

## HAIR RAISING.

A Year Ago no One Would Believe What Thousands Now Know to be a Fact—Hair Can be Grown on Bald Heads.

The hardest to convince that baldness can be replaced by a new growth of hair, are the bald.

Why?

Because hundreds of things have been used with no effect. Nothing that has ever been prepared would produce a permanent growth of hair on bald heads until the discovery of The Rose Hair Grower.

This preparation is the first to successfully demonstrate the hitherto impossible, growing hair on bald heads.

The originator, after perfecting the formula, found himself face to face with an incredulous public, who said: "No, no, too good to be true."

"Would you like to believe it, but can't," "Nothing will cure my baldness."

"Good man, if true, you could not supply demand."

Useless to talk, been fooled to often.

Now these same people, who know what they are talking about, express themselves as follows:—

Robert Rose, plumber, Parkdale, says, "I have been bald for over 22 years, but after using The Rose Hair Grower for two months, I have a good growth of hair all over my head, and it is filling in at the sides nicely. I have much pleasure in sending you this reference, and will continue using your treatment."

W. Livingstone, druggist, 25 Howard St., Toronto, says, "This is to certify that I have seen the results of the use of The Rose Hair Grower. As a druggist with many years' experience in the city of Toronto, I have seen a multitude of hair tonics tried with varying results, but have never sold a hair grower that has been such a pronounced success as The Rose. Ladies and gentlemen amongst our best people in the city, to whom I recommended it, many of whom were bald, now have beautiful heads of hair. I have used it myself and now have a head of hair as thick as anyone could wish for."

The Rose Hair Grower stops falling of the hair with a few applications. It absolutely removes dandruff. Makes the hair soft and pliable. It is a perfect hair dressing, and the only preparation in the world that overcomes baldness.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle of dealers, or forwarded on receipt of price by addressing Rose & Co., 48 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.

## Best in Ready-Mixed Paints

Our Mixed Paints are the standard of quality—true to color—pure, and fresh from the makers.

## A Home Test

will establish their superior qualities. Made for inside and outside work.

## Before Preparing

for house cleaning call and get a supply of these pure paints.

## Alabastine

in sixteen tints and colors and white.

## Jellstone

tinted, White Leads, Paint Oils, Varnishes, etc.

## Brushes

for paint, varnish, kalsomine and every purpose in great variety.

## Our Prices

will interest you and our goods will be found the best value in the city.

King, Cunningham & Drew  
King Street, Chatham

SMOKE THE...  
**Beresford Cigar**  
10c

MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER,  
LONDON, FOR SALE AT

**Bennett's Cigar Store**  
10, O. F. BUILDING.

## In providing office equipment

to facilitate your business, have you secured a

## LONG DISTANCE

TELEPHONE?

The charges are moderate.

The Local Manager of The Bell Telephone Company will be pleased to quote you rates.

## VACUUM OIL

Makes Machinery Run smoothly and cheaply. Saves wear and tear and fuel. Made by the Vacuum Oil Co., under the Vacuum process.

\*\*\* FARMERS \*\*\*  
Insert upon your dealer's Vacuum American Pulp. Take no other.

General Office and Works  
**VACUUM OIL CO.**  
50 Esplanade East, Toronto

## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"  
"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

There were no tears in the mother's eyes nor in the daughter's, but in the breast of each there was a whirlpool of raging waters, hurrying far more than if they had been suffered to overflow in torrents. Eli was the first to go, for John lingered a moment. There was something he wanted to say, something which made him blush and stammer.

"Mother," he began, "I saw Susan last night. We went to Squire Harding's together; and, and, well, 'taint no use opposing it now—Susan and I are one; and if I shouldn't come back, be good to her, for my sake; Susan's a nice girl, mother; and on the brown, bearded cheek, there was a tear, wrung out by the thoughts of only last night's bride, Susan Ruggles, whose family the widow did not like, and had set her teeth against."

There was no help now, and a sudden start was all the widow's answer. She was not angry, John knew; and, satisfied with this, he joined his brother in the yard, where he was cutting his name upon the beech tree. Thrice the widow called them back, failing each time to remember what she wanted to say. "It was something, sure, and the hard hands worked nervously, twisting up the gingham apron into a roll, smoothing it out again, and working at the strings, until Eli and John passed down the road. They were a grand-looking couple, she thought, as she saw how well they kept step. They were to march together to the depot, she knew, and nobody in town could turn out a finer span, but who would go with Isaac? "Strip," his brother called him. She hoped it might be Judge Warner's son; it would be such an honor; and that brought her back to the fact that Isaac was waiting for her inside; that the hardest part of all was yet to come, the bidding him good-bye. He was not in the chair where she had left him sitting, but was standing by the window, and raising often to his eyes his cotton handkerchief. He heard his mother come in, and turning toward her, said, with a sobbing laugh:

"I wish the plaguy thing was over."

