

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as strong as steel by using **EUREKA Harness Oil**. You can keep it in life-long use as long as it is properly oiled.

EUREKA Harness Oil

Makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy boiled oil, easily absorbed by the leather.

Sold everywhere in cases—all sizes.

Made by **WILLIAMS & CO. NEWCASTLE.**

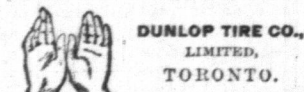


Every Cyclist Deserves

Dunlop Tires

Do you want the best tires—Dunlop Tires? Or do you want to pay just as much for the second best?

Dunlop Tires for Carriages and Autos—solid rubber and pneumatic.



Local Depot for Dunlop Carriage Tires.

Every care that skill can devise or experience approve is used in the making of Carling's ale and porter.

It is to your own interest to order Carling's and to see that you get it. Every dealer will supply you if you insist. It costs you no more.



THE "RYRIE" WATCH.

Not for a year, but for a lifetime. Watches that may be handed from father to son—heirlooms. The movement of a "Ryrie" Watch is as nearly perfect as possible, and yet, it's not expensive. That is why it has brought to our store so many buyers who are particular about accurate time.

Let us send you our Catalogue, showing the many styles of solid gold, fine gold filled, silver and gun metal "Ryrie" Watches in both ladies and gentlemen's sizes.

The "Ryrie" Monogram Watches are particularly attractive.

RYRIE BROS.,
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,
TORONTO.
DIAMOND HALL, Established 1884.

We are Back Again to REGULAR PRICES With the Best Work in the City. Goods Called for and Delivered.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
Telephone 20

THE SAUGEEN MINERAL WATER
—IS ON SALE AT—
CENTRAL DRUG STORE and
F. A. ROBERT'S LIQUOR STORE
Saugeen blends beautifully with new milk, wines and liquors, try it.

ROLEF HOUSE

BY G. H. BENEDICT.

Thus delivering himself, Anthony Saybrook drew himself up with an air that would certainly have been crushing to any simple-minded believer in ghosts had he been present in the sentiment expressed; and thus they mutually encouraged each other for the expedition on hand.

Dinner-hour arrived, and the meal was dispatched, although neither could enjoy it with his usual appetite, spite of an apparent effort to appear unconcerned and cheerful. But each made up for want of appetite by indulging rather freely in the after-dinner potations, until their spirits were thoroughly fortified, and they felt almost courageous enough to meet a veritable ghost.

After securing their arms and lanterns, they set out for the old house. On arriving, they found the door locked, the workmen having been there, taken away their tools, and closed the house. They consulted together a few moments in whispers. Then they got their arms ready, lighted the lanterns, and Anthony Saybrook applied the key, opened the door, and the two adventurous investigators stepped into the old hall.

For a moment all was dark and gloomy, and they peered cautiously and suspiciously about. Not a sound was to be heard. The feeble light of the lanterns scarcely sufficed to dispel the shadows that hung about the dusky old hall. The long perspective faded into darkness, the doors leading off to adjoining rooms seemed to glower blackly at them; the tall climbing staircase, with its heavy balustrades, showed spectral and ghastly; in short, there was an air of gloomy mystery that greeted the two adventurous investigators of the mystery that had so long been the subject of legend and unquestioned faith.

"Ugh! Ralph," said the elder Saybrook, "this old, gloomy hall strikes a chill to my veins. I don't wonder that people get ghost-frightened on coming in here. It is high time the old house was put in order, and the light and air allowed to enter and banish this ghastly gloom. One's voice sounds strangely in here. Ah, here is where the masons have been at work. Pity they couldn't have kept at it. A coat of good white over this old brown wall would have lightened this gloomy aspect and afforded us a more cheerful reception. Now, which way shall we turn—up stairs or down? I suppose the proper place to investigate is down in the basement and cellars; but, before doing so, suppose we take a turn about up here and view our future domicile."

