

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 hot ice. 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.

28 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

AMERICAN SUFFRAGISTS.

Two thousand more marriages have taken place in California during the year of the campaign for equal suffrage than ever before. It would appear that, however reprehensible the behaviour of suffragists abroad, American women are no less attractive when winning the franchise than at any other time.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

In vain Miss MacLaire protested, ably backed by the worshipful officers who still gallantly attended her; the management was obdurate. Then she would go up herself, and throw the lousy out. Indeed, too angry for hanting further words, Christie had actually started for the stairs, intending to execute her threat, when the perspiring Tommy succeeded in stopping her, by plainly blurring out the exact truth.

"Don't you ever do it," he insisted. "The marshal brought her in here, and fired a fellow out of the room so as to give it to her. He'd clean out this house if we ran in a cold deck on a friend of his."

"What do I care for what your marshal does?"

"But he's Bill Hickock, Miss 'Wild Bill'."

Miss MacLaire leaned back against the stair-rail, her eyes turning from Tommy to her speechless supporters. Slowly the truth seemed to penetrate her brain.

"Oh," she gasped at last. "Then—then what else can you give me?"

The officers had long since departed, promising, however, to remain over in town and hear her again that night at the Troadero, with hints as to a late supper; she had received a call from the manager of that most popular resort, and had rendered his life miserable by numerous demands; had passed half an hour practising with the leader of the orchestra; but now was left alone, tired, decidedly irritated, and still tempted to invade "his" and give that other woman a piece of her mind. Then some one rapped on the door. There was a decided accent of vexation in the voice which bade the one outside enter, but the lady's mood changed swiftly as her brown eyes perceived standing in the doorway the erect form of Keith, the light from the window revealing clearly his strong face. The man stood hat in hand, bowing slightly, unable to comprehend why he should have been sent for, yet marvelling again at the remarkable resemblance between this woman and that other whom he had left at Fort Larned. As Miss MacLaire stood with back toward the window, she presented the same youthful appearance, the same slenderness of figure, the same contour of face.

"Miss Christie MacLaire?" he asked, as though in doubt.

"Yes," graciously, won instantly by the man's appearance and manner, "you wished to see me? Will you be seated?"

He crossed the narrow room to the stiff-backed chair indicated, and the lady sank negligently down into her own, resting her head against a pillow, and regarding him expectantly. He could view her now much more distinctly, observing the slight difference in age, the fuller lips, the darker shade of the hair, and the varied expression of the eyes. It was as if a different soul had looked forth from the same face. He had never before realized how little, apparently trifling, details marked the human countenance, and, embarrassed by her own scrutiny, his glance swept about the room. Misunderstanding this shifting of eyes, Miss Christie sought to place the man more at ease.

"The room is a perfect fright," she observed briskly, "but what can one expect in these mushroom towns. Really I had never been here before, or I shouldn't have come. They pay good money though for talent, and we all have to live, you know. Are—are you in professional work?"

He shook his head, smiling somewhat perplexed at his reception. "Really I didn't suppose you were," she went on, "you don't look it. But there are so many who come to me to help them that I have grown suspicious of every stranger. May I ask why you desired to see me?"

Another suspicion had taken possession of her mind, for the man of that section were never backward in exhibiting admiration, yet somehow this man did not seem exactly of that kind.

"I came merely because I was sent for, Miss MacLaire," he replied, his gray eyes once again upon her face. "Doctor Fairbairn gave me your message; I am Jack Keith."

She looked the complete astonishment she felt, sitting up in the chair, her eyes filled with questioning doubt. "Doctor Fairbairn! My message! Surely you are mistaken? I know no one of that name, and have sent no message."

"You did not express a desire to see me?"

She laughed, exhibiting a row of white teeth.

"Certainly not; not until this moment was I even aware of the existence of Mr. Jack Keith."

His own eyes smiled in response to challenge of hers.

