MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT




### Parisian Sage! An Ideal Hair Tonic.

Parisian Sage is compounded on the most advanced scientific principles, and nothing on the market today can compare with it. It accomplishes so much more than the ordinary tonics and does it so quickly that users are astonished.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germs and eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair, itching of the scalp and splitting hair in two weeks or we will refund your money.

Parisian Sage gives a fascinating lustre to women's hair and makes it beautiful. It makes the hair luxuriantly, it is the daintiest and most refreshing hair dressing that science has produced, and has not a particle of grease or stickiness in it. Parisian Sage costs 50c. at your druggist or postpaid from the proprietors, The Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. The Girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.


Husband And Wife forever enstranged one man killed, and one man sentenced for life imprisonment is the terrible toll of religious strife disclosed in the trial of F. D. McRae at Cornwall last week. In spite of the praiseworthy efforts of the Crown Prosecutor, the defence lawyer, the Judge and the jury to keep the religious part of the miserable quarrel out of the evidence as far as possible, it came out quite clearly that, first, differing on religion, other matters came in, with the result already stated. Once more people aghast at the crimes committed in the name of creeds. It is surely the duty of all who desire the cessation of such unseemly strife to unite and endeavor to eradicate the bitter feelings which seem to be engendered even in the homes when religious strife begins.--Tor Globe.

### Guideposts in Germany.

An artistic substitute for the old and misplaced and misguiding guidepost has been introduced in some German highways. A French tourist who has 'seen" the country from a motorcycle says; "At a crossroad I came upon what looked like a man with a scythe. Nearer by I saw that it was the figure of a farmer whose scythe pointing south, bore information in the dialect, 'One hour to Giersdorf.' Another equally artistic guide post was a rustic post 10 feet high, the top of which had been carved to represent a schoolboy. His left hand pointed south, and his right hand held a slate inscribed, 'To the Fullner Kolonie' So much favorable comment has been created by these guides that a rivalry as to who should have the best has been created in the various rural communities. -Weekly Siftings.

### Women in the Churches

The question of ladies serving on the diaconate was raised at the quarterly social gathering of King Street Church, Yarmouth, England. Rev. G. McLuckie said he knew nothing in the rules of the Church to forbid a woman serving on the diaconate. It was pointed out that women, who were a majority of the members, had no direct representation on the Church Executive, though there were many who were equally capable and businesslike with the men chosen to serve the church. Two ladies were duly nominated as deacons, but it was suggested that so radical a departure from practice and precedent should not be taken without notice and adequate discussion. It was also alternatively urged that half a dozen deaconesses could be appointed to act in conjunction with the deacons, but not actually elected to the diaconate. Eventually, the ladies present concurred in the proposal to discuss the principle of feminine deacons at the next church meeting, and by consent the lady candidates' names were removed from the list One curious objection urged in this discussion was that if ladies were eligible both a deacon and his wife might be elected, which a member thought might lead to trouble.--Ex.

A small tailor in the Twin Cities has a head for advertising. In front of his store stands an oil barrel with the head knocked in. The barrel is bright green, and on it in red letters is painted: "Stand in my barrel while I press your suit for 50c."

THE STANDING ALIBI OF

## H. STANLEIGH STORME

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(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne).

(CONTINUED).

I wasn't an' I found that my watch was about ten minutes slow.

"Now we started in to play, understand. And when you're playing cards time flies like the dickens. We've got a tape up there in the green room and it runs all night as well as all day. The telegraph people here run it

"And I want to tell you," continued the sheriff, "that the news of this very robbery came in over the ticker while we were sitting there—Storme and the rest of us—about half past two in the morning. And Storme was there—sat next to me. And I said to Storme, when the news came in, 'Storme,' I said, 'Mordaunt's safe's been cracked, and there's a pile of money gone.'

"And I called up headquarters then and there, and we found out all about it. That's how it was, and that's how I know, and his honor can tell you just what I tell you, too. That's all there is about it.

"And I want to tell you," concluded the sheriff, officially, and for the benefit of the reporters who were taking down his testimony. "I want to tell you, counsellor, that the county detectives would never have made a bull like this, either, and don't you forget it—never in God's world."

The sheriff stepped down, and John R. Cassidy stepped up.

His testimony was identical. It was the purpose of the prisoner's counsel to call the prisoner, but just as he was to do so, the prisoner plucked him by the sleeve.

After a short conference, the attorney for the defence announced that the defnce closed his case.

The judge's charge was mormal and formal in the extreme. At the close of it, the jury although invited to retire, declined to do so, and without stepping from the jury box returned a verdict of "not guilty."

