

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.

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

The temperature of flowing lava on the side of Mount Etna during the eruption of last September was measured by Professor G. Platania with a Ferys' radio-pyrometer. Near the lowest of several craters, the lava stream, still red, gave temperatures of 795 degrees to 940 degrees C.

KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

"You don't mind my calling you Hope? I haven't got used to Miss Waite yet."

Her eyes met his swiftly. "Of course, not. Such ceremony would be foolish after all you have done for me. Do—do you call her Christie?"

He laughed, clasping her hands closer. "I assure you no—she is strictly Miss MacLaird, and," solemnly, "shall be to the end of the chapter."

"Oh, well, I didn't care, only that was what you called her when you were telling me what she said. Are you going?"

"Yes, to find Fred; the sooner we can get this straightened out, the better."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Mistake in Assassination.

Let his future be what it might, Jack Keith would never again forget the girl who held the door open for his passage with one hand, her other clasped in his. Interested before, yet forcing himself into indifference now that he knew who she really was, the man made full surrender. It was a struggle that kept him from clasping the slender figure in his arms, and pouring forth the words of tenderness which he sternly choked back. This was neither the time, nor the place, yet his eyes must have spoken, for Hope's glance fell, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"I do not need to pledge you to return this time, do I?" she questioned, her voice trembling.

"No," he answered, "nor any time again."

The hall was deserted, but a few men loitered in the office. Keith recognized none of the faces, and did not stop to make any inquiries of the clerk. It was growing dark, the lights already burning, and from the pattering of drops on the window, it must be raining outside. Hawley would surely have ended his call upon Miss MacLaird long before this, and left the hotel. However interesting his communication might have proven, she must fill her evening engagement at the Trocadero, and would require time for supper and rest. As to the result of that interview there could be little doubt. Providing the gambler possessed the proper papers he would have small difficulty in convincing the girl that she was indeed the one sought. Keith had probed sufficiently into her mind to feel assured that her inclination was to side with Hawley. Under all the circumstances this was natural enough, and he did not blame her.

He glanced into the bar-room as he passed, not in any anticipation, but merely from the vigilance which becomes second nature upon the frontier. Hawley stood leaning against the bar, where he could see any one passing through the hall. The eyes of the two men met, but the gambler never moved, never changed his attitude, although Keith noted that his right hand was hidden beneath the skirts of his long coat. The plain man drew back, facing his enemy, until he reached the outer door. There was a sneer on Hawley's dark sinister face like an invitation, but a memory of the girl he had just left, and her dependence upon him, caused Keith to avoid an encounter. He would fight this affair out in a different way. As the door opened and he slipped forth into the gloom, he brushed against a man apparently just entering. The gleam of light fell for an instant upon the face of the other—it was Scotty with the red moustache.

They had been watching for him then—what for? Hawley on the inside, and this man Scott without, were waiting to determine when he left the hotel; would probably dog his footsteps to discover where he went. Keith loosened his revolver, so as to be assured he could draw quickly, and slipped back into the shadow of the steps, his eyes on the door of the hotel. There was a cold, drizzly rain falling, the streets almost deserted, appearing sodden and miserable where the lights shone forth through saloon windows. One or two men, seeking supper, coat collars turned up and hats drawn low over their eyes, climbed the rickety steps and went in, but no one came out. Perhaps he was mistaken as to the purpose of those fellows; they may have desired merely to know when he left, or Scott's return just at that moment might have been an accident. To be sure, the hotel possessed a back exit, but he could not cover both ends of the building, and must take his chances. It was too wet and disagreeable to remain crouched there, now that it was evident there was no intention of following him. With hand on the butt of his gun, suspicious and watchful, yet with scarcely a faster beat to his heart, Keith straightened up, and began splashing his way through the mud down the street. He knew where Willoughby would be most likely found at this hour—with cronies at the "Tenderfoot"—and he meant to discover the boy, and make him confess to Hope the truth. Matters had now reached a point where longer delay was dangerous.

