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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

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Trout Jars at present cost price.
Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb.
Ginger Snaps, 5c tin
Sardines, 5c tin
6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c
Mixed Biscuits, 10c lb
Bacon, 10c lb
A Japan Tea, new season, usual price 50c, for 40c lb
Powder, Standard, 12c lb
Egg bergs in fancy kitchen, 15c each
Pots, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each
We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter during the day that will astonish you.
Call in and see them.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
St. 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, which are being offered under various names at a low price.

By dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in 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 not.

Reprint Dictionaries,

genuine copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about \$1.00, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to the imitations, being 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 imitations.

Valuable as this work is, we have at vast expense published a thoroughly revised supplement, the name of which is Webster's International Dictionary.

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QUEEN BUMBLEBUZZ

A Royal Bee Who Earned Her Own Living

QUEEN Bumblebuzz awoke quite suddenly one fine spring morning from her long winter's nap.

It was high time, for Her Majesty had suffered much from bad dreams. Her last meal of honey and what not—there had been a scarcity of proper food in the late autumn—had disagreed with her, and a horrible night-mare had been the result. In her dream she made such a vigorous effort to defend herself from an enemy that she awoke, to find that the sun had discovered her hiding place and was doing his best to thaw her out in her snug bed of dry moss. The chill and numbness soon left her limbs. It was time to be up and away.

All her children and Bumblebees subjects were dead, with the exception of those queens of the royal household who had lived through the winter. They, of course, would now found monarchies of their own, and she, too, must begin the hard task over again, for such is the duty of queens—bee queens.

Queen Bumblebuzz knew there was plenty of time, for the red clover would not bloom for a long time. When the first little head put on its red cap, then she would go to housekeeping. She intended to enjoy herself as much as possible while she was free from family cares.

Queen Bumblebuzz was musical in a way. It runs in the family. True, there was nothing remarkable about her singing, for she sang the same song over and over; yet, as she fitted from honeysuckle to honeysuckle and played among the lilacs and the willows by the brookside, her thick, hairy body, with its yellow neckband and other markings, fairly quivered with the joy of her deep, humming song.

It was playtime with her, and she was happy, careless and free, sleeping where the night found her, on a leaf, on the ground, anywhere; oftentimes all on a thistle. The despised weed was a loyal friend. Queen Bumblebuzz knew right well, and would not fail to protect her with spine and lance while she slept from the mean skunk and delectful snake.

One sunny day, when the south wind breathed softly over the country side, the queen was flying swiftly across a field that lay between two patches of woodland, when she suddenly slackened her peed to sniff the air in a suspicious way. Glancing far ahead—for, having five eyes, two in front and three on the top of her head, she can see very well indeed—she espied what she knew she would see—a

clover head in its red cap popping up out of the sea of green ones surrounding it on every side.

"Ah!" she cried. "It is time for me to get to work." Her playtime was over.

Like many others who get the most out of life, Queen Bumblebuzz played when she played, and worked when she worked. She now felt in a tremendous hurry. She had no idea of building a house or nest all by herself. No, indeed! No bee, however willing, could do that. So she began to hunt for one ready-made, scrambling among the dead grass in the fields and in the fence corners. At last she came upon one of the runways leading to a mouse's nest. This she followed, but, alas! the nest was occupied, and a high pitched, squeaky voice started her by asking, sharply:

"Who's there, and what do you want?"

"I am very sorry to trouble you, madam," answered the queen politely, in her deep bass voice. "I am Queen Bumblebuzz. Perhaps you have heard of me. I was well known in this neighborhood last year. If I had known that I was not to be disturbed, I would not have disturbed you for the world."

But the mouse, not feeling very well, was cranky and rude; rather strange in a mouse, for they are shy and gentle as a rule. This one's bright eyes snapped as she said, scornfully:

"Very likely, indeed, Queen Bumblebuzz! She turned and left the place. She was more fortunate the next time. The dunway led to an empty nest, which she felt she might occupy with a clear conscience. Then she went to work collecting masses of pollen—flower or dust—in each lump placing one or more eggs. How busy she was! Talk about the idleness, the easy times of queens! This Queen was the hardest worked royal personage I ever heard of. What with collecting pollen, laying eggs, raising such an enormous family, besides gathering honey for a time of need, she had her hands more than full. The honey she stored in cells, open at the top, for all the world like cunning little jam pots without any cover.

As the eggs hatched and the baby bees—little white grubs—grew, the good queen mother softened the lumps of pollen with honey. The young ones could feed themselves where they lay, each one eating a hole around him as large as a good-sized bean. There he had to spin for himself a cocoon or sheet in which he wound himself, to find himself at last a bee when he awoke.

THE MARKETS

CHATHAM GRAIN MARKET.

Planet Office, Tuesday evening, September 4.

Harry Stevens gives the following grain gossip:

This year's crop of grain is now being marketed. Oats and barley, particularly the former, are coming in freely. The market, however, is showing some weakness under heavier receipts.

Wheat offers light so far. The sample is not above the average.

The sample of oats so far is unsatisfactory to shippers, they being rain-damaged.

