


"All Dunlop Tires in 1900"

Your guaranty of goodness in a Dunlop tire is the guaranty from the makers.

"The Dunlop detachable tire is guaranteed against all defects of workmanship, materials or design, for one year from date of purchase."

No other tire is guaranteed thus.

Dunlop tires on all good wheels without extra charge.



"The only tool,"

The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited,
Toronto,
Montreal, Winnipeg, St. J.

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SAVES

Car Fare
Shoe Leather
Your Wife's Patience
Your Own Time
Often a Doctor's Bill

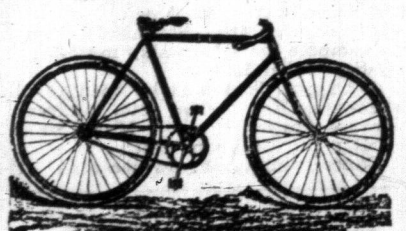
And is a general convenience and a luxury to yourself and family. Residence rates are low. Ask the Local Manager of

The Bell Telephone Company
for full particulars.

FREE TO WOMEN

I will send to any lady a receipt for painful or delayed periods. It will relieve in 2 to 5 days. Absolutely harmless.

MRS. MORTON,
57 W. Ferry St. Buffalo, N.Y.



E. & D. BICYCLES

The great reason for the goodness of E. & D. bearings lies in their four-point design. The load passes directly through the balls, and there is no opportunity for the balls to jump.

In E. & D. four-point bearings the weight on any one point in the bearing is never more than 1-8th of the weight of the rider. In ordinary bicycles, the immense leverage between cup and cone bearings and cone cuts the bearings and breaks the balls.

To show how little the wear on E. & D. four-point bearings is, we first guarantee them for three years, and, secondly, we oil them at the beginning of the season, and at the end, upon examination, the oil will be found clear.

E. & D. bearings are excellent. In all parts, the four-point system is employed. In 1900 E. & D. models, even the head bearings are equipped with four-point bearings.

The E. & D. models are found in Road Ladies' and Men's \$60 Special, Ladies' and Men's with gear case \$70.

Racer, Men's only \$70 and the local guarantee privilege that goes with them is worth the cost of the wheel. And we will be very glad to show you the new E. & D. with its excellent equipment.

Catalogue sent free upon application. You run no risk in buying this wheel. The thirty-seventh wheel made by this firm four years ago is in daily use in this city. The owner would not exchange it for a new wheel of any other make, as he says it is in perfect order up to date, and the ease of running wheel in the city. We cannot say anything that is a higher recommendation.

S. STIMPSON, Planet Publishing House

The All-Canada Show!

AUG 27th to SEPT. 8th 1900

TORONTO

Exposition and Industrial Fair

The Country's Greatest

All the Latest Novelties. Many direct from Europe.

The Marvellous Resources of our own Country Thoroughly Exploited.

Brilliant and realistic Battle Spectacle.

The Siege of Mafeking! and also The Relief!

Timely arrival of Canadian Artillery.

Excursions close August 4th.

For prize lists, entry forms, etc., address:

ANDREW SMITH, F. R. C. V. S., President.

H. J. HILL, Manager, Toronto.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

THE WHITE FLOWER.

WHY THE IMMORTAL CANTO SO NICK-NAMED HIMSELF.

Some Other Odd Nicknames—Soubriquets Which Have Been Bestowed Upon Great Persons at Various Times—Scott, Cromwell, Carlyle, and Even George Washington Are Included by the Chronicler.

The longest nickname ever bestowed upon an individual was that given by Sir Walter Scott to his friend and publisher, John Ballantyne, who had a most pompous and dignified manner. It is a name one would not care to be called upon to pronounce—Aldiborontiphosphorhonia.

Sir Walter himself had a score or more of nicknames, of which one of his best was a Homer of a Poet.

We are also accustomed to hear George Washington referred to as the Father of his Country, that it perhaps does not occur to us that he had other nicknames—all most complimentary. The Atlas of America, the Flower of the Forest and Lively Georgius are among a few of the dozen names bestowed upon him by admirers.

Shakespeare had 30 and 1 separate and distinct soubriquets given him, of which one of the complimentary ones was the Swan of Avon, and that not so flattering, the Upstart Crow. Alexander Pope's friends called him the Little Nightingale, and his enemies an Ape.

