

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 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

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.

23 years 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

Tests show that bridge timbers which had been a quarter of a century in service were stronger than selected pieces of timber a year old, which were passed as first-class building material.

"I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes M. E. Gebhardt, Oriole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

nidin' there when we rode in. He just nat'rly pumped the gal, an' now he's up here trailin' you. Blame it all, it makes me laugh."

"I don't see what you see to laugh at. This Keith isn't an easy man to play with, let me tell you. He may have got on to our game."

"Oh, hell, Bart, don't lose your nerve. He can't do anything, because we've got the under hold. He's a fugitive; all we got to do is locate him, an' have him flung back inter jail—there's murder an' hoss-stealing agin him."

Hawley seemed to be thinking swiftly, while his companion took another drink.

"Well, pard, ain't that so?"

"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is that 'Wild Bill' Hickcock is Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickcock and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' isn't going back on that kind of a pal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to be you locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to set Christie right. Good-night, Bill."

He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he

wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.

CHAPTER XX.

Hope Goes to Sheridan.

The discovery of the locket which had fallen from about Keith's neck made it impossible for Hope to remain quietly for long in the hotel at Fort Larned. The more carefully she thought over the story of that murder at the Cimmaron Crossing, and Keith's tale of how he had discovered and buried the mutilated bodies, the more assured she became that that was where this locket came from, and that the slain freighter must have been her own father. She never once questioned the truth of Keith's report; there was that about the man which would not permit of her doubting him. He had simply failed to mention what he removed from the bodies, supposing this would be of no special interest.

Mrs. Murphy, hoping thus to quiet the apprehensions of her charge, set herself diligently at work to discover the facts. As her house was filled with transients, including occasional visitors from Carson City, and was also lounging headquarters for many of the officers from the near-by fort, she experienced no difficulty in picking up all the floating rumors. Out of these, with Irish shrewdness, she soon managed to patch together a consistent fabric of fact.

"Shure, honey, it's not so bad the way they tell it now," she explained, consolingly. "Nobody believes now it was yer father that got kilt. It was two fellers what stole his outfit, clothes an' all, an' was drivin' off wid 'em inter the sand hills. Divil a wan does know who kilt 'em, but there's some ugly stories travellin' about. Some says Injuns; some says the posse run 'em down; an' Black Bart an' his dirty outfit, they swear it was Keith. Ol' ye got me own notion. Anyhow, there's 'bout three hundred dollars, some mules, an' a lot o' valuable papers missin'."

"But if it wasn't father, where is he now?"

"That's what Ol' ye've been tryin' ter find out. First off he went out to the Cimmaron Crossing, gyarded by a squad o' cavalry from the fort here. Tommy Caine went along, an' told me all about it. They dug up the bodies, but niver a thing did they find on 'em—not a paper, nor a dollar. They'd bin robbed all right. The old General swore loike a wild man all the way back, Tommy said, an' the first thing he did at Carson City was to start huntin' fer 'Black Bart'. He was two days gittin' on the trail av him; then he heard the feller was gone away trapin' after a singin' or dancin' gyurl called Christie Maclaire. She was supposed to be ayther at Topeky or Sheridan. A freighter told the old man she was at Sheridan, an' so he started there overland, hopin' ter head off 'Black Bart'. Ol' reckon we could a towld mo'n that."

"What do you mean?"

"Why shure, honey, what's the use tryin' ter decave me? Didn't Jack Keith, wid his own lips, tell me ye was Christie Maclaire?"

"But I'm not! I'm not, Mrs. Murphy. I don't even know the woman. It is such a strange thing; I cannot account for it—both those men mistook me for her, and—and I let them—"

I didn't care who the man Hawley supposed me to be, but I intended to have told Mr. Keith he was mistaken. I don't know why I didn't, only I supposed he finally understood. But I want you to believe, Mrs. Murphy—I am Hope Waite, and not Christie Maclaire."

