

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 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:

"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."

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 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.

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

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etc., cheap—a first-class door with Spring Hinges, door pull and hook \$11—adjustable window screens, each 25c.

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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.

And a who, storm of sob and tears, she had read her husband's dying message, growing sick and faint just as she knew she would when first she learned of his death. And why it was he had never written to her himself. But this was naught to the horror which crept round her heart as she read what George had written of a coming time, when the long grave by the gate would not be visited as often as at first, or he who slept there remembered as tearfully.

"Oh, George, George!" she cried, "it was cruel to tell me so," and sinking to her knees she essayed to breathe a vow that other love than she had borne for George Graham should never find entrance to her bosom. But something seized her lips—the words she would have uttered were unspoken, and the rash vow was not made.

Still there was an added drop to her already brimming cup of sorrow, and a sadder, more loving note to the tone of her voice when she spoke of her husband, as if she would fortify herself against the possibility of his prediction coming true. It was a sorry day when she finally left her cottage home, and only God was witness to the weeping, but the dim, swollen eyes and colorless cheeks attested to its bitterness, as, with one great upheaving sob, she crossed the threshold and entered the carriage where Rose sat waiting for her, while the motherly Widow Simms wrapped around her the pile of shawls which were to shield her from the cold, and bade her godspeed to her new home.

Rapidly the carriage drove away, while the widow returned to the cottage to perform the last needful office of fastening down the windows and locking up the doors; then, with a sigh at the changes a few short months had wrought, she went back to her own long-deserted home. And the busy tide of life rolled on in the household just the same as if it were the churchyard there was no new-made grave, holding the buried love of Annie, who, in Rose's mother's beautiful home, was surrounded with every possible comfort and luxury, and treated with as much reverence as if she were a born princess, instead of the humble woman, who, a few months before, was wholly unknown to the little lady of the Mathur mansion.

CHAPTER XV.

Another had taken George's place in Company K, and both the Widow Simms and Susan Simms shed tears of natural pride when they read that John was the favored one, and bore the title of lieutenant. It more than half atoned for his long absence to the young wife, who, greeted to her mother-in-law's disgust, was made the happy possessor of a set of furs, bought with a part of the new lieutenant's increased wages. "Better lay by for a wet day; but they were worth a cent. 'Tain't like them Ruggleses to save, and to think of the silly critter's could' round in the storm just to show 'em, late on Saturday night; I'm glad I wa'n't to him," was the widow's muttered comment, as on the Sunday following the receipt of the furs she pinned round her high, square shoulders, the ten young' 'd blue shawl, and tying round her neck the faded tip-top of even greater age, started for church, determining not to notice or speak to the extravagant Susan, if she appeared, as she was sure to do, in her new finery.

This was hardly the right kind of spirit for the widow to take to church, but hers was a peculiar nature, and the grace which would have sufficed to make Annie Graham an angel, would hardly have kept her from boiling pert at the most trivial matter. This the widow felt, and it made her more distrustful of herself, more careful to keep down the first approaches of her bustling sin. But the furs had seriously disturbed her, particularly as they were said to have cost \$35—"more than she had spent on her mortal body in half a dozen years," she thought, as, with her well-worn Prayer Book in hand, and a pair of Eli's darned blue socks upon her feet, to keep them from the snow which had fallen the night before, she walked rapidly on in the direction of St. Luke's.

There was an unusual stir about the doors, a crowd of eagerly talking people, and conspicuous among them was Susan, looking so pretty in her neatly fitting collar, and holding her little muff so gracefully that the widow began to relent at once, and to feel a kind of pride that "John's wife was as genteel lookin'" as the next one, if she did come of them shiftless Ruggleses," but inasmuch as it was Sunday, she couldn't fatter Susan by speaking of the furs; but the first chance she got on a week day she'd tell her "she was glad she got 'em, if they didn't make her vain; though I know they will," she added; "it's Ruggleses natur' and she's standin' out there now, just to show 'em to the folks in the street goin' to the Methodists' meetin'."

But the widow was mistaken, for Susan had scarcely a thought of her furs, so absorbed was she in throwing what little light she could upon a mystery which was troubling the people and keeping them outside the door, while they talked the matter over. It seemed that the sexton, when, at about ten o'clock on the previous night, he came to see that the fire kindled in the furnace at sunset was safe, had stumbled over a human form lying upon the pile of evergreens gathered for the Christmas decorations, and placed for safe keeping in the cellar of the church. There was a cry between surprise and alarm, and a hurried oath, and then

the ragged, frightened intruder, leaning to his feet, and bounding up the narrow stairway, fled through the open vestry door ere the sexton had time to collect his scattered senses.

