

"All Dunlop Tires in 1900"

The wheel fitted with Dunlop Tires gives no trouble to the dealer after its sale.

This is one reason why dealers favor Dunlop-tired wheels. They know that Dunlop Tires are the outward sign of inward worth in the building of a bicycle.



"The only truth,"
The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited,
Montreal, Winnipeg, St. John

Please Read Me
I am

McConnell's Special

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8
WHEN WE SHALL SELL
FOR CASH

Fruit Jars at present cost price.
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.
A Japan Tea, new season, usual price
50c, for.....40c lb.
B. Powder, Standard.....12c lb.
Big bargains in fancy kitchen flower
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

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND
TIMOTHY SEED.
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY
AND BEANS.
All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new
no old stock.

LOUR AND FEED

Baled Hay and Straw
Wholesale and Retail.

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Flour, Feed, Buckwheat Flour and
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Cor. Queen St. and Park Ave

Radley's Drug Store

Removed next door to Geo. E. Young's
apartment, opp. the Standard Bank.

Radley's Stomach
and
Liver Pills

The Best Stomach and Liver Pills in the
Have you ever tried them?
There is nothing
better.

RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

SAUGEEN

MAGNETIC MINERAL WATER—
Southampton.

Is highly recommended by Prof. Pyne,
Dominion Analyst, Toronto, for persons
suffering from either rheumatic
zaints of constitution, or habits of con-
stipation. It is a most palatable table
water, and is absolutely pure. Recommen-
ded by leading physicians. A trial
will convince you that it has merit
of a high order. For sale by Central
Drug Store and P. A. Robert.

A. M. FLEMING

A-R-T-I-S-T

STUDIO, SMITH BLOCK

OPP. MARKET NEAR BAKER'S

CHATHAM DAILY PLANET

IN DAISY DAYS

Oh, fair the earth and sweet her ways
When dawn the month of daisy days,
And bees hum in the clover;
The orchard with its sweetness fills
The light winds trooping o'er the hills,
And birds with song brim o'er.

'Tis then a blushing orchid's face
Peeps out from some neglected place
Where ferns unfurl their laces;
And not a flower, from daffodil
To those which brave October's chill,
Can show so many graces.

Oh, sing a song of daisy days,
Hike strawberries in meadow ways,
And butterflies in session;
Of days when bobolinks will tell
Above the hindwood's snowy bell,
That music's their profession.

—Katherine H. Terry.

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

Is it something immensely import-
ant?" I asked, as Winnie looked up
with a number of wrinkles on her
forehead.

"Immensely," she said with a sigh.
"Are you writing a poem?"

"Nothing could possibly be more
prosaic!"

"Then I may be able to help you," I
suggested.

"Certainly not!" she exclaimed, and
she instantly covered her sheet of pa-
per with the blotting-pad. "That,"
she added, "would be too ridiculous.
At all events," she insisted, "I must
write the letter myself."

"Whom is it for?" I ventured to
ask.

"Lord, Carfield, whom I met at the
Tracys' at Newport."

"I wasn't aware you corresponded," I
suggested.

"Oh, we don't. At least, he has never
written to me before," she answered.

"And you find Lord Carfield's letter
difficult to answer?" I asked.

Winnie sat with her right elbow on
the edge of the blotting pad, her eyes
fixed on the window, a charming air of
self-consciousness on her small face.
A tress of her hair fell forward over
her forehead, which was still wrinkled.

"Suppose you let me tell you what to
say," I proposed, standing with a hand
on her chair.

"Oh, I know what to say—"

"Then where's your difficulty?" I
demanded.

"At least I think I do—only I don't
know how to put it."

"Well you see, that's where I might
come in."

"It has nothing—nothing in the
world to—do with you," she said,
rising impulsively.

"I'm not quite sure of that—"

"But I am perfectly sure," she in-
sisted.

"Now, if you were to take me into
your confidence as far as to show me
Lord Carfield's letter—"

"Of course I shall do nothing of
the kind," she retorted.

"Then I must try to guess its con-
tents—"

"You could never guess!" cried
Winnie decidedly.

"He wishes you to marry him," I
said.

