IT'S HOT

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 not 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

Watch this Space Next Week

But the state of t

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 Herr

H. H. MILLER

The Hanover Conveyancer

325 ACRES close to Proton Stati n° 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 barns, splendid soil, good water orchard &c. Will self less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

A HARDWARE and Tinsmith Busness, 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 chaap.

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 doies business with H. H. Miller is ever satsfied to go elsewhere and innumerable boxes of sweets, are afflicted with is lame back. Our methods seem to please,

Opposite The Rei House. Hanover her neck.

FURNITURE 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

LOVERS' GIFTS IN SPAIN. Spanish lovers present their | fiancees with fans, on which they have written the most impassion-

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

"He do be a moighty foine bye, Jack Keith," she said, apparently addressing the side wall. "Oi wish Oi'd a knowed him whin Oi was a gyurl; shure, it's not Murphy me noime'd ba now, Oi'm t'inkin'."

Left alone, the girl bowed her head on her hands, a hot tear stealing down through her fingers. As she glanced up again, something that glittered the floor beside the bed caught her eyes. She stopped and picked it up, holding the trinket to the light, staring at it as though fascinated. It was the locket Heith had taken from the neck of the dead man at Cimm. ron Crossing. Her nerveless fingers pressed the spring, and the painted face within looked up into her own, and still clasping it within her hand, she sank upon her knees, burying her face on the bed.

"Where did he get that?" her lips kept repeating. "Where did he ever get that?"

CHAPTER XV.

Again Christie Maclaire.

Keith possessed sufficient means for several months of idleness, and even if he had not, his reputation as a plains scout would insure him employ. still unconvinced. ment at any of the more important scattered army posts. Reliable men for such service were in demand. The restlessness of the various Indian tribes, made specially manifest by raids on the more advanced settlements, and extending over a constant. ly widening territory, required continuous interchange of communication between commanders of detachments. Bold and reckless spirits had flocked to the frontier in those days following the Civil War, yet all were not of the type to encourage confidence in military authorities. Keith had already frequently served in this capacity, and abundantly proved his worth under rigorous demands or both endurance and intelligence, and he could feel assured of permanent employment whenever desired. Not a few of the more prominent officers he had met personally during the late war-including Sheridan, to whom he had once borne a flag of truce-yet the spirit of the Confederacy still lingered in his heart; not in any feeting of either hatred or revenge, but in an had fought valiantly for four years. | than his. Some of the wounds of that conflict It was a lonely, tiresome ride, duremergency.

caused him to desire freedom. He had been accused of murder, impris- they came to a water hole, where they oned for it, and in order to escape, could safely hide themselves and their had been compelled to steal horses, the most beinous crime of the fron- men to be guarded against, they took tier. Not only for his own protection and safety must the truth of that | ing the horses closely under the rock occurrence at the Cimmaron Crossing | shadows, and not venturing upon be made clear, but he also had now a building any fire. Neb threw himse personal affair with "Black Bart" Hawley to be permanently settled. They had already clashed twice, and Keith intended they should meet again.

Memory of the girl was still in his mind as he and Neb rode silently forth on the black prairie, leading the extra horse behind him. He endeavored to drive the recollection from his mind, so he might concentrate it upon plans for the future, but somehow she mysteriously wove her own personality into those plans, and he was ever seeing the pleading in her eyes, and listening to the soft Southern accent of her voice. Of late years he had been unaccustomed to association with women of high type, and there was that touch of the gentlewoman about this girl which had awakened deep interest. Of course he knew that in her case it was merely an inheritance of her past, and could not truly represent the present Christie Maclaire of the music halls. However fascinating she might be, she could not be worthy any serious consideratior'. In spite of his rough life the social spirit of the old South was implanted in his blood, and no woman of that class could hold him captive. Yet, some way, she refused to be banished or left behind. Even Neb must have been obsessed by a similar spirit, for

he suddenly observed: "Dat am sutt'nly a mighty fine gal, Massa Jack. I ain't seen nothin' to compare wid her since I quit ol' Virginia-'deed I ain't."

Keith glanced back at his black satellite, barely able to distinguish

the fellow's dim outlines. "You think her a lady, then?" he questioned, giving thoughtless utter- it when we first wake up. How. ance to his own imagination.

