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

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If you wish to SELL, BORROW or INSURE it will PAY you to see me.

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

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New Stock just arrived and will be sold at the lowest living profit.

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EDWARD KRESS

SEES ANOTHER STRIKE.

Calgary, Alta., Nov. 1.—That a strike of mine workers in the Crow's Nest district would result unless the differences between the operators and their employees over yardage pay are settled shortly, is the opinion expressed by Clem Stubbs, of Fernie, president of District 13 of the United Mine Workers of America.

The miners have made several ineffectual attempts to have the differences submitted to a board of arbitration. The prospective strike directly affects 2000 miners in the district.

THE CHALICE OF COURAGE

Continued from page 6.

Omne ignotum pre magnifico! She had been wooed in the conventional fashion many times and off on the sands of Palm Beach, along the cliffs of Newport, in the romantic glens of Mount Desert, in the old-fashioned drawing-room overlooking Rittenhouse Square. She had been proposed to in motor cars, on the decks of yachts and once even while riding to hounds, but there had been a touch of sameness about it all. Never had she been made love to with the headlong gallantry, with the dashing precipitation of the west. It had swept her from her moorings. She found almost before she was aware of it that her past experience now stood her in little stead. She awoke to a sudden realization of the fact that she was practically pledged to James Armstrong after an acquaintance of three weeks in Denver and on the ranch.

Business of the most important and critical nature demanded Armstrong's presence east at this juncture, and will-he-nill-he there was no way he could put off his departure longer. He had to leave the girl with an uneasy conscience that, though he had her half way promise, he had her but half way won. He had snatched the ultimate day from his business demand to ride with her on the first stage of her journey to the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

The Game Played in the Usual Way. The road on which they advanced into the mountains was well made and well kept up. The canon through the foothills was not very deep—for Colorado—and the ascent was gentle. Naturally it wound in every direction, following the devious course of the river, which it frequently crossed from one side to the other on rude log bridges. A brisk gallop of half a mile or so on a convenient stretch of comparatively level going put the two in the lead far ahead of the lumbering wagon and out of sight of those others of the party who had elected to go a horseback. There was perhaps a tacit agreement among the latter not to break in upon this growing friendship, or, more frankly, not to interfere in a developing love affair.

The canon broadened here and there at long intervals and ranch houses were found in every clearing, but these were few and far between and for the most part Armstrong and Enid Maitland rode practically alone save for the passage of an occasional lumber wagon.

"You can't think," began the man, as they drew rein after a splendid gallop and the somewhat tired horses readily subsided into a walk, "how I hate to go back and leave you."

"And you can't think how loath I am to have you return," the girl flashed out at him with a sidelong glance from her bright blue eyes and a winking smile from her scarlet lips.

"Enid Maitland," said the man, "you know I just worship you. I'd like to sweep you out of your saddle, lift you to the bow of mine and ride away with you. I can't keep my hands off you, I—"

Before she realized what he would be about he swerved his horse toward her, his arm went around her suddenly. Taken completely off her guard she could make no resistance, indeed she scarcely knew what to expect until he crushed her to him and kissed her, almost roughly, full on the lips.

"How dare you," cried the girl, her face aflame, freeing herself at last, and swinging her own horse almost to the edge of the road which here ran on an excavation some fifty feet above the river.

"How dare I?" laughed the audacious man, apparently no whit abashed by her indignation. "When I think of my opportunity I am amazed at my moderation."

"Your opportunity; your moderation?"

"Yes, when I had you helpless I took but one kiss; I might have held you longer and taken a hundred."

"And by what right did you take that one?" haughtily demanded the outraged young woman, looking at him beneath level brows while the color slowly receded from her face. She had never been kissed by a man other than a blood relation in her life—remember, suspicious reader, that she was from Philadelphia—and she resented this sudden and unauthorized caress with every atom and instinct of her still somewhat conventional being.

"But aren't you half way engaged to me?" he pleaded in justification, seeing the unwonted seriousness with which she had received his impudent advance. "Didn't you agree to give me a chance?"

"I did say that I liked you very much," she admitted, "no man better, and that I thought that you might—"

"Well, then—" he began. But she would not be interrupted.

"I did not mean that you should enjoy all the privileges of a conquest before you had won me. I will thank you not to do that again, sir."

"It seems to have had a very different effect upon you than it does upon me," replied the man coolly. "I loved you before, but now, since I have kissed you, I worship you."

"It hasn't affected me that way," retorted the girl promptly, her face still frowning and indignant. "Not at all, and—"

"Forgive me, Enid," pleaded the other. "I just couldn't help it. You were so beautiful I had to. I took the chance. You are not accustomed to our ways."