Beans—The early planting is being harvested now and are likely to prove a fair yield in quality if the present weather holds out a little longer. The late planting will be harvested within another fortnight. The acreage being larger than the average, the price will undoubtedly tumble 40 to 50 cents from to-day's value. The first shipment will be made next week.

Wheat, 65c.

Mixed oats, new, 22c.

White oats, new, 23c.

Corn, shelled 35 to 36c.

Beans, \$1 to \$1.20.

Barley, 65 to 70c.

Alfalfa, \$5.50 to \$6.25.

Red clover, \$3.25 to \$5.50.

Timothy, 1.25 to \$1.50.

HAY AND HOGS.

Hay, timothy, per ton, \$7 to \$7.50.

Hay, clover, \$5.50 to \$7.

Hay, baled, \$7 to \$8.

Buyers are paying \$5 to \$6.

Live hogs, \$5.00 to \$5.25, per cwt.

for hogs from 170 to 200 lbs.

GRAIN WANTED.

Nelson Stringer, corner King street and Aberdeen bridge, buys all kinds of grain and seed, and timothy seed. Farmers call on him for samples.

LOCAL WOOL AND HIDES.

Wool, washed 15c cash; 16 trade.

Wool, unwashed, 10c trade; 8 to 9c cash.

Calf skins, No. 1, 8c, No. 2, 7c.

Sheep skins, 30c to \$1.

Spring lamb skins, 15c to 20c.

Cow hides No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c.

Horse hides, \$1 to \$2.

HOUSEKEEPERS' PRICES.

The market was crowded with fruit on Saturday. Peaches were especially abundant and sold at from 25 to 30c a basket. Apples brought 10 to 15c a peck, plums 45c, a basket, pears 20c a basket, muskmelons 5c to 15c, a piece, tomatoes 10c a peck, pickling cucumbers 45c, a peck, water melons 10c to 25c, each. Green corn was scarce at 8c a dozen. Potatoes sold at 10c, a peck, cabbage two for 5c.

Butter was in very limited quantity at 20c, a lb., and eggs brought from 11 to 12 cents a dozen.

Butter, 19 to 20c.

Eggs, 11c.

Rhubarb, 2c a bunch.

Green onions, 2 bunches for 5c.

Squash, 2 for 5c.

Peaches, 25 to 40c, a basket.

Tomatoes, 10c a peck.

Green corn, 6c a dozen.

Beans, two quarts 5 cents.

Carrots, two bunches 5c.

Radishes, three bunches for 5c.

Lettuce, 2c a bunch.

New potatoes 12 to 15c a peck.

Apples 10 to 15c a peck.

Plums, 40 to 60c a basket.

Blackberries, 3 boxes for 25c.

Currents, red, 50 to 60c a quart.

Gooseberries, 5c a quart.

Beets, two bunches for 5c.

Cabbage, 3 to 4c a head.

Celery, three bunches for 10c.

Chickens, 25 to 35 cents.

Spring chickens, 15c.

Ducks, 25 to 30c.

Turkeys, 75 to \$1.25.

Lamb, 6 to 7c.

Mutton, 5 to 6c.

Pork, 7c to 8c.

Beef, 5c to 6c.

FISH MARKET.

Mullet and carp, 10 to 40c, a peck.

Herring, 25 to 30c, a doz.

White fish, 8 to 9c, a pound.

Pickled, 8c, a pound.

BUFFALO LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo, Sept. 4.—Cattle—Generally full strong for all kinds, with 15 head on sale, including 28 loads Canada cattle.

Good to best fat export cattle of desirable quality, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

Good to best, \$5.10 to \$5.35.

Shipping steers, \$5.10 to \$5.60.

Export bulls, choice to extra, \$3.75 to \$4.

Choice eto good butcher steers, \$4.05 to \$5.

Good to best butcher steers, \$4.50 to \$4.85.

Feeder bulls, \$2.85 to \$3.

Good to best fat heifers, \$4.25 to \$4.75.

Fat cows, good to best, \$4 to \$4.25.

Medium fat cows, \$3.50 to \$4; fat cows, common to fair, \$2 to \$2.50.

Feeding steers, good to extra, \$3.50 to \$4.

Fair to good, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Canada stock steers, \$3.50 to \$4.

Stock calves, Canada, \$1 to \$4.25.

Calves, good color stock, \$3.75 to \$4.

Fresh cows, choice to good bags, \$4.50 to \$5.

Good to choice, \$3.50 to \$4.

Springers, choice to extra, \$4 to \$4.50.

Common and poor cows, \$1.50 to \$2.25.

Calves, choice to extra, \$7 to \$7.50.

Good to choice, \$6.50 to \$7.

Heavy fed calves, \$4 to \$4.50.

Grass, \$3 to \$3.50.

Sheep and lambs—Lambs, choice to extra, \$5.50 to \$6.

Good to choice, \$3.25 to \$5.50.

Sheep, mixed, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Yearlings, \$3.75 to \$4.

Ewes, \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Export ewes, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

There was no particular demand for wethers, but they were quotable at \$3.75 to \$4.25.

