

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

Shoes at Low Prices

Don't fail when in town to call in and inspect our large stock of Footwear, as we have a new stock of Fall Goods coming in. We are offering a full line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Oxfords and Pumps at very low prices.

So now don't miss getting yourself a pair of the latest in low shoes for midsummer wear, at the lowest possible price. And where is the place to get them? At the Big Shoe Store, near the bridge.

Repairing promptly attended to.

TERMS—CASH or EGGS.

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

If you want it We Sell it,
If you don't want it We buy it.

100 Acres One mile South of Williamsford. Good buildings, good soil, spring creek, offered at snap. Owner in West and bound to sell.

100 Acres near Bentinck P. O. Fair buildings, good farm, very low price and easy terms.

130 Acres Normanby, near Hampden. Good buildings, a fine stock farm. Somebody will snatch this bargain quickly, why not you?

Many other farms, of all sizes and kinds, for sale cheap.

If you wish to SELL, BORROW or INSURE it will PAY you to see me. If you have MONEY to invest or debts to COLLECT you should consult me.

28 year's experience and knowledge of the locality, counts for something. Do business with me and get the benefit of it.

H.H. MILLER, 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

We never realize how many useless things there are in the world, until we attend a wedding and see all the wedding presents.

The monoplane is not so much in favor in France as formerly. The war office has forbidden its use by military pupils in aviation, declaring the biplane to be preferable on account of its superior stability.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

ly. "Did you know General Waite was dead?"

The doctor's ruddy face whitened. "Dead?—Willis Waite dead?" he repeated. "What do you mean, sir? Are you sure? When?"

"I ought to be sure; I buried him just this side the Cimmaron Crossing out on the Santa Fe trail."

"But do you know it was General Waite?" the man's insistent tone full of doubt.

"I have no question about it," returned Keith, conclusively. "The man was Waite's size and general appearance, with gray beard, similar to the one I remember he wore during the war. He had been scalped, and his face beaten beyond recognition, but papers in his pockets were sufficient to prove his identity. Besides, he and his companion—a young fellow named Sibley—were known to have pulled out two days before from Carson City."

"When was this?"

"Ten days ago."

Fairbairn's lips smiled, the ruddy coloring sweeping back into his cheeks.

"Damn me, Keith, you came near giving me a shock," he said, jerkily. "Shouldn't be so careless—not sure my heart's just right—tendency to apoplexy, too—got to be guarded against. Now, let me tell you something—maybe you buried some poor devil out at Cimmaron Crossing—but it wasn't Willis Waite. How do I know? Because I saw him, and talked with him yesterday—damn me, if I didn't, right here in this town."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Next Room.

Keith, his eyes filled with undisguised doubt, studied the face of the man opposite, almost convinced that he was, in some way, connected with the puzzling mystery. But the honesty of the rugged face only added to his perplexity.

"Are you certain your are not mistaken?"

"Of course I am, Keith. I've known Waite for fifteen years a bit intimately—have met him frequently since the war—and I certainly talked with him. He told me enough to partially confirm your story. He said he had started for Santa Fe light, because he couldn't get enough men to run a caravan—afraid of Indians, you know. So, he determined to take money—buy Mexican goods—and risk himself. Old fighting cock wouldn't turn back for all the Indians on the plains once he got an idea in his head—he was that kind—Lord, you ought to see the fight he put up at Spottsylvania! He got to Carson City with two wagons, a driver and a cook—had eight thousand dollars with him, too, the damn fool. Cook got into row, gambling, cut a man, and was juggled. Old Waite wouldn't leave even a nigger in that sort of fix—natural fighter—likes any kind of row. So, he hung on there at Carson, but had sense enough—Lord knows where he got it—to put all but a few hundred dollars in Ben Levy's safe. Then, he went out one night to play poker with his driver and a friend—had a drink or two—doped, probably, and never woke up for forty-eight hours—lost clothes, money, papers, and whole outfit—was just naturally cleaned out—couldn't get a trace worth following after. You ought to have heard him cuss when he told me—it seemed to be the papers that bothered him most—them, and the mules."