She thought he meant the war, and answered that "it would be in a few months, perhaps."

"I don't mean that, I mean the telling you good-bye. Mother, oh, mother!" and the warm-hearted boy clasped his mother to his bosom, crying like a child, "if I've ever been mean to you," he said, his voice choking with tears.

"If I've ever been mean to you, or done a hateful thing, you'll forget it when I'm gone? I never meant to be bad, and the time I made that face, and called you an old fool, when I was a little boy, you don't know how sorry I felt, nor how long I cried in the trundle-bed after you were asleep. You'll forget it, won't you, when I am gone, never to come back, maybe? Will you, mother, say?"

"Would she? Could she remember aught against her youngest born, save that he had ever been to her the best, the dearest, most obedient child in the world? No, she could not, and so she told him, caressing his light brown hair and showering upon it the kisses which the compressed lips could no longer restrain. The fountain of love was broken, and the widow's tears dropped like rain on the upturned face of her boy.

Suddenly there came to those ears so like a funeral knell to Annie Graham, Isaac must go, but not till one act more was done.

"Mother," he whispered, half hesitatingly, "it will make me a better soldier if you say the Lord's Prayer with me, just as you used to do, with your hand upon my head. I'll kneel down, if you like," and the boy of eighteen, wearing a soldier's dress, did kneel down, nor felt shame as the shaky hand rested once more on his bowed head, while his mother said with him the prayer learned years ago, kneeling as he knelt now.

Surely to the angels looking on there was charge given concerning that boy,—charge to see that no murderous bullet came near him, even though they should fall round him thick and fast as summer hail. It would seem that some such thought as this intruded itself upon the Widow Simms, for where the swelling pain had been there came a gentle peace. God would care for Isaac. He would send him home in safety, and so the bitterness of that parting was more than half taken away.

Again the drum beat just as Annie heard it. Another pressure of the hand, another burning kiss, another "good-bye, mother, don't fret too much about us," and then the last of the widow's boys was gone.

Turn now to the shanty-like building down by the mill, where the mother of Harry and Bill rocked to and fro upon the unmade bed, and rent the air with her dismal howls, hoping thus to win at least one tender word from the two youths, voraciously devouring the breakfast she, like Widow Simms, had been at so much pains to prepare, watching, even through her tears, to see "if they want going to leave her one atom of the steak she had spent her yesterday's earnings to buy."

No they didn't. Harry took the last piece, growing angrily at Bill, who, kinder hearted than his brother, suggested that "Had shouldn't be a pig, but leave something for the old woman."

"Leave it yourself," was Harry's gruff response, and, turning to his mother, he told her not to make a fool of

herself, when she knew she was glad to be rid of them. At any rate, if she were not, the whole village were; adding, by way of consolation, that "he should probably end his days in State Prison if he stayed at home, and he had better be shot in a fair fight, as there was some credit in that."

Around Harry Baker's childhood there clustered no remembrance of prayers said at the mother's knee, or of Bible stories told in the dusky twilight, and though reared in New England, within sight of the church spire, he had rarely been inside the house of God, and this it was which made the difference in that scene and the one transpiring in the house of Widow Simms. All the animal passions in Harry Baker's case were brought to full perfection, unsoftened by any softer influence, and rising from the table, after having filled his stomach almost to bursting, he swaggered across the room, and, opening his bundle, began to comment upon the different articles, he having been too drunk to notice them when given to him on the previous night.

"What in thunder is this for," he exclaimed, holding up the calico housewife, and letting buttons, scissors and thread drop upon the floor. "Plaguy pretty implements of war these!" and he began to enumerate the articles. "Fine tooth comb, black as the ace of spades. Good enough idea that; hair's used most often I can remember," and he passed it through his shaggy hair, whose appearance fully verified the truth of his assertion. "Half a paper of pins. Why didn't the stingy critters give us more? An old brass tumbler, too. Here, mother, I'll give you that to remember me by," and he tossed it into her lap. The drawers then took his attention; the identical pair Rose Mather made, and though they were better than any he had ever worn, he laughed at them derisively. Trying them on, he succeeded in making a long tip in one of the seams, for Rose's stitches were none the shortest. 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