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THE STEAMER

City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from
CHATHAM TO DETROIT every

Monday and Wednesday

Leaving Rankin Dock, Chatham, at 7:30 a.m., and
returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.)
at 3:30 p.m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham
time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to
Chatham every

Friday and Saturday

Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St., at 3:30 a.m.,
Detroit time, or 9 a.m., Chatham time, returning
will leave Chatham at 3:30 p.m., Detroit time, or
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For butter only. We
have room for a few
more crocks or tubs of
butter. Our room is
cold, clean, perfectly
dry and free from any
taint as we take in
butter only.

ROLFF HOUSE

BY
G. H. BENEDICT.

If these lines ever come to your eyes,
my dear Claude, I will have been long
at rest in my grave, and you will have
been duly informed of my plans to
carry out the arrangements herein de-
scribed. These revelations will ex-
plain to you why such strange instruc-
tions as will have been given you have
seemed necessary. But with the open-
ing of this paper, all mystery and all
limitation to your rights in your in-
heritance will have departed. You will
be left, my dear boy, I trust, with am-
ple wealth. Though I have never
touched or counted my brother's stores,
I know that great wealth still remains
in the old vault. All will be yours.
You need have no hesitation in using
it, for no responsibility can descend to
you through three generations. More-
over, long years of sorrow and peni-
tence, and the restoration in deeds of
charity of much more than the original
sum, can well have lifted the guilt from
the treasures of Rolff House.

And now, my dear Claude, you can
understand why a cloud has always
rested over Rolff House and its in-
mates, and which has shadowed your
young life. You can understand much
that has no doubt always seemed mys-
terious to you in my actions and my
surroundings. With a sense of dark-
ness and horror always on my mind,
and settled grief at my heart, my life
and actions have not been what in
youth I dreamed they could ever be.
I can well believe that I have grown
crabbed and peculiar, and often I have
deemed that perhaps my reason has
been warped. I can be proper guide
and instructor for guileless, aspiring
youth. It will be well when the hand
of death takes me away.

But you will live, my dear boy,
and be a wise and good man. You will
use the wealth left you to do good
deeds. You will continue, perhaps, the
line of our family, not under the cloud
of guilt, but in the light of innocence
and happiness. God's blessing be on
you and with you through life.

RACHEL VAN BUYSEN.
After finishing the reading of the
manuscript, Claude leaned back in his
chair and gave himself up to reflection.
A light had been thrown on the mystery
that had rested over Rolff House. He
could not doubt that his aunt's state-
ment was a true explanation of all that
had seemed strange to him in the sur-
roundings of his youthful days. It was
such an explanation as accounted for
his mind for his aunt's peculiarities of
character and what had often seemed
to him her inexplicable ways. Between
the lines of the constrained, plainly-
written narrative, he could read the
tragic history of her life, with its one
sombre, unbroken cloud of sorrow and
sacrifice; and his heart melted at the
thought of the ungenerous judgment
with which he had always viewed her
eccentric, apparently parsimonious
ways.

A whirl of thoughts crowded on his
mind. What did the old vault contain?
Would it yield up him a princely por-
tion? If so, what use could it be to
him now, that he was thwarted in the
chief object of his happiness? Should
he change his plans, and give up his
idea of serving his country to revel in
wealth and pleasure? Amid these con-
flicting emotions, he sat and reflected
some time, and then made up his mind
to go down and consult old Carl Crum
in regard to his aunt's statement and
the best course to be pursued.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Claude did not find that old Carl ap-
peared much astonished when he com-
municated to him the strange facts he
had derived from his aunt's written
statement, or even after he had been al-
lowed to read the paper. In fact, he
such a perfectly matter of fact way did
he take the matter, that Claude was in-
clined to believe that he had had pre-
vious knowledge, and had been entrusted
by his aunt with greater confidence
than he had ever suspected.

But the old fellow seemed pleased at
the turn of the matter.

"Well, well," he said, "I am glad
this thing has ended up so speedily. I
never quite liked having that old priest
in the house with his hands in those
money chests, and particularly since
the old lady died; but of course it was
no business of mine. No doubt all has
turned out for the best. It's my opin-
ion that you ought to examine the old
vault at once, ascertain what treasure
is left in it, and take proper measures
for its security. If it wasn't for the
reputation the old house has for fur-
nishing quarters for a select assortment
of the most dangerous possible kind of
ghosts, I would have been more con-
cerned than I have been all these
months for the safety of the valuables
in the house. But now it's our own
fault if everything is not made safe."

