



Pure and Fragrant

Baby's Own Soap

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

THE QUESTION —OF— THE DAY

is where can I get best value in Vinegars and Spices?

McConnell's, Park St.,

Has a supply of A 1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. 25c
6 Bars S. Soap 50c
Try our 25c Mixed Tea 10c
Coffee, per lb. 16c

Cookery at our usual low price.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

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.
Price 25c per lb.
Manufactured at

Central C. H. Gunn & Co.
Phone 106
Cor. E. King and 5th Streets

Jenkin's Supply and Outfitting Co.
GOODS ON WEEKLY INSTALLMENTS
Buy for cash while you can buy goods at 25c per week and upwards.
Sideboards, Smyrna Rugs, Axminster and Royal Rugs, Art Squares, Lamps, Clocks, Ex. Tables.

Head Office and Store,
Rice Block, Market Square
All new and up-to-date goods. Give us a call. Branch office in St. John's and Wallaceburg.

VACUUM OIL

Makes Machinery Run smoothly and cheaply. Saves wear and tear and fuel. Made by the Vacuum Oil Co., under the Vacuum process.
*** FARMERS ***
Insist upon your dealer furnishing Vacuum American Oil. Take no other.
Canadian Office and Works
VACUUM OIL CO.
-60 Beaudry Road, Toronto

THE "DEAR OLD FARM."

They write about the "dear old farm" in yards and yards of verse; I know of not a subject now that could be any worse. What is this "dear old farm," pray tell, which poets ever embrace. This wayback, lifeless, out-of-date, old-fashioned humdrum place? The "dear old farm," they sing and sing, in ballads full of fire; The "dear old farm," the echo comes, from off Parnassus' lyre; The "dear old farm," the dreamer sighs, and every day is writ A thousand lines of tender verse in loving praise of it.

I've lived upon the "dear old farm," and I can hardly see Why poets should be lauding it to such a high degree. There's nothing there but miles of woods where birds sing all the day, And pastures on the sunny slopes where little lambskins play; There's nothing there but miles of space where breezes sweet and mild Float over from the meadow lands, with flowers growing wild; There's nothing but a river there, reflecting Nature's face, A winding stream of no account, a gleam of liquid space.

There's nothing there but fields of corn, and rye and rolling wheat, With music of the droning bees who sip the honey sweet; There's nothing there but orchards full of fruit trees bending low, And shades of ivy-covered eaves; There's nothing there but rest and peace, where old age looks behind, Across the years of honest toil with well-contented mind. And so I cannot understand what poets see to charm Them into writing yards of verse about the "dear old farm."

—Joe Conk, in Luck.

Thief and a Robber.

This happened years ago, when there was no war in hurry promotion and to cause raw boys to be hustled out to Africa, with commissions, to lead seasoned soldiers, after a training or two in the militia or yeomanry, or a few months at Sandhurst. There were limited vacancies and plenty of competition, while the invention of rules of thumb for the selection of fit soldiers to serve Her Majesty afforded scope for the ingenuity of examiners and saved trouble.

"It's no bally use, Tommy; I practically can't see a thing with my left." The Hon. Harold de Hochepleid Josyngame had been looking at a card covered with black lines and spots arranged in various groups and configurations; he had held it at all sorts of distances from his face and at all sorts of angles, and had closed his right eye as he did so. He added a word not taught by army crammers and spun the card across the room, where it fell at the feet of Tom Smith, who looked at it without interest and sighed.

"I am awfully sorry, old chap," said his friend, in a tone that hardly seemed to convey quite all the sympathy a friend's tone should. He must have been conscious of it, for he added apologetically: "I'm awfully sorry, you know, but I'm in the same box. There's no help for it; we can't pass the beastly exam. We could have passed into Sandhurst six months ago straight from school as his work goes, but we've got to pass the medical in less than six hours from now, and we can't either of us do it; that's all. We can't."

