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ROLFF -:--:- HOUSE

G. H. BENEDICT. *****

"But it's the duty of a wife to rollow her husband," replied Rosa, argument-atively, "and if I marry I must needs follow my husband if he should wish to go to the ends of the world." "I'll care for that," said the hearty old man laughing; "I've chosen you a fellow whose lands will join mine, and

I'll make my own terms with him, and never shall you go from this house while I live." "But I do not wish ever to marry, father," replied Rosa, comewhat vexed at her father's cool disposal of her in

his match-making plans.

"Pooh, pooh," was the response,
"Tisn"t nature. All women wish to
marry. You're old enough now, and, by my dunder, I'd rather give up half my farm than see you grow up into a sour old maid. No. no. Think you you'll cheat me of having half-a-dozen grandchildren to clamber round my knees before I die? Twouldn't be honoring your old father, girl. There's Ralph-a fine young fellow; but a smile will make him yours and will you turn him away for a scapegrace that leaves you as soon as he gets a little money to scatter, and who, a thousand to one will never show his face here again?" Rosa did not answer; but the tears stealing down her cheeks, told of the

distress her father's words caused her "There, there," continued the old man, "they are foolish tears; but cr] it out; you will feel better for it, and be my merry little girl again one of these days. If I was a girl, it's few tears I would waste on the scamp that ran away from me."

'I cannot believe that Claude means to desert me, father," interposed Rosa,

The old man's brow darkened. "Believe it or not, girl," he said, "he's but a scamp, and I'd sooner see you dead than married to him. He's made a fool of you, and I must leave it to work off. When your wits come back, you'll be ashamed of every tear shed for such a scapegrace."

Rosa saw that to attempt to contro-

vert her father's opinion of Claude would only be to arouse his anger, and she wisely chose to be silent. The old man did not attempt to press

his wishes on her any further, but turned away with the bluff counsel to cheer up and forget her troubles. Cheer up! The words sounded like mockery to poor Rosa. In the conflict which she saw ahead between her filial duty and her plighted troth, there appeared nothing to cheer and encourage her. The future lowered on her vision dark and threatening, and portentious of the wreck of all her hopes of happi-

CHAPTER XXI. Lawyer Saybrook had very little or the sentimental in his disposition. But all times and under all circumstances?

The time comes when the most wary must be taken in a snare. The elder Saybrook entered his domicile one day, with thoughts intent upon business. He wished to have a talk with Ralph, who, however, was not in the office. He made his way to the domestic department where Mrs. Grewy presided. That excellent housekeeper had been engaged in moulding bread, and three shapely loaves stood on the moulding board as he entered. Mrs. Grewy blushed slightly, and then

smiled sweetly, as she saw the lawyer. Somehow, it had never before struck Mr. Saybrook that Mrs. Grewy was an attractive female, but just at this particular moment it flashed on him that ticular moment it flashed on him that the widow, as she stood with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows showing a white and shapely arm, and with a jaunty cap on her head, present-ed rather a handsome figure. This thought entered the lawyer's mind, but his immediate object was to enquire

for Ralph, so he said:
"Has Ralph been in, Mrs. Grewy?" "He went out about half an hour ago," replied Mrs. Grewy, and again a rosy hue suffused her face. Now, there was really no reason for the widow to blush. Mr. Saybrook's object was plainly very prosaic, and there was certainly nothing unusual in his inquiring for his son. Still, his sudden advent had evidently so accorded with some fancy of the widow's as to pro-

duce the tell-tale signal in question.
"Did he say when he would be back?" continued the lawyer.

"Oh, bless you, no," replied the widow; "he never does, you know; and I shouldn't presume to ask."

"Or didn't say where he was going?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Saybrook; but then if you are anxious to know, I might make a pretty good guess. He dressed himself with unusual care, and I sus-pect that he was going up to Mr.

Bruyn's.'

thought it proper to look down archly, and again let a rosy tinge suffuse her Now the lawyer had been fully ans-

And having said this, the widow

Now the lawyer had been fully answered, and there was no occasion for him to remain longer in the kitchen. But he hesitated a moment, and then advanced toward the table where the widow had been at work.

