

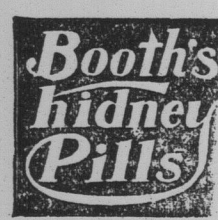
MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE RANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Sure Signs of Kidney Trouble.

If your back is constantly aching and if you experience dull shooting pains, your kidneys are out of order. If your urine is thick and cloudy or your passages frequent scanty and painful, your kidneys and bladder are out of order. Neglect quickly brings on rheumatism, diabetes, lumbago, sciatica and etc.

Mrs. John Wagner of 110 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., says: "Dull shooting pains would catch me across the small part of my back and extend into my shoulders and neck, often causing me to suffer with severe headaches and spells of dizziness. Spots would dazzle before my eyes and everything would turn black. I would fall to the floor and be unable to get up again without assistance. A friend told me of Booth's Kidney Pills and I began their use. The first box gave me relief and I am now well and strong."



All druggists sell Booth's kidney pills 50 cents a box with a guarantee to relieve or your money back they are the world's greatest specific for kidney and bladder trouble. Postpaid from the proprietors The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd. Fort Erie. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

BLACKS HARBOR

(Late for Last Week)

Hayward Sparks and Archie Harvey of Beaver Harbor joined steamer Curlew this week.

A number from this place have been out hunting, among the lucky number was Charlie Elliott having the luck to shoot a fine moose one day last week, Charlie as all know was always after the moose but always had hard luck until this season, if the law would only allow him to shoot more than one, he would have got more for he called three more in shooting distance.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wallace Jr. raffled off some fine chickens last Friday evening, Martin Bradford and Frank Hill playing pardners had the luck in capturing eight. A Murphy three and B. Connors two. After the raffle a nice supper was served when all enjoyed them with many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.

Capt. George Moses made a flying trip to Eastport Monday.

Capt. Gideon Justason arrived Wednesday with a load of wood for Connors Bros. Ltd.

On a Grain of Wheat

A Prayer Containing 386 Letters Inscrubed and Four Figures.

Prayers have been written and engraved on many very small objects, but only one ever has been patient and painstaking enough to inscribe a complete prayer on a grain of wheat. One day Sir Moses Montefiore, the great Jewish financier of England, received a small tin box in the mail. On the cover of the box was written, "A prayer for Moses Montefiore, by Bauch Mordecai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinmann, of Jerusalem." The box contained a single grain of wheat, on which was inscribed, in characters so small that they could only be read with the aid of a powerful microscope, the 386 Hebrew letters of the prayer, and the date of the year (Hebrew reckoning), 5645. Sir Moses kept the prayer in his desk until he died, and it is now preserved with religious care by one of his friends.

Edmond Thery, the French economist, figures that the maintenance of Europe's armed peace footing in the last twenty-five years has cost \$29,000,000,000, which involved an increase in the public debt of the European states of from \$25,000,000,000 to \$30,000,000,000, and constantlv excluded from productive industry 195,000 officers and 3,800,000 men.

"Your three daughters should be a great comfort to you."

"They should be, but they ain't," declared Mrs. Watts-Trumps. "They all prefer sewing and cooking to bridge."

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF



(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)
(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.)

Just after Midnight.

CHAPTER I.
It was half past twelve on the twenty-third of May.

The tall young man with the long dark coat, a coat that enveloped him completely, reached the corner at the same instant that the electric lights went out. They went out for the same reason that lights go out on all stormy nights—a reason that few men ever knew, and these few have forgotten.

The man stood there for an instant looking up and down the street. He may have been waiting for a car. If he was, he was disappointed. In the distance the faint light of an electric gleamed through the moisture. It was receding, of course, as is the habit of street conveyances. The young man breathed a sigh. "A beastly night," he exclaimed all to himself in a pleasant, well-ordered voice.

It didn't seem to worry him. He said it with the same easy nonchalance as though it were the finest of evenings.

"So much the better," he continued in the same happy frame of mind. Nevertheless he drew his coat the closer about him and turned up the collar. Then, removing his opera hat, he shook the rain from it and replaced it upon his head.

But although the storm continued with unabated force, he did not seek shelter, but still stood upon the corner, glancing repeatedly up and down the cross streets, peering into the darkness to see what he could see, and thrusting his head forward and to one side, to hear what he could hear.

He stood thus for some four or five minutes—a long while to stand and look and listen. And he saw nothing and heard nothing.

Finally he thrust his hand into the depths of his long coat, and from the inside half pulled out a watch.

He did not look at it for two reasons, first because the rain would have ruined it; second, because it was too dark to see it. Instead, he pressed a small spring. It was a repeater, and it struck the hour.

"Quarter to one," he remarked softly to himself. "I'm just in time."

"That's a good watch," he continued, "one of the best. I'll wager, in the old man's stock, and a first-class stock he carries, too—or did, up to night before last."

He laughed noiselessly to himself, and then, with an upward glance at the corner building, he moved over towards it, as though seeking shelter from the storm.

It was a bank—one of the old-fashioned kind, with a high corner step covered by the conventional species of portico.

Another man would have ascended this stoop and taken his stand under the portico, which furnished ample protection from the wet. But not so this man.

Instead, with unheard footsteps, he moved half way down the length of the bank on the side street and paused in front of a ground-floor window.

There were six windows on that side. He selected the third one, after examining it with care.

As was the case with all the others, this window was barred with iron bars. They also were old-fashioned, somewhat wide apart, and ran from top to bottom with no supporting plate between.

Having completed his investigation, the man in the long coat straightened up and stood with his back to the window, and once more looked about him.

