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BAMBUUZLING GRANDMA

good!"
whispered while beside her

And laid his rosy cheek, With manner very meek, her dear old face in loving

"There never was a nicer grandma I know some little boys must be for-

Because they've none like you. I wonder what I'd do Without a grandma's kisses night and

He kissed her and he smoothed her

snow white hair; Then fixed her ruffled cap, And nestled in her lap, While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm chair.

When I'm a man what things to you A horse and carriage and a watch and

All grandmas are so nice (Just here he kissed her twice), And grandmas give a good boy every-

Before his dear old grandma could re-This boy looked up, and with a roug-

uish eye Then whispered in her ear That nobody might hear:

-Nebraska State Journal.

### ROSA OF TANNENBURG.

In a great stone castle in the midst of the deep pine forests of Germany, there lived, a great many years ago, the knight of Tannenburg, and his daughter, Rosa. It was in the days when the lawless nobles of the country were constantly quarreling with one another, each burning his neighbor's grain and stealing his cattle while the owner was fighting in distant wars.

The castle of Tannenburg was like all castles of that time, strongly fortified and surrounded by high walls and a deep moat. In an upper room, one warm summer day, Rosa and her father sat together. The knight had just come home from the wars, badly wounded, and Rosa, a fair-haired girl of seventeen, sat by him working over

her gayly colored tapestry.
"Father," she said. "Tell me the story of how you got the chain round your neck." Rosa had heard the story a hundred

times before now, but she never tired of hearing it any more than the old knight of telling it.

"When I was a page at court," began the knight, stroking his long, gray beard, "a great tournament was given in honor of a French prince who came to visit our emperor. There I saw your mother for the first time and so lovely was she that she was elected to be the queen of beauty, and was to give the prize, a golden chain, to the victor. I loved her from the moment I saw her and her beauty gave me such strength and daring that I came out first in the games, much to the chagrin of the young baron of Odenwald, who opposed me flercely in the tourney. He was, like myself, a suitor for the hand of the queen of beauty, and when I finally won her for my bride he swore that he would have his revenge on

"But," interrupted Rosa, "his cas tle is only fifteen miles from us, and he has done us no harm yet."

"Yes," answered her father, "that was many years ago, and he has now a young wife and two children, but he still hates me bitterly and-

A loud clamor in the courtyard interrupted the story, and on looking out of the window to their consternation they saw the very man they were speaking of the baron Odenwald, and his soldlers marching up to the castle doors. The knight's soldiers were still at the wars and the few old men left to guard the castle had been eastly overpowered by the fierce baron.

Rosa screamed with terror. She heard the tramp of armed feet coming up the stairs. In came the haughty baron of Odenwald and ordered his men to bind and carry off the wounded and helpless knight of Tannenburg. In vain were Rosa's tears and prayers. The unfortunate knight was hurried off, Rosa turned out of the castle, which was looted, and then locked up, and the poor girl left weeping and dis-

consplate. All night she wandered through the dark pine forest till she came to a charcoal-burner's hut, where she was taken in and kindly treated. Days passed by and Rosa longed to see her father once more, and perhaps, help him to escape. Accordingly, one day she stained her face with brownberry juice, changed her own pretty dress for a peasant's coarse cotton gown, and with a large basket of mushrooms on her arm, started off for the castle of

Odenwald. The sentinel, seeing only a harmless little peasant girl, let her pass over the drawbridge and through the castle gates. She walked up to the porter's lodge, where the porter's wife stood in the doorway scolding her children. The baron of Odenwald was extremely fond of mushrooms, and the basketfulf was soon bought and paid for by the

porter's wife. "Will you not stay with me and help me look after the children and cook, the food for the prisoners?" she asked after a few moments' chat with Rosa. "I need a young, strong girl like you and I will give you a new dress every year if you will stay."

her duties, none too light, began that very day. She had to light the fire in morning, dress the children, help the porter's wife cook the most uneavory soup for the prisoners of the castle and do many other things. One

day the porter came to his wife and trid her that he was obliged to go away with the baron for some days and that she would have to take the prisoners' food to them, besides cookindeed," replied his wife

thieves in those cells and I will not go near them." "Let me go," begged Rosa. "I will

promptly, "there are murderers and

do it for you."
"Very well," said the porter, rather "There never was a dearer grandma; surprised at her request, "come with ne and I will show you how to unlock

Together they went down a winding flight of stone steps opened as door heavily bolted and barred and down a long, dark corridor, dimly lighted by the porter's lantern. On one side were small stone cells behind whose iron gratings wild, cruel faces gleamed in the light of the passing lantern. Hid-cous oaths and fearful taughter followed them, and Rosa shrank, frightened, to the porter's side.

