

# 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

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.

## KEITH OF THE BORDER

Continued from page 6.

have you known this man Hawley?" "Merely a few days—since I arrived in Sheridan."

"But you were in communication with him before that?" The pleasant voice and quiet demeanor of the sheriff seemed to yield the girl confidence and courage. "Yes, he had written me two or three letters."

"You met him here then by appointment?" "He was to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at."

"You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?" "Only the barest outline—details were given me later."

"Will you tell us briefly exactly what Hawley told you?" The girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff.

"May—may I sit down?" she asked. "Most certainly; and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends." She sank down into the chair, and even Keith could see how her slender form trembled. There was a moment's silence.

"Believe me, gentlemen," she began, falteringly, "if there is any fraud, any conspiracy, I have borne no conscious part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me saying a dying man had left with him certain papers, naming one, Phyllis Gale, as heiress to a very large estate in North Carolina, left by her grandfather in trust. He said the girl had been taken West, when scarcely two years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by him in St. Louis."

"You—you saw the papers?" Waite broke in.

"Yes, those that Hawley had; he gave them to me to keep for him." She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manilla envelope in her hand. Waite opened it hastily, running his eyes over the contents.

"The infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, hotly. "These were stolen from me at Carson City."

"Let me see them." The sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsements.

"Just as you represented, Waite," he said, slowly. "A copy of the will, your commission as guardian, and memoranda of identification. Well, Miss MacLachlan, how did you happen to be so easily convinced that you were the lost girl?"

"Mr. Hawley brought me a picture which he said was of this girl's half-sister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or mother or my real name, and that my earlier life was passed in St. Louis, sufficed to make me believe he must be right."

"You—you—" Waite choked, leaning forward. "You don't know your real name?"

"No, I do not," her lips barely forming the words. "The woman who brought me up never told me."

"Who—who was the woman?" "A Mrs. Raymond—Sue Raymond—she was on the stage, and died in Texas—San Antonio, I think."

Waite swore audibly, his eyes never once deserting the girl's face.

"Hawley told you to say that?" "No, he did not," she protested warmly. "It was never even mentioned between us—at least, not Sue Raymond's name. What difference can that make?"

He stepped forward, one hand flung out, and Fairbairn sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action.

"Hands off there, Waite," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes."

"You blundering old idiot," the other exploded. "I'm not going to hurt her; stand aside, will you!"

He reached the startled girl, thrust aside the dark hair combed low over the neck, swung her about toward the light, and stared at a birthmark behind her ear. No one spoke, old

with a choke in the throat. "She—she's the girl."

Christie stared at him, her lips parted, unable to grasp what it all meant.

"You mean I—I am actually Phyllis Gale? That—that there is no mistake?"

He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed as though about to faint, and Fairbairn caught her, but she slipped through his arms, and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the chair.

"Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God! I know who I am! I know who I am!"

Continued next week.

## RADCLIVE, THE HANGMAN.

From Cotton's Weekly.

Radcliffe was the official hangman of Canada for twenty-one years, and during that time sent one hundred and thirty-two souls into eternity. He was the son of an English clergyman. A writer in the Toronto World publishes a conversation Radcliffe had with him shortly before he died:

"No one," Radcliffe stated, "not even my wife and family want to see and talk with me, because I am a 'killer.' My business when I came to Canada was that of chef, and after securing a position with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club I brought my family to Toronto and settled there. There was a man hanged at Guelph, and the sheriff's man made such a botch of the thing that the man did not die for fifteen minutes. It was the talk of the country at the time and the government decided that a public executioner for the Dominion of Canada should be named at a yearly retainer and fees. I had studied the anatomy of the neck and believe I can break the best neck in the world by my method of tightening the rope and springing the trap. So I applied for the job and got it. My first hanging was Burchell, at Woodstock, Ont., and the crime for which he was found guilty was so terrible that I had no compunctions about putting him out of business in quick manner. Then I kept on, going at the call of the sheriffs from Vancouver to Halifax, where a murderer had been sentenced. My family deserted me and changed their names but I kept right on the job, because I argued with myself that if I was doing wrong then the government of the country was wrong, and would be punished. I held that I was the minister of justice at a hanging and that if I was a murderer he was also a murderer. And so I pacified my conscience in that way for many years, but of late it is killing me. The remorse which comes over me is terrible, and my nerves give out until I have not slept for days at a time. I suffered agony of mind that was terrible, and began to feel as if iron bars tightened around me. I used to say to condemned persons as I beckoned with my hand, 'Come with me.' Now at night when I lie down, I start with a roar as a victim after victim comes up before me. I can see them on the trap waiting a second before they faced their Maker. They taunt me and haunt me until I am nearly crazy with an unearthly fear."