This was his story, corroborated by Susan Simms, who said that when, at about seven o'clock the previous night, she was passing the church, she saw a dark-looking object, which she at first mistook for a woman, but as she came nearer she saw it was the figure of a man, who, at the sound of her steps, dropped behind a pile of rubbish, and thus disappeared from view,—that feeling timid she did not return home that way, but took the more circuitous route past her mother-in-law's, where she knew something was afoot, and repeated the circumstance to the neighbor she found staying there.

"Then she didn't come half a mile out of her way just to tell of her finery," thought the widow, coming nearer as if she knew something which she should not tell! As one after another came in, it might have been observed that she turned often and curiously toward the door, glancing occasionally at the spot where Mrs. Baker, now a regular attendant, was in the habit of sitting. She was not there to-day, a fact which no one observed save Rose and the Widow Simms, the latter of whom only noticed it because Annie, she knew, was deeply interested in the reputation of the "sick," most likely, the widow thought, while Rose, too, had her own opinion as to what kept Harry's mother from church that Sunday morning.

Meantime the object of her solicitude sat crouching over the fire, her green wool she had succeeded in coaxing into a blaze, now looking nervously toward the half-closed door of the small room her boys used to occupy, and again congratulating herself that it was Sunday, and consequently no one could be coming there to pry into the secret she was guarding as carefully as ever Gress guarded its threatened young. The half-frozen, famished wretch, fleeing from the shadow of the church out into the wintry storm which had come up since midnight, had gone next to the tumble-down shanty of a house which Mrs. Baker called her home. It was late for a light to be there, for Mrs. Baker kept early hours; but through the driving snow the wanderer, as he turned the corner, caught a friendly gleaming shining out from the dingy windows, and waking in his breast one great wild throbb of joy, such as some lost mariner feels when he spies in the distance the friendly bark of a friendly vessel, he hurried on, but to the wanderer, hastening toward it, and glancing so timidly around as if behind each rift of snow there were a lurking bayonet sent to stop his course, it seemed a splendid palace, where he stood that shelter he was safe. His mother would shield him from the dreaded officers he fancied were on his track, and so, the sick, fainting man kept on until the old board fence was reached, where, leaning against the gate, he stood a moment, and with his feverish hand scopped up the grateful snow to cool his burning forehead. The tallow candle was burning yet within the cottage, but the fire was raked together on the hearth and the stranger could see the glow of the red embers and the broken shawl lain across the andiron.

"I wonder what she's doing up so late," he whispered, and moving cautiously up the walk to the uncurtained window, he started at the novel sight which met his view.

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The following ladies, who have been cured, will be pleased to answer your letters if you write to them, but there is no doubt but Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure women's diseases in all their forms. They are for women only; they are not cure-alls. Fifty Pills for 50c will last longer than any old-fashioned liquid remedy.

Mrs. Mary Heinlein, 223 North Woodcock, Saginaw, Mich., writes: "I believe your Pills to be the only remedy for female troubles. I took them for female weakness in all its forms and had only half a box taken when I found relief. I trust that every sick woman will take these Pills, as they are the cheapest remedy as well as the best that has ever been known."

Mrs. J. Demers, 200 N. Water St., Bay City, Mich., writes: "I feel pleasure in giving you my name to publish in the papers for the benefit of poor women who suffer as I did. I suffered from stomach trouble, headache, in fact everything from which a woman can suffer. I have taken your Pills and have not felt so well in years as I have since taking them. They are a blessing for all sick women."

Mrs. A. Zabin, 444 Antoine St., Detroit, Mich., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from female weakness, was very weak and all rundown. I have taken your Pills and am now recommended them to anyone who suffers as I did. They are a wonderful remedy and I thank God for having at last found something to cure me."

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women will cure every disease of woman just as sure as day follows night. This remedy is the result of a lifetime's practice; although we do not claim that it will cure everything as old-fashioned alcoholic remedies are advertised to do, yet we do claim that it will cure all diseases of women. This is known to the world through the newspapers and through suffering women and girls telling from one to the other how their cases were hopeless, how they were given up by eminent physicians after spending fortunes, and last of all they have found relief by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They are pleased to publish this for the benefit of those who are disheartened, as they were themselves.

Write to-day for our booklet Pale and Weak Women. We will mail it to you free. It will tell you how to become strong and healthy, and it will prove to you the efficacy of our remedy. You cannot afford to be without this book; it is an encyclopedia of knowledge.

For anyone suffering from constipation we advise the use of Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, as our Red Pills are not a purgative. A conscientious use of these two remedies taken together has a marked effect on the whole constitution.

If you have been suffering for a long time, write a full description of your case to our Specialists. Their consultations are free and their advice the best. You can write them or call at their offices, and they will be always pleased to give you such advice as you may require. The Red Pills are sold at 50c, the Purgative Tablets at 25c, a box.

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