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# ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

CHAPTER I.

It was many years ago-before this era of steam, telegraph and electrical and mechanical development in fact, just previous to that very queer war of 1812-that in a quaint old Dutchbuilt village of southern New York, lying not far from Hudson's noble river, there was living one Jacobus Bruyn, a substantial farmer, of the purest Dutch

On a beautiful sunny fall afternoon farmer Bruyn was sitting on the front. porch of his fine old Dutch farm-house, lolling at ease in his great chair, and smoking his long clay pipe with an expression of perfect contentment resting in his stolid features. He could well afford to take his ease. His broad acres of fat valley land had borne unusually abundant harvests, and his capacious farm buildings were filled to overflowing. As he sat and allowed the wreaths of blue smoke to curl up about his swarthy, honest face, he was listening

with satisfaction to the beating of the flails of his threshers in the great red barn not many rods distant.

The house of farmer Bruyn was built on the substantial, comfortable style of the well-to-do Dutch burghers of the colonial period of New York history. It was a large stone building, whose heavy walls had been laid by those who evidently intended them to last for generations. The great roof mounted up to a high peak, and sloped nearly to the ground in the rear. The numerous windows, with their many little green panes of glass, hinted of light and cheerfulness within. Everything about the place was neat and orderly. Along the garden fence, at the end of the low kith n was a bench, on which a row of shin ing milk-pans were sunning themselves. In the rear a tall, sloping churning ma-chine hinted at one of the domestic occupations of the place. The yard was not particularly spacious, but showed the supervision of some one with a love for order and beauty in clumps of for order and beauty in clumps of shrubbery and beds of late blooming flowers. It was evident who was the presiding spirit of this horticultural display, for a young maiden was wandering among the flower beds, dallying with the plants in a patronizing way that declared more plainly than words the deep interest of affection and guard-

ianship. This was Rosa, farmer Brnyn's only daughter, whose age, it was apparent from her looks, could not be far from eighteen. Moving gracefully about under the soft light of the clear autumn sky, her plain, neat house-dress contrasting with the brilliant verdure about her, the young girl presented a charming object to the eye—and so thought farmer Bruyn, as he watched her from his seat on the porch. Her figure was plumb and comely, although perhaps a trifle under size, and perfect health was indicated in the full, graceful curves of her form, the rosy bloom upon her cheeks and the liquid clearness of her soft grey eyes. A wealth of rich brown hair hui; about her shoulders in natural rin ets, unconfined and untied, free to the kisses of the sun and the toyings of the gentle zephyrs. No fairy creature was Rosa Bruyn, but a substantial bodily presence, who might have sat for the Madonna of some old Flemish paint-

ly to succumb to any trial or duty of The house of farmer Bruyn sat some distance back from the road. Several tall poplar trees threw their shade tall poplar trees threw their shade-along the roadway in front, and, at the upper edge of the yard, some clumps of shrubbery acted as a partial screen to a lane that led to the outbuildings in the rear of the house. The road in front wound down a gradual hill and down the hill the tall form of a young man could be seen drawing near. Rosa's man could be seen drawing near. Rosa's wandering gaze had detected his approach, and, with a sudden flush, she drew slowly away from her position among the flower beds, and proceeded, as if inadvertently, up to the lane fence among the shrubbery. Her movements were evidently observed by the young man for he entered the lane and draw. man, for he entered the lane, and, drawing near, placed his hand on the fence, gave a light spring, and bounded over. In a moment he had taken the blushing maiden in his arms, and pressed a kiss upon her brow with all the ardor

er. The form, features and movements

all indicated a pure, healthy, womanly

nature, capable perhaps of great da-votion and tendenness, but one not like-

of an accepted lover. As they stood thus in the shade of the bushes, no handsomer youthful couple could have delighted the eyes of an artist who wished to sketch some some of rural love-making. The young man was of a form and style of manly beauty to contrast well with the plump, rosy girl. He was tall, and his form was lithe and graceful. His face was frank, open and handsome, and the features were chiseled in outlines of al-

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You sleep badly, appetite variable, You eat but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were ing tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wearies you. You need Ferrozone; it makes blood—red, strong blood. An appetite? You'll eat everything and digest it, too. Strength? That's what plenty of food gives. Ferrozone gives hope, vigor, vim, endurance. Use Ferrozone and get strong. Sold by McCall & Co. Price 50c.

most Grecian beauty. Ringlets of fair, flaxen hair escaped from beneath his cap, and curled over a broad, white brow. Clear, mirthful blue eyes lit up a countenance in which the expression of geniality was offset by a certain air. of over-confidence that almost indicated

recklessness. "And how's my little sweetheart?" he asked, releasing her form from his arms, and gazing upon her with undisguised admiration.

"I am well, Claude," she replied. "Little need there is to ask. And you appear well, too. But how is your aunt to-day?"

