

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### HYOMEI! Death to Catarrh Germs.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) means death to Catarrh germs in a few hours. It is the only guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

When you use Hyomei, you don't swallow nauseating drugs. You simply breathe in the soothing, pleasant and antiseptic Hyomei air through a little pocket inhaler. As this medicated and vaporized air passes through the inflamed parts, relief comes almost at once and a cure follows.

Your druggist J. Sutton Clark will sell you a complete outfit for \$1.00 and what is more he will refund your money if after using Hyomei according to directions, it fails to do all that we claim. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup, grip, cold in the head, asthma, etc. Hyomei can be obtained from all druggists and dealers, or postpaid on receipt of price from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

If the authorities of the State of Maine some years ago had caused the arrest of "Hijah" Sanford, the head of the Holy Ghost and U.S. Society, and given him a life term in an institution from which he could not escape, they would have done humanity and religion good service. Such a man should be treated as a lunatic and prevented from wielding a baleful influence over ignorant and superstitious people. The sacredness of individual liberty should not be invoked to shield a man whose influence leads a great number of people to abandon common sense, and pursue a course injurious to themselves and of no benefit to anybody. The cruise of the schooner Coronet was the maddest pilgrimage in all the annals of religious frenzy.—R.K.

### Women of America Losing Little Toes.

Los Angeles, Oct. 23.—The American women are growing cold-blooded, like lizards, and they are becoming deformed and all because of their slavery to fashion today asserted Prof. Franz Bergman, late of the University of Breslau, Germany.

"For instance," added the Professor, "the American woman is doomed to lose the little toe on each foot—the pedal 'pinkie'—unless she takes to wearing large shoes."

Tight shoes by deforming the great and little toes, retard the circulation. Slower circulation means colder blood. Colder blood is a progress toward the reptilian characteristics.

### MOTHERS! Preserve Your Children's Hair.

Every mother should see that her children's hair is dressed with Parisian Sage, the wonderful hair restorer and germicide. A little neglect on your part now, may mean much loss of beauty when your girl grows up.

Prevention Better Than Cure. Parisian Sage is a rigidly guaranteed hair restorer and cures all scalp diseases, prevents hair from falling out and creates a rich luxuriant growth of hair, a glory to woman and pride of man.

A pleasant hair dressing—ladies like it, and your druggist J. Sutton Clark guarantees every bottle that he sells at 50c, and stands ready to refund your money if it fails to do its work. By mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on each package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Halifax Echo.—Premier Borden it is announced is to seek rest from his somewhat arduous labors of the past few months in the Southern States must ever No one will begrudge Mr. Borden his holiday, but why he should have decided to spend it in the United States must ever, it would appear, remain a mystery. Quite apart from the fact that certain sections of Canada offer exceptional opportunities for resting, there is the manifest danger of the Premier's loyalty becoming impaired. And that would indeed be a calamity. If the saviour of the British Empire is fearful of doing business even with Americans how much more should he fight shy of rubbing noses with them?

### THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME

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(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne)

(CONTINUED.)

Burke nodded again. "Well," continued Burke, leaning over confidentially towards the jury box, "I'd reached about Monroe and Lafayette streets when I heard the sound of a night stick somewhere in the vicinity. I knew by the sound it wasn't a roundman, an' I stopped to locate it."

"Then I set out on a dead run for the place. About two blocks away I ran into Officer O'Connell. He wasn't rappin' then, 'cause, I suppose, he'd heard me comin'. I knew something was up, for he was leap past due at that place at that time of night."

"Is he here?" interrupted the district attorney.

"He is, sir," continued the witness;

"there he sits, sir. Well, O'Connell, he says to me—"

"The counsel for the defence sprang to his feet."

"Never mind what O'Connell said," he interposed.

The witness snorted and began again.

"In consequence," continued he, with a triumphant smile at the prisoner's attorney—"in consequence of a conversation I had with O'Connell: at that corner—"

"Now, what corner?" impatiently demanded the prisoner's counsel.

"The corner of Washington and Monroe," returned the witness. "If you'll give me time I'll tell you all there is to tell. At the corner of Washington and Monroe me an' in consequence of that I went with him to the next corner, Washington avenue and First street. That's what I did, sir."

"Well, what did you find there?" asked the district attorney. "Go on."

"I found this bank there, sir, on the southwest corner—Mordant's Bank, sir, an' O'Connell told me—"

The prisoner's counsel again jumped to his feet.

"What did you do, Burke?" inquired the district attorney. "Tell us what you did."

"Well," replied Burke, uncertainly, "I didn't do nothin' just then. I went up on the stoop and looked through the little hole in the outside door, and I didn't see but that everything looked all right, an' I told O'Connell—"

"That is to say, sir," he continued, hastily, "I stayed there with O'Connell for a time, about ten minutes, I should say. And here's where the queer thing happened, gentlemen."