"It's harder on me than you," the Hon. Harold Josyngame looked on the point of tears; after all, it was six feet high, he was practically a boy, and, if you took into consideration the De Hochepleid interest at the Horse Guards, had a career before him. "I could see with both eyes a year ago, but you have always been a squabby little beaver."

Mr. Thomas Smith walked to the window and looked out moodily on Piccadilly. They were in the smoking room of a club that gathers in many young men of blameless records and public school education, and well-known to the army by their athletic reputations. They had breakfasted early and had the room to themselves.

"Dunno," said Tommy Smith, still inclined to be unsympathetic. "If you will take on a coal heaver, you can't be surprised that he plugs you in the eye. Of course, it's deuced bad luck if the injury turns out permanent, but you shouldn't have done it."

"The brute was licking a woman," retorted the Hon. Harold Josyngame, "and you'd have done the same."

"Of course I should, but, then, if I am to shoot for the army by a good quarter of an inch, I've never been licked yet, and if I had got under his guard—"

"Then his wife would have fetched a fire shovel and taken you in the rear, as she did me, the ungrateful beast! No, Tommy, you're as hard as nails and as strong as a bull and have a thick head, but you'd have been done, too."

"No good arguing about it," said Tommy, still downcast, and added, "I thought you couldn't draw the weight, either. Too light for your height, eh?"

"Oh, I settled that all right," said his friend. "I left off riding for three months, and took to a fattening diet. I've put on nearly a stone. I'm not as hard as I was, of course, but I shall satisfy the regulations as far as weight goes."

"Did it hurt much at the time?" "The eye? Pretty well; but I was so sore all over I hardly knew, and—" "Rot!" said Mr. Josyngame, and

the whack with the shovel knocked me nearly silly. I had a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg.

"Pretty good pluck of you to take on a coal heaver and his family," grunted his friend, "and jolly lucky the police came up. I suppose your eye is as bad as you think."

"Certainly! It's practically gone."

"You make me wonder if mine's all right. Take the card and try me, Joskin, there's a good chap. I see black spots buzzing about all over the place sometimes at night after mugging at anything in small print."

He stood at the other side of the room and answered questions as to the group of lines and spots on the card with faultless accuracy.

"When they tell you to close one eye they expect you to put your hand over it," said Mr. Josyngame; "of course it makes no difference."

"Suspicious beast," answered Tommy Smith; but he said, a moment later, "I don't know, though; try me again."

He repeated his former directions to close the right eye or the left, with the same result of perfectly correct answers.

"Do you mind looking at me once more," said Tommy Smith, in a breathless tone. "Try to think I might be a very slippery sort of chap with a glass eye trying to kid you."

"Rot!" said Mr. Josyngame again, wearily. The performance was gone through again with the same result, and then he added: "Your right hand is about as shapeless as your left, Tommy, but neither is transparent. I should have spotted you if you had squinted through your fingers; my eye is good enough for that."

"You did not spot me, all the same," said his friend, coolly. "I used my right eye all the time. When you said 'Cover your left eye,' I covered it with my left hand; when you said 'Cover your right eye,' I put up my right hand, but I covered my left eye again, not my right at all."

Josyngame whistled, and his face lit up perceptibly.

"Of course, the doctor chap may not be such an ass as you," suggested Tommy Smith, still looking gloomy.

"I'll try it," said Josyngame quietly. He had been covering his left eye first with one hand and then with the other. "I quite see their point of view; but hang it, if my good eye goes, and I have to leave the service blind, it's my loss as well as theirs."

"And if you become commander in chief you'll have gone one better than Nelson. He wasn't blind when he started, and didn't have to spot a medical board before he got a show; he'd never have got on at all if he had. After all, if you fail, you may look a fool for five seconds—they won't give you longer to think about it—and even then you will be no worse off than you are now."

For five minutes they smoked cigarettes in silence. Suddenly Tommy Smith gave a wriggle like a deep-sea diver, and said, with the first smile on his chubby face that had appeared there that morning. While devising jingles for his friend he had been perfectly solemn; indeed, they both had been. After all, as has been stated, they were at the turning point of their careers.