Everyone loves the bright, cheerful girl; but who gives for the companion-ship of the fretful, irritable girl, the girl who picks up the most trivial remark that drops thoughtlessly from one's lips and insists upon having a fit of sulks over it?

Do not get so intimate with any companion that you would have cause to fear her breaking off her intimacy with you.

LIFE IN THE KAROO

Some Peculiarities of the Upper Portion of a Cape Colony.

The upper portion of Cape Colony is known as the "Karoo." From the coast where the vegetation is luxuriant, the land gradually rises toward the interior until, far inland at the latitude of nearly 4,000 feet, the Karoo country begins.

The further away from the coast, the harer and more stony the soil becomes, and the aspect of the sad-colored veldt, broken here and there by chains of low, stony kopjes, is mournful in the extreme. For the newly arrived "Uitlander" it is depressing indeed to view these regions of infinite fatness and infinite space, where loneliness and silence reign supreme.

October is the month of spring in the Karoo. Heavy rains fall, and for a few short weeks the face of the land is green and pleasant to look upon; but with the scorching days of summer the grass withers fast, and the veldt soon resumes its normal desert-like appearance. Great herds of sheep and goats pasture on a small, dry-looking bush, which grows sparsely amid the sand and stones. Strangely enough, they thrive upon it, and the flocks of the more progressive farmers, who import prize stock from time to time as fine as any in the more fertile pastures of lower Cape Colony.

To a woman Uitlander, accustomed to life in England or America, existence in a Karoo village presents few duties and fewer pleasures to break the monotony of the wearisome days.

After a week, when the sun is shining once more, gathering up moisture from the soaked earth in misty clouds, a drive out into the veldt is full of interest. Then the Karoo teams with life that is hidden beneath the ground in hot, dry weather. Meerkats run out of their holes and sit up on their hind legs, while their bushy tails wave nervously and their heady little eyes keep vigilant watch. Small tortoises scuttle by, and perhaps in the distance a family of korrahan may be detected by their harsh deep croak, beautifully plumaged birds as large as guinea fowl with feathers of reddish brown and blue gray.

Some parts of the veldt are scattered with huge ant hills, three or four feet high, made by colonies of large black ants. Boers as well as Kaffirs use these ant hills as ovens for cooking when camping out in the veldt. It is easy to start a fire at the bottom with a few sticks, and when once alight a hill will burn slowly and evenly for some hours. The earth of which these mounds are composed is very friable and saturated with some substance by the ant builders which makes it combustible.

After rain flowers spring up everywhere. Brilliant scarlet lilies abound, branching from a single bare stalk that rises out of the stony ground, with ten to a dozen lovely blossoms on its head. Another curious lily rests flatly on the earth, and consists of two round, white, fleshy leaves, with a small golden centre. The Boers have little love for flowers; but the exile from a fertile land delights to cultivate the tiny patch of ground belonging to his house in the little Boer village. With a Kaffir boy as assistant gardener and with a reckless disregard for the scant resources of the land, he will make the most of it, and the land blossom like the rose, even amid the stony wilds of the Karoo.

A Curious Wedding Custom.

A curious wedding custom, a survival of the folk lore of the Fetherland, is found in the German settlement about Buckley, Ill., and in the townships further east. When a young couple is to be married, the elder brother of the bride starts out on horseback a few days before. He is called the "brautbieter"—literally the "bride inviter." If the bride have no brother, some other male member of the family takes the place. The custom of the "brautbieter" is just as effective in assembling the guests as the engraved invitations of society folk in the cities.

The "brautbieter" is a picturesque figure. In his invitation trip he is the recipient of many perquisites in money or gifts, which, by right of custom, are kept as his own. At every place where he leaves an invitation to the wedding the recipients are expected to give him something. The size of the gift is regulated by the circumstances of the receivers. It may be a piece of money, a bill or a coin, or it may be only a ribbon or a trinket. However small, the present is invariably expected and given.

As the "brautbieter" receives his gifts he pins the bills to his clothing or hat, sews on the coins and ties the ribbons to his horse's bridle. As he progresses on his rounds the gifts are added one by one till his clothes are cluttered with money and trinkets. The circumstances of the "brautbieter" are not taken into consideration. Every receiver of an invitation makes a gift in return, which becomes the property of the "brautbieter."

What a Plant Eats.

So far as is known, the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot two hundred pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch, which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up, and daily watered the earth with rain water. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed, and was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed and had lost only two ounces.

The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air.

The brain of a tame rabbit weighs less for its size than the brain of any other known creature—much less than that of a wild rabbit.

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Fall Term Commences Saturday, September 1st, 1900.

13 Free Scholarships offered for open competition amongst the Conservatory students.

Examinations 1st, 2nd, 3rd, final and artists course of Toronto College of Music, will be taken at Krause Conservatory of Music.

Free Class work in Rudiments, Elements, History and Harmony, it's under special instructors engaged by the Conservatory.

Fletcher Simplex and Kindergarten System adopted by Conservatory for season 1900-1901, under direction of Miss Mabel L. Campbell.

Students who intend competing for any Conservatory honors must enroll at office as students of the Conservatory on or before Saturday, Sept. 15th.

Conservatory will be open on and after Monday, Aug. 27th