept. 19, 20
Tara.....	Sept. 24, 25
Tavistock.....	Sept. 18, 17
Teeswater.....	Oct. 3, 4
Thamesville.....	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2
Theford.....	Oct. 1, 2
Tillsonburg.....	Oct. 1, 2
Tiverton.....	Oct. 1
Toronto.....	Aug. 24-Sept. 9
Walkerton.....	Sept. 12, 13
Wallaceburg.....	Sept. 24, 25
Wallacetown.....	Sept. 26, 27
Waterford.....	Oct. 10
Watford.....	Oct. 3, 4
Wellington.....	Sept. 10, 11
Winchester.....	Sept. 24, 25
Windsor.....	Oct. 8
Wingham.....	Sept. 3, 4
Windsor.....	Sept. 26, 27
Woodstock.....	Sept. 10-14
Wyoming.....	Sept. 18-20
Zurich.....	Sept. 27, 28
Zurich.....	Sept. 18, 19

CARRYING THE MAILS.

Our own service of mails is well organized. There is little doubt in the mind of the average person that when he posts a letter it will reach its destination.

But in other lands he might well fear for its safety. In Russia, for instance, any letter or parcel that is regarded with suspicion, is immediately opened and its contents noted. A clever machine gums it up again, so that the recipient does not know that it has been tampered with.

In Lapland, the mails are carried in sledges, drawn by reindeers. In the wilds of the Caucasus the postman holds a post of danger. He must be protected against brigands and against the weather, for he often has to climb mountains over 12,000 feet high.

Asiatic Russia, which is apt to be marshy, has the buffalo post; and of course the progress made is very slow. Buffaloes are more powerful than oxen, and they are also used in Siberia for carrying the mail.

Other postmen in foreign lands are the swimming postmen of India, and the ski-ing letter carrier of the Andes.

For the latter place, the Argentine Government specially import Norwegians.

A MONSTER CATFISH.

A mammoth blue fulton catfish was caught recently near Alton, Ill. It weighed 131 pounds, and is the largest catfish that has been caught in Mississippi river waters for 25 years. It was as large as an ordinary man, nearly six feet in length by about 45 inches in girth. Its head would weigh about 30 pounds and was at least 16 inches across.

Its capacious mouth looked as if it could swallow a fair sized boy. According to the estimate of the age of the fish, given by old fishermen, it was over a century old. It may have spawned when Washington was serving his last term as President.

In Tuberculosis CAMPS

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Scott & Bowne Toronto, Ont. 12-11