

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Tha' Bald Spot.

Don't let that bald spot grow!
Go to your druggist at once and get a bottle of Parisian Sage and if that don't check the falling hair, and cause new hair to grow, nothing will.
Dandruff is the cause of baldness; dandruff germs cause dandruff. Parisian Sage kills the germs, eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. We will refund your money, if it fails to do this in two weeks. Parisian Sage will cause the hair to grow, if the hair root be not dead. It causes the hair to grow thicker, more luxuriant, and puts new life in it.

The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package of Parisian Sage. It is sold for 50c. by all druggists or sent postpaid by The Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont., on receipt of price. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Progress In Edmonton.

The Edmonton Journal wants to know what is the matter with holding a national exhibition in Edmonton, say in the year 1914. This suggestion is thrown out apropos of recent vast changes which have been taking place in the capital city on Alberta. Edmonton is one of the western cities which has become more than a jumping off place for get-rich-quick investors. People have begun to go to Edmonton, to see Edmonton, just as they stop off for a few days in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto. Next year two of the largest bodies which annually convene in Canada, will hold their gatherings at Edmonton—the Canadian Medical Association and the Presbyterian General Assembly. What is helping along this tourist and convention trek to Edmonton, is the railway boom taking place there. By this time next year the G. T. P. will be well into the mountains perhaps tapping the Peace River country where the C. N. R. expects to have landed. The road to Athabasca Landing should be in touch with the waterways of the north. Also, at the same date, it is possible that the C. P. R. will have its first train into the city, and linked up Edmonton with Strathcona, Can. Courier.

To Hunt With Arrows.

Jas. Challis and Z. Jackson of Atchison, Kan., are going hunting in the wilds of British Columbia armed only with bows and arrows. They expect to go after mountain lions and grizzly bears if the opportunity should arise.
"I expect the most enjoyable time of my life on that trip," said Mr. Challis. "I am sure we will enjoy hunting with our primitive weapons more than the man who can stand a mile away and bring down a deer or bear with a big express bullet. There is some difference between hunting with bow and arrow and with a rifle as between catching fish with a fly and a seine."
Mr. Challis and Mr. Jackson will be joined by Harry B. Richardson of Boston who holds the world's archery record, and Wm. H. Thompson of Seattle, also an expert archer. They will sail up the coast of British Columbia 400 miles, and when they have reached a point which appears favorable for hunting they will go ashore and push into the interior.
A large supply of arrows which the party will take has been made here at old times during the last spring and winter.

Does Your Stomach Work Properly.

There is no complaint so humiliating and tiresome as stomach complaint. The reason so many people suffer with their stomach is because they overwork it and do not give it a tonic.
Miso-na Tablets will tone the stomach and speedily remove the disagreeable belching (gas on the stomach) sour taste and foul breath. Dizziness, biliousness and headache, all disappear when you begin to take Miso-na.
Miso-na is guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark who will refund your money if they fail to cure or do what we claim. Postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., on receipt of price, 50c.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF

H. STANLEIGH STORME

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(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.)

(CONTINUED.)

"I don't know what to make of it," remarked a woman, "and I wouldn't care so much if they'd confine their depredations to the banks; but they don't. Did any of you hear about Mrs. Bradley-Coates? Did you, Mr. Storme?" Storme shook his head.
"I rarely read the papers," he replied with some embarrassment, "and I—I really have heard but little about anything of interest in the city. My time is so taken up that I have not time to give the newspapers a read."
He said this in an awkward, stilted sort of manner, and as though he were trying to give an explanation he felt was needed.
"Oh, it wasn't in the paper," interposed the woman. "They kept it out. But one night just a week or so ago, as Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Coates were eating dinner in their own house—in their own house, mind you—this, as though it would have been quite a matter of course and they been in somebody else's house—while they were eating dinner they heard some sort of a noise outside, and she looked over her husband's shoulder, and there was a man's face staring into the room."
"She couldn't see the face well, because his coat collar was turned up and the lower part was entirely concealed. He disappeared at once. They called the servants and raised an alarm, but they couldn't find the man."
"And later they found the ivy vine on the side of the house all torn and broken, and the marks of feet around the window, but they never found the man."
"Wasn't anything taken?" asked somebody.
The woman smiled. She had been waiting for that inquiry.
"Nothing much," she replied, "only every bit of jewelry that Mrs. Bradley-Coates had in the house—and you know what that means. You know how much she wore. Nobody knows how much they were worth—certainly a fortune in themselves."
She stopped suddenly.
"Why—why—Ebel, what's the matter?"
"They all turned and looked at a pretty girl who sat with wide open mouth and staring eyes, her gaze fixed upon the window."
"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, shivering, her face growing paler every second. "I'm so scared. Just as you were talking I looked at the window, and there outside—there—there—there—"
She pointed wildly with her hand, and then reeled against her neighbor and fainted dead away.
Storme sprang to the window, threw it open, and looked out.
There was nothing to be seen. Every thing was quiet.
Storme and two other men stepped outside and investigated. They found nothing at all suspicious.
In the meantime the servants had ransacked the house from top to bottom, and found no one. Miss Dumont's jewels were intact.
The dinner was resumed. The girl who had fainted concluded, with the rest, that she had been scared and that the whole thing was the result of her imagination. Order was restored, and the subject of the burglaries dropped.
Only one man had the right of the affair, and his conversation on the corner of the street explained it.
"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Burke, for it was he. "But I had a narrow escape. Somebody saw me lookin' in the window, and they pretty near nabbed me. That would be 'a' been a good thing."
He waited a few minutes to determine whether there was any effort at pursuit, and then went on:
"But he's there, all right, all right. He's there, and he won't get away without Jimmy Burke's stern. You can place your bottom dollar on that, Strumpy, to any time you please."
There was a second interruption at the Dumont place.
"A note for Mr. Storme," announced the butler.
Storme took and read it hastily. Then he looked at his watch.
"I—I am called away," he exclaimed. "It's half past eleven, and I must go. I'm sorry to—"
He made his apologies and slipped out. Miss Dumont followed him.
"What—what's the matter?" she inquired anxiously.
"I don't know," he replied. "I thought tonight that I would be free. Here is the note; you may read it if

