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When you hire a wheel from the Bicycle Livery look at the tires.

If they are Dunlop Tires then you can rest assured that the wheel has a good peg, for in its every part.

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Nothing but the purest should be used.

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

Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.

Price 25c per lb.
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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 subscription to papers.

A word of warning to 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, shoddy copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about \$1.50, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then 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 merit business one familiar to this generation, contains over 600 pages, with illustrations on 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 REVISIONARY DICTIONARY.

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Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb.

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We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter during the day that will astonish you. Call in and see them.

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SICKENING CARGOES.

SUFFERINGS CAUSED TO SAILORS AT SEA BY THE SHIP'S LOAD.

Coffee is Bad Enough, and Pine Lumber is Still Worse, but the Fumes From Warm, Moist Sugar Are Enough to Kill an Ordinary Man.

It was in one of the little river front eating houses in Brooklyn frequented by sailors from the coasters which are loading or unloading. A big, powerful sailor who looked as if he had never in his life known what it was to be sick for a day entered and took a chair opposite a longshoreman who had already ordered and was waiting for his dinner. As the sailor was looking over the bill of fare with that critical and hesitant eye that characterizes Jack ashore from a long voyage with a discriminating sea appetite upon him, the waiter brought in a cup of steaming coffee and set it down before the longshoreman. As the odor of it reached the sailor's nostrils he bent upon the cup a gaze of concentrated disgust and hatred. Then he turned deadly pale, rose from his seat and staggered toward the door.

"Been drinking a little too much for your tonnage, mate?" asked the proprietor, helping him to the door.

"Haven't had a drop today," said the man huskily. "It's that coffee."

"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the river front."

"That's all right," replied the sailor with an effort, "but I just got in off a coffee ship this morning."

"Oh," said the proprietor comprehendingly. "If that's the case, I'll fix you off in the corner, where you'll be all right."

A table was set for him far from the apparent peace. Now, there was in the eating house a landman of an inquiring turn of mind who failed to understand the wherefore of all this, so he questioned the proprietor, who has been long on the river front and is himself a graduate from before the mast and has sailed in many waters of the world.

"Nothing queer about that," he said in response to the landman's question. "He's been out on a coffee ship; that's all. He won't want to see or smell coffee for weeks, let alone taste it."

"Do they feed them nothing but coffee on the coffee ships?" asked the landman in the innocence of his soul.

"Feed 'em? Tisn't the feed; it's the smell that knocks 'em. For a week or ten days it isn't bad; it's just a rather a pleasant smell, that of the green berry, but after that it begins to get on your mind. In damp weather, if it's a long voyage, it's something terrible."

"There's other cargoes," continued the ex-sailor, "that's just as bad. You might think guano was one of 'em, but it isn't. Guano's Rose of Sharon perfume compared to sugar. Didn't suppose there was any smell to sugar, eh? Well, you take it in a bowl and there ain't. But take a cargo of it and let it steam in a temperature of from 90 to 110, with plenty of damp to work it up, and I'd like to see what you'd think if it then took as, as we could get and even put out the small boats when it was still and lay in them to get relief."

"When provisions had to be got out of the hold, the cook went down with jute bagging tied over his nose and mouth to keep out the fumes, but after a couple of trips he fainted, and they sent me in. Two descents laid me out. I thought it was going to die. In my time I've seen folks that were tolerable seamen, but all they did was a maiden's sigh to my performances. If it wasn't convulsions, it was so mighty near it that I thought I was gone and felt like I couldn't go too quick to suit brought. You got me around with lime juice, but it was weeks after landing before I wanted any sweetening in mine."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of stink existing for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man'll dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on shipboard. But pine lumber really takes the cake when it fairly gets into everything. Never happened to suffer much from that sort of cargo myself, but I saw a crew that came just as near death from too much pine resin as men can come and pull through."

"We were in port at Rio when a ship came in laden with pine lumber. More than that, the fool of a skipper had let somebody supply him with pine water bottles. Well, the resin began to get into the water, and first they knew the crew was pretty well poisoned with it. Then they got so that they couldn't swallow the water at all, or if they did they couldn't hold it down a second. And there wasn't any other water aboard. They were in mighty danger of dying of thirst with plenty of water aboard just because the old man was new to that kind of voyaging. Rio happened to be the nearest port, and though it was far out of their course, they put for it as the only chance of saving their lives. I'd hate to see again such a looking lot as they were. They were dried out like mummies and so weak that I don't see how they ever worked the ship at all. When they got in, we thought at first it was black smallpox, they were such fearful looking objects. When they did get sweet water again, they drank till I thought they'd burst, and how they did fight when we tried to get the panikins away for fear they'd kill themselves. Some of 'em died in the hospital from the effects. I never shipped on a pine loaded ship after seeing that."