"It's little the loss to ye not ter be her, an' Ol' ye thinkin' loikely Jack Keith will be mighty well plased ter know the truth. What's 'Black Bart' so ayger ter git hold av this Maclaire gyurl fer?"

"I do not in the least know. He must have induced me to go to that place in the desert believing me to be the other woman. Yet he said nothing of any purpose; indeed, he found no opportunity."

Mrs. Murphy shook her head disparagingly.

"It was shure some divilment," she asserted, stoutly. "He'll be up to some trick wid the poor gyurl; Ol' know the loikes av him. Shure, the two av yez must look as much aloike as two pay in a pod. Loikely now, it's a twin sister ye've got?"

Hope smiled, although her eyes were misty.

"Oh, no; Fred and I were the only children; but what shall I do? What ought I to do?"

The Irish mouth of Kate Murphy set firmly, her blue eyes burning.

"It's not shtrong Ol' am on advisin'," she said, shortly, "but if it was me Ol'd be fer foindin' out what all this mix-up was about. There's somethin' mighty quare in it. It's my notion that Hawley's got hold av thim papers av yer father's. The old git thinks go, too, an' that's why he's so hot afther catchin' him. May the divil admoire me av Ol' know where this Maclaire gyurl comes in, but Ol'll bet the black divil has get her marked ter some part in the play. What would Ol' do? Be goory, Ol'd go to Sheridan, an' foind the General, an' till him all I knew. Maybe he could piece it together, and guess what Hawley was up ter."

Hope was already upon her feet, her puzzled face brightening.

"Oh, that is what I wanted to do, but I was not sure it would be best. How can I get there from here?"

"Ye'd have ter take the stage back to Topeky; loikely they'd be runnin' thrains out from there on the new road. It'll be aisy fer me ter feind out from some av the lads down below."

The only equipment operating into Sheridan was a construction train, with an old battered passenger coach coupled to the rear. A squad of heavily armed infantry rode along, as protection against possible Indian raiders, but there was no crowd aboard on this special trip, as all construction work had been suspended on the line indefinitely, and most of the travel, therefore, had changed to the eastward. The coach used had a partition run through it, and, as soon as the busy trainmen discovered ladies on board, they unceremoniously drove the more bibulous passengers, protesting, into the forward compartment. This left Hope in comparative peace, her remaining neighbors quiet, taciturn men, whom she looked at through the folds of her veil during the long, slow, exasperating journey, mentally guessing at their various occupations. It was an exceedingly tedious, monotonous trip, the train slackening up, and jerking forward, apparently without slightest reason; then occasionally achieving a full stop, while men, always under guard, went ahead to fix up some bit of damaged track, across which the engineer dared not advance. At each bridge spanning the numerous small streams, trainmen examined the structure before venturing forward, and at each stop the wearied passengers grew more impatient and sarcastic, a perfect stream of fluent profanity being waited back whenever the door between the two sections chanced to be left ajar.

Hope was not the only woman on board, yet a glance at the others was sufficient to decide their status, even had their freedom of manner and loud talking not made it equally obvious. Fearful lest she might be mistaken for one of the same class, she remained in silence, her veil merely lifted enough to enable her to peer out through the grimy window at the barren view slipping slowly past. This consisted of the bare prairie, brown and desolate, occasionally intersected by some small watercourse, the low hills rising and falling like waves to the far horizon. Few incidents broke the dead monotony; occasionally a herd of antelope appeared in the distance, silhouetted against the skyline, and once they fairly crept for an hour through a mass of buffalo, grazing so close that a fusillade of guns sounded from the front end of the train. A little farther along she caught a glimpse of a troop of wild horses dashing recklessly down into a sheltering ravine. Yet principally all that met her straining eyes was sterile desolation. Here and there a great ugly water tank reared its hideous shape beside the track, the engine always pausing for a fresh supply. Beside it was invariably a pile of coal, a few construction cars, a hut half buried under earth, loop-holed and barricaded, with several rough men loafing about, heavily armed and inquisitive. A few of these points had once been terminal, the surrounding scenery evidencing past glories by piles of tin cans, and all manner of debris, with occasionally a vacant shack, left deserted and forlorn.