"Deed I does!" the thick voice somewhat indignant. "I reck'n knows de real quality when I sees it. I'se 'sociated wid quality white folks

ed poetry, embroidered garters | One of the most common ailwith love mottoes woven in silk, ments that hard working people Engagement rings are not given, Apply Chamberlain's Liniment once. And a av Hiven, if it isn't the the bride-elect receiving instead, twice a day and massage the parts | same the o' Gineral was showin' me "Always Prompt, - Never Negligent, a gold medal, which she wears thoroughly at each application, in the par suspended from a chain around and you will get quick relief. For sale by all dealers.

nairs.

"I don't believe it, Massa Jack." "Well, I wouldn't if I could help it. She don't seem like that kind, but I recognized her as soon as I got her face in the light. She was at the Gaiety in Independence, the last time



Across Its !ace Was Plainly Written. "Miss Christie Maclaire."

and called her by name."

"I reck'n both ob yer might be mis- gathered her into her arms. took," he insisted doggedly.

was not altogether devoid of bitter- niver was Jack Keith what did itness. "We both called her Christie | murther ain't his stovie." Maclaire, and she didn't even deny the name; she was evidently not proud of It, but there was no denial that she was the girl."

"Dat wasn't like no name dat you talled her when we was ridin'." "No; she didn't approve of the oth-

or, and told me to call her Hope, but reckon she's Christie Maclaire all

They rode on through the black, si] ent night as rapidly as their tired torses would consent to travel. Keith ed directly across the open prairie, guiding his course by the stars, and purposely avoiding the trails, where ome suspicious eye might mark their passage. His first object was to get safely away from the scattered settlenents lying east of Carson City. Berond their radius he could safely dispose of the horses they rode, disappear from view, and find time to deunwillingness to serve the blue uni. relop future plans. As to the girlform, and a memory of antagonism | well, he would keep his word with which would not entirely disappear. her, of course, and see her again He had surrendered at Appomattox, sometime. There would be no difficonquered, yet he could not quite ad- culty about that, but otherwise she just himself to becoming companion. | should retain no influence over him. in-arms with those against whom he | She belonged rather to Hawley's class

still smarted. A natural scidier, anx- ing which Neb made various efforts ious to help the harassed settlers, to talk, but finding his white comeager enough to be actively employed. | panion uncommunicative, at last rehe still held aloof from army connec- lapsed into rather sullen silence. The tions except as a volunteer in case of horses plodded on steadily, and when daylight finally dawned, the two men Just now other considerations found themselves in a depression leading down to the Smoky River. Here stock. With both Indians and white all the necessary precautions, picketon the turf and was instantly asleep, but Keith climbed the steep side of the gully, and made searching survey of the horizon. The wide arc to the south, east and west revealed nothing the ideas they try to express .- Chicago to his searching eyes, except the dull brown of the slightly rolling plains, with no life apparent save some distant grazing antelope, but to the north extended more broken country with a faint glimmer of water between the hills. Satisfied they were unobserved, he slid back again into the depression. As he turned to lie down he took hold of the saddle belonging to Hawley's horse. In the unbuckled holster his eye observed the glimmer of a bit of white paper. He drew it forth, and gazed at it unthinkingly. It was an envelope, robbed of its contents, evidently not sent through the mails, as it had not been stamped, but across its face was plainly written, "Miss Christie Maclaire." He stared at it, his lips firm set, his gray eyes darkening. If he possessed any doubts before as to her identity, they were all thoroughly dissipated now.

> As he lay there, with head pillowed on the saddle, his body aching from fatigue yet totally unable to sleep, staring open-eyed into the blue of the

sky, the girl they had left behind awoke from uneasy slumber, aroused by the entrance of Mrs. Murphy. For an instant she failed to comprehend her position, but the strong brogue of the energetic landlady broke in

"A bit av a cup av coffee fer ye honey," she explained, crossing to th bed. "Shure an' there's nuthin' loike Mither, but i's toird 'nough ye do b

"But, Neb. she's a singer in dance | found this on the floor last night after you had go e down stairs."