"I can assure you the surprise was mine also," he hastened to inform her, now more at ease, as he grasped the situation. "I could not understand how I had become known to you, yet I pledge you my word the message was actually brought. Of course you may suspicion otherwise, for I have seen you on the stage, and being a normal man, have wished that I could devise some excuse for meeting you."

"Indeed!" her eye-brows slightly up-lifted.

"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.

"Yes, I make that confession frankly, yet this call comes from no such desire. I had no question when I came, but what I had been sent for—you will believe this?"

"I suppose I must, yet it seems very peculiar," she replied, feeling convinced that he was a gentleman, and troubled as to what she had best do. "Yet now that you have discovered your mistake—"

"I hope to take advantage of the opportunity," he broke in firmly, leaning slightly forward. "May I ask you a question?"

"I could hardly prevent it, and really I do not know that I have anything to conceal."

"Then I will risk the effort—do you know a man named Hawley?—Bartlett Hawley?"

Her eyes did not falter, although a red spot shot into her cheeks, and her lips pressed together.

"No; that is I have never met him," she acknowledged, just a little confused. "But I have received two letters signed by that name, and rather expected the gentleman would call



Keith Backed into the Corner—His Hand in His Pocket.

upon me here in Sheridan during my engagement. Is that your mission? Were you sent by him or are you Mr. Hawley?"

"I disclaim all relation, Miss MacLaire, even friendship. You, of course, know who this individual is?"

"No," the abort monosyllable was not encouraging. "His messages were of a business character."

"So I presumed, yet one likes to know something even of the person he does business with. I have been acquainted with Hawley for several years, and have never been aware of any honorable business he has ever engaged in. He is a professional gambler, known on the frontier as 'Black Bart'; last night he was running a faro game across there in the 'Palace.' I cannot help wondering what kind of business such a fellow could possibly have with you, Miss MacLaire."

The woman's eyes flashed, hardening in their brown depths. "What right have you to ask?" she began indignantly. "I am capable of deciding my own affairs. As I have told you I have never met Mr. Hawley, but I am not to be influenced against him merely by the denunciation of an avowed enemy. He has written me of something he has discovered which is of deep personal interest to me, and has promised to tell me the details, as well as place within my hands certain necessary papers."

"I appreciate your feelings," he said gently, as she paused, "but would you mind telling me the nature of those papers?"

There was something in Keith's face which told of honesty, and inspired confidence. Miss MacLaire's worldly experience had given her deep insight into the character of men, and somehow, as she looked into the clear gray eyes, she felt impelled to answer, a vague doubt of the unknown Hawley in her mind.

"They—they were papers to establish identity. He had discovered them by accident; they have to do with an inheritance. Really that is all I know, for he wrote very briefly, stating it would be safer to confer with me personally—only I imagine there is a large sum involved."

"From whose estate?"

"My grandfather's."

"And his name was?"

"Why—why, Mr. Keith, actually I do not know. It may seem strange, but—but I cannot even tell the names of my parents; I cannot remember either my father or mother. Oh, I do not know why I should tell you all this! Who are you, really? Why do you ask me such questions?"

He leaned forward, touched by the woman's emotion.

"Miss MacLaire," he said gravely. "I am not prying into your life needlessly, but am endeavoring to serve you as well as others. Hawley may indeed possess papers of great value, but if so they were not found by accident, but stolen from the body of a murdered man. These papers may possibly refer to you, but if so Hawley himself does not believe it—he has simply chosen you to impersonate the right party because of your physical resemblance."

"Resemblance to whom?"

"To a young woman, a Miss Hope."

"But how do you know this? Why should you be interested? Are you a detective?"

"No, I am not a detective, but I cannot explain to you my interest. I am trying to serve you, to keep you from being drawn into a plot."

"Rather to keep me from learning the truth, Mr. Jack Keith," she burst forth, rising to her feet indignantly.

"You are here trying to prejudice me against Mr. Hawley. He is your enemy, and you have come to me stabbing him in the back for revenge. That is your interest. Well, I am going to see the man, and consider what he has to say. I don't care half so much about the money as I do to find out who I am. If he can throw any light on my early life, on my parentage, I shall be the happiest woman in the world. I am sorry I told you anything—but I am going to see him just the same. Perhaps he might tell me something about you."

