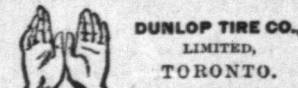




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exquisite Fruit Flavors.

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ROLF HOUSE

G. H. BENEDICT.

"I hardly feel capable of advising," replied Rolf. "Our own experience in the house hasn't been such as to encourage us to attempt a new investigation."

"That is the way I feel," replied the elder plotter; "but still something must be done and it seems as if there was no means but for us to attempt it ourselves. Let us be practical, Rolf. Of course, there are no ghosts in that old house. Somebody is causing these disturbances. They will probably not remain in the house now that the work has been stopped. We can go over, well provided with lights, and armed, if necessary, and make an investigation that will probably result in discovering some clue to the means by which the noises and other ghostly tricks have been produced. We must go. Our success depends upon it. What do you say?"

"Well, if we must, we must," replied Rolf; "but I had rather it were some body beside me."

"Of course," replied the elder plotter, "and so would I. But go we must. Perhaps we can get some hardy fellow to accompany us. I'll see in the morning. But to-morrow afternoon I propose to make an investigation that will unravel this mystery."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Although, in the war that had ensued between the British government and the young American republic, the British naval commanders had promptly declared a blockade of the entire American coast, and great fleets had been sent to enforce the blockade, yet, such was the adventurous and hardy character of our seamen of the day, that the efforts to shut up our ports were very far from successful. Not only did the vessels of our infant navy put to sea, and, under daring and skillful commanders, gain a series of brilliant victories, that compensated largely for the early military disasters on land, but within a few weeks after the declaration of war, the seas were fairly swarming with American privateers. The most prominent and wealthy merchants of the country engaged in this sort of business venture, and light, swift schooners, heavily armed, and capable of outlasting any other vessels known, were sent to sea by the hundreds from every port almost, and inflicted immense damage on the enemy's commerce. The furthest seas that were whittened by Britain's commercial fleets were not safe from the depredations of these daring cruisers. They even invaded the British channel, and watched like hawks about the English coasts, while it is related that one daring privateer commander, while cruising off the mouth of the Thames, sent a cartel to London proclaiming a blockade of the entire British islands, in ridicule of the blockade of the American coast so loftily proclaimed by the British naval commanders.

The Chesapeake Bay became the great rendezvous of these privateering craft, owing to the difficulty of blockading it, and the city of Baltimore gained its early commercial supremacy and laid the foundation of its future prosperity by the ventures of its merchants in this sort of speculation.

Early in December, 1812, the privateer schooner Harpy, on one dark, stormy night, ran into the harbor of Baltimore, having successfully avoided the blockading vessels. She had been gone on a six months' cruise, having sailed from the port of New York; but, on her return, finding it closely blockaded she had sought the safer waters of the Chesapeake to make port. While on her homeward voyage, the Harpy, during a heavy fog, had got into close proximity to an enemy's brig, without being aware of it. The fog suddenly lifting, she had found herself lying directly under the guns of a ship carrying double her weight of metal, flying the British flag. Her own character was well enough told in her tall masts and low, sharp lines, and the enemy had at once opened on her with a broadside. The wind favoring, the commander of the Harpy resolved on a daring manoeuvre to escape capture or destruction. Bearing directly down on the enemy, he exchanged broadsides, then turning away, got considerably to the windward before the latter could tack and again bring her guns to bear. The Harpy, being very swift, had now no difficulty in drawing away from the pursuing enemy, annoying her in the meantime as much as possible with her long swivel gun.

In this little affair, two of the Harpy's crew had been killed and several wounded; and the first duty the commander, after casting anchor, was to get the latter ashore.

Among the wounded crew, was a handsome young man, who could scarcely have much passed the period that marks the arrival of manhood, and who seemed of more gentle birth and bearing than his sailor's garb would warrant.