"And Burke warmed up now that he had reached this interesting stage."

"Me an' O'Connell was just startin' in to reconnoiter when we heard a big racket at the front door—it's on the corner, cater-cornered like. It was the vestibule inside door he tackled first, o' course, 'n' we heard some bolts shook back; 'n' then all of a sudden something snaps very quick and loud and the big iron doors creaks out, and a fellow comes down the front steps. He didn't come down right away, either, for he saw us there. We feazed him a bit, I guess."

"As I said, it was dark an' rainin' pitchforks, but we could see this fellow come down all right, me an' O'Connell, an' we both snapped our lanterns on him at the same time. So we had him in a light that was double strength."

"An' the fellow had on a high hat—one o' them dull looking things, not a regular stove pipe—an' full dress—we could see just a bit of his shirt—an' a long overcoat. Them's the first things we noticed."

"An' if he hadn't turned round when the light flashed on him we'd a nabbed him then and there. But he did turn round an' looked at us—an' you could a knocked us both down with a feather, me an' O'Connell—for we knew the man well, both of us did."

"Well, to make a long story short, while we was both standing there paralyzed with heart disease pretty near, an' both of us with guns, the fellow turned an' made for it, an' after him—me an' O'Connell."

"We'd a caught him, too, but for his bel'n such a night, but it was so dark an' so windy, we couldn't 'rack him by sight or by sound, so finally we lost him an' give it up for good."

"We came back o' the bank, an' I stayed there while O'Connell went for young Mr. Mordant; an' he dressed himself an' come, an' we found that everything had been smashed open—it was done clever, too, an' sixty

thousand odd dollars an' some cents was gone clean."

"Did you find anything else?" inquired the prosecutor.

"Not that night," responded Burke, "but the next day we found that one o' the side windows had been entered. The bars were seen clean apart, an' stuck together again with some kind o' stuff. An' the window pane had been cut an' forced, an' the piece that he'd cut out he'd pasted on again. That's the reason we didn't find it that night. It was done too clever."

"And did you recognize the man?" queried the district attorney.

"I did, sir," answered the witness, an' so did O'Connell. We both knew him—"

The district attorney visibly trembled with excitement.

"Who was it, Burke?" he asked. Burke bent his gaze upon the man at the next table.

"It was the man that sits there, sir, at that table—H. Stanleigh Storme."

As he said it, he pointed with his finger. There was an audible murmur in the court room, which had been as still as death.

"The prisoner?" continued the prosecutor.

"The prisoner, yes, sir," assented Burke. "I knew him well by sight, sir, an' I saw him well sir, an' it's the same man. It's H. Stanleigh Storme, sir. I can swear to that."

"Cross examine," said the state's attorney briefly.

The counsel for the defense rose with a smile upon his face.

"Mr. Burke," he began, in a suave voice, "you have seen Mr. Storme since that night, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Burke.

"You know where he lives?"

"He's here," returned Burke; "we don't keep track of everybody from headquarters, but I do now. He lives at the Governor's up town."

"And you attended there next day, did you not, for the purpose of apprehending him?"

"I did, sir."

"And at that time is it not a fact that you made a careful search of his apartments at the Governor's, for the purpose of finding something to connect him with this crime?"

"It is, sir."

"And did you find anything calculated to arouse suspicion?" went on the prisoner's counsel.

"I did not, sir," replied Burke.

"That's all," announced the counsel for the defense.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed the judge, as the witness started to leave the stand. "Burke, are you sure of what you say? Think. Isn't it possible that you may have been mistaken? This is a serious matter, officer. You must be very careful. Are you sure that is the man?"

"Your honor," returned Burke doggedly, "my record shows that I'm a careful man—your honor knows I can't be mistaken. I was never sure of a thing in all my life."

"And I swear that that man who sits there—H. Stanleigh Storme—was the man that robbed that bank that night, so help me God!"

"One moment," put in the prisoner's counsel; "what day of the week was that, did you say?"

"I didn't say, sir, but it was Wednesday morning, the twenty-third o' last month. Roundman O'Connell, continued the witness, turning to the judge, "will tell you just the same as I have, your honor."

Burke stepped down.

O'Connell took the witness stand and gave his testimony and left it. Burke stood corroborated in each detail. There was no cross examination of this witness.

"The prosecution rests," announced the counsel for the state.

The prisoner's attorney rose. A flickering ghost of a smile played around the corners of his mouth.

He departed from the usual rule and made no opening statement to the jury. To him it seemed unnecessary.

"I call the sheriff of the county," he announced.

The sheriff—a stout, good-natured looking man, with a broad, genial, honest face—had been seated quietly in the body of the court room outside the railing, an unnoticed spectator.

Now he rose and made his way, with some difficulty, through the crowd.