you will.
She started as she looked at it. Then she read it. It was as follows:
My Dear Storme:
Be at the Ironclad Club at 12 o'clock if possible. Some friends of yours will be there between twelve and half past two. Sorry to trouble you. Imperative. The note was unsigned.
"What does it mean?" she inquired.
"I don't know, little girl. It's part of the general scheme of duties I must perform for a while yet, until—until I throw them up altogether."
"I am sorry you— you must go," she said, in a puzzled tone.
"So am I, Helen," returned Storme, "and have to leave you unprotected. These robberies that they talked about tonight are serious, it seems. You must be careful to keep the house locked up. If anything should happen—"
"If— if anything should happen to you, I don't know what I'd do," she looked up into his eyes with a reassuring smile.
"You need not fear for me," she returned. "We are safe here. The coachman and William, our old butler, sleep down stairs. One of the maids is on the same floor with me and within calling distance."
"My aunt sleeps in the front room, and I sleep in one of the back ones—the one at the corner—" she indicated it with a gesture — "and the street lights shine upon it all night long. Our house is well exposed, and we've never had any trouble, and we never expect to, either. Nothing will happen— nothing at all."
Storme bowed.
"I sincerely trust not," he said gravely.
"You will come tomorrow?" she asked as he prepared to leave.
"I will come tomorrow," he replied. And then he went. After he had left she discovered that she had unwillingly retained possession of the note. She threw open the door and called after him, but to no purpose—he had gone.

She closed the door and stood uncertainly beneath the light and read the note again.
A troubled expression settled upon her face. She was in an attitude of hesitation for an instant, and then, instead of returning to her guests, she ran lightly up the stairs to her room.
It was a singular thing that as long as she had known Storme, Helen Dumont had received from him but two letters. Both had come within the past few weeks.
She opened a drawer and took the letters out. She opened them and compared them carefully with the note which had come for Storme that night.
Suddenly she gave a little cry.
"What does it all mean— what does it mean?" she exclaimed.
For she found that the note of tonight was written in the same hand as were the other two—in the handwriting of H. Stanleigh Storme.
"What does it mean?" she cried again.
And then she went down stairs.

CHAPTER IX
The Man among the Shrub.
Storme plunged hastily down the front steps, turned to the right and disappeared in the darkness. To three men, however, he did not disappear — they followed him, and kept him well in sight. This time he pursued no devious course, but headed straight for the Ironclad Club, which he reached and entered with alacrity. The three men waited for him outside. They stood where they could see without being seen. Once more they camped upon his trail.
Up in the Dumont house the guests were leaving. The fainting spell at the table had cast an air of gloom upon the crowd, and Storme's departure had acted as a sort of signal for the premature termination of the modest festivities.
One by one the guests departed and left Miss Dumont alone.
Half an hour later the lights on the ground floor were extinguished. Half an hour after that the lights upstairs went out.
The whole house was dark. It was a cloudy night, and a sultry one. There was no moon.
Helen Dumont did not retire—she was in no mood to sleep. Instead, she took a seat by an open window and thought and thought.
Outside in the garden, concealed by the shrubbery that surrounded the house, there stood a man—an unseen man.
He was a part of the chaotic blackness of the night. He only knew now he came to be there, or whence he came.
He was motionless and invisible. His skin may have been white, but if it were it did not show, for he wore a black mask and dark colored gloves. His clothes were black. His coat collar was turned up. Miss Dumont did not see him.
This man had a keen ear, and he was using it to the best advantage.