Winnie turned upon me with an ex-
pression of complete surprise.

"Why how did you know that?" she
exclaimed with a fine flush.

"Lord Carfield has really asked you
to marry him?" I asked.

"Isn't it a nuisance?" she cried,
lifting her eyebrows with an air of ex-
treme perplexity.

"Well, that's all right," I said.

"What is?" she demanded.

"So that you think it's a nuisance?"

"Well, it is," she answered. "All
my people are bothering me about it.
They want me to—"

"They don't want you to marry the
man!" I cried.

"They insist there's no reason why I
shouldn't," said Winnie, with a hara-
sard expression.

"Oh, but there's the most excellent
reason," I urged.

"Oh, do tell me what it is!" she
pleaded more hopefully.

"I said I could help you."

"But how?" she cried.

"Take a fresh sheet of paper and a
new nib," I suggested, "then I'll dic-
tate your answer. Now, then," I dic-
tated, "Dear Lord Carfield:—"

"I've put that."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, I can't begin that way," she ob-
jected.

"Well," I said, "we'll try again.
Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply hono-
red by your request—"

Winnie put the end of her pen be-
tween her teeth and turned toward me
with a doubtful air.

"You know," she said, "I don't real-
ly feel honored at all."

"Of course not. It's a mere matter
of form. Now, then, we're not getting
on. I am deeply honored by your re-
quest, but I regret to tell you—"

"I must know what I'm going to tell
him first," cried Winnie, pausing
again.

"I regret to tell you that I am un-
able to consider it—"

"But I did—very seriously," she in-
sisted.

"Oh, well," I said, "of course, if
you really care for the fellow—"

"Well," she cried provokingly.

"Why, you may as well write the let-
ter without my interference."

"That's what I told you at first!"
said Winnie triumphantly.

"I think I shall say good-by," I re-
turned, and I took my hat from the
table.

"Good-by," she said, with a careless
nod, as I stepped toward the door.

"That will be the second sheet of pa-
per I've wasted!" she cried.

You're going to write another,
then?" I suggested.

"You might post it for me—I shan't
be two minutes," and taking her pen

she began to write at a great pace.

When she had finished she carefully
blotted the letter and directed an en-
velope. "You might like to read it,"
she suggested, on the point of seal-
ing it.

The contents were barely two lines,
asking Carfield to call at 4 o'clock the
following day.

"Will that do?" she asked.

"I think mine would have been bet-
ter?" I said. "Now suppose you sit
down again and finish my letter then
we can compare notes, you know, and
I'll post yours please."

"Very well," she assented, and she
sat down and took her pen again.

"Where were we?" I asked.

"Dear Lord Carfield, I am deeply
honored by your request, but I regret
to tell you that I am unable to consid-
er it—that's all we've done," said
Winnie, looking up with an expectant
expression.

"Because—"

"Yes, I've written that."

"Because I am already engaged to
be married to—"

Winnie threw down her pen, making
a large blot on the pad.

"I didn't know you were making a
joke of it," she cried, indignantly.

"I'm not," I insisted.

"You are telling me to write non-
sense."

"You never wrote anything half so
sensible in your life," I assured her.

"Besides, it isn't true," she said.

"Not yet," I answered, "and you
haven't finished the letter. Now, sup-
pose you finish it."

Winnie took up the pen again.

"Because I am already engaged to
be married to Mr. Arthur—"

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she murred,
bending low over the paper.

"To Mr. Arthur Everest," I said.

"Now all you have to do is to remain
his very truly, or very sincerely, and
sign your name."

So Winnie signed her name; then
she leaned back in her chair and stared
hard at what she had written.

I drew a chair to her side and sat
down.

"And now?" I suggested.

"And now?" I suggested.

"Of course," she continued, "it isn't
likely I could send him a letter of
that kind."

"Still, it contains the truth," I hint-
ed.

"It says that I am engaged to be
married," she said, and of course I
am nothing of the kind."

"You will be, Winnie!"

"Some day, perhaps."

"To-day is as good as another," I
urged.

"And to somebody," she added.

"If it comes to that," I insisted, "I
am better than any one else!"

