

## In Using Baking Powder

Nothing but the purest should be used.

It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

## Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.

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Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb.  
Ginger Snaps, 5c lb.  
Sardines, 5c tin.  
6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.  
Mixed Biscuits, 9c lb.  
Bacon, 10c lb.  
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B Powder, Standard, 12c lb.  
Big bargains in fancy kitchen Flower Pots, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each.  
We will have a 10c, 35c and 25c counter during the day that will astonish you. Call in and see them.

**John McConnell**

Phone 190. Park St., East  
S. N. of the Star

## DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are offered under various names at a low price.

By

any goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all from A to Z.

**Reprint Dictionaries,** phototype copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in today's world is about 50c, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then a work of some merit instead of one Long Since Obsolete.

The supplement of 10,000 so-called "new words," which some of these books are advertised to contain, was compiled by a gentleman who died over forty years ago, and was published before his death. Other minor additions are probably of more or less value.

The Genuine Edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is the only meritorious one familiar to this generation, contains over 200 pages, with illustrations on nearly every page, and bears our imprint on the title page. It is protected by copyright from cheap imitation.

Valuable as this work is, we have at vast expense published a thoroughly revised successor, the name of which is Webster's INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

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## "CHARCOAL NOAH"

"Hullo, there, bub! What in creation are you sniveling for?"

Though the voice of the speaker had a sharp, rasping tone, it was not altogether unkindly in its accent, and the twelve-year-old boy, to whom it was addressed, stopped short in his headlong course, hastily brushing one of his ragged sleeves across his tear-dimmed eyes as he faced the other.

He had a thin, pinched face, and his slight figure was clothed in a well-worn suit of about three sizes too large for him, so that he presented anything but a comely appearance. He was following the wheel-path leading across lots from Denby main road to the village, when he was suddenly accosted by him who had stepped from the bushes overhanging the pathway.

The latter was a most unimpressive-looking man, past the prime of life. His short, squat figure was attired in a suit that was glazed with dirt wherever it was not rent with holes or patches in a bungling way, evidently the work of his own clumsy fingers.

"Charcoal Noah" everybody called him as far as he was known, and the thick layers of dust from the grimy kiln showed that he well deserved the name.

"I say, bub, what's the matter?" he asked, for though the boy had dried his tears he had not answered his first question.

"The squire has set me adrift and I ain't nowhere to go," replied the boy, with trembling lips.

"Ain't you the young un he got to the poor farm—Curley, I believe they call him?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' now arter summerin' you an' gettin' his fall's work done he thought it more in keepin' with his stingy nater to turn you off than to winter you. An' as true as I live, to-day is the 20th of November, an' we air bounden sure to hev winter set in afore moon change."

"It was all on account of Romano, sir; he lied about me and made his father think I had done wrong when he was to blame. I tried to do my best."

"Nobody can't suit ol' Squire Harden. Why, bub, I ought to know 'it' of skindlin', root an' branch, seein' all th' coal I hev burnt an' carted for him. I suppose you ain't got menny friends to go back to?"

"I haven't a relative or a friend in the whole world!" exclaimed the boy, beginning to cry again.

"That's a lie!" cried the old charcoal burner bluntly—"at least while ol' Noah Danvers lives. Come over to my sod palace an' share a livin' with me. You're welcome as long as you'll stay."

The boy, who, until he knew a better name for him, must call Curley, had often heard of the old charcoal burner as a strange, eccentric outcast from society, but he was not loath to accompany him.

After going a short distance they came into a clearing in the growth of gray birches, where a dark cloud of smoke and the smell of burning sod and wood betokened the vicinity of a charcoal kiln. Near by was the queer, odd-shaped abode of Charcoal Noah. This last looked like the roof of a small building with the eaves coming to the ground. The sides of this A-shaped structure were made of inner surface of upright sticks covered on the outside with a heavy coating of sods. One end had been left open, and this faced the side of a perpendicular ledge at the base of which a fire was burning cheerfully.

