

"All Dunlop Tires in 1900"

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

"The Dunlop detachable tire is guaranteed against all facts 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 test."

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

Please Read Me
I am
McConnell's Special

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22
WHEN WE SHALL SELL
FOR CASH

Fruit Jars at present cost price.
Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb.
Ginger Snaps.....50 lb.
Sardines.....50 lb.
8 bars Sweet Home Soap.....25c
Mixed Biscuits.....50 lb.
Bacon.....10c
A Japan Tea, new season, usual price 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
Sign 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 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 all from A to Z.

Reprint Dictionaries
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.

Illustrated pamphlet free.

C. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Eggs for Hatching

From Bred Plymouth Rocks, and Black Minorcas all from the best stock at hand. The first prize at the Penitentiary, Boston, for 1899, was for 13 eggs \$1.00. Special Price for large quantities. All orders promptly filled.

W. W. Everitt,
Maine City, Maine

Ice Cream and Cream Soda

Wm. Somerville
PHONE 10, Next Standard Bank.

Ask for Minkard's and take no other.

THE GARGOYLE.

BEAUTY SIMPLY A QUESTION OF INDIVIDUAL TASTE.

It was a little gargoyle, high up among the dizzy turrets of the great cathedral. A happy little gargoyle, and a useful withal—for did it not serve to carry through its leaden mouth some rain along the roofs of the mighty building? Never a thought of sorrow or a hint of disappointment came into the life of this quaintly carved cathead waterspout from the day that its cunning artificer set it up there in the clasp of the belfry, until—Alas, that there should be an "until" to the happiness of so many in this world, be they human folk or gargoyle!

But first you must know how the gargoyle looked.

It was really, but a waterspout. The old architects, however, were not content with mere spouts of undistinctive lead. They shaped them into all kinds of curious forms—odd devices, laughable figures and fanciful faces.

Now, our particular gargoyle was the very pink and pearl of its tribe. The architect had set it as his trade mark, latest of all his gargoyles, on the face of the belfry tower. If you were in an evil mood you might call it the ugliest gargoyle—the very ugliest of all the world. It represented a great, shapeless head, wholly cold—the mouth twisted into a grin. And such a grin!

It was the most comical, absurd, and grotesque grin to be seen East, West, North, or South. A giant, forked tail grew out of the gargoyle's chin and curled round and round its head. Its eyes were big and round, but the nose between them seemed so small that one hesitated whether to call it a nose at all, or only a pair of nostrils.

Yet the gargoyle was not by any means hideous, as you would readily own when in a good humor. The very effort to make it so had produced the opposite effect. The gargoyle was beautiful in its grotesque humor. It was a true work of art. And it was as happy as it was artistic; until—

One pleasant October morning the gargoyle was turning itself in the sun, and grinning good-naturedly as it had grained for centuries over the world below. There lay the wide cathedral square; and there the roofs of the great city, broken with countless spires and chimneys. Far beyond, the fresh, green country

stretched blithely to the horizon's rim. The town was waking up, and the people were collecting in the streets; but the gargoyle paid little attention to the people. Its real friends were the jackdaws and suchlike feathered folk that dwelt nearly among the cathedral spires. These had no fear of the lofty towers, and flew each day to perch on the gargoyle's head and tell him the news of the cathedral.

Once a strange bird perched on the waterspout. It was smaller than the jackdaws were, and one gargoyle knew it to be a sparrow. Sad chattering sparrows; and not always kindly chattering like the goodnatured jackdaws.

"I cannot tell you the gossip of this big stone heap," said the sparrow curtly. "I am no newslinger for ugly gargoyles."

"Yes, I really think you are the ugliest gargoyle I ever perched or peeped at in all my sparrow life."

The gargoyle was puzzled. "Ugly!" it repeated. "What is ugly?" "You don't know," cried the sparrow. "You, the embodiment of ugliness!"

"Why, 'ugly' signifies evil to look upon, hideous, vile, badly fashioned and a score of other disagreeable things. An ugly person pains any one that looks at him. If I were ugly I should hang myself on yonder wire."

The poor gargoyle was silent. After centuries of content it was hard to take in all this bad news at once.

Presently said the sparrow, rejoicing in the grief he had caused: "Do you see that fine marble statue that has been built down in the square? It is a statue of a great statesman. Well, that statue is your very opposite. It is beautiful, good to look upon, dazzling, while you are simply ugly."

Those words were a fresh word through-out Christendom.

They could have touched the gargoyle with their hands as they stood thus; but such a visit awakened little interest in that forlorn piece of individual imagery.

"The great square is directly below," added the mayor with pardonable pride. "That handsome statue yonder is considered one of our rare monuments."