Sheridan was seemingly dead, the long street silent, gloomy, black, except for those streams of saloon light shining across pools of water. He stumbled over the irregular ground, occasionally striking patches of wooden sidewalk or a strip of cinders. Here and there a tent flapped in the wind, which drove the drizzle into his face; somewhere ahead a swinging sign moaned as if in agony. A few wanderers ploughed through the muck, dim uncertain shapes appearing and vanishing in the gloom. He had gone a block and over, the struggle against the elements leaving him forgetful of all else, when a man reeled out of some dimly lit shack to his right, and staggered drunkenly forward a few feet in advance. He could barely distinguish the fellow's outlines, giving little thought to the occurrence, for the way was unusually black along there, the saloon opposite having shades drawn. Suddenly a flash of red fire spurted into the night, with a sharp report. It was so close at hand it blinded him, and he flung up one arm over his eyes, and yet, in that single instant, he perceived the whole picture as revealed by the red flame. He saw the man in front go down in a heap, the projection of the building from behind which the shot came, the end of a wagon sticking forth into the street which had concealed the assassin. The blinding flash, the shock of that sudden discharge, for a moment held him motionless; then he leaped forward, revolver in hand, sprang around the end of the wagon, and rushed down the dark alley between two buildings. He could see nothing, but some one was running recklessly ahead of him, and he fired in the direction of the sound, the leaping spurt of flame yielding a dim outline of the fugitive. Three times he pressed the trigger; then there

was nothing to shoot at—the fellow had faded away into the black void of prairie. Keith stood there baffled, staring about into the gloom, the smoking revolver in his hand. The sound of men's voices behind was all that reached him, and feeling the uselessness of further pursuit, he retraced his way back through the narrow passage.

A group was gathered about the body in the rain, a single lantern glimmering. Two or three men had started down the passage-way, and Keith met them, revolvers drawn and suspicious.

"Who are you?" snapped one sharply. "Were you doing all that shooting yonder?"

Keith recognized the voice, thankful that he did so.

"I fired at the fellow, but he got away onto the prairie. I reckon you

couldn't have done any better, Bill."

"Jack Keith!" and Hickock's voice had a new tone, his hand dropping on the other's shoulder. "Never was gladder to meet a fellow in my life. Boys, this is an old deputy of mine down in Dodge. When he gives up chasing a murderer there isn't much use our tryin'. Let's go back, and find out how bad the fellow is hurt. While we're feelin' our way, Jack, you might tell us what you know about this affair."

"It was just the flash of a gun, and the man dropped," Keith explained, briefly. "I was ten or a dozen feet behind, and the fellow fired from under the wagon there. He must have been laying for some one—I reckon, maybe, it was me."

"You? Then it's likely you have some notion who he was?"

"Well, if I have, Bill," and Keith's lips were set tight, "I'm not liable to tell you. If it's the lad I think likely, I'll attend to the case myself. You understand—this is my personal affair."

Hickock nodded, his hand again pressing the other's shoulder.

"Sure, Jack, if you feel that way. There's enough doing here in Sheridan to keep a marshal reasonably busy, without dippin' into private matters. I rather reckon you can take care of yourself, but if you need me, old boy, I'm always right here on the job. You know that."

"I do, Bill, and appreciate it."

The group about the motionless body fell away, and made room for the marshal, the last man to rise saying soberly:

"He's dead all right, Hickock. I guess he never knew what hit him. Good shootin', too, dark as it is here."

"Had the range fixed, likely," returned the marshal. "That's what makes it look like it was arranged for."

He bent down, striving to distinguish the dead man's features turned up to the drizzle, but the night revealed only the faintest outline.

"Anybody know him?" There was no response, only a shuffling of feet in the mud. "Here, you man with the lantern, hold it over where I can see. There, that is better. Now, you fellows take a look, and see if some of you can't name the poor devil."

They glanced down, one after the other, over Bill's shoulder, shading their eyes from the rain so as to see clearer. The light of the flickering lantern streamed full on the ghastly face, but each man shook his head, and passed on. Keith hung back, hoping some one would identify the body, and not make it necessary for him to take part in the grewsome task. It was not likely to be any one he knew, and besides, he felt the man had died in his stead, and he dreaded to look upon the stricken face. When the last of the group had drifted back out of the radius of light, Hickock looked up and saw him.

"Here, Jack," he said, gravely, "you better try—you might know him."