"By George!" said Tommy Smith. "I'm a much cleverer chap than you, Joskin. I've got it. How big was the bump on your head?"

"As big as a house or a hen's egg. To judge from what I feel like."

"Half an inch high?" asked Tommy. "Rather!"

"And the shovel?" A new waver had made up the fire, and forgotten that the heavy and grimy iron implement he had used was not part of the usual smoking room furniture. Tommy Smith had put it up and was thrusting it toward his friend. "As big as that?" he asked.

"I never saw the shovel," said Harold Josyngame; "the police told me about it afterward. I knew all about the bump, though, by then—I couldn't get my hat on."

"Joskin," said Tommy Smith, presenting the handle of the club shovel, "be a pal. I'm as near as a toucher a quarter of an inch under height, rather more than less. Put a bump on to my head half an inch high, and I'm through the medical like a hot knife through butter."

Mr. Josyngame took the shovel and looked at him admiringly. "Mean it?" he asked.

"Rather," said his friend. "I'll take it sitting, though. Look sharp, before any one comes in." He sat upright in his chair, gripping the arms of it and clenching his teeth. "Go on. I'll shut my eyes if you'd rather."

Spang! The shovel came down on the skull of Mr. Tommy Smith with a sound like a cracked bell, muffled. He gave a little gasp.

"Harder, old chap," he said, blinking. "A little more in the middle. Can't you swing it a—bit?"

Spang! He descended again, and Tommy Smith gasped and turned red first, then white. A member of the club opened the door as the blow fell. He gasped, too, dropped a cigarette in an amber mouthpiece, fully four inches long, recovered it much damaged, and retired precipitately under the impression that two of his fellow members were settling an affair of honor with the fire irons after drawing lots.

He was a gentleman of honor and discretion himself, and he felt that he had no right to intrude or to mention it to the committee.

It was a minute or two before Tommy spoke.

"All right," he said at last, with an uncertain smile, and his friend looked relieved. "I saw a hatful of stars that time. I should think that would work it. I'll sit here—five minutes. Then we'll start. When we're once there the longer the beggars keep us waiting the better. I feel my hair sitting up already."

Ten minutes later, as they were getting into a hansom, his friend inquired how he felt.

"I suppose I've got a headache," he answered. "I've never had such a thing before; but the bump's rising awfully."

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves That Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness, waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all other accompaniments of a run down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality of blood, and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

Dr. Ward's BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cts. per box; five boxes for \$2.00; all druggists, or
DOCTOR WARD CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

mf & wly

And did they "pass their medical?" And did they otherwise satisfy their examiners as to their fitness to hold commissions in Her Majesty's army? I can only say that that night a short, square-built youth journeyed from his club to a lodging house in Jermyn street on the roof of a four wheeler, after offering to carry the cab on his back down Piccadilly, and that the butler at Josyngame House, Knightsbridge, had to help one of the younger hopes of the family upstairs and tell his lady mother that much work had made Mr. Harold a bit dizzy.

Of their subsequent careers I know nothing. Either or both of them may have tumbled up the hillside at Elands-gate or fallen before the first withering volley at Magerfontein. But I know this, that under other names and circumstances and at different times each of them passed a board of medical examiners by the methods I have described. I know it, because I was told so by two of my friends. As, however, one of my informants soon after telling me passed beyond the reach of examiners in Afghanistan, and I have forgotten the name of the other, I might almost as well have said nothing about them and claimed credit for an originality that I do not possess.—Paul Mall Gazette.

Her Hat Tumbled When it attracted a number of people, occurred shortly before midnight in front of the jewelry store at the southwest corner of Baltimore and Charles streets.

A handsomely dressed woman and her escort were looking at some jewelry which was displayed in the window when the man struck a match and lit a cigarette. In some way the match ignited the feathers of his companion's hat, and in a moment the top of her head was ablaze. But even this did not divert the attention of the couple; they continued to gaze rapidly at the treasures behind the plate glass window.