"Aunt? oh, she is growing worse," he replied. "The doctor told me since dinner that she is falling slowly but surely, and cannot possibly survive long. Indeed, it looks as if I were soon to be free."

"Free!-why, Claude, what can you mean? One might suppose that you rejoiced that your aunt is worse-perhaps upon the brink of the grave." A peculiar shadow passed over the young man's face.

"Do you think so kindly of me, Rosa?" he asked. "Or—but, no; ou read my feelings, and you misinterpret them. Suppose aunt should die—can I help it? I shall sorrow for her as sin-cerely as anybody; but I must own that there is a sense of freedom in the thought of my being my own master and coming into my fortune. What is the use of denying or concealing it? I do not wish her dead; but I cannot deny that the grief I should feel is tempered by the thought of the scope that will be opened to my hopes and ambition. There, there, httle one-don't look so grave. Remember, I have not been brought up to be sensitive. Aunt has not wasted any tenderness upon me, although I know she loves me

"But, Claude, think how it would grieve her to the soul to dream for a moment that you could count up the

gain her death would be to you." "But she will not dream it, little monitress. No act or word of mine shall add a pang to her dying hours. I. shall do all and be all that duty and affection require. But can I help my natural feelings? I am not an angel in human guise, like yourself, Rosa. I profess only one virtue—a desire to be honest, and not to hide my real feelings for mere appearance's sake. It is not in my nature to play the hypocrite. I shall feel very badly if aunt dies. She has always been kind to me-in her way- and I truly believe has loved me her whole heart But it is only just to remember that her way has always been a strange one, and that her guardianship has deprived me of the rights and privileges in a large measure to which I was born. A strange, gloomy, eccentric woman, fixed in her ideas and immovable in her resolves, no one can tell the tyranny her government has exercised over me. And, by a strange fate, I have no escape from tyranny so long as she lives except at the peril of my fortune. Look at it! with all her wealth, her farms, her boats, her ferries, her mills (there is an immense fortune stowed up somewhere, and I the prospective heir), what pleasure or privilege has been mine in life that the veriest country lad in the region could not enjoy? Aunt's love of hoarding has run away with her judgment till her household has been kept as if we were predestined victims of poverty. Rolff House has been abandoned to decay. As for me, the eccentric whim of my father has made me more subject to her than the veriest servant—dictated to in my education,

curbed in every natural wish and ambition, and left to dream of freedor and happiness only as possible through her death. My name—the name Rolff — has become a very by-word fhrough the country. Half the coun-try folk believe Rolff House to be haunted, and it is not two years ago that I thrashed a burly lout who taunted me with my aunt being a witch. If aunt dies, I come into absolute proprie-torship of all the Rolff estates and wealth-and not till then. Ah. Rosa, can I help contrasting my present po-sition with what it will be then? Is it in human nature not to desire to throw off the burden that has weighed upon my hopes and aspirations for so many

"I will not try to answer your ques-tions, Claude," replied the young girl, with a pained expression of coun-tenance. "I know that it is wrong, years? very wrong, for you to talk and think as you do. If I did not believe you to be truer at heart than you represent be truer at heart than you represent yourself to be, I should almost lose my faith in you. As for your aunt, al-though she is peculiar in many things, I know that she loves you too much to have curbed you needlessly or oruelly, Perhaps your fancy has painted you treatment in exaggerated colors. Your ambition is intense; you are proud and

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### Dodd's KIDNEY PILLS -

not a little willful; and it may be you are not the proper judge of all that is good and necessary for you. I fear, if your wishes are now realized, and you are given the freedom and opportunity you seem so to desire, you will only demonstrate the wisdom and prudence of your aunt's treatment of you." An expression of gloom passed over the young man's countenance.

"You judge me severely, Rosa," he said; "but I do not care for that. I do not plead the propriety of my feelings, but only that I cannot help them. Yet why should I not gratify my ambition? I am the son of a wealthy man, and in the line and right should be undisputed. justice and right should be undisputed master of my father's estate. I do not long for vulgar display and pleasure. No. no; my desire is to travel; to store my mind with observation; to develop my taste; and, above all, to give myself opportunity for the study of the art that is my ambition and delight. You forget that'I inherit a right to art. But has aunt ever encouraged me in my ambition? No; she has repressed it in every way. She would make of me nothing but an overseer of laborers, and a hoarder of money. My soul loathes the life she would have me lead. Oh, Rosa, you cannot know how I long to be away, spending my days among the great galleries of Utrecht, of Mu-nich, of Dresden, of Venice and Rome, drawing inspiration and knowledge from the works of the mighty masters of art. How can I help the spirit that is within me? At the mere thought of being able to fulfill my dreams, my soul is filled with an ecstacy that seems to banish far from my sight every other

feeling and consideration." "And to feed that ambition, you would banish me, too, from your thoughts, Claude, and leave me for your