Winnie looked into my face with a
smile on her lips; then she became
preternaturally serious.

"Perhaps—perhaps you are," she said,
quietly, and then— But don't think
I shall tell you what followed.

—Thomas Cobb.



His! Mame! Dis old crank won't let
de little darlint play wid his whiskers!

Dampening His Enthusiasm.

Sheridan once withstood with the
author, a new play by Boardman, who
had been writing for the stage for
twenty years and had never made a
success. This time, however, it caught
the popular fancy, and applause greet-
ed and ended each scene. At the end
of the second act Boardman's elation
got the better of his discretion, and,
leaning over toward Sheridan, he ex-
claimed:

"Sheridan, Sheridan, it's going to be
a success, a complete success!"

"Ah, yes," murmured Sheridan, with
exclusive compassion in his voice.

"Too bad, too bad!"

"Too bad," stammered his friend.

"Why too bad that it should prove a
success?"

"Because now," retorted Sheridan,
"I'll take you another twenty years to
convince any one you wrote it."—Sun
Francisco Argonaut.

Cures Weak Men Free

A most successful remedy has been
found for sexual weakness, such as
impotency, varicocele, shrunken or-
gans, nervous debility, lost manhood,
night emissions, premature discharge
and all other results of self-abuse or
excesses. It cures any case of the dif-
ficulty, never fails to restore the or-
gans to full natural strength and vig-
or. The Doctor who made this won-
derful discovery wants to let every
man know about it. He will therefore
send the receipt giving the various in-
gredients to be used so that all men
at a trifling expense can cure them-
selves. He sends the receipt free,
and all the reader need do is to send
his name and address to L. W. Knapp,
M. D., 1710, Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich.,
requesting the free receipt as reported
in this paper. It is a generous offer
and all men ought to be glad to have
such an opportunity.

BOOTS CHANGED HIS CAREER

A Southerner Whose Success in Life Hinged
on His Substantial Footgear.

"Talk about your two good suits of
clothes," said the son of a well-known
Confederate army officer. "In my
young days shoes, one pair, was the
badge of the plutocrat. I came of a
large family, eight sons, and when
things were going particularly well
one of us had a pair of shoes. I was
the youngest so that it never was I.
Now, you would be surprised to know
the effect, mental, moral and physical,
that shoes have on a man. I consider
that my career, aye, and my character,
hinge upon the possession of a pair
of shoes. When I went to school in Vir-
ginia thirty years ago, of course I was
barefooted. I was a quiet youth,
strong for my age, but phlegmatic
and would put up with a lot rather
than get into a fight.

"My particular enemy in the school
was an impudent and conceited boy,
somewhat older than myself. He was
the son of our family doctor, an only
son, and the proud possessor of a pair
of shoes, shoes of the old country
type, with thick soles adorned with
plenty of steel. You see we were not
utterly poverty stricken. We had
a family doctor. You couldn't expect
a Southern gentleman to be able to
stand for a family doctor and shoes
for his family at one and the same
time. My enemy was forever tor-
menting me, but I endured it
silently for a long time. At last one
day my patience would endure it no
longer. I fell upon him and a sangui-
nary conflict ensued. We fought for
an hour or more. We fought like
windmills in a hurricane. It is true
we did not often hit one another. We
were usually too close or too far off,
but we smote everything in sight,
trees, walls and particularly the air.
Tweedledum and Tweedledee were not
a marker to us. We managed to
blacken each other's eyes and bleed
each other's noses, chiefly through the
contact of our heads.

"Finally, however, my enemy be-
thought him of his superior arma-
ment. He drew back and delivered up
on my unfortunate bare shanks a kick
of cruel force and precision. I can
feel to-day the impact of that mass of
leather and steel. It was agony. I
surrendered unconditionally. Now
began a period of the most heartrend-
ing humiliation and misery. Wherever
I went that wretched shod youth
followed. I was his slave. I ran his
errands. He stood on his steel
and leather between me and the small-
est taste of enjoyment.