Acting on this suggestion, they proceeded up the stairs, and, passing from room to room, chatted cheerfully on the subject of the peculiarities of the rooms and the improvements that could be made in them. But there was little to attract them long in the bare, unfurnished floors, and they proceeded down stairs again and wandered through the rooms leading off from the old hall. Here there was much to interest them in the quaint and massive furniture, the once rich but faded decorations, and the many evidences of former grandeur and taste surrounding them. Ere long they found themselves in the room that had been occupied by the late mistress of Rolfe House, and in which she had died. While examining this room, the keen glance of Anthony Saybrook detected a small door that was set in the dark wainscoting, and which appeared as if it might be a closet. Opening it casually, he was surprised to discover a staircase, which evidently led down to the basement.

"Ah, Ralph," he said, "here 's a discovery. This seems to be a secret staircase, and perhaps it is just the clue we want. It leads down stairs, and, as we are about ready to go below, suppose we see where this will take us to."

By this time, the two men had recovered from any feelings of nervousness felt on first entering the house. The dead silence reigning everywhere had convinced them that there was nobody in the house, and the trip up stairs had been taken by the shrewd but not over-courageous lawyer to give ample time to any individual, if he were secreted in the house, to get out of the way. But they had ceased to have any expectations of meeting anybody, and the discovery of the secret stairway had simply awakened curiosity.

Nevertheless, before entering it, they trimmed their lanterns, and looked again to their arms. Anthony Saybrook then proceeded ahead, carefully holding his lantern so as to throw its beams forward as he slowly picked his way, down the narrow stairs.

Arriving at the bottom, they found that the stairs led into a long, narrow, dark hallway. They stopped and peered carefully ahead, and the quick eye of Anthony Saybrook discerned what seemed to him the faint, struggling gleam of a ray of light piercing the darkness from the key-hole of some door.

He stopped, and whispered to Ralph his suspicion. They closed the slides of their lanterns, leaving the hallway in darkness; and then the murmur of the lawyer became a reality. There was certainly a door-way ahead, and rays of light gleamed from within.

"It may be sunlight," whispered the lawyer, "which finds its way in through some chink or window. We must examine into it, Ralph. Keep close up to me, and have your pistols ready."

Thus prepared, they proceeded cautiously forward toward the door. The lawyer placed his hand on the latch, lifted it, and pushed the door open before him. A sight was presented that caused the two intruders to start back in consternation.

The door opened into a large room. The bare stone walls were unplastered; the beams overhead were unplastered, and hung with cobwebs. The floor was of rough boards; and no window admitted a single ray of sunlight. At a tall, old-fashioned secretary in one corner of the room there sat the figure of a tall man, clothed in a dark robe that entirely covered his figure. Two candles burned on the secretary, and from these proceeded the rays of light that had shown through the door. The desk of the se-

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

retary was covered with papers. The door had scarcely ceased creaking on its rusty hinges, and a single glance shown this picture to the two astonished gazers, when the figure at the secretary arose. It was the sudden appearance of his strange appearance that caused the intruders to start back in horror.

The figure was that of a tall, very venerable man. He was shrouded from shoulders to feet in a long black robe. A small, close-fitting black cap was up to his head, from underneath which escaped snowy white locks. His face was smooth-shaven, and large, piercing eyes looked out from underneath shaggy white eyebrows. The expression of his countenance was dignified and majestic as he gazed sternly at the intruders.

For a moment, the two men stood huddled together in the narrow hallway, in the full light issuing through the door. Sudden surprise had deprived them of all power to act in so unexpected an emergency. They could only gaze as if petrified at the majestic and apparently unearthly figure before them.

Raising an arm, and pointing a long, skinny finger at them, the strange personage spoke:

"Who are you? Intrude uninvited on my sacred privacy? Begone, ere it prove the worse for you."

Anthony Saybrook strove to speak, but no words came from his chattering teeth. The gloomy, strange surroundings, and the sudden aspect of this strange figure, had deprived him suddenly of all courage whatever. He felt frozen with fear, as if in the presence of a spirit from the nether world.

Again the figure warned them away with a majestic and almost threatening gesture.

