

HAIR RAISING.

Years Ago no One Would Believe What Fairies 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 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 any 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.

John McConnell
GOLDEN STAR

SATURDAY,
JULY 14, 1900.

The McConnell's Special Sale, 7 a. m. till 11.30 p. m.

OUT RATE PRICE.

Fruit jars for the day at low prices considering the great rise.

A cut of five per cent on all teas for the day.

Ginger Snaps, 5c per lb.
Sardines, 5c per can.
Salmon, 10c per can.
Lemon biscuits, 9c per lb.
Coffee, 14c per lb.
1 lb. can B. Powder, 12c each.

We have a special price for dishes for the day. It will pay anyone looking for a dinner set, tea set, chamber set, china or glassware, to get our prices before buying. Remember, money saved is money gained.

Phone 190. Park St., East
Goods Delivered

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and Cream Soda**

Wm. Somerville
PHONE 24. Next Standard Bank.

Beresford Cigar
10c

MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER,
LONDON. FOR SALE AT

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

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

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 didn't you love her?" Anne asked suddenly, her voice ringing clear in the still night and making Jimmie start, there was something so quiet and determined in her tone.

Still he had no suspicion that the woman beside him was the girl he had left on the beach at New London, and he continued: "Yes, Annie, I did, as boys of seventeen love girls of fourteen. She was pretty and soft, and pure and good, and I kissed her once on the forehead, and then I went away and never saw her after, or knew what became of her. And I am telling you this by way of confessing my misdeeds, for I've been a fast and reckless young man. I've gambled, and eared at the Bible, and broken the Sabbath hours of times, and flirted with more than forty girls, some of them not very respectable, either, and none as pure as little Lulu. I ran away from home and nearly broke my mother's heart. I joined the rebel army and fought against my brother at the battle of Bull Run. I was captured by Bill Baker and led with a halter to Washington and there shut up in prison. A fine character I give myself, and yet after all this I have dared to love you, Annie Graham, and I have brought you this way to ask if you will be my wife. Not now, of course; not before I go back, but if I come through the war alive will you be mine then, Annie. Tell me, darling, and don't tremble so, or turn your face away."

Annie was shaking in every joint, and the face which Jimmie tried in vain to see was white as ashes. She had expected something like this when he led her down that grassy lane, but nevertheless it came to her with a shock, making her feel as if in some way she had injured her dead husband by listening to another's love. And still she could not at once repulse the young man whose arm was around her, and who had drawn her to a gap in a stone wall, where he made her sit down while she answered him. Strange feelings had swept over her as she heard Jimmie Carleton's voice telling her how much she was beloved—how from the first moment he saw her he had been interested in her, and asking her again if she had anything to give the "re-creant Jimmie."

He said the last playfully, but there was a great fear at his heart lest her silence portended evil to him. "No, Mr. Carleton, I have no heart to give you. I buried it with George; I never can love another. Forgive me if in any way I have misled you. I was only kind to you, as I would be to any soldier."

"Bill Baker, for instance," came savagely from Jimmie's lips. He was cruelly disappointed, for he had not believed Annie would refuse him, as he had done. He thought a good deal of himself as a Carleton, and he believed himself superior to the man who was standing between himself and the woman he coveted, and to be so decidedly refused by one who had been content with a person in George Graham's position angered him for a moment. Annie knew he was offended, and when he spoke of Bill Baker, she said to him gently:

"You mistake me, Mr. Carleton. If necessary, I could do for William Baker more than I have done for you; but it would only be from a sense of duty—there would be no pleasure in it. While caring for you was a pleasure, because you are Mrs. Mother's brother, and because—because—"

She did not know how to finish the sentence, for she could not herself tell why it had of late been so pleasant for her to do for Jimmie Carleton those little acts of kindness which had devolved on her. She was only interested in him as a soldier, she insisted, and she tried to make him understand that her decision was final; that were George dead a dozen years, she should give him the same answer as she did now. She could not be his wife. And Jimmie understood it at last, and by the terrible pangs of disappointment which crept over him, the Pequot girl was fully avenged for the many times she had watched from her window of the hotel, or walked fadly along the road by the bay to see if Dick Lee were coming. But Annie had no wish for revenge. She was only sorry for him, and she tried to comfort him with the assurance of her interest in him, and by telling him that, if ever he was sick in hospital or in camp, and unable to come home, she would surely go to him as readily as if he were her brother.

Jimmie did not care particularly for such comforting then, and his face, when he reached home, wore so dark and sorry a look that Rose knew at once that something was wrong; but she refrained from asking any questions then, feeling intuitively that both Annie and her brother would prefer to have her do so.