Keith bent over and looked down. As he did so his heart seemed to rise choking into his throat, and a blur obscured his sight. He swept a hand over his eyes and dropped on his knees into the mud beside the body, staring speechless into the white face, the sightless eyes. Hickock watching him closely and gripped his arm.

"What is it? Do you know him?"

"My God, yes! Fred Willoughby!"

Continued next week.



Keith saw the Man Go Down in a Heap.

THE FALL FAIRS

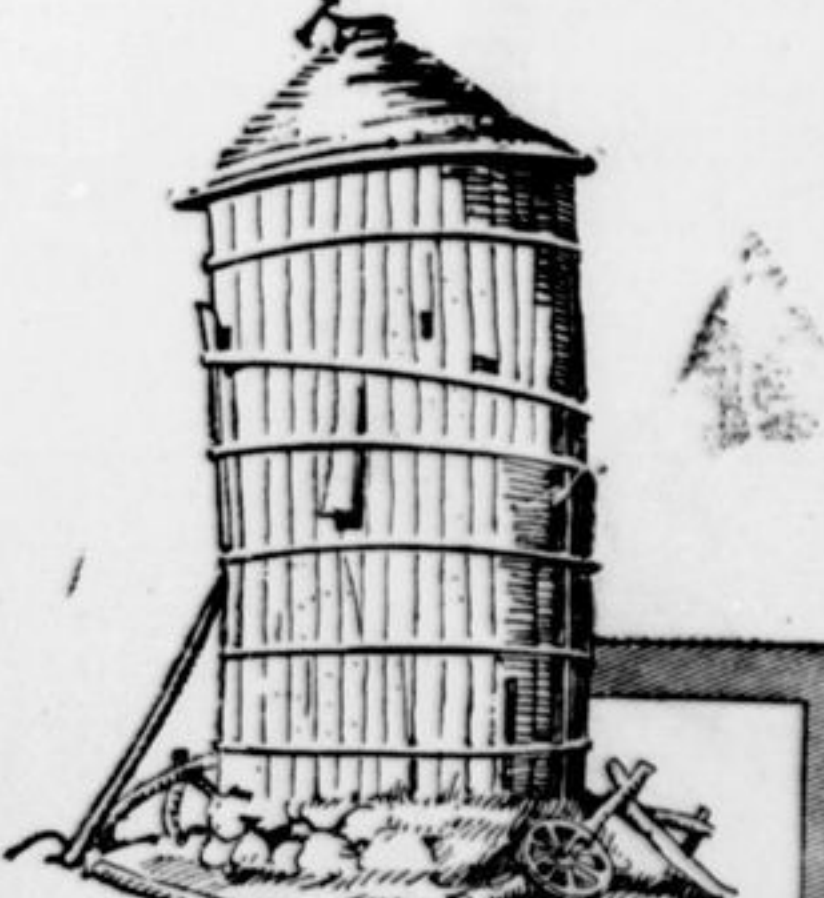
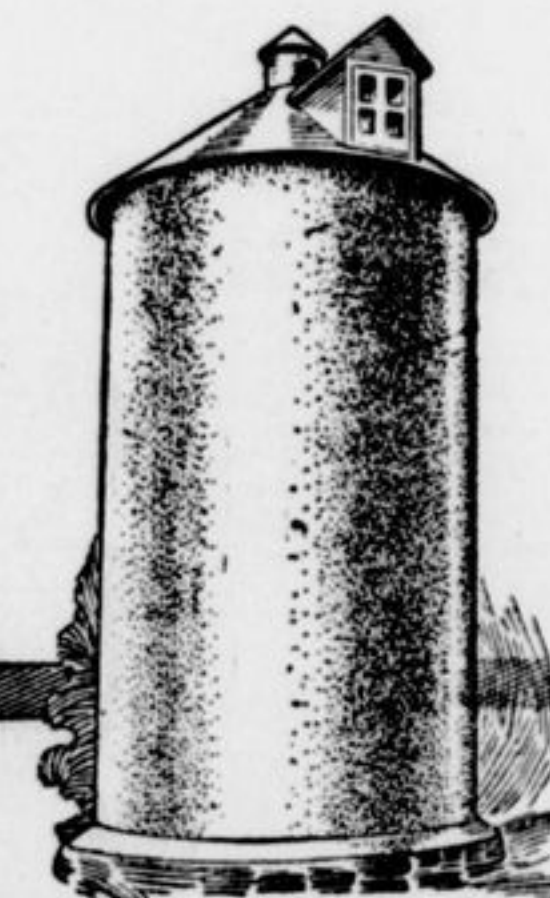
Alvinston.....	Oct. 1, 2
Amherstburg.....	Sept. 23, 24
Ancaster.....	Sept. 24, 25
Atwood.....	Sept. 19, 20
Beamsville.....	Oct. 10, 11
Bienheim.....	Oct. 3, 4
Blyth.....	Oct. 1, 2
Brigden.....	Oct. 1, 2
Brimley.....	Oct. 10, 11
Burford.....	Oct. 1, 2
Cayuga.....	Sept. 26, 27
Chatsworth.....	Sept. 12, 13
Chatham.....	Sept. 23, 24, 25
Chesley.....	Sept. 17, 18
Comber.....	Oct. 1, 2
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
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
Harrow.....	Sept. 20
Harrow.....	Oct. 8, 9
Herwarth.....	Sept. 18, 19
Holstein.....	Oct. 1, 2
Highgate.....	Oct. 11, 12
Jarvis.....	Sept. 17, 18
Ingersoll.....	Oct. 1, 2
Kimount.....	Sept. 16, 17
Kirkton.....	Sept. 26, 27
Lakeside.....	Sept. 27
Lambeth.....	Oct. 1, 2
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. 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
Seaforth.....	Aug. 28, 29
Shelburne.....	Sept. 19, 20
Tara.....	Sept. 24, 25
Tavistock.....	Oct. 1, 2
Teeswater.....	Sept. 16, 17
Thamesville.....	Oct. 3, 4
Theford.....	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2
Tillsonburg.....	Oct. 1, 2
Toronto.....	Aug. 24-Sept. 6
Walkerton.....	Sept. 12, 13
Wallaceburg.....	Sept. 24, 25
Wallacetown.....	Sept. 26, 27
Waterford.....	Oct. 10
Watford.....	Oct. 3, 4
Wellesley.....	Sept. 10, 11
Wiaraton.....	Sept. 24, 25
Wincham.....	Sept. 26, 27
Winchester.....	Sept. 3, 4
Windsor.....	Sept. 10-14
Woodstock.....	Sept. 18-20
Wyoming.....	Sept. 27, 28
Zurich.....	Sept. 18, 19