Sergeant Thomas Kirby was standing in front of the other window, and, happening to look inside, saw a mass of glowing flames, which he thought was in the interior of the store. But, looking toward the other window, he saw the cause. He hastened to the lady, touched her on the shoulder, and informed her that her hat was on fire. At the same instant he gathered the quickly disappearing remains of the hat between his hands and snuffed out the flames.

In the meantime the man stood mutely by. He did not seem to realize the peril of his companion. The crowd which had gathered were making things embarrassing for the couple. They moved away.—Baltimore American.

THE EXPORTS OF \$40,000,000 WORTH OF manufactured goods from this country in April, 1900, is a phenomenal one, and indicates that the exports of our manufactures will exceed \$400,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, which will be very nearly three times the amount exported in 1890.

It is a well-established fact that plants can be improved by crossing and judicious selection quite as surely and effectively as the breeding of animals. The sugar beet may be quoted as an example of what cultivation may do. The sugar beet of to-day actually contains about three times as large a proportion of saccharine matter as it did a century ago.

The telephone is meeting with favor in England. There are many places in the leading streets of London where any one can, by the payment of where any one can, by the payment of a small fee, be switched for a quarter of an hour onto any of the music halls.

Rumania would appear to be the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that in a population of nearly six millions nearly four millions can neither read nor write, and that only a little over a million have any education at all.

In a small lot of literary curiosities recently offered for sale in London was the following printed notice, which used to be exhibited on the Drury Lane Coffee-House about 1822: "It is particularly requested by the company that those who are learning to spell will ask for yesterday's paper."

In a perfectly dry atmosphere animal life can exist at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit—that is, 98 degrees above the boiling point of water.

That Snowy Whiteness
can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

That Snowy Whiteness
can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

That Snowy Whiteness
can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

That Snowy Whiteness
can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.
St. Stephen, N.B.

MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE.

That Snowy Whiteness
can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of **SURPRISE Soap** which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

THIS AND THAT.

Ostriches when pursued invariably run against the wind. They are polygamous. The females lay their eggs several in one nest, the hatching being performed by the male.

A record output in steel rails is reported by the Illinois Steel Company, the statement being made that 1442 tons were turned out on a day shift the night shift following with 1235 tons.

A recent shipment of eighty-two thousand bushels of wheat from Portland Oregon, to Yokohama was the first cargo made up exclusively of this cereal that ever crossed the Pacific to Japan.

A story is going the rounds of what is probably the longest railroad train on record, a train recently moved on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh line, which was one and a third miles long, or more exactly, about six thousand feet.

Drivers of oxen in France, while at work with their beasts in the field, frequently encourage the animals to labor by singing to them. The peasants believe that the songs are very acceptable to the four-footed laborers.

The married and unmarried women of the United States of Colombia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the senoras wearing them on the right side and the señoritas on the left.

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, and known as the great tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

Second only to the French are the Chinese when it comes to culinary skill, and with simple materials they will contrive to put together a meal which would shame an ordinary American cook. In peasant families the wife or daughter does the cooking, but in all large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Impeachment does not mean conviction any more than indictment does. Andrew Johnson was impeached by the House of Representatives on March 5, the Senate sitting as a court under the presidency of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The trial lasted, with intervals—the session beginning at 1 P. M., each day—until May 26, when the President was acquitted and the Senate, sitting as a court, adjourned.

Columbus sailed from Palos on a Friday; discovered America on a Friday; the Mayflower arrived at Provincetown on a Friday; "Bunker Hill" was won on Friday; Cornwallis surrendered on a Friday; Lincoln was shot on a Friday; Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday on the thirteenth; the French occupied Madrid on the thirteenth; Napoleon surrendered at Sedan on a Friday; France declared war against Prussia on a Friday; China asked Japan to stop the war on a Friday. There are dozens of other dates; events happen on Friday and on the thirteenth of the month just as well as on other days.

USEFUL HINTS.