It was a very grave, silent party which met at the breakfast table next morning, and only Annie was at all inclined to talk. She tried to be cheerful and appear as usual to the silent young man, who never looked at her as she sat opposite him, with her smooth bands of hair so becomingly arranged, and her eyes so full of pity for him. She could not revoke her decision, but she was sorry to send him from her with that look upon his face; and when, after breakfast, she met him for a few moments alone in the library, she laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and said, "Jimmie, don't be angry with me. Try to think of me as your sister—your best friend, if you like. It grieves me that I have made you so unhappy. She had never called him Jimmie before in his hearing, and as she did it

now, the dark, handsome face into which she was looking, flushed with a sudden joy, as if he thought she were repenting. But she was not; she could only be his friend, his best friend, she repeated, and her face was very pale, as she told him how she should remember him, and grieve for him, and pray for him, when he was gone. And then she gave him her hand, saying to him: "It is nearly time for you to go. I would rather say good-bye here."

And Jimmie took her hand, and, pressing it between his own, said to her: "You have hurt me cruelly, Annie, for I cannot hate you for it, though I tried to do so all night long. I love you just the same as ever, and always shall. Remember your promise to come to me when I am sick, and let me kiss you once for the sake of what I hoped might be."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Jimmie's journey was performed in forty, and he wore golden opinions from his travelling companion, for whom he had cared as kindly as if it had been his mother instead of the "crabbed widow" in her eternal leghorn, with the veil of faded green. He had left her at one of the hospitals in Washington, where she was to begin her work as nurse, and hastened on to join his regiment. Captain Carleton was glad to welcome back the brother whom he had missed so much, but he saw that something was wrong, and that, as he asked what it was, and why the face, usually so bright and cheerful, seemed so sober and sad. Tom had made minute inquiries concerning his mother, and Rose, and Susan Simms, and even poor old Mrs. Baker. But not a word of Annie. He could not speak of her, with the unfinished letter lying in his little travelling writing-case, that letter commencing "My dear Mrs. Graham," and over the wording of which Tom had spent more time by far than he did over the first epistle sent to Mary Williams. That had been dashed off in the heat of a young man's first ardent passion, just as Jimmie two weeks ago would have written to Annie. But Tom was eight years older than Jimmie. His first love had met its full fruition, and Mary, the object was dead. Tom had always been old for his years. He looked, and seemed, and felt full forty now, save when he thought of Annie, who was only twenty-one. Then he went back to thirty-two, glad that he had numbered no more birthdays. He had made up his mind to write to her, a friendly letter, the first should be, he said, a letter merely asking if she would correspond with him, and hinting at the interest he had felt in her ever since he saw how much she was to Rose, and how constant were her labors for the suffering soldiers. If her answer was favorable, he should ever long ask her to be his wife, and this is the way he took to win the woman whose name he would not mention to his brother. He had been a little uneasy when Jimmie first went home, for he knew how popular the wayward youth was with all the ladies; but as Rose had never written a word to strengthen him in his fears, he had thrown them aside and commenced the letter which to-night, after Jimmie was gone, he was intending to finish for the morrow's mail. He changed his mind, however, as the night wore on, for in reply to his question as to what was the matter, Jimmie had burst out impetuously with:

"Bill Baker, for instance," came savagely from Jimmie's lips. He was cruelly disappointed, for he had not believed Annie would refuse him, as he had done. He thought a good deal of himself as a Carleton, and he believed himself superior to the man who was standing between himself and the woman he coveted, and to be so decidedly refused by one who had been content with a person in George Graham's position angered him for a moment. Annie knew he was offended, and when he spoke of Bill Baker, she said to him gently:

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"I am all over with me and the widow. I went in strong for her, Tom. I told her all my badness, confessed everything; I could, and then she said it could not be. I told you, Tom, I did not know a man could be so sore about a woman." And with a great choking sob Jimmie Carleton laid his head upon Tom's lap, and moaned like some wounded animal.

Tom, who had been as a father-to this younger brother, was touched to his heart's core, and felt as if by having that unfinished letter in his possession he was in some way guilty, and, as a pitying woman would have done, he smoothed the dark curly hair, and tried to speak words of comfort.

"What had Annie said? Perhaps she might relent. Would Jimmie tell him about it?"

Then Jimmie lifted up his head, and, looking straight into Tom's eyes, said: "Forgive me, old Tom. I was inclined to be jealous of you. Rose said you were more suitable, and I know you are, but Tom, I love Annie so much, after I had swallowed the first husband, which cost me a great effort, for a widow is not the best ideal I used to cherish of my future wife. Tom, you don't care for Annie, do you?" he continued, as he started to rise, as something in Tom's face frightened him.