[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 tenfold 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.

The Hardships of Pulitzer's Youth

New York, Nov. 1.—After the late Joseph Pulitzer had become wealthy he often referred to his early struggles in conversation with his intimates. One night while strolling about the city with Col. John A. Cockerill, one of the World's editors, he pointed out to a bench in Madison Square on which a poor, decayed specimen of humanity was stretched.
"That," he said, "is where I also slept many a night. I had no bed when I first came to this city. I had no roof over my head. Every pleasant night until I found employment I slept upon that bench, and my summons to breakfast, was frequently the rap of a policeman's club."

"What did you do about rainy nights?" asked Cockerill.
"Come with me," was the answer. Mr. Pulitzer took his companion nearly two miles further down Broadway, and, turning into Park Place, showed him a number of trucks which were placed there every evening on account of the insufficiency of stable room in that locality. These vehicles were long and broad and roomy, and, while the bed of cobblestones beneath them was not altogether soft, yet it was drier than that furnished by an uncovered bench. Pointing beneath one of these, Mr. Pulitzer said: "Under such a wagon as that and on that spot I slept on rainy nights."

Paris Safe From Flood: May Spend \$60,000,000 More

Paris, Nov. 4.—All danger of another flood like that which devastated a large part of the city two years ago has been removed, and there is quiet rejoicing everywhere. The Government Commission, which has been studying the question of permanently protecting the city, has made its report, which is long and technical, but that all important statement is made in it that the city has been made safe for years to come by raising existing embankments and enlarging the bulwarks.

The loss to business by the turning away of tourists to escape isolation two years ago was enormous and fear of like experiences cut down the number of visitors last year, hence the assurance of safety by the Commission has been sent broadcast. Another dull winter would seriously embarrass many shopkeepers.
The Commission urges the government, as a permanent measure of relief, to construct a canal which will divert the water of the River Marne from the Seine above the city and empty into the Seine below. By this means the only damage, if any, would be to small towns between Paris and Rouen. The enterprise will cost \$60,000,000.

Another scheme is to deepen the Seine thereby making the banks higher and also enabling bigger steamers to come to the city from Havre. This would be far more costly. No decision has been reached by the government.

Mad Frenchman Leaves King Alfonso \$500,000

Madrid, Nov. 4.—King Alfonso has just refused \$500,000. The cash was left him by a madman, and Alfonso said he would prefer his benefactors to have some better excuse than lack of wits. The request has been the subject of a good deal of humor, at the King's expense.

pense.
The will, which was intended to benefit the young spendthrift monarch, was written on a shirt front by Albert Sapeas, a Frenchman, who died an inmate of the Toulouse Lunatic Asylum. It was duly drawn and attested and the King could have taken the money and all poor Sapeas's other belongings had he chosen to do so, for everything was left him. Sapeas gave no explanation of why he selected the Spanish ruler.

Alfonso has instructed the Spanish Ambassador at Paris to inform the Sapeas family that he cannot accept the bequest.

A man entered an eating-house and ordered a steak and fried potatoes.
"Yes, sir; steak and potatoes, sir," said the waiter. "And will you have chops and peas along with it?"
"No, thank you."

"Roast beef, then, perhaps, sir? The roast beef's very fine to-day."
"No, just steak and potatoes."
"How about a nice lobster or a brace of crabs, sir, with the steak?"
"No."

"Shad roe and succotash, perhaps, sir?"
"No, I tell you!"
"A nice mess of fried sardines and wafers?"

"But at this point the proprietor summoned the waiter to him.
"What do you mean, you scoundrel," he said, "by tormenting that patron in such an outrageous manner?"
"Oh, I wasn't tormenting him, sir," said the waiter. "I was just trying to make him feel at home. He's a barber."

"—Epworth Herald

"John," she asked after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?"
"Yes, dear, I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining-room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."
"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little bird starve."
"Don't worry about the thing, dear, I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure that you'll forget about keeping the curtains down so that things won't be faded when I get back."
"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains, I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."
"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Women suffer more than men. Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, etc. Mrs. Edward Calwood of 123 S. Harold Street, Fort William St. says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."

Booth's Kidney Pills cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel or stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

All druggists and dealers 50c. box or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Fort Erie, Ont. If you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Could we save more? Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

The Colonial T. Co. Entertainment Committee, which only received \$5,000 officially from the Colonial Office, has a credit balance of over \$25,000, after paying all expenses of entertaining the overseas military and naval visitors this year, which reached a cost of \$60,000.

Booth's Kidney Pills cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel or stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.