"You say there was no trace?"

"Nothing to travel on after forty-eight hours—a posse started out next morning, soon as they found him—when they got back they reported having run the fellows as far as Cimmaron Crossing—there they got across and escaped."

"Who led the posse?"

"A man called Black, I think," he said.

"Black Bart?"

"Yes, that's the name; so, I reckon you didn't bury Willis Waite this time, Captain. You wouldn't have thought he was a dead one if you had heard him swear while he was telling the story—it did him proud; never heard him do better since the second day at Gettysburg—had his ear shot off then, and I had to fix him up—Lord, but he called me a few things."

Keith sat silent, fully convinced now that the doctor was telling the truth, yet more puzzled than ever over the peculiar situation in which he found himself involved.

"What brought the General up here?" he questioned, finally.

"I haven't much idea," was the reply. "I don't think I asked him directly. I wasn't much interested. There was a hint dropped, however, now you speak about it. He's keen after those papers, and doesn't feel satisfied regarding the report of the posse. It's my opinion he's trailing after Black Bart."

The dining-room was thinning out, and they were about the only ones left at the tables. Keith stretched himself, looking around.

"Well, Doctor, I am very glad to have met you again, and to learn Waite is actually alive. This is a rather queer affair, but, will have to

work itself out. Anyway, I am too dead tired tonight to hunt after clues in midst of this babel. I've been in the saddle most of the time for a week, and have got to find a bed."

"I reckon you won't discover such a thing here," drily. "Got seven in a room upstairs, and others corded along the hall. Better share my cell—only thing to do."

"That would be asking too much—I can turn in at the corral with Neb; I've slept in worse places."

"Couldn't think of it, Keith," and the doctor got up. "Besides, you sleep at night, don't you?"

"Usually, yes," the other admitted.

"Then you won't bother me any—no doctor sleeps at night in Sheridan; that's our harvest time. Come on, and I'll show you the way. When morning comes I'll rout you out and take my turn."

Keith had enjoyed considerable experience in frontier hotels, but nothing before had ever quite equalled this, the pride of Sheridan. The product of a mushroom town, which merely existed by grace of the temporary railway terminus, it had been hastily and flimsily constructed, so it could be transported elsewhere at a moment's notice. Every creak of a bed echoed from wall to wall. The thin partitions often failed to reach the ceiling by a foot or two, and the slightest noise aroused the entire floor. And there was noise of every conceivable kind, in plenty, from the blare of a band at the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite, to the energetic cursing of the cook in the rear. A discordant din of voices surged up from the street below—laughter, shouts, the shrieks of women, a rattle of dice, an occasional pistol shot, and the continuous yelling of industrious "barkers." There was no safety anywhere. An exploding revolver in No. 47 was quite likely to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the innocent occupant of No. 15, and every sound of quarrel in the thronged bar-room below caused the lodger to curl up in momentary expectation of a stray bullet coursing toward him through the floor. With this to trouble him, he could lie there and hear everything that occurred within and without. Every creak, stamp, and snore was faithfully reported; every curse, blow, snarl re-echoed to his ears. Inside was hell; outside was Sheridan.

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Out from all this pandemonium Keith began to unconsciously detect the sound of voices talking in the room to his left. In the lull of obstructing sound a few words reached him through the slight open space between wall and ceiling.

"Hell, Bill, what's the use goin' out again when we haven't the price?"

"Oh, we might find Bart somewhere, and he'd stake us. I guess I know enough to make him loosen up. Come on; I'm goin'."

"Not me; this town is too near Fort Hays; I'm liable to run into some of the fellows."

A chair scraped across the floor as Bill arose to his feet; evidently from the noise he had been drinking, but Keith heard him lift the latch of the door.

"All right, Willoughby," he said, thickly, "I'll try my luck, an' if I see Bart I'll tell him yer here. So long."

