

## HAIR RAISING.

Years 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 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 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."

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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 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 recommend 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.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 20th to 30th June inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
S. F. GARDINER,  
Manager.

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## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

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

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

Although making due allowance for the widow's prejudice, these remarks were not without their effect upon Annie, who, imperceptibly to herself, began to feel that probably Jim did regard her as merely a poor dependant on his sister's bounty, and she unconsciously assumed toward him a cool, reserved manner, which led him to fancy that she entertained for him a deep-seated prejudice on account of his past error. Twenty times a day he said to himself he did not care what she thought of him, and as many times a day he knew he did care much more than was at all conducive to his peace of mind. Where this coming might be, he never stopped to consider. He only felt now that he respected the Quaker-like Annie more than he ever respected a woman before, and coveted her good opinion more earnestly than he ever remembered to have coveted anything in his life, unless, indeed, it was his freedom when a prisoner in Bill Baker's power.

In this state of affairs it required all Rose's tact to sustain anything like sociability between her brother and Annie, and the little lady was perfectly delighted when the joyful tidings were received that Tom was coming home. Annie would like Tom, for everybody did; besides, Tom had written as if he were almost a good man himself, and Annie was sure to be pleased with that; they, at least, would be fast friends; and secure on this point, Rose, with her usual impulsiveness, plunged into the preparations for Tom's reception. Even Annie did not think any reasonable hour too great for him, particularly after Isaac wrote from Washington to his mother, telling her of Tom's generous sacrifice, and how he might have been home long before if he had not chosen to stay and cure for a poor, sick boy. How the widow's heart warmed toward the Carletons, taking the whole family into its little rather limited dimensions. Even Jimmie was not excluded, the widow admitting to Mrs. Baker, between whom and her self there had been many a hot discussion touching the so-called rebel, that when he laughed, he was uncommon handsome for a Quaker, and she presumed that "at the bottom he was as good as they would average."

But if the widow were thus affected by Tom's kind act, how much more were the mother and sister pleased to know how noble and good he was. While Annie said the tears she could not repress, said to Rose:

"You should be proud of such a brother. There are few like him. I am sure."

How Jimmie envied Tom, as he heard on all sides, praises for a noble unselfishness, and the resolution to welcome him and Isaac, with military honors. Once more in his element, Bill Baker indistinctly drilled his clique, who were to answer no earthly purpose save to swell the throng and prolong the cheering cheers. Bill began to feel related to the Carletons, and regularly each day he called at the Mother man's house, and there, with regard to the progress of affairs. They were to bring out the new gun, he said, and as it was minus a name, the villagers had concluded to call it the "Thomas Carleton," asking "how she thought the 'Squads' would like it, and how many times it ought to be fired. The band would serenade Tom in the evening," he said, "and we shall have bonfires kindled in the streets," talking as if instead of being merely cannon-tender, he were head manager of the whole, and that all the responsibility were resting on himself. Rose understood him perfectly, and with the utmost good-nature listened to his suggestions, and scolded Jimmie for calling him her prime minister and confidant.

From the couple the Mother minister the Stars and Stripes were to be hung out, and on the morning of Tom's expected arrival, Jimmie and Annie climbed the winding stairs and fastened the staff securely to its place. Graceful folds shook themselves to the breeze, for she remembered the coming of another soldier when this same banner was wrapped around a coffin. Across the valley and beyond the confines of the village she could see where that coffin with its loved inmate was buried, and as the past came rushing over her she suddenly gave way, and sitting down beneath the flag, wept bitterly, while Jimmie, with a vague idea as to what might have caused her tears, stood looking at her, wishing he could comfort her. But what should he say? As yet they had scarcely passed the bounds of the most scrupulous politeness to each other, and for him to attempt to comfort her seemed preposterous, while to leave her without a word seemed equally unkind. Perhaps it was the beautiful glossy braids of hair which brought him at last to a decision, causing him to lay his hand involuntarily upon the bowed head while he said:

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Graham, for I know how much the contrast between my brother's return and that of your husband must affect you, and gladly would I spare you the pain, if I could. I am not certain but the good people of Rockland, in their intended kindness to Tom, are doing you an injury, and surely Lieutenant Graham, having been a resident of this place, should receive their first thought, with all pertaining to him."

There was no mistaking the genuine sympathy which shined in every tone of Jimmie's voice, and for a moment Annie wept more passionately than before. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her of her husband, and his words touched a responsive chord at once.

"It was not that so much," she answered, at last. "I am glad they are honoring your brother thus; he richly deserves it for his noble adherence to his country in her hour of peril, and for his generous treatment of poor Isaac Simms. I would do much myself to show him my respect, but oh, George, I am so desolate without him!"

And covering her face with her hands Annie wept again, more piteously than before.

Here was a point which Jimmie could not touch, and an awkward silence ensued, broken at last by Annie, who, resuming her usual calm demeanor, frankly offered Jimmie her hand, saying:

"Thank you, Mr. Carleton, for your sympathy. It has made me believe you are my friend, and as such I would rather consider you."

"Your friend! Did you ever deem me other than that?" Jimmie replied in some surprise, involuntarily pressing the little hand which only for an instant rested in his, and then was quietly withdrawn, just as Rose from the foot of the stairs called out to know what they were doing up there so long.

It was strange how differently Jimmie felt after this incident, and how fast his spirits rose. The few words said to him by Annie up in his sister's cupola had made him very happy, for he felt that a better understanding existed between himself and Annie, that she did not so thoroughly despise him as he had at first supposed, and that the winning her respect was not a hopeless task.

As early as two the crowd began to gather in the streets, and half an hour later Rose's carriage, with Jimmie in it, was on its way to the depot. Mrs. Carleton did not care to go, and so Rose too, remained at home, and, gazing to the cupola, watched for the first wreath of smoke which should herald the approach of the train.