Wearied and heartsick, Hope turned away from this outside dreariness to contemplate more closely her neighbors on board, but found them scarcely more interesting. Several were

playing cards, others moodily staring out of the windows, while a few were laughing and talking with the girls, their conversation sane and punctuated with profanity. One man was figuring up a scratch pad, and Hope decided he must be an engineer employed on the line; others she classed as small merchants, saloon-keepers, and frontier riff-raff. They would glance curiously at her as they marched up and down the narrow aisle, but her veil, and averted face, prevented even the boldest from speaking. Once she addressed the conductor, and the man who was figuring turned and looked back at her, evidently attracted by the soft note of her voice. But he made no effort at advances, returning immediately to his pad, oblivious to all else.

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats.

Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply, and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The con-

ductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought she must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes outstaring.

"Well, no, I can't, madam," the words came with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll be there. Ought to be in an hour, however, if everything goes right. Live in Sheridan?"

She shook her head, uncertain how frankly to answer.

"No less a place—worst place to live in on earth—no exceptions—I know—been there myself three months—got friends there likely?"

"I hardly know," she acknowledged doubtfully. "I think so, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some—some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

The man wheeled about, until he could look at her more clearly.

"That's a pretty hard commission,

but I'll try to do it for you."

"Thank you very much, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some—some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

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RIVERDALE.

Miss Margaret Henderson, of Louise, accompanied by Miss Nettie McLaughlin, of Chesley, spent Thursday and Friday with Miss Victoria Aljoe.

Miss Hazel Dennett, of Egremont, visited with Miss Clara Ritchie, Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Weir is visiting with friends at Shelburne this week.

Miss Han, of Egremont, spent over Sunday with Miss Nina McFadden.

A meeting of the ratepayers of S. S. No. 9, will be held in the school house on Friday. A good attendance is requested.

The very wet spell for the past week or two does not make the best of harvest weather. Quite a few have started cutting oats in this part, and cutting will be general by the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hunt, of Vickers, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay.

Mrs. Thos. Milligan, of Hutton Hill, spent over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence.

Misses Annie and Eva Atkinson spent part of Saturday and Sunday with their uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Weir, of Boothville.

Miss Jean Weir, of Boothville is visiting with friends in this part this week.

Mr. John Snell, of town, ably filled the position of superintendent of the Sunday school here on Sunday last, in the absence of Mr. W. J. Young.

JUST IN SUMMER.

"Mary is engaged."

"That so? How long has she known the man?"

"Only since yesterday, when she arrived at the seashore. But that doesn't make any difference, since she's only going to know him for two weeks, anyhow."

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
Bridgen.....	Oct. 1
Brinsley.....	Oct. 10, 11
Burford.....	Oct. 1, 2
Cayuga.....	Sept. 26, 27
Chatsworth.....	Sept. 12, 13
Chatham.....	Sept. 23, 24, 25
Chesley.....	Sept. 17, 18
Comber.....	Oct. 8, 9
Colborne.....	Oct. 1, 2
Delaware.....	Oct. 16
Dorchester.....	Oct. 2
Drayton.....	Oct. 1, 2
Dresden.....	Sept. 26, 27
Drumbo.....	Sept. 24, 25
DURHAM.....	Sept. 24, 25
Elmvale.....	Oct. 3, 4, 5
Embro.....	Oct. 3
Erin.....	Oct. 17, 18
Essex.....	Sept. 24, 25, 26
Feigus.....	Sept. 26, 27
Florence.....	Oct. 3, 4
Flesherton.....	Sept. 26, 27
Fort Erie.....	Oct. 1, 2
Fortwich.....	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
Lion's Head.....	Sept. 26, 27
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.