And then the crowd piled up on top of H. Stanleigh Storme and showered him with congratulations.

This was the only precarious experience that Storme had suffered during the whole thing. Two-thirds, perhaps, of his friends and acquaintances were in the court room.

Every individual among the number insisted upon shaking him by the hand. The crowd packed the isles, waiting for him.

Storme had his eye fixed wistfully upon the exit. For some reason he was anxious to get way.

He thanked his counsel briefly, together with his witnesses, and then hurried along. Finally he reached the open air.

But there still clung to him a little bevy of men and women.

Suddenly he glanced down the street.

"There," he explained to his friends, "is a man I want to see—a man I must see."

And he hurried off. As he went he glanced at his watch.

There was no man, but he simply wanted to get away, that's all.

On the way he passed Officer O'Connell and Burke, the plen clothes man. As he did so he smiled upon them in a way that was childlike and bland.

They returned the salutation with curt nods of their heads.

"Well, Jim," said O'Connell to Burke, as Storme left them far in the rear, "what d'ye make of it, any way?"

"Billy," returnd Burke, solemnly, "I don't know what to make of it. The only solution I have arrived at is that the devil must have been stringin' us that night. That's all I've got to say."

O'Connell shook his head doubtfully. And they quickened their pace and—followed Storme.

Away up the street Storme forged ahead with rapid steps.

"An alibi," he muttered to himself, "is a blamed good thing."

CHAPTER VII.

The Shadowers and the Shadowed.

It took Storme some time to escape entirely from the clutches of his over enthusiastic friends. All the way along the street he met them.

By means of one pretext and another, however he finally eluded them and slipped down a quiet street. From this one he emerged into a more open thoroughfare, and finally stood before the Gouverneur. his bachelor apartment home.

Once there, he glanced hastily up and down the street to make sure that no one saw him, then quickly unlocked the door and stepped inside. He ascended noiselessly to the second floor apartment. He entered it, and hastily passed through room after room.

"Nobody here," he remarked with a sigh of relief. "I am all alone."

He seated himself at a desk and began to write.

"It is just as well," he said to himself, "to write once more, now that it's all over. It was just as well, too, to write before, when — the first — catastrophe occurred. It's safer if anything. It's taking chances—big chances perhaps—but in a safe quarter, after all."

He wrote hastily as follows:

My Dear Miss Dumont,—

It seems better to address you so for the present. There are certain things to which I prefer to refer by letter alone.

"You will recall that I wrote you on the twenty-fourth of last month requiring you to make no reference in my presence, or to me, to anything which might have happened. That request was not prompted by any desire to be spared humiliation—it was a part of the peculiar circumstances which have constituted a part of my present life.

"Now that I have been vindicated in your eyes and in the eyes of the world I ask you to make to me no reference to to-day's happenings, nor to such vindication, nor, indeed, to this letter or the other.

I have many good reasons for making this request, which will appear later. I close with the expresion of much regard. Sincerely,

"H. STANLEIGH STORME."

"A bit formal, perhaps," continued Storme, "but certainly imperative This complication with Miss Dumont was certainly unlooked for—and yet"—he smiled to himself—"not altogether unfortunate, for me. I don't know after all, but that it is a good thing — a very good thing, perhaps after all."

He enclosed it in an envelope, addressed the latter, and sealed it carefully with wax, upon which he impressed the seal ring he wore.

He looked at his watch.

"There's plenty of time. I'll send this up by meseenger. That's best."

Rising from the desk, he drew upon his head a soft felt hat which partly covered his face, and stole downstairs again. He carefully opened the front door and looked out.

The street was deserted—almost But not quite—for at each end of the blocked lounged one man, intent, apparently, on everything except the Couverneur or H. Stanleigh Storme.

"Great Scott!" murmured Storme to himself, "so soon again?"

He retraced his steps and re-entered the hall and, passing through to the rear of the apartment house, made his exit through an alleyway.

Once clear of the place, he hastened towards the centre of the town and handed his message in at a local delivery office with instructions to send it out at once.

In the meantime one of the two men who had stood outside sauntered up and accosted the other.

Did you see him then, Jim, when he stuck his head outside?"

Burke nodded—for it was he.

"He won't come out till dark, now," he replies, "you see if he does."

"Well," returned the first man, "he saw us all right, all right—though he can't be sure just who we are since we're all togged out in this way. We might just as well stick together now for a while, anyway. Gimme a chaw o' tobacco, will you? That's the ticket."

There was a silence while he carefully adjusted the stuff to suit his taste.

Suddenly he grasped the other man by the sleeve.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Look a here. How the devil now did he get out? He gave us the slip, after all."

He pointed down the street.