Neither of the men could resist the inclination to flee. They hurried through the hall and up the stairs, nor did they pause till, pale and panting, they were a half-a-dozen rods from the house.

"Merciful powers, Ralph," exclaimed Anthony Saybrook, "what can this mean?"

"Don't ask me," replied Ralph. "It's a mystery beyond my fathoming," said the lawyer.

"I expected to be annihilated on the spot," exclaimed Ralph.

"I, too," responded the father. "It's a most incomprehensible mystery. What shall we do?"

"Go home," responded Ralph. "And Roll Home!"

"Leave it to the devil and old Rolfe's ghost," replied Ralph; "I've had enough of it."

"Ralph, a suggestion strikes me," said the lawyer.

"What is it?"

"I will tell you when we get home. I must have time to collect my thoughts."

"I need light," said Ralph. "The whole thing is an impenetrable mystery to me. If that was not old Rolfe's ghost, who was it?"

"Ah, there's the point, Ralph. It was no ghost. I'd rather it were. There's work for our wits now, and all that we will want. Let us go home."

They made all haste to reach their domicile.

No sooner did they enter the house than Anthony Saybrook proceeded to

He closed and brought out bottle and glasses.

"I must have something to steady my nerves, Ralph," he said. "This day's bad luck has upset me completely. Curse all the blundering fates that have conspired to create this snarl in our plans. Oh, it's too bad, too bad, when all was going forward so nicely. Here, Ralph, take a glass. You need it."

Ralph did not decline the invitation. He felt the want of a stimulant.

Settling back in his chair, Anthony Saybrook put his hand to his head and knotted his brow in deep thought.

Ralph waited awhile, and then spoke: "You said you had a suggestion?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I have been comparing probabilities in my mind. This is a deep riddle, Ralph. There is more in it than I like to think. That strange old man in Rolfe House—who can it be? The ghost of Magnus Rolfe? That's too weak—too silly. Who then? Why not old Magnus Rolfe himself. He never died that anybody knows. He simply disappeared. That is the only explanation I can think of to meet this mystery. It seems incredible, too; but up for ears of anybody knows. He may have been all these years? Is it he that has been creating all these strange doings at Rolfe House? What can his object be? The whole subject grows more complicated and strange as one thinks of it. I am puzzled beyond expression; but many little things occur to me that seem to fit this theory. If it is Magnus Rolfe, then the strange old man we met must be a madman or a thief. But it is—it must be him. He may be mad, also—an eccentric, at least—or why this strange reappearance?"

"Supposing all this is true, what then?" inquired Ralph, eagerly.

"Ah, what then?" answered the lawyer. "Who knows? It will depend on circumstances to which we can obtain no clue. Of course, no one would believe in his identity, if he should show himself and endeavor to establish it. But he might be able to prove it legally. Still, the property has passed out of his hands—in a legal point of view, he is as a dead man to us. But that is what makes the whole matter the more inexplicable. I am not worried yet as to our legal safety and standing as regards the property; but rather at the strangeness of this whole matter, and the check it gives to our plans because of possible developments against which we can make no calculation. We will have to wait awhile and watch events. Our present plans with regard to Rolfe House are completely blocked. One thing, Claude, is safely out of our way. He can hardly find a way to get back now, when nothing but ships of gas and iron can keep the seas; and, besides, I doubt if he would come if he had the chance while his money lasts. Perhaps this bugaboo of an old fellow Rolfe House will disappear as strangely as he came. All we can do is to wait and hope for the best."

There came a knock at the door. Ralph stopped it, and opened it. There entered a young man, in sailor's garb, and with a countenance as pale as one from the tomb.

Ralph staggered back in consternation.

"You?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," replied the young man. "I am glad you recognize me. I hardly thought any creature would know me. I presume my visit is unexpected."

As the young man thus spoke, he turned his eyes on Anthony Saybrook.

To be Continued.

A Poker Call.
He—Made an expensive call yesterday.
She—Who did you call on?
He—Three queens and dropped fifty munks.