"Making bread, eh?" he said. "Really, Mrs. Grewy, I must compliment work work fort."

you on your effort."

The effect of these words on the widow was truly remarkable. They not only caused her to blush again in a very charming manner, but the lawyer could have sworn that in the space of

about three seconds she grew twenty years younger, so pleased and animated did she become under the effect of Now the truth was that the widow had long worshipped in silence the stately lawyer, and had in fancy cherstately lawyer, and had in rancy cherished the idea that he would make a more than acceptable substitute for the late Mr. Grewy, who in truth had been but a plain and illiterate, though goodnatured blacksmith. Mr. Saybrook, however, had hitherto never manifested the slightest interest in the widow's the slightest interest in the widow's efforts to please him, and this sudden ending quite took her by surprise

The lawyer, though, had long been aware of the not very carefully concealed worship of his housekeeper, but.

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while it had not been displeasing to

vanity, to reciprocate her sentimental attitude was about the last thing he would have thought of under ordinary, But this digression is delaying the widow's answer.

"Really, Mr. Saybrook," she replied "you are very kind to speak so; and, if I do say it myself, I do not think there are many women who can surpas me in baking of any kind; but then I always put my whole soul in my wor which is a good deal, but very natural, as it is my highest ambition to please

"U-m-m-yes-of course," replied the lawyer. "And so Ralph has gone up to old Bruyn's?"

"Yes—that is, I think he has," said ne widow. "And I must say, Mr. the widow. Saybrook, that I think the young lady is very fortunate who succeeds in get-ting him. Of course, I admit I am somewhat prejudiced-but how car I help it? I think he is really the most elegant young man I ever knew." "Ah," interposed the lawyer,

"Yes, indeed," continued the widow, gazing archly up." "And he resembles you so much; it is really quite remark.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I agree with you about Ralph. The girl will be fortunate who gets him. And yet l am particularly anxious about this pres ent affair of his. I think he is getting along, Mrs. Grewy. I do not think it would be any mistake to have it understood that he is to marry Rosa, but of course I would not wish to have it known as coming from me, you know."

"Oh, certainly not," replied the widow. "Really, I ar, quite surprisedand pleased, too, although one may be sure that Ralph cannot get anybody Well, if Ralph comes in this way

lawyer. "I am going up in the office." "But won't you have just a bite of brook," inquired the widow, with a sudden display of tender anxiety for his carnal comfort. "Let me show you some cake I have just been baking." "No, no, Mrs. Grewy; not at pres-

tell him I want to see him," said the

ent; do not disturb yourself. I must go at once.' And so the lawyer left, having suceeeded in raising the most ardent hopes in the bosom of the widow that she would yet be the rich and distinguished Mrs. Saybrook, while he had at the same time taken the best measure possible to have it publicly understood that Raiph and Rosa were not only engaged but very shortly to be married. He took his accustomed seat in his office,

At last Ralph came in. "Eh, Ralph," said the elder man, "take a seat. Just home, eh? Well, what lucy to-day? Any more favorable

and hour after hour flew by while he was deeply absorbed in writing.

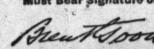
report."
"Well, slightly, perhaps," replied the young man, drawling out his tones with easy indifference. "It isn't my tactics, you know, to hurry matters. I undertook to press my claims a little to-day, however, and succeeded in extracting the answer that, while I was held in the deepest respect, it was not possible that I could become the recipient of anything more than friendship while any doubt remained as to the actual sentiments of a certain young gentleman now in Europe. Not a very en-couraging answer, perhaps; but inferentially I see therein a sign of hope."
"Ralph. I am rather out of patience

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yet I admire your imperturbable cool-ness. But I never can bear to delay in such matters as this. There is no tellsuch matters as this. There is no telling what new difficulty will spring up. That girl's obstinacy annoys me exceedingly. Everything is straight now if it wasn't for her infatuation for that young fool of a Rolff. I have the old man completely in my power, I think, and I believe I could speedily bring him to exert his authority. But you have been so opposed to it, I have hesitated." "Well," interposed Ralph, "I don't know but that I am getting a little tired of the way matters are going myself. I don't like to own up beat in

self. I don't like to own up beat in such a contest—in fact, I don't; but if time is a question of moment, I don't know that I should object to a little

pressure being used."
"Well," responded the elder, "I have
a plan in my mind to stir up the old gentleman that I think will work sat-isfactorily, and I must put it in opera-"What is it?" asked Ralph.