art?" "Why-yes, Rosa; to be sure-that for a little time. It would not long; we are both young, and do not contemplate speedy marriage; so there seems no reason why I should not deote my time to improving myself, so that I may become more worthy of your love. I can't stay here, in this dismal little village, to rust and fret myself to death. I must cultivate my talents. I desire to become a great painter. As soon as I am in a position to carry out my plans, I will tell you all my dreams, and I am sure you sympathize with me, and take delight in my purpose to achieve talent and fame. It will not be so long that I will be separated from you; and we are young, Rosa, and can bear up under separation, and wait patiently for the happiness that will be ours when I return with some part of my ambitio

achieved to claim you as my bride." The eyes of Rosa Bruyn lit up for moment, but she dropped them quickly to the ground, and was silent. At last

she spoke quietly: "I hope your aunt will get weil soon, Claude.

The young man bit his lip and turned his face impatiently away. But his anger was only momentary. Turning his gaze back to the fair, grave oung face before him, an expressio deep tenderness took possession of his handsome countenance.

"You do well to reprove me, Rosa," he said. "Yes, I, too, hope aunt will get well, and live many years. Then all my fine plans will be scattered to the winds, and I shall be sure of noth-Ing-not even of you."

To be Continued.

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Chatham Branch of the International

Motto-Good cheer. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. 'Twas not given for you alone-Pass it on. Let it travel down the years,

Our Juniors have been busy workers during the last two or three weeks. They find so many opportuniies and do so many little things in the name of Sunshine that it is hard to remember all their reports. However, two of them told how much they enjoyed carrying pieces for a quilt and some other material to the old ladies at the Home. By the way, this is something the members of the older branch might take note of. There are several at the Home who employ their time in doing such work as quilting. One makes braided mats, and another bead work and so on. They would alw is find a use for nything our mer. rs might take.

Those who have one time to spare might make a practice of going down to the Thursday services at the Home. These services, with their music and short addresses by the city clergynen, are much enjoyed by the innutes, and they would no doubt take an interest in Sunshine as well.

We do not talk about Sunshine enough, that is we do not stop to ex-plain. We are surprised when people say, "Well, what is Sunshine?" but it takes a little time maybe to explain it, and so we let the opportunity pass. Tell these enquirers that Sunshine is open to anybody who has the desire to make others happy. It is not necessary to attend meetings and pay a small fee as the original club is loing, unless they want to. As soon as their interest in the work is known, and the desire to work is expressed, their names are enrolled. When there is work to be done, they will possibly be called upon to help But it is so much nicer to watch for our own opportunities. Most of us will not have to think very long before we remember some home where flowers, toys, books, even a pleasant visit from a Sunshiner, would be welcome. If our list of friends does not contain such, we should make it our business to find some. In the meantime, there are still the hospitals to take all the Sunshine you can give.

At a meeting held Wednesday it was decided to give a lawn social one week from next Monday night. Furher arrangements will be made the next meeting to be held Monday next. The President would be glad to see all members present, and all

who are interested.

It was also decided to use some of the cash on hand to beautify the Sunshine Room in the General Hospital. In the summer is a good time to do this, when there are not so many more pressing demands on our small fund,

THE SMILE THAT COUNTS. Tis easy to smile when the sun smiles And the sky is a field of blue:

But give me your smile when the is gone, And the sky is of leaden hue

Tis easy to smile when the flowers. smile too, And you walk in their odors sweet But give me your smile when the flowers lie dead

And the thorns pick your weary Tis easy to smile when the birds sing

cheer, And you hark to the rippling rill;

But give me your smile when the waters sigh And the songs of the birds are still. Tis easy to smile when the world

smiles too, And you walk with a joyous heart But give me your smile when the whole world frowns; Can you smile when the teardrops

Facts for l'hilatelists. A postage stamp trust is the latest

stick. beauty of a collection, and the lower values of a set should, at any rate, be in that condition.

The stamps of Chili, Cuba or Porto Rico, with the lower values unwsed and the higher ones canceled, will make a very pretty collection at small expense.
Old revenues in blocks are getting

so scarce that not many new collectors of such stamps can even get started. It is high time for revenue collectors to get the 1898 revenues in blocks and strips. A collection of these will always be good property. The scarce confederate locals of Baton Rouge were issued in July, 1861, and remained in use until De-

1861, and remained in use until December of the same year, when the general issue was received. Upon the capture of Baton Rouge by the union army all the stamps on hand were destroyed by the postmaster who had issued them.

Two of the principal qualities necessary to a perfect stamp collection are beauty and order. If a collector had but 100 of beautiful stamps and had them arranged in perfect order they would afford much more pleasure and instruction for those to whom the album was shown than if a thousand varieties were stuck on the pages in "any old way."

Women are jealous of echoes, cause they get the last word.

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