Claude was as anxious as possible to
examine the old vault, and proceeded
in company with old Carl at once to the
house. They made their way to the cel-
lar, and Claude produced the key that
his aunt had left in his charge, and the
outer door was opened after some dif-
ficulty. Within was another door, of
iron, with a key in the heavy lock,
attached to which was a folded piece
of paper. Claude detached it, opened
it and read it. It ran thus:

"The last sum due on account of the
bequest of brother Maximus (otherwise
known as Rolff Van Buyesen) to the or-
der of which he was a member, having
been taken, according to due arrange-
ment, by me, I hereby make note of
the fact. And herewith I make a state-
ment of the amounts I have taken, and
the times at which they were taken, in
order that it may appear that the trust
confided in me has not been abused,
and that the wishes of our deceased
brother have been strictly fulfilled.
And I aver that I have taken no more
than was justly due, and that all has
been applied in works of charity as
brother Maximus himself planned and
desired. I leave my blessing on this
paper. I will pray always, and my
brethren with me, that peace, pros-
perity and the blessing of Heaven may
abide ever within these walls. I sign
myself,
JUSTINUS.
"Faith, a magnanimous epistle," said
old Carl. "This note, every one who

Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitations have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D-S KIDNEY PILLS

would have been so discreet, con-
sidering the opportunity he had. I must
confess that the old man seems to have
had a full share of honesty and piety,
—and it is well he did.

Claude put the papers in his pocket,
and proceeded to open the inner vault
door. Within this door, the vault was
divided into a number of compartments,
each of which had its separate door,
which was locked. To Claude's sur-
prise, old Carl now produced a bunch
of keys, which he said had been given
into his possession but a few days be-
fore by the strange visitor, and which
he found to fit the various locks of the
inner vault. On opening the doors of
these receptacles, they were found
filled with bags of coin, and valuable
papers of various kinds; and, although
Claude was not able to make any es-
timate of the value of the contents of
the old vault, he felt satisfied that it
was considerable, and that his aunt's
intimation that he would be left
in the possession of wealth was realis-
ed.

But the young man did not halt his
good fortune with the joy it once would
have afforded him. He sought sugges-
tions of old Carl as to what course to
pursue for the security of his treas-
ures, and followed his advice implicitly.
The next few days were spent in
installing old Carl and Margaret in
Rolff House, and making all things
as comfortable and safe as possible.
Then Claude, spite of a' advice and
remonstrances from his worthy old
friend, bid a hasty adieu, and set out
for the headquarters of the army.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The treaty of Ghent in 1814 brought
peace again to the country. On the
dissolving of the army, Claude Rolff
returned to his native village. He
had passed unscathed through two
campaigns, and rendered his country
brave and faithful services.
Some important changes had taken
place during his absence at the seat of
war.

Old Carl still remained at his post at
Rolff House, and was as faithful and
vigorous as ever; but the aged Marg-
aret had passed away. Her health had
long been feeble, and she had never re-
covered from the shock that Le Sueur's
deceit had caused her, and she
sank to rest at a good old age. By ad-
vice of Claude's lawyer, Mr. Halstead,
a new housekeeper had been engaged in
her place, being no less a personage
than the widow Grewy. Whether the
widow was entirely satisfied with this
arrangement is not known; but she
had somehow fallen in her assault on
the obdurate heart of the bachelor law-
yer, and had accepted through his in-
fluence the comfortable place in ques-
tion as perhaps the only available
compromise.

Ralph Saybrook had remained some
time in the old village after his father's
flight. He seemed to enjoy the dignity
of being in possession of the house
and property of his parent,
and, being undisturbed by any legal

proceedings, was apparently in no hur-
ry to dispose of the property, as he
was being constantly urged to do by
his father's letters. In truth, Anthony
Saybrook, in his voluntary banishment,
began to realize what it is to educate
a child to cold-blooded villainy and
selfishness. Ralph was not without
hopes that he could yet win the hand
of Rosa Bruyn, and, with this object
in view, he temporized with his father's
orders to dispose of the property, urg-
ing various ingenious excuses, while
he was in reality planning to appro-
priate his inheritance in a rather pre-
mature manner. But all of Ralph's
hopes of gaining the hand of Rosa
Bruyn came to an end through a linger-
ing sickness that struck down the old
farmer. A severe rheumatic attack
held him confined to his bed for months.
Racked with pain, and broken in
strength and spirit, the obdurate old
man found his only comfort in the
love and tenderness of his wife and
daughter, and a gradual change came
over him that convinced Ralph ere
long that he was no more susceptible
to his manipulations. Thus disappoint-
ed, Ralph in time disposed of his
father's property, and went to join
him in a Western State, and the quiet
little village heard of them no more.