The Poor Hindoo.
The poor, benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kinder;
He sticks to his religion first to last,
And for pants he makes his skindoo.

Her Spring.
"If man sprang from monkey, what did woman spring from?"
"Don't know."
"Why, a mouse."

Monochromatic.
Brown her eyes and hair and gown,
Brown her dainty little shoe;
Also, she's engaged to Brown;
That's why I am blue.

After One Already Trained.
"No," said the widow decisively, "I will not marry you. I've trained one husband, and that's enough. My second must be a widower."

Spring Cleaning.
Of all the melancholy days
The saddest these I call;
Within the land the voice is heard
Of broom and mop and pail.

Relief.
"What made De Grouch so happy at the wedding?"
"He always thought the bride had designs on him."

Before and After.
He paid her compliments galore,
And later they did mate,
But he doesn't do it any more;
He simply pays the freight.

Dubious Praise.
"Did you hear my illustrated lecture last night?"
"Yes, the views were very good."

An Ode.
Hail, goddess spring! Oh thee I sing,
Thou season full of glees!
Aurant with winter, summer, fall;
Give goddess spring for me!

A Master.
"Is he a master of English?"
"Yes, to judge by the liberties he takes."

"Time!"
I stood on the ledge at midnight,
And the clock was striking the hour;
The hour rose up, indignant,
And struck back with all its power.
—Life.

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."
H. A. Archer, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

What people say about

Yolk Baking Powder

I use it in my bake shop and it always gives the best results." Proprietor BOSTON CAFE.

"It is the best I have ever used" MRS. McTAGGART, 46 Whitcliffe Rd. London.

"For tea Biscuits it is A 1." MRS. ARMSTRONG, Dundas St. IN 10c., 15c. & 25c. TINS ONLY.

SOLD BY MASSEY & KNIGHT.

SOLD ONLY IN 10c., 15c. and 25c. CANS.

For Sale

Choice Clover Seed, Timothy Seed, White and Black Oats, Barley, Corn, Beans, Buckwheat,

For Best Bread

Use Kent Mills Gold Medal Flour.

For Health...

Steven's Breakfast Food. "Sunrise" Cornmeal

The Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited
CHATHAM - - - - - ONT.



Summer Girl Freshness

DEPENDS LARGELY ON STARCH.

To give Houses, Collars, etc., the finest most lasting and elastic finish, with least work—USE

BEE STARCH

Requires no boiling, but little rubbing with the iron, and its use prevents the iron from sticking to the linen.

FREE A set of three Patent Flat Irons highly suited for use

Bee Brand coupons—Save them.

BEE STARCH CO., 440 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Prussian Oil

Is doing its work in this province where ever introduced as thoroughly and surely as it has been doing all over the Maritime Provinces and New England States where it is in universal use curing the ills that people are subject to.

Aches and Pains, Bruises and Sprains, Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, La Grippe, Burns and Scalds.

Very quickly when used as directed. Many people in London, S. Mary's St. Thomas, Kidderminster and Chatham, testify to its wonderful curative powers and say it is the best medicine they ever had in the house, etc. Use it and prove it. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

MONEY TO LEND

ON LAND MORTGAGE, OR CHATTEL MORTGAGE, OR ON NOTE.

To pay off mortgages. To buy property. Pay when desired. Very lowest rate.

J. W. WHITE,

Barbistor

Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham

Meet Me at Somerville's

For a Glass of

Ice Cream and Soda Water

Known as the Best in Town.

Pure, rich Ice Cream, made by the most perfect apparatus in absolutely clean rooms.

Refreshing, foaming Soda Water with exquisite Fruit Flavors.

Somerville's

Restaurant and Lunch Rooms

King St. Phone 36

Lime, Cement

—and—

Cut Stone

We keep the best in stock at right prices.

JOHN H. OLDERSHAW

Thomas Street, Next Police Station

Increase Your Business

By having EFFICIENT TELEPHONE FACILITIES. We quote you rates on a Private-Branch Exchange System in your Office, Warehouse or Factory.

The Bell Telephone Co., of Canada.