"Ye didil satting the coffee on a convenient clair, and reaching out for the triblet. "Let's have a look at it

The other sat up suddenly, her

white shoulders and rounded throat

gleaming. "The old General, you said? What General? When was he here?"

maybe three days outfittin'-s noice an openin' to it, an' a picter inside."

blinded with tears. The landlady looed at her in alarm.

Did you kn " him?"

shaken wit scha.

Then what is your name?" "Hone Waite."

Kate Muri v looked at the face half hidd n in the bed-clothes. That was not the name which Keith had given her, but she had lived on the border bor, was immediately called, and too long to be inquisitive. The other willingly took charge of dressing lifted her head, flinging back her and embalming the body. Alloosened hair with one hand.

Then she gave a quick, startled cry, her eyes opening wide in horror, "The

"Cry here, honey," she said, as if to

"Not likely," and Keith's brief laugh | a child. "Sture an' Oi'm tellin' ye it

Continued next week

Bad Blood-

is the direct and inevitable result of irregular or constipated bowels and clogged-up kidneys and skin. The undigested food and other waste matter which is allowed to accumulate poisons the blood and the whole system. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills act directly on the bowels, regulating them—on the kidneys, giving them ease and strength to properly filter the blood-and on the skin, opening up the pores. For pure blood and good health take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

The Vacuous Life.

People without any form of religion, without superstition, devoid of any thought of the future state, have been found in the interior forests of Sumatra, according to Dr. Wilhelm Volz, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who made extensive journeys though the island. There he found the Kubus, as he named them, who are scarcely to be distinguished from the small manlike ape of the Indo-Malayan countries. They are wanderers through the forest seeking food. They have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits and other edible growths to keep them alive. The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and somber land. The only notion he could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead per-He infers that they are immeasurably big game with his flint tipped arrow and knife. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as

Golf and a Prince.

"Golf has its humors," said a champion player. "And this struck me particularly in a conversation at a golf club that I once had with a Persian prince. The prince, as he sat on the club piazza watching the various champions drive off, drawled:

"'I don't see very much in golf. No object is to be gained by the depositing of a white ball in a subterranean cavity, and if any object were to be gained the shortest and surest method would surely be to carry the ball in the hand from cavity to cavity.'

"'But, prince,' I said, 'the difficulty of getting the ball into the cavities, as you call them, is what constitutes the attraction of the game.'

"The difficulty constitutes the attraction, eh? The prince frowned. 'Well,' he went on, 'it would be more difficult to shave with a coal shovel than a razor, but I don't think many men are tempted on that account to remove their beards each morning in that way."-Exchange

Where Ignorance Is Bliss. "He married the girl he first sa drying her hair in her back yard "

"Love at first sight, eh?" "Not much! He never knew it was the same girl."-Judge's Library

The Wrong Change. Wife-Can you spare me just a little change this morning? Husband Certainly! Go out and dine with your mother. The change will do us both good .- London Tit-Bits.

Crazy In Moderation. Wife--If I were to die, Phil, what would you do? Phil-I'd be almost crazy. Wife-Would you marry again? Phil-No: I wouldn't be that crazy

Unwanted Power. rules the world Don't torget that She-Then con come'in and rule the world awhile. I'm tired.

DEATH OF JACKSON BOYLE.

From The Markdale Standard. A fatal accident occurred on the farm of Mr. Joseph Boyle, five "Shure now, be aisy, honey, an' Oi'll miles west of Strongfield, Sask., tell ye all there is to it. It's not his on Thursday, July 18th, when name Oi know; maybe Oi niver heard their third son, Jackson, aged 15 till av it, but 'twas the 'Gineral' they years, 1 month, lost his life while called him, all right. He was here engaged in driving four horses attached to a disc harrow. He had spoken of giatlemin, wid a gray beard, gone out in the morning, bright an onc't he showed me the locket- forenoon, and at noon he started be the powers, if it do be his, there's across the piece of ground he was discing, and in doing so had to The girl touched the spring, revea pass the engine, with which his ing the face within, but her eyes were older brothers, Frank and George, were ploughing. The horses became frightened and began to run, "What is it. heney? What is it? and in some unaccountable way he was thrown under the disc. Frank made an attempt to stop the The slener form swayed forward horses, but they got past him before he reached them, and in less "He was tather, and-and this is than three minutes, the disc had my mother's picture which he always passed over his brother's body, leaving it a mangled form, one leg being completely severed from the body; also other very severe wounds in the abdomen. He was hastily taken to the house, but only lived about half an hour. Mr. Robert Eliot, a near neigh-

though the lower part of his body "Mr. Keith dropped it," she exclaim. Was badly mangled, his hands and ed. Where do you suppose he got it?" face remained untouched, giving him the appearance of smiling in

