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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 hald heads until the discovery of the Rose Hair Grower.

This preparation is the first to suc-cessfully demonstrate the hitherto impossible, growing hair on bald

The originator, after perfecting the originator, found himself face to face formula. found himself face to face with an incredulous public, who said: "No, no, too good to be true." "Would like to believe it, but can't," "Nothing will oure my baldness." "Good man, if true, you could not supply demand."

Useless to talk, been fooled to Now these same people, who know

what they are talking about, express themselves as follows:— Robert Ross, 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 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 promonneed success at The Rose. Ladies and gentlemen amongst our best peo-

ed 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 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 perfeet hair dressing, and the only pre-paration in the world that overcomes baldness.

ple in the city, to whom I recommend

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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-33/60

BY MARY J. HOLMES, Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

to be rid of them. At any rate, if

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

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 twi-

light, and, though reared in New Eng

land, within sight of the church spire

he had rarely been inside the house of

God, and this it was which made the

Scrence in that scene and the one ranspiring in the house of Widow

mms. All the animal passions in Har-

ry Baker's case were brought to full

perfection, unsubdued by any softer in-

fuence, 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 pre-

"What in thunder is this for-" he ex-

daimed, holding up the calico housewife,

and letting buttons, scissors and thread

drop upon the floor. "Plaguy pretty

tooth comb, black as the ace of spades. Good enough idea that; hain't used

one since 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 crit-ters give us more? An old brass

thimble, 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 deris-

vely. Trying them on, he succeeded

in making a long rip in one of the seams, for Rose's stitches were none

the shortest. Then, with a flourish,

he kicked them off, uttering an oath

as he felt a sharp scratch from a needle

which Rose had broken, and failed to

extricate. The wooden shirt came

next, but any remarks he might have

made upon that were prevented by his

catching sight of the little brown book

"Hurrah, Bill, if here ain't a Testa-

nent, with 'Harry Baker' inside. Rich,

by George! Wonder if they s'posed I'd

read it. Let us see what it says. 'Come

unto me all ye that labor.' That means

you, mother, scrubbin' and workin',

sing himes and psalms!" and he threw

the sacred book across the floor, just as

the signal," he exclaimed, and, hastily

rolling up the shirt and drawers, he

started for the door, carelessly saying,

come along. Good-bye, old lady, you

needn't wear black if I'm killed.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, wait. Wait, Billy

boy, do wait. Give your old marm one

kiss,' and the poor woman tottered to

ward Harry, who savagely repulsed

her, saying "he wasn't going to have

"You, Billy, then, you'll let me kiss

rou, won't you?" and she turned to-

ward Bill, who hesitated a moment

Bill was afraid of Harry's jeers, and

so he, too, refused, while the wailing

cry rose louder.
"Oh, Billy do just once, and I've

een so good to you! Just once, do,

"Shan't do it," was Billy's reply, as

he followed Harry, who, as a farewell parting had hurled a stone at a cow

across the street, set the dog on his

mother's kitten, stepped on the old cat's tail, and then left the yard,

damming after him the rickets gate his

Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899.
I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried.
J. Johnston,

J. Johnston,
Predericton, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1899.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the
past ten years, I find it the best soap
that I have ever had in my house and
would not use any other when I can get
SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISM SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell everybody why our overalls have such a good color.

Maudie Logan.

Montreal

SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

"That's

he first drum-beat sounded.

"Twon't pay, I guess."

her slobberin' over him.'

Billy."

for Harry was in the way.

you know. Keep the pesky thing. enlisted to lick the Southerners, not to

which lay at the bottom of the bundle.

implements of war these!" and he h

gan to enumerate the articles.

vious night.

as, there was some credit in that."

she were not, the whole village were

There were no tears in the m eres nor in the sons', but in the breast of each there was a whirlpool of raging waters, hurting far more than if they had been suffered to overflow in arrents. Eli was the first to go, for John lingered a moment. There was something he would say, something which made him blush and stammer. "Mother." he began, "I saw Susan st night. We went to Squire Hardng'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. cearded cheek, there was a tear, wrung ut by the thoughts of only last night's oride, Susan Ruggles, whose family the widow did not like, and had set herself against. There was no help now, and a sud-

den 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 Ell and John pessed from the yard, and left her standing there, watching them as they 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?—"Stub," his brothers 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 goodbye. 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.

turning toward her, said, with a sob-"I wish the plaguy thing was over." She thought he meant the war, and answered that "it would be in a few

He heard his mother come in, and

nonths, 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, done a hateful thing, you'll forget it when I'm gone? I never meant to be and called you an old fool, when I was 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

wou, 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 the same drum-beat which had sounded 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 sol dier 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

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

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 we 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 breakfast she, like Widow Simms. had been at so much pains to prepare, watching, even through her tears, to see "if they wan't 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, growling angrily at Bill, who, kinder hearted than his brother, suggested that "Hal shouldn't be a pig, but leave something for the old wo-

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

however, waited. There was omething more human in his nature than in his brother's He had not thrown his Testament away, and the sight of it in his bundle had touched

a tender chord, making him half reolve to read it. Watching his brother till he was out of sight, he went back to where his mother sat, moaning dole-

"Oh, that I should raise sich boys!that I should raise sich boys "Mother." he'said, and Mrs. Baker's beart fairly leaped at the sound, for there was genuine sympathy in the tone "mother, new that Hal has gone, I don't mind kissin' you, or lettin' you kiss me, if you want to."