"Is this your habit in your love affairs?" asked the girl swiftly and not without a spice of feminine malice. "I never had any love affair before," he replied with a ready masculine mendacity, "at least none worth mentioning. But you see this is the west; we have gained what we have by demanding every inch that nature offers, and then claiming the all. That's the way we play the game out here and that's the way we win."

"But I have not yet learned to play the 'game,' as you call it, by any such rules," returned the young woman determinedly, "and it is not the way to win me if I am the stake."

"What is the way?" asked the man anxiously. "Show me and I'll take it no matter what its difficulty."

"Ah, for me to point out the way would be to play traitor to myself," she answered, relenting and relaxing a little before his devoted wooing. "You must find it without assistance. I can only tell you one thing."

"And what is that?"

"You do not advance toward the goal by such actions as those of a moment since."

"Look here," said the other suddenly. "I am not ashamed of what I did, and I'm not going to pretend that I am, either."

"You ought to be," severely.

"Well, maybe so, but I'm not; I couldn't help it any more than I could help loving you the minute I saw you. Put yourself in my place."

"But I am not in your place, and I can't put myself there. I do not wish to. If it be true, as you say, that you have grown to care so much for me and so quickly—"

"If it be true?" came the sharp interruption as the man bent toward her, fairly devouring her with his bold, ardent gaze.

"Well, since it is true," she admitted under the compulsion of his protest. "That fact is the only possible excuse for your action."

"You find some justification for me, then?"

"No, only a possibility, but whether it be true or not, I do not feel that way—yet."

There was a saving grace in that last word, which gave him a little heart. He would have spoken, but she suffered no interruption, saying: "I have been wooed before, but—"

"True, unless the human race has become suddenly blind," he said softly under his breath.

"But never in such ungentle ways. I suppose you have never run up against a real red-blooded man like me before."

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualities even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you"—and in that indeed lay some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-five."

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to, but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Maitland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

"I like to hear you say things like that," she answered. "Nobody quite like you has ever made love to me, and certainly not in your way, and that's the reason I have given you a half way promise to think about it. I was sorry that you could not be with us on this adventure, but now I am rather glad, especially if the even temper of my way is to be interrupted by anything like the outburst of a few minutes since."

"I am glad, too," admitted the man. "For I declare I couldn't help it. If I have to be with you either you have got to be mine or else you would have to decide that it could never be, and then I'd go off and fight it out."

"Leave me to myself," said the girl earnestly "for a little while; it's best so; I would not take the finest, noblest man on earth—"

"And I am not that."

"Unless I loved him. There is something very attractive about your personality; I don't know in my heart whether it is that, or—"

"Good," said the man, as she hesitated. "That's enough." He gathered up the reins and whirled his horse suddenly in the road. "I am going back. I'll wait for your return to Denver, and then—"

"That's best," answered the girl. She stretched out her hand to him leaning backward. If he had been a different kind of a man he would have kissed it; as it was he took it in his own hand and almost crushed it with a fierce grip.

"We'll shake on that, little girl," he said, and then without a backward glance he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously down the road.

No, she decided then and there she did not love him, not yet. Whether she ever would she could not tell. And yet she was half bound to him. The recollection of his kiss was not altogether a pleasant memory; he had not done himself any good by that bold assault upon her modesty, that reckless attempt to ride the treasure of her lips. No man had ever really touched her heart, although many and engaged her interest. Her experience therefore was not definitive or conclusive. If she had truly loved James Armstrong, in spite of all that she might have said, she would have thrilled to the remembrance of that wild caress. The chances, therefore, were somewhat heavily against him that morning as he rode down the trail alone.

His experiences in love affairs were much greater than hers. She was by

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Denver, and then—

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He Crushed Her to Him and Kissed Her.

no means the first woman he had kissed—remember, suspicious reader, that he was not from Philadelphia—hers were not the first ears into which he had poured passionate protestations. He was neither better nor worse than most men, perhaps he fairly enough represented the average; but surely fate had something better in store for such a superb woman. A girl of such attainments and such infinite possibilities, she must mate higher than with the average man. Perhaps there was a subconsciousness of this in her mind as she silently waited to be overtaken by the rest of the party.

There were curious glances and strange speculations in that little company as they saw her sitting her horse alone. A few moments before James Armstrong had passed them at a gallop, he had waved his hand as he dashed by and had smiled at them, hope giving him a certain assurance, although his confidence was scarcely warranted by the facts.

His demeanor was not in consonance with Enid's somewhat grave and somewhat troubled present aspect. She threw off her preoccupation instantly and easily, however, and joined readily enough in the merry conversation of the way.