The papers tell of a good minister's wife who was thrice married—to a Mr. Robin, a Mr. Sparrow and a Mr. Quayle, with children or step children by each marriage, so that in the home nest of her third estate there dwelt together little Robins and Sparrows and Quayles.

Debtors in Siam, when three months in arrears, can be seized by the creditors and compelled to work out their indebtedness. Should a debtor run away his father, his wife or his children may be held in slavery until the debt is cancelled.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1785. The French tricolor was first used in 1795, the Red English ensign, with the present Union Jack in the upper canton, in 1801, the present Italian flag in 1848, the present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867, and the German flag in 1871.

The hottest place in the world is Death Valley, in Arizona, where the temperature often reaches 125 degrees in the shade.

The exports of \$40,000,000 worth of manufactured goods from this country in April, 1900, is a phenomenal one, and indicates that the exports of our manufactures will exceed \$400,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, which will be very nearly three times the amount exported in 1890.

It is a well-established fact that plants can be improved by crossing and judicious selection quite as surely and effectively as the breeding of animals. The sugar beet may be quoted as an example of what cultivation may do. The sugar beet of to-day actually contains about three times as large a proportion of saccharine matter as it did a century ago.

The telephone is meeting with favor in England. There are many places in the leading streets of London where any one can, by the payment of where any one can, by the payment of a small fee, be switched for a quarter of an hour onto any of the music halls.

Rumania would appear to be the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that in a population of nearly six millions nearly four millions can neither read nor write, and that only a little over a million have any education at all.

In a small lot of literary curiosities recently offered for sale in London was the following printed notice, which used to be exhibited on the Drury Lane Coffee-House about 1822: "It is particularly requested by the company that those who are learning to spell will ask for yesterday's paper."

In a perfectly dry atmosphere animal life can exist at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit—that is, 98 degrees above the boiling point of water.

Sportsmen!

You will save money and time if you buy your goods at Geo. Stephens & Co. They have a very fine assortment of

Guns and Ammunition

and all the newest things in gun furniture. Don't hunt around the city for what you want, but come direct to us and thus you will save time and we will save you money.

Geo. Stephens & Co.

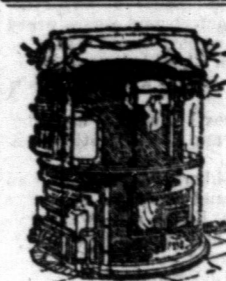
The Best Way

The best, cheapest, and most satisfactory way in which you can get your rigs is to buy them of us.

Of course you know that we are among the largest makers in the country. Of course you know that a big business like ours means high grade workmen, modern methods, fine materials and reliable, perfect goods. Without these no such business as ours could have been built up. We have on hand a large variety of styles. We can give you precisely what you want and can assure satisfaction.

Our business methods enable us to do superior work and we can stand behind everything with our personal guarantee.

The Wm. Gray & Sons Co.



TWO HEATERS are not better than one

The Famous Florida

Coal Furnace will heat every room and corner of your house at little cost. Built like a Baseburner and as economical as one. Fire travels three times the height of furnace before entering smoke pipe.

SAVES FUEL

Heavy Firepot, Steel Radiator, and dome heats quickly; clinkerless grates; gas proof throughout; direct or indirect drafts.

The Famous Baseburner

Other stoves have two flues, the Famous has three, giving one-third more heat than any other make, with the same fuel. All parts exposed to fire are extra heavy. Two sizes with a good baking oven. Three sizes without oven. Every stove a double heater.

Estimates and Pamphlets FREE

from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

H. Macaulay, Local Agent, Chatham

The Time Is Close

October 9th, 10th and 11th are the red letter days for the County of Kent this year.

Last year everybody said the Fair was a good Fair—this year is going to be a great deal better.

Every resident in the County is anxious or ought to be anxious to see the County prosperous. A good County Fair is the best sign of a prosperous County.

Let everybody then push it along and show the people what a really good Fair Kent can have.

Oct. 9, 10, 11