Claude had returned home in many
respects a changed man. He had
grown in knowledge of the world as
well as in years, and his military ex-
perience had been well calculated to
discipline his impulsive and ardent
nature. In one thing he remained un-
changed, and that was in his devotion
to the fair object of his first love. All
obstacles had for some time been re-
moved from his path. Rosa had ob-
tained her father's consent to open
correspondence with him ere he left
the seat of war, and when he returned
home the first doorway he had entered
was that of old farmer Bruyn. Very
tender and blissful was the meeting be-
tween the long-parted lovers. And
when they went hand in hand to the
chamber of the invalid old man, it was
to kneel and receive his blessing. Claude
could hardly realize this happy
change; but Death is a potent peace-
maker, and the hand of death was on
the old farmer. He lived to see his
daughter the happy bride of Claude
Rolff, and the mistress of Rolff House,
and then passed peacefully away.

Claude had the venerable mansion of
his fathers restored, and settled down
in it as a quiet country gentleman. Un-
der the subduing influence of perfect
domestic happiness, all his ambitious
ideas of fame as an artist faded away;
and he could dream of no happier exis-
tence than to be at the head of a well-
ordered household, dispensing hospi-
tality and charity with a liberal hand.

The blessing the stranger priest had
invoked on Rolff House seemed to have
descended to abide there. Gradually
neatness and order and beauty were re-
stored to the surroundings; light and
cheerfulness replaced mystery and
gloom; and the noble old mansion be-
came not less a place of abode of
hobgoblins and evil spirits. The mirth
and prattle of childhood's voice again
were heard within its walls; and ne
happier family could have been found
in all the land than that contained be-
neath the venerable roof of Rolff
House. No fairer, wiser or more gra-
cious matron than the wife of Claude
Rolff ever reigned over a household with
the rod of love. Age never came more
gently to widowed dame than it did
to Mrs. Bruyn, and no kinder or more
indulgent grandfather ever shared the
joys and sorrows of childhood. As for
old Carl Crum, he always remained at-
tached to the household, and was al-
ways a favorite with old and young;
especially the latter. And he never
was happier himself, or a greater here
in the eyes of wondering childhood
than when he gathered a group of lit-
tle ones around him, of an evening, and
told anew the never old legends stored
in his memory relating to the mystery
of Rolff House.

THE END.

Gout's Milk.

A German sanitarian regrets that so
little use is made of Gout's Milk. Its
advantages over cows' milk are, he
says, that it is richer, more like human
milk and absolutely free from germs of
tuberculosis.

Cushing's Way.

"Caleb Cushing would go into the
street and ask information of the shab-
biest negro if in that way he could
learn what he wished to know," said
one who was associated with him in
Washington.

Lobsters and Crabs.

In buying lobsters and crabs the
heaviest are the best. The male lob-
ster, though generally smaller, has the
best flavor.

Big Earthworms.

Earthworms six feet long are found
in Gippsland, Victoria. They live in
burrows on the sloping sides of creeks
and are the largest variety found in
the world. It must be a burly bird
which picks up the worm in Gippsland.

Yawning.

It is not merely a common saying
that yawning is "catching," but the
highest scientific authorities say that
it is unquestionably true.

The Zulu Bride.

The Zulu bride is not properly mar-
ried until she has thrown a catbush of
water over her husband, plentifully be-
sprinkling the rest of his family. She
must also give her sister-in-law a slap
to show that henceforth she is to be
mistress.

Varnish Stains.

To remove varnish from the hands
rub them with a little methylated spir-
it, wipe with a soft rag and then wash
thoroughly with soap and water.

The Turkish Fex.

There is only one fex factory in Tur-
key. Austria makes nearly all of the
Turkish national headgear.

Men often waste their substance in

gigantic efforts at reform.

The first, as well as the most diffi-
cult of all masteries, is the mastery
of self.

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SURPRISE IS THE KIND OF SOAP
THAT WORKS WELL AND WEARS WELL.
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wheels have sold for in the past.

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A few left of our extra Trimmed Hats, worth from \$2.00 to \$3.00,
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A line of hats, handsomely trimmed with chiffon, net, muslin-de-
soie, lace, flowers, foliage and ribbon, all the newest in
shapes and colors. Also in black and white.

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Refrigerators

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25 per cent. Discount

off of regular retail price. This will be
an opportunity that cannot last very long.

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away with every purchase of "Our Superior" Binder
Twine. No other twine at the price on the market
works so satisfactorily.

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