Mr. Robert Maitland, as Armstrong has said, had known him from a boy. There were things in his career of which Maitland did not and could not approve, but they were of the past, he reflected, and Armstrong was after all a pretty good sort. Mr. Maitland's standards were not at all those of his Philadelphia brother, but they were very high. His experiences of men had been different; he thought that Armstrong, having certainly by this time reached years of discretion, could be safely entrusted with the precious treasure of the young girl who had been committed to his care, and for whom his affection grew as his knowledge of and acquaintanceship with her increased.

As for Mrs. Maitland and the two girls and the youngest and they were Armstrong's devoted friends. They knew nothing about his past, indeed there were things in it of which Maitland himself was ignorant, and which had been known to him might have caused him to withhold even his tentative acquiescence in the possibilities.

Most of these things were known

Continued on page 8.

WOODED IN LEGAL PHRASE.

A well-known Indiana lawyer has in his possession the original copy of a unique document which he prizes highly. It is a lawyer's proposal of marriage to a young woman of whom the writer had become enamored. The proposal was successful, despite its lack of sentiment, and the couple were married some thirty years ago. The original document is here reprinted, the name alone being changed:

county of Blank, spinster, daughter of Edward Bright of the same place, gentleman, and of Mary, his wife, Madame:

Whereas, I, the undersigned, John Smith, am a bachelor of the age of 28 years and upward now last past, in practice as an attorney and practitioner at law; and whereas, the net annual income and emoluments arising from the practice of my said profession amount to the sum of \$3500 and upward, and in addition thereto I am possessed of or otherwise entitled to real and personal property producing a further net income of \$1000 or thereabouts, making, together with the aforesaid professional income, a total amount of \$2,500, or thereabouts; and whereas, having regard to the several facts, hereinbefore recited, the said John Smith, am in a position to maintain and keep a wife, and I am desirous to enter the holy state of matrimony, and whereas, on divers occasions and in divers places I have observed the manner, behavior and demeanor of you, the said Ann Bright, and I have further made or caused to be made sundry enquiries and investigations concerning the character, disposition, propensities, habits, tastes, likes and dislikes of you, the said Ann Bright, and have hereby and by other sufficient means duly satisfied myself that you, the said Ann Bright, are in all respects a fit and proper person to become the wife of me, the said John Smith; and whereas, after due and mature deliberation, I have determined to make unto you the offer hereinafter expressed: Now, in pursuance of such determination, and for divers good causes me herunto moving, I, the said John Smith, do hereby irrevocably (but subject nevertheless to the stipulation contained in the final clause hereof), offer and tender unto you, the said Ann Bright, all that those my heart, hand, body, soul, mind, understanding and affections, to be held by you to the use of you, the said Ann Bright, for and during the term of your natural life in case you should predecease me, or for and during our joint lives in case I shall predecease you.

And I hereby promise and declare that in the event of you, the said Ann Bright, intimating to me in writing or otherwise, within the space of several days next after the date upon which this letter shall be served upon you or left for you at your last known place of abode, your acceptance of the offer hereby made as aforesaid, I will within a reasonable period thereafter intermarry with you, the said Ann Bright, at such church or in such other building as you may select for that purpose, and will at all times thereafter during our joint lives, at my own expense, in all things maintain and keep you, the said Ann Bright, as my lawful wife. Provided always, and the offer hereby made as aforesaid, is upon the express condition that if you, the said Ann Bright, shall not within the space of seven days after the service and delivery of this letter as aforesaid intimate by writing, or otherwise, your acceptance of the said offer, the same offer shall thereupon be absolutely null and void, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, designating myself as your humble servant.

DASHEEN INSTEAD OF THE IRISH POTATO.

Washington Oct. 31.—The department of agriculture has ready for distribution, through representatives in Congress, 1000 bushels of seed dasheens, the semi-tropical tuber which, it is expected will take the place of Irish potatoes in the Southern States. This is the first season in which such a distribution will be made.

The new potato substitute, which has a hairy coat, and has been grown with much success in Florida, comes from Central and Southern America, and will grow in the moist, warm regions of the south, which are fatal to the Irish potato. It has been tried at the banquets of the National Geographical Society, and pronounced decidedly good. It can be boiled or baked, or cooked in any other way a potato can be used. The taste is far more meaty than a potato. Some who have eaten the dasheen say there is a suggestion of roasted chestnut about it, and others think it tastes as though a very slight addition of gravy has been made to the potato. Tests have shown that a crop of 400 to 450 bushels an acre can be raised.