A Happy Day.

Two little London girls who had been sent by the kindness of the vicar's wife to have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their return, said:

"Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We see two pigs killed and a gentleman buried."

Nothing but Draw and Paint.

Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.

Proprietor of Old Fashioned Inn—Yes, sir; as he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but draw a paint all day.

The Chinese Almanac.

The Chinese almanac is the monopoly of the emperor, none other being allowed within his dominions. No Chinaman deems his household complete without a copy of this unique document on account of the wonderful information as to lucky and unlucky days which it contains. As the estimated population of China is something like 400,000,000 souls it will be seen that, if ever a monopoly was worth retaining, it is that which the emperor exercises upon the Chinese almanac.

SELECTIONS

VALUE OF APRICOT PITS.

Prussic Acid and Almond Oil Made From Them.

The value of apricot pits is being commercially demonstrated this season. Time was, and not long ago, when the humble pit was a waste product, a valueless something that was spurned as being ever in the way. Later it was dignified with a value; it commanded \$5 a ton to be used as fuel under the boilers where steam power was generated. It burned well and made a desirable fuel. Now the uses to which the erstwhile despised pit is put are many. The demand is running ahead of the supply, and its value is continually increasing. It is made to yield up its contents of marketable poison—prussic acid. It gives a very desirable quality of "almond oil," it enters largely into the manufacture of candy in places, Germany, for instance; it is even said to be useful in the fabrication of baking powder. These are some of the pit's possibilities. There are others.

The price of apricot pits started this season at \$5 a ton and has now reached \$7.50. A San Francisco house has contracted with the California Fruit Canners' association for all the apricot pits that may be saved in this season's operations.

We are informed that a merchant in this city is willing to pay \$9 a ton for clean, dry apricot pits, delivered. Last year about 500 tons of uncracked pits were shipped by sailing vessels to Germany, and it is estimated that fully 1,000 tons will be exported to that country this season. The Golden Gate Fruit Packing company has been experimenting with pits and finds that one pound of kernels is about the average from 24 pounds of pits. The kernels are assorted and shipped east.

Those who are handling apricots should save the pits. Spread them to dry, and when this is thoroughly done stack, and there will be found no difficulty in finding a market for them. Though apricot kernels are used after treatment in the manufacture of candy, the eating of them as they come from the pit or stone is not advised.—California Fruit Grower.

Kearns—Klarsarge.

"Klarsarge"—short for Hezekiah and clipped from Sargent; No red man was Hezekiah, but he sold hard cider on his farm at the base of New Hampshire's noble mountain, and "Klarsarge" was famous the country round for his cheer. Anybody ask what that peak was? "Klarsarge" was the answer. So it came to be "Klarsarge," as still printed on some New Hampshire maps, and then the poet changed the "i" to an "e," and there you have it. Mount Kearns. "What's in a name?" I hear that the captain of our last new battleship remarked to Admiral Farquhar when he told him his discovery in White Mountain lore: "Fah! No Indian about it." Just plain Hezekiah Sargent.—Boston Journal.

A Decision on Tips.

The treasury department has ruled that tips to sleeping car porters are a legitimate traveling expense. Contract Name Sylvester E. Askerson, who had been employed on the transport Missouri, was ordered to Brooklyn from the Presidio at San Francisco. Transportation and sleeping car section were furnished him. When he arrived, however, he charged the government 50 cents expense money, which he had spent on tips to sleeping car porters. This raised the question whether such tips are legitimate expenses, and after a long delay and much red tape the comptroller of the treasury has ruled that the 50 cents should be paid.

To Utilize the Sparrow.

The English sparrow, which has proved such a nuisance since his advent in this country, is at last to be eradicated. It is the women's hats that are going to it. The milliners say. Fashion shows more and more signs of "coming in," and therefore there must be more of them to supply the demand. There are many accessible sparrows, which are among the birds not prohibited for millinery use, and we shall have everything in the bird line made from the plump little fellows who fill our streets. Dyeing feathers is an art, say nothing of pasting feathers, and the sparrow in his way can play many parts.—New York Times.

A Glimpse of Cape Nome.