They were both standing, the woman's eyes flashing angrily, defiantly, her hands clinched. Keith, realizing the false position into which he had drifted, hesitated to answer. He meant to tell her the whole story, and urge her to co-operate with him in learning the gambler's purpose. The woman impressed him as honest at heart, in spite of her life and environment; she was not one whom a swindler could easily dupe into becoming a tool.

"Miss MacLaire," he began, determined on his course, "listen to me for just a moment. I am—"

There was a rap at the door. The eyes of both turned that way, and then Keith backed slowly into the darkened corner beyond the window, his right hand thrust into the pocket of his coat. Miss MacLaire observed the movement, her lips smiling, a red flush on either cheek. Then she stepped across the room, and opened the door. Framed against the black background of the hall, his dark, rather handsome face clearly revealed as he franted the window, his black, audacious eyes fixed appreciatively upon the lady, stood "Black Bart" Hawley. He saw no one but her, realized no other presence, had no thought except to make a good impression. He was facing a beautiful woman, whom he sought to use, and he bowed low, hat in hand.

"Miss MacLaire," he said, pleasantly, "I trust you will pardon all that has occurred between us, and permit me to explain."

"I do not understand," she replied, puzzled by these unexpected words. "There has nothing occurred between us, I am sure, which requires explanation. Have we met before?"

The man smiled. Seeing the woman's face in the shadows he was still convinced she was the same he had last parted with on the Salt Fork. However, if she preferred to ignore all that, and begin their relations anew, it was greatly to his liking. It gave him insight into her character, and fresh confidence that he could gain her assistance. Anyhow, he was ready enough to play her game.

"Let us assume not," just the slightest trace of mockery in the tone, "and begin anew. At least, you will confess the receipt of my letters—I am Bartlett Hawley."

She cast a half-frightened glance toward Keith, and the man, following the direction of her eyes, perceived the presence of the other. His right leg went backward, his hand dropping to the belt, his form stiffening erect. Keith's voice, low but clear in the silence, seemed to cut the air.

"Not a motion, Hawley! I have you covered."

"Oh, gentlemen, please don't!"

"Have no fear, Miss MacLaire; this man and I will settle our difference elsewhere, and not in your presence." He stepped forth into the middle of the room, revolver drawn, but held low at the hip, his watchful eyes never deserting the gambler's face.

"Back up against the wall, Hawley," he commanded. "I hardly need to tell you how I shoot, for we, at least, have met before. Now I'm going out, and leave you to your interview with Miss MacLaire, and I wish you happiness and success."

He moved across to the opening, keeping his face toward his adversary; then backed out slowly, closed the door with a snap, and sprang aside to avoid any possibility of a bullet, crashing after him. No sound of movement from within reached his ears, however, and he walked silently to the head of the stairs.

Continued next week.

RIVERDALE.

Wedding bells are ringing round the burg. More next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Atkinson left Saturday for Toronto, to take in the sights of the big show.

Councillor Lindsay purchased nine fine stockers from Mr. A.W. Hunt, of Vickers, last week.

Mr. Willie Falkingham, accompanied by his sisters, Flo, and Bertha spent Sunday at Mr. Jas. Atkinson's.

A meeting of the ratepayers of this section was held in the school house last Friday evening, when Mr. Bowerman, representing the Waterman, Waterbury Co. manufacturers of school heaters, was present. After considerable discussion it was decided to purchase a heater, which will be installed about the 1st of October.

During the severe electric storm last Saturday, the barn of Mr. Wm. Andrews was struck and burned to the ground, together with all the contents. Fortunately, there was no stock in the barn at the time, but his season's hay, wheat and barley were all destroyed. We sympathize with Mr. Andrews in his loss.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Coutts, of Vickers, spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Atkinson.