Placed in the hospital with the rest of the wounded sailors, he became an object of special interest to the surgeon in charge. During the conflict with the enemy's brig, while helping to man one of the guns, he had been struck in the side by a flying bolt from the gun-carriage of the gun he was helping to work, which had been hit by one of the enemy's shot, and, besides the breaking of three or four ribs, had received severe internal injuries.

He was not yet out of danger—indeed, the shock to his system from effects of his removal to the hospital had aggravated his symptoms, and caused the surgeon considerable anxiety. His first words, on reaching the hospital, had been the inquiry:

"Doctor, how soon can I get out of this?"

The surgeon did not reply, but proceeded to examine into his injuries, and then to recommend to his assistant such measures as he thought necessary to better his condition. But see the surgeon, drawing away, the young patient repeated his question:

"Doctor, won't you tell me how soon I can get out of this?"

"Why, my dear sir," replied the kind surgeon, "judging from your present condition, you may have to remain with us several months."

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

"Oh, no, no, no," almost moaned the young man; "it cannot be. Don't deceive me, doctor. Can't you put me on my feet in a week?"

"Nonsense," replied the surgeon. "If you are out in eight weeks, you may consider yourself lucky. Now, no more talking. The less you talk and worry the sooner you will get well."

"But I must have the assurance that I can leave this place soon—very soon," continued the young man. "You do not know what depends upon it, doctor. I had rather die than stay here a month. You must do your best for me, doctor."

The surgeon glanced again at the white, sunken face, that showed plainly the traces of deep suffering, and the large, brilliant eyes, and replied, with a grave shake of the head:

"I can make no promises, my dear young sir. You are very badly hurt, and it will need a good long rest and plenty of care to cure you. Of course, I will do my best for you; but you must not worry or fret. It will only delay your cure. If you have friends who wish to inform the attendants will write for you. But now, no more words. I strictly forbid you saying 'anything more.'"

The young man turned his head away with an expression of pain and despair, and the surgeon passed on in his rounds of the hospital.

A week passed by, and every day the "interesting young patient," as the surgeon termed the wounded young sailor from the Harpy, renewed his pleadings with the surgeon to secure an early discharge from the hospital. With good care, rest and nourishing food, he was slowly gaining strength, and asserted that he felt well enough to leave; but the surgeon was afraid that the internal injuries were of too grave a character to allow an early discharge from his care, and denied every appeal allowed to leave.

One morning, on his rounds of the hospital, the surgeon came to the ward that contained the wounded sailors—most of whom were now convalescent. On approaching the cot that had contained the young man, he was greatly surprised to find it vacant. He had just been considering, as he came along, the advisability of informing his very anxious patient that he could be discharged in a week or two. But he was gone. Inquiry gave no clue to the secret of his departure, nor were any of the hospital attendants aware of it. He had evidently got worried of waiting a cure, and securing the help probably of some of his sailor comrades, had been assisted to dress and make his way from the hospital without attracting the attention of anybody.

The surgeon was very much chagrined and indignant. He berated his assistants roundly for their want of watchfulness.

"It's a pity," he said, as he moved on. "That boy will probably sacrifice his life to his zeal to return to his friends, in a couple of weeks he might have gone safely, too. It's a shame. If I find out he was allowed to go with the connivance of anybody here, it will go hard with him."

For many weeks, the disappearance of the young sailor was the subject of curiosity and speculation in the hospital.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Spite of his skepticism as to the nature of the mysterious occurrences at Rolf House, and his suspicions that Carl Crum was at the bottom of the whole business, Anthony Saybrook felt

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE BILK HEADACHE.

proposed visit of himself and Ralph to the house to investigate the matter. The truth was, that the lawyer, like many men who are intellectually very daring, was physically a coward, and, though he was no believer whatever in ghosts, he had an undefinable dread of again entering the old mansion while in its present state. He could not forget the strange and terrible death of Leeb Sackett, nor the fright he had had at the time of the discovery of the corpse of the would-be robber of the strong vault built by Magnus Rolf. While inwardly sneering at his own cowardice, he made an effort to secure the services of some resolute man to accompany him on the proposed investigation; but without success. There were but few men in the little community whom he would have trusted for such a purpose, and not much to his surprise, all whom he approached on the subject had business on hand that prevented their acceptance of his offer, or else they honestly confessed that they had no wish to enter the old house after all the strange occurrences there.