Among celebrated people who have been likened unto animals are Robert Southey, the Blackbird; Percy B. Shelley, the Snake; Voltaire, the Ape of Genius; the Devil's Missionary was another one of his pet names. Cardinal Wolsey was the Butcher's Dog and the Master's Cur; Virgil, the Swan of Mantua; the President, Martin Van Buren, the Weasel. This, however, is not so bad as being called the Best of Outthroats, as was the Duke of Wellington. Nor were the names given Oliver Cromwell, the choicest description for example—a Glorious Villain, Immortal Rebel, a Copper-faced Saint and His Noneship.

The Nightmare of Europe was Napoleon Bonaparte; Fiddly Doll, God of Day and Father Violet were some of his other nicknames.

Thomas Carlyle was Dr. Pessimist, Dante called himself the White Flower, because he had been bent by the frost of an unwhitened by the sun.

Of the effeminate names bestowed upon different people, there is School-miss Alfred, a title given by Bulwer in his poem, "The New Timon," to Alfred Tennyson, Edmund Spencer was Mother Hubbard, and Richard Cromwell, Queer Dick.

The woman upon whom the most complimentary epithet has been bestowed was Jane Austin, called the Shakespeare of Prose. The White Rose of Baby was Cecily, the mother of Edward IV. Mary Queen of Scots was the White Queen, because she dressed so much in white. The White-Milliner was Frances Jennings, sister of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. When reduced to poverty, she set up a small shop, where, dressed in white, with a white mask over her face, she eked out an existence, until some of her relatives came to her assistance.

Dreyfus' Home in Switzerland.

The spacious country house inhabited by Capt. Dreyfus is about two miles from Geneva, separated from the road to the village of Coligny by a high wall. It is only possible to see the roof of the building. The front of the villa Hauteville looks over the lake, with a splendid view of the Jura Mountains and the castle of Baron Rothschild. Before the house is a terraced lawn that runs down to the edge of the lake. Very large trees surround the villa. On the other side, on the left is the garden, and in the same direction about five minutes' walk is the house which Lord Byron inhabited while at Geneva. Capt. Dreyfus alone has his wife and two children, intends to stay here until October. Since his arrival, when his nephew, M. Paul Valabreque, two visitors have dined with him, along with a gentleman who came the same day as he. Nobody knows who this gentleman is. One or two tourists walk in the gardens on the opposite side of the lake and with their glasses try to see the roof of the building. With the exception of this attempt has been made to intrude on the captain in his seclusion.

Editors of newspapers are often in jeopardy of their lives and only by coolness and discretion do they escape from the harm which might otherwise come to them from cranks.

The editor of a certain newspaper in a New Jersey town was approached by a well known general whose death had been published in the paper several days before.

"I want that statement taken back, sir," cried the general, "or I'll have your life."

The editor looked frightened, but retaining his presence of mind, answered, "I am very sorry, my dear sir, but we do not take back anything we have published, nor can we contradict mistakes, but," with a broad smile, "to-morrow we'll publish your name in the column of births." The humor of the remark struck the general, and his anger was appeased.—Philadelphia Call.

To Clean Carved Ivory.

There was a time when ivory boxes, caskets and ornaments of every description were the fashion, and as perhaps some of my readers even now possess a similar relic of the past the following hint may be useful.

Make a paste of sawdust moistened with water and a few drops of lemon juice. Spread this quickly over the carved wood and let it dry on. Then brush off with a soft plate brush until every bit of dirt is removed. The lemon juice tends to whiten the ivory, so do not be too lavish with it, or you will spoil the natural tint of the ornament.

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Carling's is Always Good

Whether it's ale, porter, or lager, Carling's label on the bottle is an unquestionable guarantee that the contents are pure, sound and thoroughly matured. All dealers in high-class goods sell Carling's.



Never ask what you have no right to know; never tell other people what they have no right to know.

The most that we can do is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished.

There are some women who seem to be perennially youthful. The grown daughters are companions as well as children, and the color in the mother's cheeks, the brightness in her eyes, the roundness of her form, all speak of abounding health. What is her secret? She is at the middle age of life when so many women are worn, wasted and faded, and yet time has only ripened her charms. The secret of this matronly health and beauty may be told in the brief phrase, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The general health of woman is so intimately related to the local health of the delicate womanly organs, that where these are diseased, the whole body must suffer. "Favorite Prescription" drives the debilitating drains, heals ulceration and inflammation, cures female weakness and imparts to the delicate female organs natural vigor and vitality. Women who have lost their health and their beauty have been made "robust and rosy cheeked" by the use of this marvelous medicine.

From each object of nature and of life there goes a path toward God.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

By of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Springhill, N. S. W. M. DANIELS.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

GEORGE TINGLEY.