As he went he nodded to the judge, the counsel, and some of the jurymen. He did not look at Storme, nor did Storme look at him.

He took the stand, and was sworn. He settled himself comfortably in the chair, threw one leg over the other, and waited for the question.

"Sheriff," began the counsel for the defense, carelessly, would you mind stating to the jury just where you were at 2 o'clock on Wednesday

morning of the twenty-third of May last?"

The sheriff looked around and smiled.

"On Monday night, on Tuesday night and Wednesday night, the twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third of last month," he replied, deliberately and with an evident relish of the situation, "I was in the green room of the Montauk Club in this city—on each night from 10 o'clock in the evening until after 2 o'clock the next morning."

"When you say Wednesday night, do you mean night or morning?"

"I'll explain that," said the sheriff. "When I say Monday night I mean that I began Monday night at 10 and ended Tuesday morning at 3. On Tuesday night I began at 10 and ended Wednesday morning at 3. And so on. I was there three nights and mornings, beginning with Monday night."

"Will you state just what you were doing?"

"Certainly," responded the sheriff. "We were playing cards. We were disposing of some old scores that we had waited for some months to pay off."

"Was anybody with you? If so, state to the jury just who it was."

"Yes," returned the sheriff, leaning forward in his turn as all witnesses have a way of doing; "there were three people with me, making four altogether—three of us played each night, and the fourth man looked on and kept us company."

"And these four—"

"These four," continued the sheriff, "were myself and John R. Cassidy, the hardware merchant, and H. Stanleigh Storme, the prisoner at the bar."

"John R. Cassidy is here?"

"He's here," assented the witness.

"And the fourth man—who was he?" inquired the attorney.

"The sheriff was plainly embarrassed, but he nerved himself nevertheless for the ordeal.

"The fourth man," he began, looking nervously around, "the fourth man was—was—the—the judge presiding at this trial."

He blurted this out in a desperate sort of way, and yet with an apologetic air, too.

There was a prolonged titter in the court room at the judge's expense. The judge rapped for order, but at the same time nodded in a dignified way in confirmation of the testimony.

"His honor, then, was the man who was looking on?" inquired the counsel, anxious to place the court in the most favorable light and expecting an affirmative answer to the question.

The sheriff looked first at the council and then at the judge—at the judge and then at the lawyer again. He didn't know what to do. The judge turned red.

"I don't think, Mr.—er—er—" he said to the counsel for the defendant, "that it's at all necessary to go into that. Proceed with the next question," he continued, pounding with his gavel to check the incipient merriment.

The sheriff leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. Order was restored.

"Was the prisoner there on each occasion?" resumed the counsel.

"He was," returned the sheriff, still a bit rattled.

"Every night?"

"Every night," replied the sheriff. "He was the first man on hand, and the last man to leave. He was with us all the time."

"How far is the Montauk Club from the Mordant bank?"

"It's a good three miles," replied the sheriff.

"Take the witness," concluded the counsel for the defense, as he settled back in his seat with satisfaction written on his face.

The district attorney rose with a frown. There was a loud buzz of conversation in the court room, which his honor stopped with a few raps upon his desk.

The district attorney was plainly non-plussed, and he showed it. Still he maintained his composure.

"Sheriff," inquired he, looking at individual squarely in the eye, "how did you fix the night of May the twenty-second, or the morning of the twenty-third? By the way, which was it?"

"Both," replied the sheriff, laconically.

"Well, how do you fix it, then? Why do you remember it?"

The sheriff returned the district attorney's stare with interest. The two men were politically opposed to each other, and there was no love lost between them.

"I'll tell you how I fix it," said the sheriff, shaking his finger at the examiner. "I could fix it, anyway, by other things, but I know by one thing in particular. When I got there that night there were two men ahead of me—one of 'em was Storme, and the other Cassidy. It was a few minutes after ten when we started in, because they said I was late an' I said I wasn't."

[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.

North Africa is Covered.

In the long ago days the nations and tribes possessing the African, or southern shores of the Mediterranean contended with the peoples of the northern shores, not only for European territory, but for the mastery of what was then the civilized world.

she encountered a rival in Carthage, the seat of whose power was not far from the spot where Italy recently began operations against Tripoli. The contest was prolonged and at times its issue hung in the balance; but having superior sea power, which gave her command of the Mediterranean, Rome won, and Carthage ceased to exist.

Many centuries later Europe was again menaced by a northern African people—the Moors, who over ran Spain, ruled the greater part of the peninsula for a long time and threatened other conquests.

Emerging from the Middle Ages, the people of the northern continent began to excel in the art of war.

Still, for many years the half-civilized and unprogressive peoples of northern Africa held their own, so far as Europe was concerned.