Though the only couch the occupant knew was a pile of straw, the sod dwelling was more comfortable than it appeared at first sight. In such a habitation as this Charcoal Noah had passed more than twenty years of his life, tending his kilns and growing much grimmer and blacker each succeeding season, until it was no wonder he was almost like a piece of charcoal himself.

Friendless and homeless, Curley was only too glad to accept of the old man's rude hospitality, and he began to do such work for him as he could, which service was gladly received by the other.

So a week passed, and though there was every indication of the near approach of snow, and wintry weather, the old charcoal burner declared he must prepare and burn two kilns more before he quit.

As the wood had got to be chopped for the purpose, this meant considerable of a job, which would take nearly two weeks of time. Now, after a kiln has been built and set on fire, though it has to be continually watched, night and day, the old burner had generally intended to cut his wood for the following one during his intervals of waiting on the first. The weather, however, had prevented him from doing this for the preceding days, so Curley's helpful watching came in very handy for him, as, after a little showing the latter managed to tend the kiln almost entirely days. Then during the night watches he took his turns in the lonely vigils, climbing the sides of the smoking kiln whenever it was necessary and "stamping in" the sods, as had to be done as fast as the wood underneath was charred by the fire so as to settle away.

One afternoon there was a visitor to the "sod house," a Mr. Preston, who bought coal and had come over to look at some housed near the kiln. He was accompanied by Romano, who had come to show him the way, and his own son, about the other's age.

"Whew!" exclaimed Romano, at sight of Curley, "if here isn't that poorhouse boy who ran away from father last week, and he's looked everywhere for him. Won't father wallop him as soon as he can lay hand on him, and I shan't forget to tell

Though Curley heard the words plainly, he made no reply, wishing at the same time Noah would come up that way.

"Thought you did a smart thing, running away from us, didn't you, you lazybones?"

"I didn't run away," replied Curley. "Your father said he didn't want me any longer."

"Oh, such a story! But perhaps you like burning charcoal better. It is such nice, clean work! And look, Will, see what a fine house they live in. Let's take a peep inside."

Knowing Romano's meddlesome nature, Curley followed him and his companion to the sod hut, to get there just as the first was about to pull their straw bed to pieces.

"Stop that!" cried Curley, clenching his fists and showing that he was in earnest.

"How are you going to help yourself?" demanded Romano insolently.

"If I can't I'll call Noah."

Though young Harden was four years older than the youthful coal burner, he showed by his actions that he was somewhat afraid of him, or it may be he feared the appearance of Noah Danvers, for he left the hut at once.

Mr. Preston was down to the coal sheds, and Romano, looking about as if for some mischief he could do, his attention became fixed upon the coal kiln, when he said:

"Let's see you climb it, Raggy."

"I can't go up now."

"Afraid, eh? You're a pretty coal burner! But perhaps you're afraid of soiling those nice clothes of yours."

"The kiln is too near time for drawing for anyone to go into it," replied Curley, appearing calmer than he really felt.

"Bah! you say that because you're afraid to. I guess if old Noah knew what a little coward you are he wouldn't keep you long. But perhaps you will go up now, just to show us how spy you are and catching Curley's eye from his head he flung it to the top of the kiln.

The cap was an old one, but it was all that the poor boy had, and he could not afford to lose it. Stiffening the anger and grief that he felt, he said:

"I can get it with a pole," and started after one that lay on the ground near by.

You are too bad, Romano," declared Will Preston, who had no sympathy with him in this disgraceful affair.

"Think so, do you?" cried the other.

"Well, while the raggy imp is about it he can get two caps as well as one," and without considering what he was doing, Romano seized the new cap belonging to Will, to toss that upon the crest of the smoking kiln.

Without realizing what risk he was taking in his excitement over the prospective loss of his cap, Will rushed up the steep, treacherous side of the kiln, and though he sunk ankle-deep in the dried earth every step, he reached the hollow depression on the top where his cap lay, half covered by the fine dust and cinders.

Then, as he stooped to pick up his cap he suddenly felt the footing beneath him yield, and he sunk downward into the burning pit, with a shriek of terror upon his lips.