The artist glanced at the marble in the square—that famous statue which the sparrow had praised so highly.

"You will pardon me," he answered "Mr. Mayor, if I cannot agree with you as to the merits of the sculpture. You have many things to boast of in your grand old city, but that is not one of them. My dear sir, that statue is not even artistic. To me at least it is positively repellent—it is ugly."

The leader heart of the poor gargoyle felt a thrill of not unusual pleasure. The gargoyle had been called ugly, too; but that did not seem so hard now, since it had such a fine companion in misfortune.

But the waterspout's happiness was not an end here.

The sculptor in turning his head caught sight of the gargoyle. His eyes dilated with surprise.

"Look at that waterspout!" he exclaimed. "It is a wonderful piece of work. I do not think I have ever seen so perfect a gargoyle. There's beauty for you—grotesque, if you will, but beauty always."

Judge the gargoyle's joy as these words of gold fell upon its misshapen ears. It was a new gargoyle. All the misery passed away like the smoke from the city chimneys—like the swallows from the belfry eaves at the first nip of frost. The sparrows were forgotten.

The days were whirling around the belfry that evening when they heard the voice of the gargoyle calling joyously:

"Come hither, my friends," it cried, "come and give me joy. My sorrows have passed. I forgive you, for I was misled by a false speaker."

And thereafter there was happiness in the heart of the cathedral gargoyle.

Every-Day Money.

No twenty-cent silver pieces have been coined at any of the United States mints since by an act passed in May, 1878, such coinage was prohibited. The coinage of this piece went on for five years only, and the weight was not even seventy-seven grains. There are now of them outstanding about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Since February, 1887, no trade dollars of silver have been coined, and the total amount of these in circulation, though not in circulation, is now thirty-five million dollars. The coinage of the trade dollar was begun in 1873, to compensate in part for the effects of the "crime of 1873," so called by the silverites, and it was not until fourteen years later that it was discontinued.

An odd coin of silver very rare nowadays is the silver half-dime of twenty grains, the coinage of which was originally authorized by act of Congress in April, 1792, more than a century ago. The coinage of half-dimes was continued until 1873. There are now of them nearly one million dollars' worth in existence, though they are rarely seen in circulation. Still another small and now retired silver coin of much more recent origin is the three-cent silver piece, first authorized in March, 1851, but not coined since February, 1873.

The weight of the three-cent silver piece was twelve and one-half grains, whereas the legal weight of the three-grain nickel piece is still in occasional use was thirty grains. There are outstanding one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of three-cent silver pieces.

The coinage of gold dollars was discontinued in 1834. There are still in circulation one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of three-cent silver pieces.

Profanity.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the verge of a new era. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most profane in the degrading language.

HALF SICK WOMEN

What multitudes of women are to-day miserable! They are half sick, they keep on working, they hear them say "I will be better to-morrow." How foolish! They will be worse to-morrow! Women, do not take such chances when you are rundown, you need a remedy; and when you take a remedy, you need the very best; you do not want a cure all, you do not want old-fashioned remedies. Take the best, take the one that cures, the one that has made its reputation by curing women. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for women alone. Thousands upon thousands of women have testified to their great merit. They can cure you quickly, permanently and cheaply. Fifty Red Pills for 50c. last longer than any \$1.00 old-fashioned liquid medicine; but you should not consider the price, you should think of their efficacy. It is the efficacy of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills that has made them famous the world over.

Here are a few women who have tried Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and if you doubt what we say, write them; we give you their names and addresses:

Mrs. W. J. Hill, 428 Kedgwick, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from female weakness. I tried many remedies, but none have done me so much good as Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. I am now strong and healthy, and I feel like a new woman."

Mrs. J. D. Duggan, 115 Duffell Street, Providence, R. I., writes:

"Dr. Coderre's Red Pills have cured me of different female troubles that I have had. I believe them to be the best remedy on earth, for as soon as I began to take them I felt better. I kept on taking them and to-day I am cured and feel like a new woman."

Mrs. Jennie Anthony, 254 South Street, Detroit, Mich., writes:

"These sufferings with stomach aches, nervous headaches and diarrhoea, I was all rundown and felt miserable until I began taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills which were recommended to me by a friend. Now I am strong and healthy, and I have been for years. I never thought that any Pills could ever do so much for me."

Mrs. J. J. Burdington, 70 Clinton Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:

"My case was indeed a bad one when I began to take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. I was suffering from female weakness. I was rundown, my blood was very poor. I was looking awful. I am now strong and healthy, and I have been for years. I never thought that any Pills could ever do so much for me."

