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.

Because hundreds of things have tren 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 suc sessfully demonstrate the hitherto

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 like to believe it, but can't,

"Nothing will care 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

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 the sides nicely. I is filling in at the sides nicely. 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 multitude of hair tonics tried with warying results, but have never sold a hair grower that has been such a pro-morneed success at The Rose. Ladies and gentlemen amongst our best peo-ple in the city, to whom I recommend ed it, many of whom were bald, now have beautiful heads of hair. I have used it myself and now have a head of bair 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 per-fect hair dressing, and the only pre-paration in the world that overcomes

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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-33/60 BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"

evinced in the matter, and glad to talk in particular, had stung her to the with any one upon the subject which was beginning to occupy so much of his own thoughts. Mr. Mather drew her into his lap, and endeavored, as far as possible, to explain to her what it was all for. Much of what he said, however, was Greek to Rose, who only rained a vague idea that the North was contending for a bit of cloth, such as she had often seen floating over the dome of the old State House in Boston. and with the remark, that men's lives were far more valuable than all the Stars and Stripes in the world, she fell away to sleep, leaving her husband in the midst of an argument not quite clear to himself, for, like his wife, te

no great reasoner, logically; all her deould not then see exactly what the war was for. Still, inasmuch as there was war, he would not play the cowa's part, nor shrink from the post of country should need his es. But this Rose did not know. compre in the belief that whatever for guidance to choose the right, even · hencon, Will would never go. she though that right should take her husrear ed her wonted cheerfulness, anid envihing of the war,

was sure to startle her hearers with some remark quite unworthy of a New England daughter. She did wish they would stop having so many meetings, she said, or, if they must have them, she wished they'd get Brother Tom to come and set them right. He had lived in Charleston. He could tell them how kind the people were to Mary, his sick wife, and were it not that it was beneath him to lecture, she'd surely write for him to come. Rose Mather was growing unpopular by her foolish speeches, and when at last she was asked to join with other ladies of the town in making articles of clothing for the volunteers, she added the last drop to the brimming bucket, by tossing back her chestnut tresses, and "guessing she shouldn't blister her hands over that coarse stuff. She couldn't sew much any way; and as for making bandages ond lint, the very idea was sickening. She'd give them fifty cents, if they wanted, but she positively couldn't do more than that, for she must have a new pair of lavender kids. She had

the old ones three or four times, and Will preached economy every day.' With a frown of impatience, the matron who had been do ated to ask help from Rose, took the fifty cents, and with feelings anything but complimentary to the silly little lady, went back to the hall where scores of womenwere busily employed in behalf of the company, some of whom would never return to tell how much good even the homely housewife, with her pins and and thread had done them when far away where no mother or sister hand could reach them, not yet how the thought that perhaps a dear one's fingers had torn the soft linen band, or scraped the tender lint applied to some gaping wound, had helped to ease the pain, and cheer the homesick heart. It was surely a work of mercy in which our noble women were then engaged, and if from the group collected in Rockland Hatl, there was much loud murmuring at Rose Mather's want of sense or heart, it arose not so much from illnature as from astonishment that she could be so callous and indifferent to an object of so much importance.

"Wait till her husband goes, and she won't mince along so daintily, taking all that pains to show her Balmoral, when it isn't one bit muddy," muttered the Widow Simms, pointing out to those near the window, the lady in question, tripping down the street in quest of lavender kids, perhaps, or more likely bound for her husband's office, where, now that everybody worked all day long at the hall, she spent much of her time, it was so lonely at home, with nobody to call. "I hope he'll be drafted, and have to go, upon my word!" continued the widow, whose heart was very sore with thinking of the three seats at her fireside, so soon to be vacated by her darling boys—Ell, John and Isaac. "Yes, I do hope he'll be drafted, don't you. Mrs. Graham?" and she turned toward Annie, who was rolling up bandages of linen, and weaving in with every coil a prayer that the poor soldier, whose lot it should be to need the band, might return again to the loved ones at home, or else be fitted for that better home, where war is

Annie shook her fread, but made no answer. There was no bitterness now in her heart against Rose Mather. She had prayed that all away, and only hoped the anguish which had come to her, making her brain giddy, and her heart faint might never be borne by another, if that could be. George had volunteered,-was to be second lieutenant, and Annie, who shall tell of the gloom which had fallen so darkly around the cottage she had called hers for one brief year. It was a neat, cosy dwelling, and to Annie it never seemed so cheerful as on that memorable night of the war-meeting, when she had lighted the lamp and sat down with George upon the chintz-covered lounge he had helped her make when first she was a bride. It is true the carpet was not of velvet, like that Rose Mather trod up-cn; neither was there in all the house one inch of rosewood or of marble, but there was domestic love, pure and deep as any Rose ever experienced, and there was something better far than that, a patient trusting faith in One who can shed light upon the dreariest home, and make the heaviest trial seem like naught. It was this trusting faith which made Annie Graham the sweet, gentle being she was, shedding its in-fluence over her whole life, and softening down a disposition which otherwise might have been haughty and resent-ful. Annie was naturally high-spirited and proud, and Rose's remarks concern-