THE WOMAN WHO HURRIES.

Many a woman to-day appears to the unprejudiced observer to be running hard, yet never catching up with herself. It may be only a modern mannerism, this way of arriving breathless at one thing after another. It may be only a way of showing how sought after, how important, how energetic the breathless maid or matron is. But it is certainly not attractive.

"Cultivate repose," is a beauty maxim that no woman can afford to ignore. Hurry is the foe of grace, of good manner, of good looks, of sympathy and charm. If it meant energy and result, these drawbacks might be forgiven to some extent, but it is not the "hurry woman" who accomplishes things, after all.

Outsiders unkindly declare that American women, with their hurry habit, do not get any more solid work done than those of other countries. And they are right. What is it all for, this rush, hurry, scramble, turmoil, push, and pull? We live at high pressure while we work in order that we may live at higher pressure when we are at leisure. The leisure, too, is usually not real enjoyment, but time killing mental bromides,—antidotes for thought.

It is speed on material lines, not on higher mental or moral planes, as a rule.

Courtesy, consideration, calmness are brushed aside. They interfere with speed.

Is it all really worth while? Is it not costing more than it is worth?

WHY BARN ARE STRUCK.

A writer in Rural New York, in discussing the causes of lightning striking barns says that a vacant barn is seldom struck by lightning, but a barn full of hot hay is often struck. His theory is that the heat rising from the barn full of new hay or grain makes the air light and offers a channel for the lightning to travel in. Dust particles, a current of moist air, or a current of hot air will afford such a channel. Moral: Throw open the barn doors to the end that air inside and outside the barn may be uniform.

COST OF LONDON FOG.

It is said the London taxpayer is put to an extra expense of \$600,000 annually by reason of the prevalence of fog. One gas company alone furnishes gas to the value of \$15,000 over and above the normal figure on a single day of fog. The suspension of traffic is another serious item.

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
Brigden.....Oct. 1
Brinsley.....Oct. 10, 11
Burford.....Oct. 1, 2
Cayuga.....Sept. 26, 27
Chatsworth.....Sept. 22, 23
Chatham.....Sept. 23, 24
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
Ereux.....Sept. 24, 25, 26
Fergus.....Sept. 26, 27
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
Lion's Head.....Sept. 26, 27
Meaford.....Sept. 26, 27
Merlin.....Sept. 26, 27
Midland.....Sept. 26, 27
Millbrook.....Sept. 26, 27
Milverton.....Oct. 3, 4
Mount Forest.....Sept. 26, 27
New Hamburg.....Sept. 17, 18
Norwich.....Sept. 12, 13
Niagara Falls.....Sept. 17, 18
Onondaga.....Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Ottawa.....Oct. 4, 5
Ottawa (Central Canada).....Sept. 5-14
Owen Sound.....Sept. 10, 11, 12
Paris.....Sept. 26, 27
Parkhill.....Sept. 24, 25
Petrolia.....Sept. 19, 20
Port Carling.....Sept. 18
Ripley.....Sept. 24, 25
Rockwood.....Oct. 3, 4
Sarnia.....Aug. 28, 29
Seaforth.....Sept. 19, 20
Shelburne.....Sept. 24, 25
Tara.....Oct. 1, 2
Tavistock.....Sept. 16, 17
Teeswater.....Oct. 3, 4
Thamesville.....Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2
Theford.....Oct. 1, 2
Tillsonburg.....Oct. 1, 2
Toronto.....Aug. 24-Sept. 13
Walkerton.....Sept. 12, 13
Wallaceburg.....Sept. 24, 25
Wallacetown.....Sept. 26, 27
Waterford.....Oct. 10
Watford.....Oct. 3, 4
Wellesley.....Sept. 10, 11
Wilton.....Sept. 24, 25
Winham.....Sept. 26, 27
Winchester.....Sept. 3, 4
Windsor.....Sept. 10-14
Woodstock.....Sept. 18-20
Wyoming.....Sept. 27, 28
Zurich.....Sept. 18, 19