Curley and Romano had witnessed this fearful mishap with looks of horror, and as the unfortunate youth was enveloped in a cloud of fire and smoke and cinders the last uttered a cry of dismay.

Mr. Preston's attention was drawn to the frightful scene by the cries, but he was too far away to rescue his son, if that were possible, though he started for the kiln at the top of his speed.

Will, feeling the kiln caving in, scrambled to reach a place which would bear his weight, only to sink deeper into the fiery pit, which was liable to break forth into a light blaze at any instant.

But by that time Curley sprang up the side of the kiln, and throwing himself flat upon its side, he reached out his arms to grasp Will's outstretched hands.

The smoke was pouring up around him in dense, black volumes, and the air was filled with sparks which caught upon their clothes and caused them to gasp for breath.

Curley proved his grittiness well, and with all the strength he could muster he pulled Will out from the deadly crater, and together they rolled down the side of the kiln, just as the flames burst forth with a loud roar.

Mr. Preston bore them in their half-unconscious state away from the heat of the fire, and at that moment Noah came puffing and panting to the place.

Curley and Will soon recovered their consciousness, though they presented a sorry appearance, blackened and burned as they were.

Explanations quickly followed, during which Romano stood by trembling from suppressed emotions over the contemptible act he had perpetrated, expecting the punishment he deserved for his misdemeanor. At the same time Mr. Preston was praising Curley heartily for his heroic action, and from that moment the poor orphan had gained a second friend, who was to prove invaluable to him in the years that were to come.

Mr. Preston insisted that Curley should go home with him, and though there were tears in the eyes of the old charcoal-burner at losing his protegee so soon, he gave him his blessing and promised to come and see him in the spring.

All this happened many years ago, and kind-hearted Noah Danvers long since joined the silent majority, but Charles Preston, as Curley became known, in his prosperity has not forgotten the old charcoal-burner whose friendship to him laid the foundation for his life's success and happiness.

All men may be liars, but all liars are not liars.

# FEMALE WEAKNESS

What a meaning this word "Female Weakness" has for every woman. Who does not understand that expression? Female Weakness means that women suffer from diseases peculiar to themselves, and it means that they suffer a good deal. How few remedies can help these women, how few doctors can cure them, but how many thousands of women have been cured by the use of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. In almost every case, a woman who suffers from female weakness, has been humbugged by cure alls and old-fashioned liquid remedies; because she has been duped by these remedies, she has lost confidence and she will try nothing else. She is angry and she ought to be. But she should not be discouraged until she has given Dr. Coderre's Red Pills a faithful trial. This is a remedy which has been made for her ailments and hers alone and if there is any good in medicine to-day, it should be in Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, and it is; for they cure just as sure as there is a sun.

The following ladies will be pleased to tell you that what we say is true. Write them, their full names and addresses.

Mrs. Jeanie Cowen, 89 Granger St., Saginaw, West Side, Mich. I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for the rundown condition of my general health. I was always tired and weak. I am pleased to recommend this remedy as the best and cheapest remedy known for women's diseases.

Mrs. M. Conway, 163 1/2 Third Street, Detroit, Mich. writes: I have taken Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for neuralgia and general debility. I was in a wretched condition when I began to take this remedy and I am now feeling well. I would advise any sick woman to begin taking these pills at once.

Mrs. Nellie Savage, 120 Walker St., Manchester, N. H. writes: I cannot recommend Dr. Coderre's Red Pills too highly for all female troubles. I was very sick, had female weakness in all its forms. I took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and they restored me entirely to health. They are the best and cheapest remedy I have ever known.

After reading these testimonials, any woman who is sick, and who is possessed with the slightest intelligence, will not let a moment

elapse until she begins to take this remedy. It is for women's diseases only—not like cure alls and other alcoholic remedies advertised to cure everything—and it is sure to cure, even the most deep-seated diseases. There is no question about this. Read the daily papers and judge for yourselves.