was the soothing remark of the kind-hearted old woman who gave the work to Annie, noting, as she did so, how the lip quivered and the cheek paled at the very idea. "What if George should need them?" kept suggesting itself to her as she worked industriously on hoping that, if he did, some one of the rolls she was winding might come to him, or, better yet, if he could only have the bit of "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc. ing volunteeers in general, and George

soft linen she had brought herself .a piece of her own clothing, and bear-ing on it her maiden name, Annie How-He would be sure to know it she said, it was written so plainly indelible ink, and it would make him quick, but with the indignant mood feel so glad. But there might be other there came another impulse, and ere the Annie Howards, it was not an uncomcottage had been reached, the bitter mon name, was suggested next to her feeling had gone, leaving nothing but as she tore the linen in strips, and sorrow that it had ever been there. quick as thought her hand sought the Like Rose, she wished there would be pocket of her dress for the pencil which no war, but wishing was of no avail, she knew was there. Glancing around and long after George Graham was to see that no one observed her, she touched the pencil to her lips and wrote after the name: "It's your Annie. esleep and dreaming, it may be, of glor-tes won on battle-fields, Annie lay awake, questioning within herself whe-ther she ought, by word or deed, to George. Try to believe I'm there. prevent her husband's going, if he felt, as he seemed to feel, that it was as much his duty as that of others to join

her, that of tearing and winding band-

ages for those who might be wounded

"Maybe there'll never be no fight but it's well enough to be prepared."

There were big tear-drops on the or of linen, but Annie brushed them away and went on with her rolling, just as Widow Simms called her attention to Rose Mather, as mentioned several

pages back.

in his country's defence. Annie was

cisions were made to turn upon the sim-

ple question of right and wrong, and on

this occasion she found it hard to tell,

so evenly the balance seemed adjusted

More than once she stole from her pil-

low, and going out into the fresh night

air, knelt in the moonlight, and asked

"If I knew he would not die, it

would not be so hard to give him up.'

she murmured, as sickening visions of

fields strewn with the dead, and hospi-

tals filled with the dying, came over her,

and for an instant her brain reeled

with the thought of George dying thus,

and leaving her no hope of meeting

her again, for George's faith was not

Anon, however, something whispered

to her that the God she loved was on

the field of carnage and in the camp.

and in the hospital, and everywhere as

much as there in Rockland, that prayers innumerable would follow the brave

volunteers, and that the evil she so

much feared might be the means of

working the great good she so desired.

And thus it was that Annie came to

decision. Stealing back to her hus

band's side, she b nt above him as he

lay sleeping, and with a heart which

throbbed to its very core, though the

lip uttered no sou d, she gave him to

his country, asking, if it could be, that

he might come back again, but if it were ordered otherwise "God's will be done." There was no shrinking 'after

that sacrifice was made, though when

the morning came, the death-white face

and the dark circles beneath the eyes

told of a weary vigil, such as many

and many a woman kept, both North and South, during the dark hours of

the Rebellion. But save the death-

white face and heavy eyes, there was

no token of the inner struggle, as with

and's neck, and whispered to him,

You may go,-I give my free consent,"

and George, who cared far more to

go than he had dared express, kissed the

lips which tried so hard to smile, little

dreaming what it cost his brave young

vife to tell him what she had. To one

of his temperament, there was no dan-

ger to be feared for himself. The bul-

let which might strike down a brother

at his side would be turned away from

him. Others would, of course, be kill-

ed, but he should escape unharmed.

In the language of one speaker, whose

going to be shot, but to shoot some-

This was his idea, and ere the cling-

ing arms had unclasped themselves

from his neck, his imagination had leap-

ed forward to the future, and in fancy

George Graham wore, if not a colonel's,

at least a captain's uniform, and the

cottage on the hill, which Annie so

much admired, and for the purchase of

which a few hundreds were already

saved, was his,-bought with the money

he would earn. The deed should be

drawn in her name, too, he said, and he

pictured her coming down the walk

to meet him, with the rose-blush on her

cheek, just as she looked the first time

he ever saw her. Something of this

he told her,—and Annie tried to smile, and think it all might be. But her

heart that morning was far too heavy

to be lightened by a picture of what seemed so improbable. Still, George's

hopeful confidence did much to reas sure her, and when, a few days after

she started for the hall, she purposely

took a longer walk for the sake of pass

ing the cottage on the hill, thinking

as she leaned over the low iron fence,

how she would arrange the flower-bed

more tastefully than they were now ar-

ranged, and teach the drooping vines

slender columns supporting the plazza

in front. She would have seats, too,

trees, where she and George could sit

at twilight, and watch the shadows creeping across the hollow where the

old cottage was, and up the opposite

hill, where the cupola of Rose Ma-ther's home was plainly visible, blaz-ing in the April sunshine. It was a

and for a time the load of pain which, since George volunteered, had lain so

heavy at her heart, was gone; but

returned again when, as she passed a

turn in the road, her eye wandered

down to the hollow, and that other

cottage standing there so brown and small, and looking already so desolate.