Albert Co., N. B.

Self will come to life even in the slaying of self.

In the Jaws of a Lion

The gallant Major Swaine tells of being knocked senseless by a lion that lacerated his arm. His thrilling escape from the jaws of death is only equaled by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved thousands from desperate Throat and Lung troubles. "All doctors said my wife would soon die of Consumption," writes L. C. Overstreet of Elgin, Tenn., "but your wonderful medicine completely cured her, and saved her life." Satisfaction is guaranteed by A. L. McCall & Co., who give trial bottles free. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

Everything doesn't come at once to anybody.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles and the result in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and bitter, run-down feeling, but, "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man," writes J. W. Gardner, of Idaho, Ind., "and we are all run-down and don't care whether we live or die. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life." Only 50c. Every bottle guaranteed by A. L. McCall & Co., druggists.

Forgive many things in others; nothing in yourself.—Aesopius.

Working Overtime.

Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work, night and day, curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, Sick Headache and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe, sure. Only 25c. at A. L. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store.

Life is to be fortified by friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence—Sidney Smith.

His Wonderful Nerve

Alone sustained Editor F. M. Higgins, of Seneca, Ill., by doctors and medicines failed to relieve his pain from piles. Then Bucklen's Arnica Balm wholly cured him. Infallible for "Jury, Pains or Bodily Eruptions. Cures troubles. Only 25c. a box. Sold by A. L. McCall & Co., Druggists.

Everybody has his disappointments, and the way to forget them is not by the wine we drink, but by the pleasure we give to others.—Anatole France.

He that waits on God must wait for Him.

HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURED IN NO TIME.

By using Dr. Price's Pain-Relieving Pills. Sure and harmless. Cures rheumatic and sciatic pains, toothache, etc.

PAINS: RHEUMATIC, SCIATIC, OR NEURALGIC CURED.

By Dr. Price's Pine Oil. Cures aches, backache, toothache, in fact Aches and Pains of any kind. 25c. For sale by C. H. Gunn & Co., Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

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PASTEBOARD SUN DIAL.

Any Boy Can Make One So That He Can Know Time Without Calling the Cook

MANKIND first began to note the passage of time thousands of years ago, before the age of clocks, and the original thinker noticed that when the branch of a tree cast its shadow at a certain spot the day was half over; and then watching the passage of the shadow and marking the places over which it passed, he was able to divide the day first into halves, then into quarters, and at last into twelfths, thus getting the hours. Although we have clocks and watches to-day, it is interesting to retrace these steps in measuring time, and here is a method by which any patient boy can make his own sun dial, so that he can know the hour without calling to the cook to ask if it is time to dress

for dinner. Take bits of ordinary cardboard, the tops of pasteboard boxes will do, and cut out some oblong pieces about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. Fasten two of them together lengthwise, on one side to form the pieces A, B in the illustration. Then bend the edge of a third piece and paste it to B, so as to have it stand at right angles, and for D. Make a slit in I, into which slide an upright piece C. This last marks the hours by casting the shadow C along the diagram which is drawn on B by watching the shadow and comparing it with a clock. On account of the difference of the distance of places from the equator and the inclination of the earth to the sun the piece B is made movable so that it can be elevated to the position which experiment shows to be right. In this way every boy can make his own sun dial and set it exactly so that it marks the hours of daylight correctly.

Southern Garden Plants.

The cane-brakes on the borders of the southern rivers are beautiful. Little folks never go there to play—there are too many snakes! But canes are brought up, in one way and another, for the children. We always had them to play with, writes Martha Young in Little Folks.

Long ago, before the gentle soft-voiced Indians, the Choctaws, left our State, wandering westward, we looked for them every spring to come into our villages, and ever to the plantations, bringing their wares to sell. They brought very beautiful baskets made of brightly-dyed and woven cane-reeds. What Alabama girl has not her own pretty Indian basket!

For the little boys they brought blow-guns and arrows.

The gun was a long straight cane, carefully hollowed out, the tough fibre of the joints burned through with red-hot wires.

Some of those marvelous guns were three yards long! The arrows were short wires, with a wisp of cotton firmly bound about one end and round and round was the cotton tightly bound until the arrow looked like a cat-tail growing by the brook.

The arrow was put into the long gun; then you lifted the gun in both hands as if it were a trumpet, and—blew!

How the arrow flew!

It was wonderful how expert at target-shooting we children became—we little girls used to shoot with these long slender blow-guns, as well as our brothers!