Burke nodded his head.

"He's been out—blamed if he ain't," assented he, "and now he's coming back. He's a slick one, all right. Went out the back way, prob'ly, an' now he's comin' back as bold as brass."

The object of their remarks disappeared within the house. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. Most certainly he did not see the two plain clothes men, or, if he did, he gave no sign.

It was now fairly late in the afternoon.

"Stumpy," exclaimed Burke, "go around the corner there and 'phone headquarters. We may see another man. An' you keep that alleyway under yer eye, too."

"We got this fellow now where we want him, an' it's a blame good thing I forgot something and had to come back. We'll camp on his trail; we'll follow him, no matter where he goes."

"Stumpy," he continued. "let me tell you. I told it in court, an' I say that there man is the man who robbed that bank, and, by George, I'm goin' to keep him in sight if it takes the whole force to do it.. Understand? I am, so help me God."

The other man came up from headquarters.

"Say, Burke," he exclaimed. "I saw your man downtown. What're you doin' up here?"

"I know you did,"replied Burke, "an' he came back, an' he's in the Gouverneur over there, an' don't you forget it."

The other glanced at him doubtfully.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he returned "I didn't know. I only know I saw him—that's all—an' I wondered at the time where you was."

Burke and the two men vanished into thin air. Once more the street became deserted. Dusk had come on—it was growing darker very moment.

At a quarter to eight a man clad in a dress suit and a light overcoat emerged from the apartment house and sauntered down th street.

In front of a house with an English basement stood an electric street lamp. He passed this, and the light shone full on his face.

When he reached the corner he glanced up and down and behind him for an instant, and then, breaking into a fast walk, made for the west end of town.

He had no sooner done so than a man emerged from the basement, another from an alleyway across the street, and a third from a recess around the corner.

Without the slightest recognition of each other ,they turned in and followed the man in the light coat, each man in his own way.

Down at headquarters late that afternoon the sergeant called to a special officer The officer hurried in.

"Say, Flynn," he remarked, "look here. There's the man the banks want us to keep tab on. See him. The fellow with the slouch hat? Yes that's the chap.

"Now, look here. Burke is after him, but there ain't no signs of Burke around. He's slipped a cog somehow. S'pose you turn in and follow the fellow. The banks are standing behind us, and they're paying good money to keep track of this man, and it ain't our business to lose him S'pose you reckon him up a bit."

The officer nodded and started off. He kept his man in sight. It was difficult work, not only because his man was a rapid walker and swerved in and out of different thoroughfares with rapidity, but also because he kept constantly looking around behind him.

Storme—for it was he—knew that he was being followed, and though he was the shadowed, he also was the shadowerer, for he kept his eye on his pursuer quite as faithfully as did the officer keep track of him.

The afternoon passed and evening came, but still on and on walked Storme. They reached a residential portion of the town.

Suddenly Storme turned swiftly down a dark, narrow street, and when his pursur reached the corner, Storme had disappeared. Search as he would, there was no trace of the man.

The special devoted some ten minutes to a fruitless search, and then retraced his steps to the corner whence Storme had disappeared.

As he stood there, nonplussed, a man suddenly touched him on the back of the hand. The special knew the touch. He said nothing, but followed the man to a dark recess.

"Well, Burke," he remarked, "what're you doin' here? I've been followin' your man all the evening, an' by George, I just lost him!"

"What man?" demanded Burke.

"Aw," returned the other, 'you know, that fellow Storme."

"Gee!" returned Burke, "have they put you on, too? Well, by George, with the crowd we've got, there ain't anything he can do without our seein' it It's a blame good thing we got him in tow, too. Only we got considerable of a wait before us before he comes out."

"Comes out where?" exclaimed the other man.

"Why," replied Burke, "he's making a visit in that brownstone down there, No. 219, the one with the grounds at the side. Thought you knew that."

"Knew it!" said the other. "Why, I jus' had him in tow ten minutes ago, an' lost him. So that's where he is, is it? I didn't know what became of him."

"Sure," replied Burke, "he's been there an hour already. It's about time he cut it and left, I'm thinkin'."

The other man started.

"An hour?" he repeated. "What you givin' us? I saw him on this here street not fifteen minutes gone. You're nutty, Burke. Or, else," he went on with a smile, "or else, you lost him, too. Come on, own up. You're givin' me a bit of a stiff. I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, Price 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


### Belgium's Mad Ex-Empress.

The mad ex-Empress of Mexice kept her birthday recently, and members of the Belgian Royal family journeyed out to the Chateau de Bouchout to wish her "many happy returns." This wish seems almost a mockery, says The American Woman's Review, for the seventy-first birthday of the Empress Carlotta.