"Do you fear them," he said, "they cannot possibly escape. This man, however, is good and gentle, and you can go right into his cell." He stopped in front of one of the gratings and held up his lantern. Rosa's heart beat fast and loud. There, on a wretched beap of straw, lay her father, asleep, pale and emaciated. She longed to call to him, but remembered she must be ellent before the porter, and they "Say, grandma ,have you any more left him sleeping and walked back through the long corridor, bolting the heavy door behind them.

The next day Rosa took into prison the bowls of unappetizing soup, pushed one under every grating and finally came to her father's cell. Unlocking his door she rushed in and knelt by the sick man's side. "Father! Father!" she cried. "Rosa!" exclaimed the knight, recognizing his daughter in spite of the brown stain and rough dress. He took her in his arms and together they wept over their terrible misfortunes. Then Rosa told her father all her adventures since he had been sarried off, until the sound of the great bell of the castle coming dim and muffled through the thick dungeon walls warned her that it was time to

go back to the porter's wife. Twice every day Rosa brought food to the prisoners, and thus saw her father. Escape, however, was not possible. The walls were too well guarded, and as the days slipped by the poor knight grew worse and Rosa despaired.

One morning the castle was filled with noise and busy movement. The news that the baron was to return that evening with a large company of guests flew from mouth to mouth. So excited were they all that the nursemaid forgot her precious charges, the baron's two little sons, who were playing in the courtyard, while she gossiped with the scullerymaid over the coming event.

flew across the yard, and away went the two children after it. The butterfly settled for a moment on the edge of the bucket dangling over the well. The eldest of the children clambered up, stretched out his little hand to reach the gay plaything, lost his balance and fell in. The baroness at the window saw and fainted at the sight. Men and maids rushed up, and among them Rosa. Down into the dismal depth of the well they peered and saw the lit-

tle fellow's coat had caught on a sharp stone projecting half-way down the Rosa saw that the coat was alwell. ready beginning to tear; that there was no time to be lost, and, jumping into the bucket, told the men to let her down gently till she reached the boy. Soon the child was safe in her arms and the bucket, with its occupants, carefully brought up to the mouth of the well.

It was many hours after that the baron of Odenwald, sitting in the great hall of the castle with his guests, heard the story of his son's narrow escape from death and of Rosa's plucky act. "Bring the girl bere!" he command-

ed, and Rosa was brought in, her rough peasant dress contrasting with the gay costumes of the knights and

ladies in the hall. "Girl," said the baron, "you saved my son's life. Ask what you will of

me and I will give it you." "Baron of Oldenwald," asswered Rosa, boldly, "there is one favor I will ask of you. Give up your prisoner, the knight of Tannenburg, to me."

"No, no! Not that!" frowned the 'A murmur went around the hall

from the guests-"Your word;" "your honor"-and the baron turned pale with chagrin and rage. By his order the wounded knight was brought up from the dungeon. Astonished and almost blinded by the bright light he gazed around him, whilst Rosa quietly put her hand in his.

"My daughter, what does this mean?" he said. "His daughter," murmured the

guests once more. The whole story then came out, a econciliation was affected between the knight and the baron and the property

of the former restored to him, Some days later Rosa and her father sat together in an upper chamber of the castle, the knight with the glow of returning health on his face, Rosa in a pretty little silk gown and the brownberry stain completely disap-

peared. "Father," said Rosa, "this is a happy ending after all to the story of the golden chain."

"Yes, dear," answered her father. "I began the story, but it was my brave little daughter who brought it to this happy termination.—Chicago land. He was the first Christian to dine Record.