He shuffled along the hall and went, half sliding, down stairs, and Keith distinguished the click of glass and bottle in the next room. He was sitting up in bed now, wide awake, obsessed with a desire to investigate. The reference overheard must have been to Hawley, and if so, this Willoughby, who was afraid of meeting soldiers from the fort, would be the deserter Miss Hope was seeking. There could be no harm in making sure, and he slipped into his clothes, and as silently as possible, unlatched his door. There was a noisy crowd at the farther end of the hall, and the sound of some one laboriously mounting the stairs. Not desiring to be seen, Keith slipped swiftly toward the door of the other room, and tied the latch. It was unfastened, and he stepped quietly within, closing it behind him.

A small lamp was on the washstand, a half-emptied bottle and two glasses beside it, while a pack of cards lay scattered on the floor. Fully dressed, except for a coat, the sole occupant lay on the bed, but started up at Keith's unceremonious entrance, reaching for his revolver, which had slipped to the wrong side of his belt. "What the hell!" he exclaimed, startled and confused.

The intruder took one glance at him through the dingy light—a boy of eighteen, dark hair, dark eyes, his face, already exhibiting signs of dissipation, yet manly enough in chin and mouth—and smiled.

"I could draw while you were thinking about it," he said, easily, "but I am not here on the fight. Are you Fred Willoughby?"

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The lad stared at him, his uncertain hand now closed on the butt of his revolver, yet held inactive by the other's quiet assurance.

"What do you want to know for?" "Curiosity largely; thought I'd like to ask you a question or two."

"You—you're not from the fort?" "Nothing to do with the army; this is a private affair."

The boy was sullen from drink, his eyes heavy.

"Then who the devil are you? I never saw you before."

"That's very true, and my name wouldn't help any. Nevertheless, you're perfectly welcome to it. I am



"Oh, You Mean Home? Do You Know Her?"

Jack Keith. No expression of recognition came into the face of the other, and Keith added curtly, "Shall we talk?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Willoughby swung his feet over the edge of the bed onto the floor.

"Fire away," he said shortly, "until I see what the game is about."

Continued next week.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK GIRL.



Possesses abundance of beautiful hair and says: My hair was thin and ragged and I could not dress it to look nice in any style until I began treating it with Saginee. Saginee grew my hair and made it soft and thick. Saginee is the only dressing I ever use. The Central Drug Store is agent for Saginee, and says: If Saginee will not make the coarsest hair clean, soft, fluffy and beautiful, and add inches to its length, bring it back and I will refund your money. Remember to go to the Central Drug Store, as other stores cannot supply you with Saginee. A large shaker-top bottle costs only 50 cents.

"Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased," writes Lindsay Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

Anything to Make Talk.

"Some of these arguments about politics" said Senator Sorghum, "remind me of debates we used to have in the society I joined when I was a boy."

"I suppose you talked a great deal on impractical lines?"

"We did. We spent almost one entire winter discussing the question, 'Which makes the best ear muff, a corn fritter or a buckwheat cake?'"—Washington Star.

Not the Same.

"You seem to think it's pretty well settled," said Miss Passay, "that I'd marry him if he proposed."

"Yes," promptly replied Miss Knox.

"The idea! So you think a girl should be ready to say 'yes' to any man who asked her?"

"No, I don't say that a 'girl' should."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Practical View.

"He's nothing but a hypocrite. Isn't it disgusting for a man to use his religion as a cloak?"

"Yes, and, what's more, it's foolish, for religion such as his is necessarily so flimsy that he's liable to catch cold in it."—Exchange.

Good Advice.

Merchant Well-er—the truth is my business is hardly worth advertising. Getting Canvasser Then advertise it for sale.

Even when she throws kisses, a girl can't always hit the fellow she aims at.

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. 10, 11
Blyth.....	Oct. 1, 2
Bridgen.....	Oct. 1
Brimley.....	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. 2, 8, 9
Colborne.....	Oct. 1, 2
Delaware.....	Oct. 16
Dorchester.....	Oct. 2
Drayton.....	Oct. 1, 2
Dresden.....	Sept. 26, 27
Drumbo.....	Sept.