Then again we used to think, we little girls as well as our brothers, that nothing made so good a fishing-pole as the long little cane—how those natural rods would spring to the nibble of a fish!

And oh, the music we children used to get from our cane flutes! They were the true Indian flutes—the wild Choctaws used to bring them about to sell. They looked simple; but we knew by experience that it was not easy to make a cane flute that would "play," though it was just a section of cane, with a mouth-hole cut near the fibrous joint, the pith extracted, and small notches cut where the flangers might start and stop the breathing melody. What little southern girl has not worked for many a sunny hour, with her slow, patient little pocket-knife, trying to make a flute that would "sound."

Oh, the cool, waving, murmuring, rustling, even cane-brake! It is one of the dearest of all my childhood's out-door pictures! But it will not be very long, now, before all the rich old river-bottoms will be cleared up for the growing of cotton crops and corn. Then good-bye to reed baskets, and to blow-guns, and to cane fishing-poles, and to Indian flutes! The little southern children of the next generation will not know them!

The Art of Breathing

Breathing is an art. We ought to take in fourteen pints of air per minute. At the usual rate of breathing we do so. But if we get into a rarefied atmosphere we take in, at the usual rate of breathing, less than the fourteen pints. Sedentary people can get all the advantages to health of a long walk or other exercise by simply increasing the rate of breathing during one or two hours a day, thus adding to the amount of oxygen that enters the lungs.

Hot-weather Health

is easy to attain, easy to retain if you use

OUR NATIVE HERBS

Prevents and cures all summer complaints; regulates and tones the stomach; keeps all the organs healthy.

Keeps the blood pure, guaranteed or money back. At druggists or by mail.

THE ALONZO S. BLISS CO.
288 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Can.

JUST IN FUN

Bunko-steerer—How are all the folks in Philadelphia? Brooklyn Man (indignantly)—Why do you think I'm from Philadelphia? Bunko-steerer—Because you are so deeply absorbed in yesterday's paper.—Judge.

"A lady has written a letter to a New York paper saying she believes the devil is a woman." "Why? Because the devil is always after men?"

Manager—The play met with something of a frost last night. Playwright—Yes, but fortunately none of the papers roasted it this morning. Manager—Huh! There's cold comfort in that.—Philadelphia Press.

"Is this a case of long standing, madam?" asked the doctor of the patient's wife. "Oh, my goodness, no!" she replied. "He hasn't been on his feet in six weeks."—Chicago News.

Rose—I would never marry a man without principle. Lilly—Nor I. And I should want his principal to be big enough to allow us to live well on the interest, too.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Do you know what makes money so scarce?" asked the man who was making an inflammatory speech on social subjects. "Yes, sir," answered a man in the front row. "It's sitting here listening to you, instead of going to work."—Washington Star.

"Ah, yes," sighed the girl, "he works in an atmosphere of art."

"I should think from the smell of his clothes," her mother answered, "that he works in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"How did you like my speech," inquired the orator. "It was too short," answered the disagreeable friend. "Ah, you wanted more of it?" "Emphatically. The applause for the speaker who followed you woke me in the middle of a beautiful nap."—Washington Star.

"Papa," exclaimed Johnny, struggling with a very copious brand of influenza, "if the nose is an organ, why don't it have stops?"

Julius—Oh, if you'd only love me as warmly as I do you! Nellie—We would both be cremated, I fear.

Tom—Yes, I always laugh at John's funny sayings. I am under certain obligations to him, you know. Jack—Why, what a coincidence. I owe him money, too.

"I say, Broom!" "Call me by my whole name, if you please. It has a handle to it, and it was meant to be used, sir." "That's so. Well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

"No, Bobbie," said his mother; "one piece of it is quite enough for you." "It's funny," responded Bobbie, with an injured air. "You say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice!"

Wash a baby up clean and dress him up pretty, and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness; but let him eat chocolates, gingerbread, and play about with the coal-scuttle for about half-an-hour, and he will bestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt bosom and be the loveliest little rascal in all the world.

Fangle—What did you buy for a birthday present for your wife, Cumso? Cumso—A box of fine cigars. "She doesn't smoke, does she?" "No, but I do."

A CARD.

We the undersigned do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle they do not relieve Constipation and headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used. J. W. McLaren, chemist, 51 King St., Chatham, Ont.; Powell & Davis, chemists, King St., Chatham, Ont.; C. H. Gunn & Co., druggists, King St. Chatham, Ont.; R. C. Bart, chemist, King St., Chatham.

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