LIVING IN JUNEAU.

me Features of Life in the Principal Cit

Juneau is not a pious town, notwith-standing it has a Methodist, a Presby-terian, an Episcopal, a Greek, a Cath-olic, and an indian church, all of them thrifty. The fact is, Juneau is a good deal Parisian in its style, and is decidedly wide open. Gambling places, sa loons, dance halls and dives abound, and they appear to be a necessity existing conditions. The streets of Juneau, beyond the one at the water front, are mostly uphill, and they are all paved with plank. Wagons are few ten in all, but there are platform sleds on low runners that can slide down a street like a toboggan. There are twenty-five horses in town and one buggy. There are twenty bicycles, but just where they can run is not apparent. There is an opera house, and a unique method of having shows in it. Every Friday night it is open to the best people, at \$1 a seat, with selected talent from the variety shows of the town where the best people cannot go

except the men. Socially Juneau is quite gay, and pink and other hued teas prevail in the afternoons, while assemblies, balls and other functions take up the night time. On special occasions flowers are ordered from Seattle. There are twenty-five or thirty ladies, who are prominent in society, and entertain. Men are plenty, but there are few unmarried women, and there is an urgen

demand for them. There are two banks, and the stores are very large, with fine window displays. One firm pays its window trimmer \$105 a month. What 3,500-size town in the States does as well as that? Extensive stocks are carried running from \$10,000 to \$150,000, with annual sales running as high as \$350,-000 at retail. There is a bigbusiness done in Indian curios, the Indians selling as high as \$20,000 worth a year from their houses and on the streets. One excursion steamer last season carried out \$3,000 worth of Indian bas-

The press is represented by the Dispatch (daily,) and its weekly, the Morning Record, by E. C. Russell, Jr., a hustler; the Alaska Miner and the Truth are weeklies.

There are two or three libraries and free reading rooms maintained by the citizens, and they are all well patronized. Dealers sell large quantities of paper-back novels as well, and all the periodicals of the East are in eager demand. There is no police in Juneau, the

police function being in the hands of deputy United States marshals, and there is little disorder. The fact that a man can find trouble very easily if he is looking for it acts as a deterrent to disorder, and scraps are few and far petween. Nobody has been shot within a year. About a year ago a deputy marshal was killed and three wounded. This seems to have cleared the atmosphere morally. Nothing on earth could do it meteorologically, for Juneau has a climate that is all cloud and fog and mist and rain for about 367 days in the year.

All kinds of hardy vegetables are raised around the town, and one man has a floral garden where roses and other flowers flourish as the green bay tree. Prices are quite reasonable. good board may be had at from \$5 \$6 a week, and rooms at from \$10 to \$20 a month. Drinks are 25 cents each except beer, which is 15 cents, and cigars are usually two for a quarter, but good five-cent cigars are to be had, and the time-tried, fire-tested Pittsburg and Wheeling stogie can be had at "two fer," or \$2 a hundred. A shave costs a quarter, and a hair cut 50 cents. Best hotels, which have water, electric light and all the modern improvements, charge \$2 and \$3 a day, and some very fair as low as \$1 a day. Juneau, a thousand miles from everywhere, is a cheaper place to live in, comfort for comfort, than New York city is, which is in the midst of every-

The town is lighted by electricity from a fine plant, and it has waterworks, supplied by mountain streams, so high up that there is force enough to throw water all over town. It is cold water, too, and beautifully clear. Forty-five merchants and other per-

sons have telephones. A brass band of twelve pieces wakes the echoes now and then, and as long as the echoes do not complain, nobody else ought to or does. Washington Evening Star.

Unique Distinctions of H. R. H. Here are some interesting facts

about the Prince of Wales, which are condensed from his biography as written by his private secretary:

He is a Colonel eight times over. He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist him.

He receives 200 letters a day and answers most of them. He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

His uniforms are worth \$75,000. He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England. He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He started life with an income of \$55,000 a year. He loves to travel incognito in Paris. His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,-

000 a year. He has friends in every nation and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs

He is 57 years old and has four grandchiloren. When he was young he was very

tender-hearted and cried for days when a tutor left him. He is said to be one of the best! shots in England.

He sets the fashions in clothes for the whole world. He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones.

He owns the deepest mine in Engwith the Sultan .- Buffalo Times.

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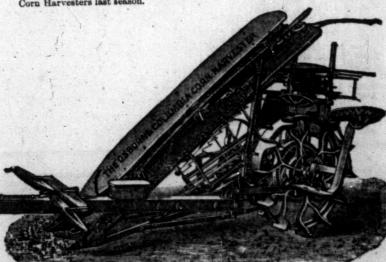
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