"There was a girl, a sweet little
blue-eyed thing of twelve summers,
my first love who was to me as all
the world, including the village candy
store. With her I would commune un-
der the trees near the village school.
With her I would wax gallant and
eloquent. Yankee I would slay by
the score rather than that a hair of
her head should be disturbed. I wish-
ed her to believe me a Paul Jones and
a Stonewall Jackson in embryo, only
with a spice of wickedness.

"I believe I should have succeeded
but for that horrid boy with his shoes.
One day when I was holding forth to
my lady love in an especially lofty
strain, the wretch came sauntering
past. As he took in the situation, his
eyes lighted up with malicious joy.
He made straight for me.

"Get out," he said in tones of per-
emptory contempt. "I want to talk to
Della."

"For a moment, as the spirit of
Jackson and Jones burnt bright in my
breast, I was for giving battle. But he
merely raised his foot and I saw the
flash of steel beneath the leather. The
fire of my valor was quenched. I turned
one last despairing glance on Della,
who was laughing and shunk away.
The horror of those shoes was upon
me and my knees knocked together.

"But I swore vengeance, and all
things come to the man who knows
how to wait. That winter my father
carried through successfully a piece
of business. Result, the whole family
was shod. My own footgear was es-
pecially magnificent. No shoes, mind
you, but boots, with stout leather
reaching even to the knee. Homer
was all right when he made the well-
grievd Achaean the victors. Mine
enemy and I met. He was vanquished
from the start. I think he turned
pale when his eye fell upon my leath-
er-clad shanks. He would have de-
clined combat. But burning with the
wrongs I had suffered I fell upon him
without giving him time to retreat.
The battle was short and fierce. I
scorned to use my feet, but I was now
proof against his mulish onslaught. I
took his kicks without feeling them
and smote him with my fists. Finally
I got him down and choked him until
he was weary. But as I arose, hum-
bled and trembling, I deliberat-
ely landed my armed feet on each
of his shins, and with a howl of agony
he turned to flee. I delivered one
more kick, the most satisfactory of
all, on Nature's appointed kicking
place.

"My fame reached Della's ears, and
she was all smiles when she received
me. She had understood, she said, all
along and her heart had bled for me.
I had my doubts, but the heart of
youth is as wax in a maiden's hands.
Shortly after my enemy approached I
called to him sweetly and he came
tremblingly.

"Why don't you tell me to get out?"
I asked pleasantly, swinging my foot
the while, and the titter of Della sent
the hot blood of pride and joy coursing
through my veins. What became of
Della I do not remember. But upon
those boots turned my career. My
shyness and phlegm left me. I became
energetic and confident. I succeeded
in study and sport; I afterward be-
came captain of my college football
team. My subsequent career has
been one of effort crowned with suc-
cess."

The Language of Finance.

"Do you think there will be much
interest in this political enterprise."

"Interest," repeated Senator Sorg-
hum. "It'll be more than interest. It'll
be dividends."—Washington Star.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a
harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops
and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium,
Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant.
Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of
Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverish-
ness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria
relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and
Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates
the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving
healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's
Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for
children. Mothers have repeatedly told me
of its good effect upon their children."

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children
that I recommend it as superior to any pre-
scription known to me."

Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass. H. A. Archer, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

One of the nicest things for breakfast this hot
weather is a rasher of

Bow Park BACON

Made for the best trade in Canada by Can-
adians from Canadian bred animals. Raised
and specially fed at the Bow Park Farm.

Easy to Cook. Require very little fire.

Farmers should read carefully this testimonial
—It will tell them what the operators of the

COLUMBIA CORN HARVESTER

thin of it. These statements are from men
who have used it a whole season and now
what they are talking about.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,
Chatham.

DEAR SIR:

Having purchased one of your Columbia Corn Harvesters last season will say,
they are the best we have ever seen at work, having seen all the leading machines
working in the field. We cut over one hundred acres last season. Machine runs
easy, no side draft, knocks off very few ears, ties all and makes a perfect bundle.
Works perfect in either planted or drilled corn. Cut drilled corn over twelve
feet tall after it had been killed by frost and knocked down flat by storm, picked
it up and done good work. It can be easily adjusted to make any size sheaf, and
the drive wheel is so made that it will work in very soft ground.

Yours truly,