because she knew that ere many days

were over, she would wait in vain for

the loved footsteps coming down the

road,-should miss the pleasant, cheery

laugh, the teasing joke and words of

love which made the world all sun-

shine. The cottage on the hill became

a worthless thing as poor Annie forced

Taking her seat by the window, she

very pleasant castle which Annie

-willow-twisted chairs beneath

twine more gracefully around the

a desperate effort at self-command, An-

wound her arms around her

tand from her.

Annie could not account for it herself, but ever since Rose's arrival at Rockland, she had felt a strange inexplicable interest in the fashionable belle; an interest prompted by something more than mere curiosity, and now that there was an opportunity of seeing her without being herself seen, she straightened up and smoothing the soft braids of her pale brown hair, waited for the entrance of the little lady, who, with her pink hat set jauntily on her chestnut curls, and her rich fur collar buttoned gracefully over her handsome cloth cloak, tripped into the room, doing much by her sunny smile and pleasant manner to disarm the ladies of their recent prejudice against her. She was nothing but a child, they reflected; a spoiled, petted child; she would improve as she grew older and came more in contact with the sharp corners of the world, so those who had the honor of her acquaintance received her with the familiar deference, if we may be allowed the expression, which tad always marked their manner toward William Mather's bride, Rose was too much accustomed to society to be at all disconcerted by the hundred pair of eyes turned scrutinizingly toward her. Indeed, she rather enjoyed being looked at, and she tossed the coarse garments about with a pretty playfulness, saying tthat "since the la dies had called upon her she had thought better of it; and made up her mind to martyr herself one afternoon at least, and benefit the soldiers. To be sure there wasn't much she could do. She might hold yarn for some dy to wind, she supposed, but she couldn't knit, and she didn't want to sew on such ugly, scratchy stuff as those flannel shirts, but if somebody would thread her needle, and fix it all

right, she'd try what she could do on For a time no one seemed inclined volunteer her services, and Widow Simms's shears clicked spitefully loud as they cut through the cotton flannel At last, however, Mrs. Baker, who had more than once officiated as washerwoman at the Mather mansion, came forward and arranged some work for Rose, who, untying the strings of her pink hat, and adjusting her tiny gold simble, labored on until she had succeeded in sewing up and joining together a long leg with one some inches shorter, which had happened to be ly eloquent appeal had done much to fire his youthful enthusiasm, "He was not ing near. Loud was the shout which a discovery of this mistake called forth nor was it at all abated when Rose de murely asked if it would not answer for some soldier who should chance to have a limb shot off just below the

> "The little simpleton" muttered the widow, while Mrs. Baker pointed out to the discomfited lady that one division of the drawers was right side out and the other wrong!

There was no alternative save to rip the entire thing, and with glowing cheeks Rose began the task of undoing what she had done, incidentally letting out, as she worked, that Will might have known better than to send her there,-she shouldn't have come at all if he had not insisted, telling her people would call her a secessionist unless she did something to benefit the soldiers. She didn't care what they called her; she knew she was a Democrat, or used to be before she was married; but now that Will was a Republican, she hardly knew what she was; any way, she was not a secessionist, and she wasn't particularly interested in the war either; why should she be?—Will was not going, nor Brother Tom, nor any of her

"But somebody's friends are going,somebody's Will, somebody's Tom; as dear to them as yours are to you," came in a rebuking tone from straightforward, outspoken woman, who knew from sad experience that "some-

body's Tom was going,"
"Yes, I know," said Rose, a shadow for an instant crossing her bright face, "and it is dreadful, too. Will says everything will be so much higher, and it will be so dull at Saratoga and Newport next summer, without the South ern people. One might as well stay at nome. The war might have been avoided, too, by a little mutual forbearance from both parties, until matters could be amicably adjusted, for Brother Tom said so in his letter last night, and a heap more which I can't remember. Here Rose paused quite exhausted, with the effort she had made to re

peat the opinion of Brother Tom- She had read all his lefter, fully indorsing as much of it as she understood, after a little she went on: To be Continued.

Labor is but refreshment from re- Drug back her tears, and with quickened steps hurried on to join the group of ladies busy at the hall. With every mercenary man time is money, and that is why he doesn't spend it more cheerfully.

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