"I will go to hell sure, and terrible punishment, for I am two hundred times a murderer, but I won't kill another man. I had always thought capital punishment was right, but not now. I believe the Almighty will visit the Christian nations with dire calamity if they don't stop taking the lives of their fellows, no matter how heinous the crime. Murderers should be allowed to live as long as possible and work out their salvation on behalf of the state. It is the only solution, for the stamp of Cain is on my brow and the brow of the government and the nation, as long as capital punishment is practised on this globe."

"When I am dead," he often said, "tell the people the hangman suffered the tortures of hell on earth after he had killed a hundred persons. And I wish to God I would die right now. The strain is killing me."

This is what the official butcher of Canada thought and suffered, yet our official butchers on the bench, our judges, will order a man hung and think little of it. Verily Radcliffe, suffering and demented, was a nobler personality than are now our fat judges who dispense death at seven thousand dollars a year.

## THE ABSENT MINDED BEGGAR.

Mr. Higley was a book lover; when he was deeply interested in reading he would ignore meal hours entirely and take a standing luncheon whenever it occurred to him to do so.

Mrs. Higley was of a very domestic turn of mind. "Doing up" starched clothes was her chief delight, and starch as she made it was a most artistic composition.

One day she made some boiled starch, and turning it into a yellow bowl, and put it in the pantry window to cool. Household duties took her up stairs for an hour or so, and when she came back for the starch she found only an empty yellow bowl with a spoon in it.

She went into the sitting-room. Her husband was busy reading. She thought best to use a little diplomacy in discovering what had become of her starch. "How did you like that pudding in the yellow bowl?" she asked craftily.

Then Mr. Higley unwittingly convicted himself. "It was a pretty mean pudding," he said, "but I managed to eat it!—YOUTH'S COMPANION."

## EGREMONT COUNCIL.

Council met September 16th. Minutes approved. The County rate is \$3570, same as last year. John Durrant, sheep inspector, reported Archie Woods having two ewes killed by dogs, value \$16; two lambs killed by dogs, \$12; 4 lambs worried, \$2; one ewe worried, damage \$50. Amount paid, \$20.32. Inspector's fees, 75¢. John J. Orchard, one ewe killed, \$7.50, amount paid \$5.00. Inspector's fees 50 cents. James Webster, one ewe killed, \$7.50, two lambs killed, \$12.00, amount paid, \$12.00. Inspector's fees, 75 cents. John Sinclair, sheep inspector, reported that he had examined three lambs killed by dogs belonging to Alex. Merchant, value, \$16.00, amount paid, \$10.66.

The reeve reported that he had met the Proton council on August 10th to adjust accounts on town line, and found that in 1910-11 Proton had expended \$403.06 and Egremont \$278., balance of \$125.60 in favor of Proton.

Lothian—McRob — Report adopted, and that the reeve expend \$125.60 on town line to balance accounts.—Carried.

Road reports of the usual nature, grading, graveling, brushing and putting in tile culverts, etc. Com. Roberts expended in his division \$80.20, com. fees \$2; Com. McRob expended \$113.50, including a grant of \$50 on 20th side line, com. fees, \$3; Com. Lothian expended \$233.55 in his division, including graveling 73 rods, lot 16, con. 18, and three costly cedar culverts, com. fees, \$13, including superintending putting in one large culvert; Com. McLachlan expended \$253.30 in his division. A large amount of this was repairing and securing bridges, com. fees \$7;

Rhodá J. Way was exempted from land tax. W. A. Reeves was appointed assessor under by-law 266, salary \$140, no extras. By-law 267 to levy the rates was passed, county rate 1.5 mills, general school rate 2.3 mills, township rate 2 mills. Total, 6 1-10 mills over and above school and debenture rates. Sundry accounts amounting to \$211.76 were paid.

Adjourned to meet Monday, November 4th. —D. Allan, Clerk.

## NORMANBY COUNCIL.

The municipal council of the township of Normanby met in the township hall, Ayton, on Saturday, September 14th, at 10 a. m., all the members present, the reeve in the chair.

Whiteford—Shiel—That the minutes of the last regular meeting as read be adopted.—Carried.