I was there. Hawley knew her too, Cimmaron Crossing, the murder at the urday morning, July 20th, to the The funeral took place on Sat-Cimmaron Crossing! He-he to'd me Hawarden Public cemetery, fol-Neb rubbed his eyes, and slapped about that; but he never showed me lowed by over forty carriages of his pony's flank, unable to answer, yet this-this. To you-do you think-" friends and neighbors, which Her voice falled, but Kate Murphy showed the sympathy that was extended to the family in their hour of bereavement. The casket was covered with many beautiful wreaths, among which was a large one from his school mates.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, -Presbyterian minister, of Glenside, preached the funeral service at the house, and also officiated at the grave. -He took for his text Job 9:12,

Mr. Wilson's words were those of the tenderest sympathy and comfort to the sorrowing family and friends.

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. 3, 4 Blyth..... Oct. 1, 2 Brinsley Oct. 10, 11 Cayuga..... Sept. 26, 27 Chatsworth..... Sept. 12, 13 ChathamSept. 23, 24, 25/ Chesley Sept. 17, 18 Colborne..... Oct. 1, 2 Dorchester Oct. 2 Drayton Oct. 1, 2 Dresden..... Sept. 26, 27 Drumbo..... Sept. 24, 25 DURHAM.....Sept. 24, 25 Elmvale..... Oct. 3, 4, 5 Erin..... ... Oct. 17, 18 Fergus..... Sept. 26, 27 Plesherton..... Sept. 26, 27 Fort Erie..... Oct. 1, 2 Fordwich Oct. 5 Forest..... Sept. 23, 24 Hanover..... Sept. 20 Hepworth Sept. 18, 19 Holstein..... Oct. 1, 2 son was that the dead do not breathe. Highgate Oct. 11, 12 rope who fashioned tools and hunted Kinmount Sept. 16, 17 London (Western Fair) ... Sept. 6-14 Lion's Head Sept. 26, 27 Meaford..... Sept. 26, 27 Midland Sept. 26, 27 Milverton Sept. 26, 27 Mount Forest.... New Hamburg.....Sept. 12, 13 Norwich.....Sept. 17, 18 Niagara Falls.....Sept. 25, 26 Onondaga Sept. 30, Oct. 1 Otterville Oct. 4, 5 Ottawa (Central Canada) Sept. 5-16 Owen Sound Sept. 10, 11, 12 Paris Sept. 26, 27 Parkhill..... Sept. 24, 25 Ripley Sept. 24, 25 Rockwood Oct. 3, 3 Shelburne..... Sept. 24, 25 Tavistock Sept. 16, 17 Thamesville Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2 Thedford..... Oct. 1, 2 Tillsonburg Oct. 1, Toronto Aug. 24-Sept. Walkerton Sept. 12, 13 Wallaceburg Sept. 24, 25 Wallacetown Sept. 26, 27 Waterford..... Oct. 10 Watford Oct. 3, 4 Wellesley Sept. 10, 11 Wingham Sept. 26, 27 Winchester Sept. 3, 4 Windsor Sept. 10-14 Woodstock Sept. 18-20 Wyoming..... Sept. 27, 28 Zurich..... Seed. 18, 19

THE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM

It is frequently supposed that rheumatism is brought on by cold and damp effects on the surface of the body, but this theory is wrong, cold and damp only excites the disease that is settled in the blood, rheumatism is a blood disease and Rheumo is guaranteed to remove the disease and enrich the blood so that uric acid cannot exist. Rheumo is a wonderful He The nand that rocks the cradle rheumatic cure. If you have rheumatism in any form, don't delay going to the Central Drug Store and get a bottle of Rheumo to-

day.

date