"I see it,—he's coming!" she screamed, as a feathery mist was discernible over the distant plains, and in a few moments more the cars swept round the curve, while a booming gun told that Bill Baker was faithful to his duty.

There was a swaying to and fro of the throng at the depot, a pushing each other aside, a trilling of life, a beating of drums, and then a deafening shout went up as Tom Carleton and John Simms appeared upon the platform, carefully supporting the tottering steps of the weak, excited boy, who stood between them. At sight of Isaac there was a momentary hush, and then with a shriek such as a tigress might give when it saw its young in danger, the Widow Simms rushed frantically forward, and catching the light form of her child in her arms, tried to bear him through the crowd, but her strength was insufficient, and she would have fallen had not Jimmie relieved her of her burden, which he sustained with one hand, while the other was extended to welcome the stranger who came near.

Half bewildered, Tom looked around upon the multitude, asking in a whisper what it meant. He could not think that they had come to welcome him, and when assured by Jimmie that such was the fact, his lips quivered for an instant, and his tongue refused its office. Then, in a few well-chosen words

he thanked the people for the undeserved surprise, so far as he was himself concerned. Isaac was more worthy of such welcome, he said, and more than half of it was meant, he knew, for their townsman, who had shown himself equally brave in camp, in battle and in prison, while had they known that Lieutenant Simms, too, was coming, he was sure they would not have thought of him a stranger to them all.

The brief speech ended, and, those listening at home, clapped their hands in ecstasy as she heard the terrific cheers and caught the name of "Carleton" mingled with "Isaac Simms."

"Poor boy!" she said, "I wonder how he'll get home! I wish I had told Jimmie to drive that way, and take him in the carriage."

She need have given herself no anxiety, for what she had forgotten was remembered by Jimmie, who, after a hurried consultation with Tom, insisted that both Isaac and his mother should take seats in the carriage, while he and Tom mingled with the crowd.

"And your other son, where's room for him?" he said, looking round in quest of John, who, at the last moment had obtained permission to visit his bride, and so came on with Isaac.

At a glance his eye had singled out Susan, and the young couple were now standing apart from the rest, exchanging mutual caresses and words of love, the tall lieutenant kissing fondly the blushing girl, who could not realize that she stood in the presence of her husband. After a little, it was decided that Tom and Jimmie, Mrs. Simms and Isaac, should occupy the carriage, while John and Susan walked, and so, from her lofty standpoint, Rose watched the long procession winding down the streets, and the strains of music and the cannon's booming roar. It was very exciting to Isaac, and by the time the cottage was reached he was glad to be lifted out by Jimmie, who bore the tired boy tenderly into the house and laid him down on the sofa, warm bed he had dreamed about so many nights in the dark, fifty prison corners. How faint and weak he was, and how glad to be home again! Winding his arms around his mother's neck, he sobbed out his great joy, saying amid his tears, "God was so kind to let me come back to you."

It was a very happy group the villagers left behind in that humble cottage, and neither John nor Susan thought it out of place when the mother called on them to kneel with her and thank the Giver of all good for His great mercy in granting them this blessing.

Meantime the procession passed on until it reached the Mother man's house, where, with three cheers for Captain Carleton, the crowd dispersed, leaving Tom at liberty to join the mother and sister, and settling so impatiently for him, one on the steps and the other in the parlor, just where she had welcomed Jimmie.

"If I will were only here, it would be the happiest day I ever knew," Rose said, as, seating herself on Tom's knee, with her chubby arm around his neck, she asked him numerous questions concerning her absent husband. Then, as she saw in him signs of weariness, she said, "You are tired, I know. Suppose you go to your room, till dinner-time. It's the one right at the head of the stairs," she continued, and, glad of an opportunity to rest, Tom went to the room where Annie Graham just then chanced to be. She had discovered that the servant had neglected to supply the rack with towels, and so she had brought them herself, lingering a moment after they were arranged, to see if everything were in order. She did not hear Tom's step until he opened the door upon her, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and apology. He had no idea who the little black-robed figure was, for though he knew the wife of George Graham was an inmate of his sister's family, he had her in his mind as a very different person from this one before him. Mrs. Graham she thought, he supposed, and possibly good-looking, but she did not bear the stamp of refinement and elegance which this graceful creature did, and fancying he had made a mistake and stumbled into the apartment of some city visitor, he was about to withdraw, when Annie came toward him saying:

"Excuse me, sir, I came in to see that all was right in your room. Mr. Carleton, I presume?"

This last Annie spoke doubtfully, for in the half-handling stranger before her there was scarcely a vestige of the "gray-haired, oldish, fatherly looking man" she had in fancy known as Captain Carleton, and but for the eyes, so much like Mrs. Mother's, and the unmistakable Carleton curve about the mouth, she would never have dreamed that it was Tom to whom she was speaking. As it was, she waited for him to confirm her suspicions, which he did by bowing in the affirmative to her interrogation. "Mr. Carleton, I presume?"

To be Continued.

Professor of medicine—How can you tell when you are confronted by a serious case?

Promising Student—When the patient dies, sir.

"Now, honey," insisted his darling wife, "don't be so mean! You know that my millinery bills are not large."

"That's so," responded her husband. "I'll admit that these milliners can crowd an awful lot onto a mighty small piece of paper!"

She had a right to say "Woe!" Perry Hutchinson of Marysville recently went out into his bog pasture on a visit of inspection. Down near the creek he found an old sow with a litter of pigs and near her was lying the dead body of a huge wildcat which had been killed by the sow in fair fight. Perry says that while he was looking at the strange sight the old sow said, "Woe!" whereupon he lit out for a fence.

The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing.—Longfellow.

Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct he wishes to be valued.—Bruver.

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