Baetz—Shiel—That the following accounts be paid:

G.W. Halliday, 40 loads gravel, \$2; S.E. Halliday, 33 loads gravel, \$1.65; Mrs. W. Cameron, 37 loads gravel, \$1.85; Wm. Stevenson, 30 loads gravel, \$1.50; Municipal World, supplies, etc., \$26.65; J. L. Walsh, account, coal oil, lantern glasses, etc., \$12.30; N.W. McAlister, repair of bridge at Camp Creek, \$5; Jacob Smith, 42 loads gravel, \$2.10; John Whiteford, 35 loads gravel, \$1.75; H. O'Brian, 1 lamb killed, 1 lamb injured by dogs, \$4.35; H. O'Brian, 214 loads gravel, and \$2 for use of road, \$12.70; O. Widmeyer, balance of account making cement tile, \$2.50; Mrs. T. Flynn, 47 loads gravel, \$2.35; Geo. Hunt, 42 loads gravel, and \$1 for use of road, \$3.10; Council meeting at date, \$14.60; Commissioners letting and inspecting \$2.50 Whiteford \$2.50—total \$13.75;

R. J. Shiel, to pay county of Grey for old iron from Dodds' bridge, \$2.25; C. Baetz, inspecting Alsfeldt cement arch bridge, \$8; H. B. Becker, 214 loads gravel, \$10.70; L. Halpenny, grant for Agricultural Society, \$90; P. Kraft, 37 loads gravel, \$4.35; H. B. Becker, repairing roads at lots 25 and 27, con. 12, \$10.30; H. Koenig, re collecting money for temporary bridge at Ayton, \$2; J. H. Ellis, part salary as treasurer, \$25; R.H. Fortune, part salary as clerk, \$50; O. Widmeyer, on account, printing, \$45; J.L. Ruppental, 190 loads gravel, and \$1 for use of road, \$10.50; Jacob Pahlm, balance of contract of new cement arch bridge at Alsfeldt, \$456. Total \$1156.00.

The council adjourned, to meet in the township hall, Ayton, on Thursday, November 14th, at 10 a. m., for general business.

## LONG EARS A BAD SIGN

Twelve hundred teachers attending the session of the Cincinnati Teachers' Institute, sat as if glued to their seats when they listened to a lecture by Dr. Arthur Holmes, psychologist at the University of Pennsylvania, and expert in mental diseases, who declared that long, flaring ears were one of the indications of mental deficiency, and that a great many teachers were mentally defective.

Dr. Holmes said that many men and women whom the world holds normal were really deficient. Persons with aquiline noses were rarely deficient. Persons with long slender hands of a smooth texture were most apt to lack energy and to be deficient mentally, he added.

"Society men and women, as they climb higher and higher in the social scale, get nearer and nearer to the plane of the idiot," said Dr. Holmes. "Take away their money, and some of them could not even dress themselves." —Cincinnati correspondence in New York Tribune.

## MOVING PICTURES MAKE WHEELS TURN BACKWARDS.

Every one must have noticed that in moving pictures the wheels of carriages or automobiles often seem to be turning backward instead of forward. An authority says: In taking a moving picture there are, perhaps, sixteen exposures made each second. If now the spokes of the wheel of a carriage move with a speed so that the spokes are in the same position at each exposure, that wheel will seem to stand still in the picture. If the wheel is moving slower, then the spokes will be seen further backward in the successive views, and the wheel will seem to turn backward, while it will be seen to turn forward when the spokes move fast enough to occupy positions further forward in each exposure. It is a matter of the interruption for the exposure and the motion of the wheel. If there are sixteen exposures and the wheel turns through the space between two spokes in one-sixteenth of a second, the wheel would be in the same position at each successive exposure, and so would not seem to move at all.

Out west, Mr. R. W. ROOT has been married to Miss Alice Beer. Of course the local paper headed it Root-Beer.—Toronto News.



**HAPPY THOUGHT**

**Why Bread is Better Baked in Some Ranges Than in Others**

It is all a matter of the way the heat gets into the oven. Some stoves have ovens that heat easily and quickly and remain very hot. Others have ovens that require a wasteful amount of fire in the fire-box before baking heat is reached. These are the two extremes. For some things each type has advantages. But for all your requirements neither is really satisfactory.

"Happy Thought" Ranges give you the heat in the oven that exactly corresponds with the fire in the firebox. So a little fire means a light heat and a big fire means a perfect hot-blast in the oven.

In baking bread, this feature enables you to secure the benefit of every ounce of heat—to make every lump of coal pay for itself—to continue the heat steadily for as long as you wish in order to have the bread baked uniformly all the way through.

More than a Quarter Million Canadian women use the "Happy Thought" every day.

**Wm. Black Durham**

THE WILLIAM EUCK STOVE CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONT.



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly Into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.