Ever since 1867 she has been mad, and has had to be looked after as a madwoman. Her mother, Leopold II., took charge of her, and she has never left Belgium since. They were devoted as children to each other, and one of the King,s choicest treasures was a marble figure of his sister as a child.

For years the ex-Empress was lodged in the Terneuzer Palace; but in those days she was very violent, and contrived to set it on fire and burn it down. She has become more quiet, but leads a strange life. She never goes outside her own park gates, and for many years would see no one but her ladies in waiting. But of late see does not refuse to see members of the Royal famly, though she never speaks to them.

For a good many years she had a hallucination that she would be poisoned through her food. So a special servant carried her meals into a private room, which he locked. Then the Empress entered, locked the door and partook of her meal alone, Now she is more reasonable, and eats with her ladies in waiting. She has lapses of silence of years' duration; then she will begin to talk again, but always of trivial things, and she never refers to the past.

She reads books and papers, but never makes any reference to what she reads. All newspapers were kept from her when King Leopold died, as the news of his death would, it was feared, cause a shock But she reads the journal again now,and must know he is dead, but makes no reference to it.

She plays the piano constantly, but only just those pieces which she learned as a girl, and though a good performer she cannot be persuaded to look at a new composition. She plays cards in the evenings with one of her three ladies in waiting; but always in silence, and it is an unwritten law that she must be allowed to win the game. She seldom speaks and always impersonally, never using even the Royal "we".

From time to time some of the leading medical men make an examination of her health. Not long ago she completely surprised one of them by speaking to him. She called him to the window and said; Do you see a serpent coiled around those trees?" The doctor, thinking to humor her said he did.

"And," she went on, "do you see a serpent coiled around the branch above him?" The doctor saw that, too, and made other strange things besides- or or said he did. "Then," she cried angrily, "it is you who are mad and not I; for I see none of those things."

She is extremely particular about her dignity and exacts every ounce of the prestigue which was hers as the Empress of Mexico. Nothing makes her so angry as for anyone to refer to her as the Princess. In all her weak moments she never forgets her once great position. It is small wonder that-her mind being fixed at the moment when she lost her reason, she cannot believe she has changed in power. Having once seen herself in a mirror under her changed condition, she screamed out, "No! no!" and became frightfully agitated. She could not believe that the wrinkled bent figure in the mirror was the once lovely Princess Charlotte. Since then mirrors have been abolished in the Chateau.

### Long Lost Ring Found In A Turnip.

Gleaner; A most remarkable discovery, perhaps the only one of its kind heard of in this vicinity for some years, was made on Monday afternoon, when Mrs. A. A. Treadwell, the wife of a well known Maugerville farmer, found imbedded in a large turnip a gentleman's solid gold ring.

Mrs. Treadwell had been in the cellar looking over some turnips which had just been placed in the cellar that day, when she noticed a bright glistening amongst them, and upon close examination saw what she thought to be a piece of brass protruding from the side of one of the largest turnips. On cutting the turnip with a knife she was surprised to find that the shining that she noticed came from nothing else than a gentleman's large sized ring.

Mrs. Treadwell was naturally very much pleased over the extraordinary discovery, and on inquiry amongst the neighbors found that a ring answering to that description had been lost in the same field where the turnips had grown by a young man who had been visiting there from Boston upwards of ten years ago Mrs. Treadwell had only a few days before lost her own ring, and when she saw this one protruding from the turnip she thought that she had discovered her lost property.

### Another Great Tunnel.

Another great tunnel is being driven through the great mountain range between the towns of Graymouth and Christchurch, New Zealand. It was begun in 1908, and the contractors are allowed five years for completion. The work of drilling is done by the latest compressed air methods, and the work at each end is progressing from four to ten feet each day. The tunnel will be about five and a half miles in length. It will be fifteen and one half feet above the rail level and is in the form of a horseshoe. It is about fourteen feet in width at the rail level and is to be lined with the very best tube structure. It is one of the great feats of engineering and will be one of the best tunnels in the world when completed. It will make a wonderful change in the mode of travel in the section of the country where it is being constructed.


### Rheumatism Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills.

T. E Foster, of St. John St., Fredericton, N. B., says: I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains in my limbs have lessened greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I can eat and sleep better than I have in over three years. My general health is greatly improved and I can credit this only to Booth's Kidney Pills."

Booth's Kidney Pills

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any sufferer from any sufferer from Rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the Kidneys. They cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Booth's Kidney are sold by all druggists and dealers, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.


Mrs. Highupp--The judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again.

Mrs. Blase--Are they?

Mrs. Highupp.--Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now.--Puck.

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