"Well, never mind at present," replied his father. "All you need concern yourself about is to note the result. Old Bruyn will doubtless be in this evening, and I shall see what I can do with him. My idea is, that if we can only induce him to bring a moderate amount of pressure to bear on Rosa she will speedily yield. This is the sen-timental period of her existence, and young Rolff having secured the first place in her affections, she naturally clings to him. It is very natural, and, in fact, she is to be commended for it; only it is cursed inconvenient for us. But she will not be a whit less devoted to you, my boy, after she once makes up her mind to accept you as her lover. She is rather more constant than her sex generally, and I like her the better

"She's a tip-top girl," replied Ralph,
"and I'm hanged if I don't grow to
like her better every time I see her.
She's the soul of sweetness and sincerity, and I'm almost sorry for her, she grieves so over that fellow Claude. But of course I'll make her a better hus-band, and I fancy I'll cure her yet of admiration for anybody beside myself."
"Well, Ralph, we'll hope for the best,

and work for it as well. And now just look over these papers in Saybrook vs. Miner, and see if they are all right." Evening came, and shortly after supper hour was over, Farmer Bruyn dropped into the office of the lawyer, Anthony Saybrook received him with especial warmth, and speedily ordered in glasses and bottles, and pressed his

hospitality on the free hearted old fellow with all his arts of persuasion.

After they had both tossed off a couple of glasses of wine, and exhausted the ordinary topics of interest, the lawyer thought it time to introduce the subject of his plan to influence the old gentleman to so exercise his parental authority over his daughter as to induce her to look more favorably on Ralph's

"By the way, Mr. Bruyn-but, come, let me fill your glass up again. There, there—don't say no; it is a very light wine, and wouldn't hurt you if you drank a gallon of it. What was I going to say? Ah, I recollect-I have a bit of news that may interest you. I have an offer to sell the Rolff property.' The old farmer gazed up in evident

"Who to?" he asked.

He is a very wealthy city merchant, who wishes to retire, and seek a healthy and quiet locality to spend the remainder of his days. The offer came to me through a legal friend of mine, and is really a very good one, as the old gentleman is willing to pay liberally.

"If you are going to sell," interposed Farmer Bruyn, "first sell me the wood lot, and the meadows next to the road. "Ah, but, my dear sir, that would cripple the balance of the estate, and

potl my bargain." "But you promised me," said the farmer doggedly, flushing up in a way that showed how deeply he was interested.

To be Continued.

Sketch of Mr. W. D. Scott. Mr. W. D. Scott, who is Commis-

oner-General of the Canadian exhibit at Wolverhampton, and who also had charge of the Colonial Ex-hibition at the London Royal Exchange, is no stranger to the manipulation of Exhibitions, writes M.A.
P. He was one of the Canadian commissioners at the Paris Exposition, and in charge of the great collection the Dominion Government sent to the Glasgow Exhibition last year. He is a fine specimen of the native-born colonial. Of Scottish parentage, Mr. Scott retains all the characteristics of the race, being shrewd, cool-headed and far-seeing. In his boyhood he was in the office of Lord Strathcona, and so strong is habit that to this day his old "boss still addresses him as "Willie." Mr. Scott was for some time connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and can tell many a good story of railroad life in the Dominion.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known to the literary world as John Strange Winter, who is president of the International Society of Women Journalists in London, always has some musical celebrity to meet the guests at her weekly afternoon receptions during the season. One day, out of courtesy to Emma Nevada, she invited, among others, several Americans. Henry M. Stanley was there, too, fresh from his African triumphs. As Nevada stepped to the piano the hum of conversation about him showed no indication of subsiding. The voice of the hostess imploring silence was not heard.

ing silence was not heard.

Stepping to the piano, Mrs. Stannard, as though by accident, fell with one arm from wrist to elbow squarely on the keys of the piano.

The crash stopped all talk, and the greats looked on in astonishment. guests looked on in astonishment.
"How awkward of me!" exclaimed the hostess sweetly. But there was no more talk,

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