Tom would not deceive him then, and he replied:

"I have—that is, yes, I do care for her, and I had commenced a letter, but—"

"Don't finish it, Tom. Do this for me—don't finish it!" Jimmie exclaimed, eagerly, knowing now how the hope that Annie might relent had buoyed him up, and kept him from utter despondency. "Don't send it, Tom; leave her to me, if I can win her yet. She may feel differently by-and-by; her husband is only one year dead. Let me have Annie, Tom," and Jimmie grew more vehement as he saw plainly the struggle in Tom's mind. "You're had your day with Mary. Think of four years of married life, when you were so happy, and leave Annie to me. At least, don't try to get her from me. At not yet—wait a year. Will you, Tom?"

"Few could resist Jimmie Carleton's pleadings when they were so earnest as now; and generous Tom yielded to the boy, whom he had scolded, and whipped, and disciplined, and loved, and grieved over, ever since the day their father died and left him the head of the family.

"I will wait a year and see what that brings to us, and you, Jimmie, must do the same, then, and his voice was so steady in its tone, and his manner so kind that Jimmie never guessed how much it cost the man who "had had his day," to unlock the little desk and take from it the letter intended to be the flames. They watched it together as it crisped and blackened on the coals, neither saying a word or stirring until the last thin flake had disappeared, when Tom bent to pick up something which had dropped from the desk when he took out the letter. It was Mary's picture, and in her lap the baby which had died when six months old.

"Yes, I have had my day," Tom thought, as he gazed upon the fair, sweet face of her whose bright head had once lain where he had thought to have Annie's lie. "I have had my day, and though it closed before it was noon, I will not interfere with Jimmie."

And so the compact was sealed between them, and Jimmie slept soundly on his soldier bed that night, that he had slept since Annie's refusal. Jimmie was not selfish, and as the days went by and he reflected more and more upon Tom's generosity, his conscience smote him for having allowed his brother to sacrifice to his happiness for a victim of his. "She might have refused him, too, and then, again, she might not; at all events he had a right to try his luck," Jimmie reasoned, until at last his sense of justice triumphed and he wrote to Annie an account of the whole transaction.

"If winter mean in me to let Tom burn the letter," he said, "but I could not bear the thought of his winning what I had lost, and so, like a coward, I looked on and felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw his letter cringing on the coals. But as proof that I have repented of that selfish act, I ask you plainly, 'Would you have replied favorably to that letter, had it been sent?' If so, tell me truly, and without ever betraying the fact that I have written to you on the subject, I will manage to have Tom write again, and if the fates shall so decree I will try to forget that gap in the stone wall where we sat that night when I told you of my love."

His letter found Annie sick in bed from the effects of a severe cold, which kept her so long in her room that it was not till just on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg that Jimmie received her answer, "I should say No to your brother just as I did to you."

to be continued.

Not Up in the Classes. "Who is this 'Phenik' that seems to have something to do with rails?" that Kansas City hall first its ashes. "He's a feller from the Indian territory, I believe, an' I understand there's some talk of runnin' him for Vice President."

"New in polities, ain't he?" "Yep. But I guess he's gittin' pretty popular. I asked Jim Sholuck who he was an' Jim said he was a bird."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Shocked. "Perhaps you would like to look at this magazine," said the man with an out-of-style silk hat.

"What in it?" asked the square-jawed man with big hands, who occupied the seat beside him in the railway car and who insisted on talking.

"An article on new discoveries with reference to the solar system." "None. It makes me tired to hear des. people dat don't know de Marquis of Queensberry rules from a dairy lunch bill o' fare tryin' to talk wise. What he means is de solar plexus."

War, with all its evils, is better than a peace in which there is nothing to be seen but usurpation and injustice.

THE SLATER SHOE

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"Wet weather—slushy streets—catch cold—pair of rubbers—"draw your feet"—give you corns—hurt your eyes—Doctor says so. Cost money—cost time—comfort—health.

Wear the new wet-proof, snow-proof, calf skin footwear. The Goodyear Welt gives flexibility to the sole, durability to the upper—ease to the foot.

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"Telegraph," "Telephone,"
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The Kent Mills Co., Limited

Have now completed the rebuilding of the Kent Mills at Chatham and Blenheim Mills at with their new Boiling System and Dust Extractors leaving Flour as pure and even Blenheim that you will get two loaves of bread more in the Barrel, and a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than from Flour made by any other system.

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MAGNETIC MINERAL WATER—
Southampton.

Is highly recommended by Prof. Fyfe, Dominion Analyst, Toronto, for persons suffering from either rheumatic pains of constitution, or habits of constipation. It is a most palatable table water, and is absolutely pure. Recommended by leading physicians. A trial will convince you that it has merit of a high order. For sale by Central Drug Store and E. A. Robert.

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For nothing handsomer and cheaper in fact, including all good qualities that are desirable in footwear than the PRINCESS \$3.00 SHOE. In fact it is as stylish as any \$6.00 shoe in the market.

—AT THE—
SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK

A. A. JORDAN