Send us your name on special card and we will mail you our Doctor's book, Pale and Weak Women. Read the circular around each box of Pills carefully, and follow the directions. Since Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a purgative, you will please understand that Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets if necessary. They sell at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Each box of Red Pills contains fifty Pills for 50c. or six boxes for \$2.50. They are sold by all first class druggists. If you cannot procure them where you live, write to us and we will mail them the same day. Address all letters to:

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.
Boston, Mass. Office: Montreal, Can. Office: 241 Tremont, St. 1-274 St. Denis, St.

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

FUNNY THINGS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH.

TRANSMUTATION.

"Can you love a man who's old?"

"Yes, if he has also one more letter to add to that."

"Another letter?"

"G, dear, to make old gold."

WHEN THE SWALLOWS ROSEWARD FLY.

NOT FOR PEDESTRIANS.

Customer—See here, the soles of these shoes that I bought of you day before yesterday are already coming off!

Shoemaker—Have you been walking in them?

Customer—Of course!

Shoemaker—Oh, that explains it! I work for people who ride in their carriages.

You note probably in our testimonials that we do not give all the details. We think this unnecessary. When a woman testifies that she has been cured of female weakness, every intelligent woman understands what it means. It means backaches, side aches, bearing down pains, irregularities, stomach troubles, fainting spells and dizziness. A woman who suffers from female weakness may have a few earnestly all these symptoms, and it is these symptoms, and many others peculiar to women, that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women cure. Ladies, this is a remedy which is not to be compared with any other recommended to you as a cure all or some other old-fashioned liquid medicine. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are adapted to women of all ages. Do not be deceived; they are for no bad purpose. Married women can use them at any time.

If your case is of long standing, write a full description of it to our French Doctor who will be giving you the best medical advice absolutely free, or, if you prefer, call at our office, where they can be seen every day except Sunday.

Send us your name on special card and we will mail you our Doctor's book, Pale and Weak Women. Read the circular around each box of Pills carefully, and follow the directions. Since Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a purgative, you will please understand that Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets if necessary. They sell at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Each box of Red Pills contains fifty Pills for 50c. or six boxes for \$2.50. They are sold by all first class druggists. If you cannot procure them where you live, write to us and we will mail them the same day. Address all letters to:

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

Oct. 9, 10, 11

These are the dates for the great Peninsular Fair at Chatham this year. Special reduced rates have been obtained over all the railroads so that it won't cost you much to spend two days with us, and we guarantee you an interesting time. This is our programme for

Trials of Speed

Wednesday, Oct. 10

2.40 Trot and Pace.....\$200 00
2.24 Pace and 19 Trot.....250 00
Half Mile Run.....100 00

Thursday, Oct. 11

2.30 Trot.....\$200 00
2.18 Pace and 2.14 Trot.....250 00
Farmers' Race—1st prize, Fanning Mill, donated by M. Campbell & Co., and.....15 00
2nd prize, Road Cart, donated by Wm. Gray & Sons Co., and.....10 00
3rd prize, Pump and 20 feet Pipe, donated by Park Bros., and.....5 00
Farmers' Race, No. 2—1st prize, Rug, value.....8 00
2nd prize, Lamp, value.....5 00
3rd prize, Whip, value.....2 00
Prizes in Race No. 2, donated by Kings, Cunningham & Drew. Entry Fee \$1.

Conditions
Horses eligible Sept. 15th, entries closed Oct. 3rd.
(Note: Eligible Oct. 3rd appears on Programme cards, but the date has been changed by the management to Sept. 15th.)
Five per cent to enter and five per cent additional from winners.
Five to enter, four to start, unconditional entries.
Purses divided 50c, 25c, 15c and 10 per cent; best 3 in 5 to harness.
Running, 2 in 3, O. J. C. to govern. Catch weights. Money divided 50, 20 and 20 per cent, 4 to enter, 3 to start.
Old distance rules. Horse distancing field, first money only.
Drivers and riders must appear in proper costumes. The society reserves the right to declare all races off on account of weather or other causes, in which event money will be refunded; also the right to change the order of races.
National Trotting Association Rules to govern. Hobbies allowed. Free stables found. Hay for horses that are entered.

JAMES CHINNICK, Chairman.
HENRY ROBINSON, Sec. Agricultural Society.
W. A. HADLEY, Secretary.

Used one barrel of Flour and one fire pot of coal.

Famous Active Range

42 Styles and Sizes.

BURNS COAL OR WOOD.

THE THERMOMETER, VENTILATED OVEN, FIRE-CLAYED BOTTOM, HEAVY CAST-IRON LININGS, AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS ASSIST IN SAVING FUEL.

PAMPHLET FREE from your dealer or our nearest house.

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