But the time came when this was changed, and European nations began to set in the southern shores of the Mediterranean fields for trade, and then room for expansion; and so northern Africa is becoming the prize of Europe.

The growth of Italian influence and commerce in Tripoli dates from 1878, when the treaty was concluded that brought to a close the Russo-Turkish war. Italy claims that it was then understood that she should have the right of a "pacific penetration of Tripoli." The right has been exercised. Italian colonies have grown up, and Italy's commercial interests there become considerable.

A Devil by Choice Was She.

Princess Hashi Made a Good Job of it Many Years Ago.

It is not often that a woman elects to become a devil when in the estimation of her friends she is not one by nature, but the Princess Hashi once made this choice with satisfying results. As Fushinami Ishitashi reports the success of the Princess's adventure in the Japan Magazine, she did not add to the honor of her family by her exploits.

The Princess lived in Kyoto, Japan, so far back that no man can remember when. She was the most beautiful of all the ladies in the court of the daimio and the fame of her beauty spread over the land just as the report of a wonderfully blooming cherry tree would be carried on the wings of gossip. But beauty in the case of the Princess Hashi seems to have been of the accepted depth; she was a very jealous and envious young person.

So long did she feed upon the fruit of these dark humors that at last she determined to beseech the gods to give her the power of a demon so that she might plague the people she disliked. During many days and dark nights she knelt before the shrine at Kibune, making supplication.

At last the gods heard her. They said that if she would consent to fore-

feit all her beauty they would grant her request. Not only must she spoil her beauty but she must live in the waters of the River Uji for three weeks before the gift should descend upon her.

The Princess Hashi started out to fulfil all the conditions of promotion to the demon world. She streaked her face with pigments, pulled out her rose petal nails and twisted her hair into two ugly horns on either side of her forehead, placing therein iron spikes and rings. So altered, she crept to the river one night and slipped into the waters.

By day she hid herself in a clump of rushes and by night she swam under the shadows of the pines, each night with a stronger stroke. Day by day the horns of hair on her head became harder, and day by day the color she had smeared on her body was set indelibly.

At the end of the probationary three weeks the Princess Hashi was a full-fledged water devil, one of the Oni feared by all the human folk of the land; and she was sufficiently terrible to look upon, if one may credit some of the portraits of her done by Tosa Tsunetaka, the Japanese artist of demons. She began her mission of hate immediately.

She ranged palace halls and lurked in the branches of the pines by moat sides. All her former lovers she plagued interminably, and young girls with beauty even approaching the fabulous beauty that had been Hashi's fell ill of small-pox or were stung by poisonous insects.

There was a whole cycle of legend around the deeds of this princess devil, and although it happened many hundreds of years ago Hashi may be living yet. Japanese maidens fear her without ceasing.

Etiquette for Husbands.

The motel husband should learn Esperanto. It contains no swear words.

The husband of a woman with a mission should not drink more than just enough to produce semi-oblivion.

The husband of a lady doctor should not boast "we" know. He doesn't know anything; his wife knows it all.

The husband of a suffragette orator should, if possible, be born deaf and dumb. If he hasn't this virtue he should assume it.

The husband of a schoolteacher should never stay out late at night without bringing home a written excuse in the morning.

The husband of a landlady of a select boarding house should efface himself as much as possible. The guests will be more reconciled to their own condition if they believe he is worse off than they are. He should never "answer back" to his wife, as such conduct has a tendency to boarders to do likewise. Above all else, he should avoid being fat, for that might lead them to suspect that he was getting "bites" between meals. His role should be that of the clinging vine, pure and simple—easy, easily simple.

NERVES UNSTRUNG. WAS "DOWN AND OUT."

Feels 10 Years Younger After Taking Morrissy's No. 14 Blood Tablets.

MONTREAL, P. Q., May 16, 1911.

"I was all run down and felt all out of sorts. My appetite was bad—my complexion sallow—my spirits low, and I didn't seem to have any ambition to do my ordinary housework. I was in this condition for about a year, although several physicians prescribed a tonic for me, and I tried several well advertised remedies, but all without success. About three months ago one of your booklets was left at my house, and I read of the wonderful success of Dr. Morrissy and of the remarkable cures that his medicines were making, and decided to try his No. 14 Tablets. I used one box, and before it was half gone I began to feel better, and I gave me courage to keep on. I have just finished the third box, and only wish I could tell you how much better I feel. My work is now a pleasure to me, and I feel 10 years younger. You certainly have the best real Blood Tonic and blood maker that I have heard of, and anyone in need of such a remedy will find yours the very best and most reliable."

Mrs. Anna Hafferty.

The above prescription is not a "Cure-All" or so-called patent medicine. Dr. Morrissy prescribed it for 44 years, and it cured thousands after other doctors failed.

Price, 50c per box at your dealer's, or Father Morrissy Medicine Co., Limited, Montreal.