Running up and down stairs, sweeping and bending over making beds will not make a woman healthy or beautiful. She must get out of doors, walk a mile or two every day and take Chamberlain's Tablets to improve her digestion and regulate her bowels. For sale by all dealers.

The severe after pain of many surgical operations, Dr. Forbes Ross hopes, can be wholly relieved by injections of a sterilized solution of quinine and urea hydrochloride. The local anesthesia continues one to six days, and healing goes on normally and rapidly.

What kind of a silo will yours be?

Wood—or Concrete?



If you were to build two silos—one of wood, the other of concrete—side by side, and then could see them as they will look after five years of service, you wouldn't have to think twice to decide which is the best material. In a few years more there wouldn't be much of the original wooden silo left—the repairing you'd have to do would be as troublesome and cost as much as the building of an entirely new one. But the passage of five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years will make no difference to the hard-as-rock wall of the concrete silo.

CONCRETE SILOS LAST FOREVER

WIND, rain, fire and lightning are alike defied by concrete. You need no insurance against its destruction, because it cannot be destroyed. Concrete silos are best for another reason. The concrete keeps the ensilage at an even temperature, so that it "cures" better, and therefore contains more food-value for your stock.

YOU CAN BUILD ONE YOURSELF

No matter whether you have ever used concrete or not, you can build a concrete silo. Our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," gives all the information you will need, not only about silos, but about scores of other uses for concrete on the farm. It isn't a catalogue, nor an advertising circular. A handsome book of 160 pages, well illustrated, and written for farmers. It is free. Just send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter and the book will be sent free by return mail.

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