This remedy can be taken by old and young, at any time and under any conditions. It is perfectly harmless. Married women can take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills at any time.

If you have been sick for any length of time, and if every other remedy has failed to cure you, write a full description of your case to our Specialists, or if you would prefer, come and see them at their offices, and they will be pleased to give you such advice as will enable you to get rid of your troubles. Their consultations are free. Their consultations are free, either by mail or at their office. Their names as eminent French Specialists are famous. Their success in curing all diseases from which women suffer, is wonderful.

If you will send us your address on a postal card we will mail you our Doctor's book, Pale and Weak Women, free. It contains valuable information for women.

If a woman is constipated, she should take Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, in order to obtain the best results from the Red Pills, as they are not a purgative. The Tablets sell at 25c a box. Read the circulars around each box of Pills very carefully, and follow the instructions, which are very important. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold at 50c per box. Beware of all red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred pills or at 25c a box, for they are imitations. In the interest of your health do not be imposed upon. Address all correspondence to THE FRANCO AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.

Boston, Mass. office: 14 Montreal, Can. office: 241 Tremont St. 274 St. Denis St.



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For Sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., Chatham.

## MATRON AND MAID.

Mrs. Dewey has a brooch of diamonds set in steel from a Spanish vessel sunk at Manila.

Mrs. John V. L. Pryor of Albany owns several specimens of the handwork of Paul Revere as a silversmith.

Miss Helen Gould is much bothered by requests for autographs. She receives sometimes as many as 25 of these requests a day.

Miss Kate Sanborn persistently remarks that, so long as woman wears trailing skirts clutched by the left hand and impeding freedom of motion she isn't fit for the ballot.

Miss Susannah Whitney is the oldest living public school teacher in New York. She began her work in 1836, six years before the board of education was established.

London artists declare that Miss Vanderbilt-Wackerman of New York is the handsomest woman in the world, possessing the most perfect face and figure and that spiritual poise which makes the exceptional model.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who has done so much for the University of California, is, in appearance, rather a fragile woman. She is often worn out by her ceaseless activity and unwillingly delegates her work to assistants.

Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of Governor Roosevelt, or, as the governor himself calls her, "Teddy's chum," is a quiet, unassuming, modest, housewife little body who has absolutely no distinguishing characteristics from thousands of good, true American wives and mothers.

Mrs. Henry N. Couden is the only person, outside of members of congress, who is allowed in the speaker's lobby while the house is in session. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Couden, chaplain of the house, is blind. He is brought to the house daily by Mrs. Couden and remains until she comes for him.

Mrs. Pullman, widow of George M. Pullman, is said to be one of the keenest business women in this country. She is the daughter of J. Y. Sanger of Ottawa, Ills. Mr. Pullman delights in travel. Her private cars are fitted with all the conveniences of a home and are equipped with a full corps of servants.

Mrs. George Crocker, wife of California's young millionaire, is said to have realized her ambition to become as great a social leader in New York as she was in San Francisco. She is now a member of the inner exclusive set of the metropolis, or, in other words, one of the "Thirty-eight," the total number of the "best set" in New York.

Mrs. W. W. Lantz, Mrs. F. L. Briggs and Mrs. William Haven of Ottumwa, Ia., claim to be descendants of the original Ichabod Crane whom Washington Irving introduced in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Jesse Merwin, grandfather of these women, was the original Ichabod, according to the documentary evidence in their possession.

## POULTRY POINTERS.

Dry earth is a good material to scatter under the roosts after cleaning up.

Hemp and sunflower seed are excellent for imparting a glossy appearance to the plumage.

The loss of feathers often proceeds from deficient or unclean dusting arrangements.

At all times and with all kinds of poultry the evening ration should be of grain and liberally fed, the object being to keep the crops full during the night.

A hen that is 2 years old mated with a cockerel not less than 1 year old, if in proper condition, will produce chickens that will grow rapidly from the start.

Early layers depend upon the stock and upon the way they are raised. Pullets from stock long bred for early maturity will lay earlier than those from stock bred chiefly for show purposes.

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