"I haven't felt so well for two years," writes F. P. Burr of Lawrence from Cape Nome. "When you get this, telephone Gibson and tell him I am all right. But hold on a minute! I just heard five shots. Well, another man on land and another shot in the head over 100 feet from my tent. One man died in an hour; the other was shot in the head and will likely get well. I think the dead man had a claim that the other fellow wanted, but we don't know for sure. They have arrested two men, and I think there will be a hanging bee this p. m."—Kansas City Journal.

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STOMACH ACHES

Stomach aches are due to dyspepsia. A woman who complains of stomach aches is in almost every case constipated. Her stomach is sour; she has a heavy weight on her stomach, she is dizzy, she has palpitation and does not sleep. She is weak, has decoloration of the skin and a burning sensation. A woman who suffers thus is most miserable, she has the blues and is ill-humored all the time. To these women we would recommend two of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills after each meal, and half an hour after each meal half a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in half a glass of hot water. Further information can be had by reading the circular around each box of our Pills. We assure these women a permanent cure if they follow the hygienic rules given by our doctors, which are to be found on each circular around each box of Pills.

The following ladies, who have been cured, will be pleased to answer your letters if you write to them, but there is no doubt but Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure women's diseases in all their forms. They are for women only; they are not curative. Fifty Pills for 50c. will last longer than any old-fashioned liquid remedy.

Miss Mary Heinlein, 212 North Woodcock, Saginaw, Mich., writes:
"I believe your Pills to be the only remedy for female troubles. I took them for female weakness in all its forms and I had only half a box taken when I found relief. I trust that every sick woman will take these Pills, as they are the cheapest remedy as well as the best that has ever been known."

Mrs. J. Demare, 5300 N. Water St., Bay City, Mich., writes:
"I take pleasure in giving my name to publish in the papers for the benefit of poor women who suffer as I did. I suffered from stomach trouble, headache, in fact everything from which a woman could suffer. I have taken your Pills and have not felt so well in years as I have since taking them. They are a blessing for all sick women."

Mrs. A. Zahin, 444 Antoine St., Detroit, Mich., writes:
"I have been a great sufferer from female weakness, was very weak and all round. I have taken your Pills and can strongly recommend them to anyone who suffers as I did. They are a wonderful remedy and I thank God for having at last found something to cure me."

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women will cure every disease of woman just as sure as day follows night. This remedy is the result of a lifetime's practice; although we do not claim that it will cure everything as old-fashioned alcoholic remedies are advertised to do, yet we do claim that it will cure all diseases of women. This is known to the world through the newspapers and through suffering women and girls telling from one to the other how their cases were hopeless, how they were given up by eminent physicians after spending fortunes, and last of all they have found relief by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They are pleased to publish this for the benefit of those who are disheartened, as they were themselves.

Write to-day for our booklet Pale and Weak Women. We will mail it to you free. It will tell you how to become strong and healthy, and it will prove to you the efficacy of our remedy. You cannot afford to be without this book; it is an encyclopedia of knowledge.

For anyone suffering from constipation we advise the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, as our Red Pills are not a purgative. A conscientious use of these two remedies taken together has a marked effect on the whole constitution.

If you have been suffering for a long time, write a full description of your case to our Specialists. Their consultations are free and their advice the best. You can write them or call at their offices, and they will be always pleased to give you such advice as you may require. The Red Pills are sold at 50c., the Purgative Tablets at 25c. a box.

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Boston, Mass., office, Montreal, Can. office,
241 Tremont St., 274 St. Denis St.

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

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 Johnson'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 pie 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 chocolate, gingerbread, and play about with the coal-scuttle for about half-an-hour, and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt bosom and be the lovingest little rascal in all the world.

Fangie—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, she don't."

Mineard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

WHEAT \$1 PER BUSHEL

Kansas Turkey Red.

Winter Wheat at Cost. Government Refunds Duty

This Wheat yields 40 bushels to the acre and tests 64 lbs. and flour equal to Manitoba Hard. Only one car. First come, first served.

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Entries Close September 8th.

Western Fair, London.

The most complete exhibits from Farm, Forest and Factory. New and startling special features. Chariot races by imported Grey Hounds, Balloon Ascensions, Double Parachute Drop by man and lady, celebrated Gymnasts, Aerial Artists and Acrobats. Fireworks each evening. "The armoured train's attack on the Boer strongholds" and many beautiful set devices.

Special trains over all lines each evening after the fireworks.

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Extra effort is being put forth by the directors this year to make our County Fair a unique success. The way entries are pouring in is very encouraging and everything points to success.

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PRIZES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT ALREADY GUARANTEED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The least you can do is to buy a membership ticket, price \$1.00, for sale by any of the directors or you can procure them from the secretary.

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