The doleful moan was a

cream as the shrivelled arms clasped Pill, while the joyful mother kissed the rough but not ill-humored face. "There, now, don't screech so like an owl," he said, releasing himself from her, and adding, as he glanced at a huge silver watch, won by gambling "Maybe, seein' I've a few minutes to spare, I'll drive a nail or so into that confounded gate, and I dun know, but while I'm about it, I'll split you on armful of wood. I had or'to cut up the

hull on't. I s'pose, but when Hal is 'round I can't do nothin'." It was strange how many little things Bill did in these few minutes he had to spare,—things which added greatly to his mother's comfort, and saved ne several shillings, besides making a soft warm spot in a heart which knew not many such. Glancing at the tall clock brought from New England, when Mrs. Paker first moved to Rockland, Bill re

marked: "The darned thing has stopped agin I or'to have iled it. I s'pose. It would kind of been company for you, hearin it tick, I vum, if I hain't a mind to give you this old turnep," and again he drew out the silver watch. "You'll lay abed all day without no time. Like enough I'll nab one from some tarnal rebel,-who knows?" and with his faverite expression, "Nuff said," Bill laid the watch upon the table his mother mouning all the while:

"Billy boy, Billy boy, I never sot so much store by you before. How can I let you go? Stay, Billy, do, or else run away the first chance you git. Will

you, Billy boy?" "Not by a jugful!" was the emphatic sponse "I hain't none of that kind. I'll be shot like a dog before I'll run. The Baker name shall never be dis-graced by my desertin'. It's more like Hal to do that; but don't howl so. I'm kinder puttin' on the tender, you know, cause I'm goin' away. I should be ugly as ever if I'd stay to hum. So stop your snivelin'," and having driven the last nail into a broken chair, Bil gathered up his bundle, and with the remark, "Nuff said," darted through the open door, and was off ere his mother fairly comprehended it.

There was a great crowd out that morning to see the company off. Fathers, mothers, wives and sisters,-those who had friends in the company and those who had none. The Mather carriage was there, and from its window Rose's childish face looked out, now irradiated with smiles as its owner bowed to some acquaintance, and again shadowed with sympathy as the cries of some bereaved one were heard amid

the throng. thither by a desire to see if Isaac did march with Charlie Warner, as she hoped he would, notwithstanding that he had told her he was probably too short. She didn't believe that,-he was taller than he looked, and inasmuch "Come Bill, take your Testament and as Charlie was the most aristocratic of the company, she did hope Isaac would go with him. So there she stood waiting, not far from Mrs. Baker, who had dried her eyes, and come for a last

look at her boys. Onward the soldiers came, slowly, steadily, onward, the regular tread of their feet and the measured beat of the drum making solemn music as they came, and sending a chill to many a heart; for 'twas no gala day, no Fourth of July, no old-fashioned general training, they were there to celebrate. Eyery drum-beat was a note of war, and they who kept time to it were going forth to battle. Onward, onward, still they came, George Graham's splendid figure towering above the rest, and eliciting more than one flattering compliment from the look-

There were John and Eli, side by side,-John eagerly scanning the female forms which lined the walk for a sight of last night's bride, and Eli looking for his mother, if perchance she should be there. She was there, and what to John was better yet, she stood with her hand on Susan's shoulder, showing that thus early she was trying to mo-

ther her. "That's him,-that's John," and Susan's voice faltered as she pointed him out to the widow, whose heart gave one great spasm of pain as she saw him, and then grew suddenly still with wrath and indignation for alas, her Isaac. who was to have gone with Charlie Warner, son of Rockland's judge, was marching with William Baker,—Bill, who had been to the workhouse twice, to say nothing of the times he had stolen her rare-ripes and early melons! She had not looked for anything like this, and could scarcely believe senses. Yet there they were, right be-fore her eyes, Isaac and Bill, the former hoping his mother would not see him, and the latter trying not to see his mother, who was quite as much delighted to see him with Isaac Simme as the widow would have been had Isaac been with Charlie Warner, just

in front. Mrs. Baker had followed her sons to the hall, had heard the reasons for the captain's decision, and she called out in a loud exultant tone;

"Miss Simms! Miss Simms do you see your Ike with Billy? Cap'n Johnsen would have put him with Charlie Warner if he hadn't fell short two inches. Look kinder nice together, don't they? only Ike stoops a trifle,

nears to me."
To be Continued. Every man knows better than to go up against another man's game, yet they all do it.



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