"It is just as I feared, Ralph," said the lawyer to his son, after returning from his unsuccessful mission. "This infernal trickery has so imposed upon the community that it is practically impossible to get anybody to go within gunshot of the old house. There is no other way for it—we must go alone. And why shouldn't we? I confess I feel somewhat nervous; but, pshaw! what is there to be afraid of? Suppose we should run across old Crum or some other mischievous fellow there? We shall go well armed and prepared, and have really nothing to fear. Get your pistols ready, and I will see to mine, and to having the lanterns prepared; and, after a good dinner, and a bottle of wine to warm our courage, I think we will be ready for the trip."

"Well, I am not disposed to back out," said Ralph. "My pistols are good ones; and if, as you say, we should meet any fellow there, we ought to be able to give a good account of ourselves. But I have no idea we shall meet anybody; and, of course, the idea of our encountering ghosts is preposterous."

"Exactly, Ralph—perfectly silly," "Strange people about to be superstitious," remarked Ralph, with an air intended to indicate his own entire superiority to such a feeling.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply, "considering the popular ignorance. There are very few who have any real knowledge of philosophy and science, and it is perfectly natural that an uneducated mind should refer the phenomena of Nature, and even the most simple occurrences out of the usual order, to supernatural causes. It is only the highly intelligent, Ralph, who are superior to the weakness of superstition. Had your own education been different, you might have been more susceptible to ordinary delusions. But I flatter myself that I have pursued such a system and afforded such an example in your education that you are far above any such unmanly weakness as

to be continued.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Pingpong Poem.

I know I must be wrong,
But I cannot love pingpong.
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.

Natural Mirrors.

The Lawyer—You say that you were walking behind this woman, could not distinguish her figure because of the cape she wore, saw nothing of her face and yet knew that she was a very pretty woman. How do you account for that?

The Witness—Well, I could see the faces of the men coming toward me—Life.

The Only Point in Doubt.

"I made an awful fool of myself," he exclaimed.
"Ah, that settles the only point in doubt!"
"What do you mean?"
"I was uncertain whether you were a self-made one."

The God of Insomnia.

Shall love awake, O Daphne, dear?
Give me your hand, O heart of hearts,
He hath not slept!

Danger.

"It seems the queen will wear more than a peck of diamonds at the coronation."

"Goodness! I should think she would be afraid of being mistaken for one of the American guests!"—Life.

Society.

If you find life dull, buy a little ice cream and cake and invite in the neighbors. You will have such a tough time you will decide that monotony and lonesomeness are interesting.

Fate Was Unkind.

He held her hand; a lovely one it was;
It seemed he never would let go, because
He saw four aces in it, and to think
He only held it while she got a drink!

Findings.

"The millennium will not be very far off," remarked the observer of events and things, "when it is as easy for a man to find his collar button as it is for him to find fault."

Gentle Hint.

Bored—The fire seems to be going out. Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—Yes; it seems to be more considerate than some people.

Unanimous.

We like to see the right succeed,
No matter what betide.
The reason is that all of us
Are always on that side.

The person who is nothing but a bundle of nerves is easily undone.

We do not countenance this people who stare us out of countenance.

SURPRISE IS SOAP PURE HARD SOAP



"SURPRISE" makes child's play of wash day. Use the "Surprise" way. Follow directions. They are plain.

This is a "free country," still a law that compelled people to try Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea would do a lot of good.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

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Buy a...

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Untrimmed Hats for Ladies' and Children, reduced to 19c, 25c and 50c.

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