It was a bad place to stand. The water from the roof poured down in a steady stream upon his head.

He never heeded it, however. After looking and listening for another instant, he merely wrapped a long scarf about his neck and drew his coat still more closely around him, and then again stooped down and—what?

No one knows! Turned up his trousers, perhaps.

If it were that, it took some time, and required considerable care. Again he straightened up and again stood still. Not entirely, though, for he kept one heel tap-tapping upon the flag beneath.

And as he tapped a rasping, grating sound became perceptible, slight, but still distinct. It came from behind him.

Once more he spoke.

"Great Scott," he exclaimed, "what a boon these new automobile heels

machines have come to be. The man that makes them deserves a place along with the inventor of the typewriter and the sewing machine and the cotton gin. They do the business in no time, and do it well. I'll have

to write the fellow a testimonial and have it published—over my signature and under my portrait. I will, too, if ever I—if the worst comes to the worst. I've got the nerve to do it."

But he kept on tapping. Suddenly there was a sharp whirring sound and then a loud snap.

"Number one!" he exclaimed. Again he stooped and made another adjustment. Having done this, he once more examined the window and the bars.

As he did so a small gleam of light played around the bottom of one of the long bars. It came from a tiny incandescent lamp held in the hollow of his palm.

This new inspection seemed highly satisfactory. Again he resumed his tap-tapping.

After a time there was another whir and another snap.

"Number two," he remarked in a tone of delight.

Then he sprang aside.

"Great Scott!" he continued, "what's that?"

For he had indistinctly heard upon the heavy moist air the steady tramp, tramp of a man around the corner.

The man in the long coat hastily took from his pocket a small piece of putty, filled the filed crevices with it, then with a diminutive paper shaker dusted the edges with fine lead pencil scrapings—this to restore them a metallic appearance.

Then he blew away the iron filings and noiselessly disappeared.

The watchman—for it was he—came around the corner, tried the front door, then flashed his light in turn into and upon each window.

All was well. He stood for a moment, glancing up and down, swore under his breath at the rain and the mud, shook his stick exasperatedly at the motorman of a trolley car that thundered by—and then passed on.

Two minutes later the man in the long coat was back at his post, and the rasping sound began again.

At the end of twenty minutes he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Number four!" he was able finally to announce to himself.

He had cut two bars completely through, both at the top and at the bottom. He removed them quietly and laid them gently down upon the pavement.

The window also was an old-fashioned one, consisting of two sashes with a middle catch. It would have been a simple thing to force the catch, but this man knew better.

Holding his body as a shield against the framework, he flashed his light along each edge and particularly along the middle. He then cut two small holes in the glass, and, inserting an instrument, cut a number of wires that ran around the sash.

"Blamed idiot!" he muttered to himself. "These people leave their wires in plain sight. This is a cinch."

Having cut the wires, the rest was easy.

He slipped the catch, raised the lower sash and entered. From the inside he carefully replaced the bars in their former position, wedged them tight with small steel disks, filled the spaces with putty and dusted them as before.

Then he inserted the circular disks of glass where they belonged, and, dipping a brush in a small vial, he applied to the cut edges a thick, oozing, colorless fluid. A bottle of this was long afterwards discovered in his dwelling.

It was found to be Canadian balsam, a fluid which, possessing the same degree of refraction as does glass itself, is capable of uniting two pieces of glass together so that the point of contact is well-nigh indistinguishable.

It is impossible to describe the deftness or skill with which this man worked—and he worked so that there were absolutely no traces of the job he left behind him.

He had just closed the window and fastened it when he was once more startled by a bright light which entered the room.

In an instant he realized that it had not yet lighted upon himself, and he threw himself face down upon the floor next to the wall. There he waited, without a sound, scarcely even breathing, until he heard the steady tramp, tramp of footsteps receding in the distance.

It was a policeman who had flashed his light upon the window. And the policeman saw nothing—nothing except the regulation iron bars and a window pane with heavy drops of rain trickling and oozing down it.

The man in the long coat jumped to his feet.

"That was a narrow escape," he said to himself, "almost too narrow." But he was in the bank at last.

CHAPTER II.

Two A. M.

"Now for the vault," said the man in the long coat.

Once more he struck his repeater. It was exactly 2. The policeman, who was not regular, had just gone.

But it was time for the watchman again. He was compelled to wait a bit—for the outer door of the vault was illuminated by the rays of the electric lamp, and was visible from the small hole in the outer door of the bank.

After the tramp, tramp had died away, he stepped boldly into the full glare of this lamp, but whatever he did, he kept his back toward the outer door of the bank.

The light shone strongly upon him. He was no longer a man in a long coat and an opera hat. He had doffed both of them.

For the first time his figure and his features were distinctly visible.

He was young, tall broad shouldered. His face was handsome, but a bit too florid, perhaps. He wore a conventional, but very becoming, Van Dyke beard.

His appearance was, upon the whole, distinguished. He bore the stamp of the coin that would pass current anywhere.

This apparel was faultless—he wore evening dress of the most approved cut and pattern; he was immaculate from head to foot.

He lit a cigarette and went to work. He wasted no time—he had none to spare.

He knelt down and grasped the handle of the combination lock. This, in keeping with every other thing about the bank, was also of a by-gone age. It was one that worked upon the letters of the alphabet.

Slowly turning the handle of this lock, the man placed his ear to the safe just outside the circle of letters and listened to the clink, clink of the pieces of metal falling into place.

To him their slight metallic clatter constituted just so much incoherent conversation. He talked to them soothingly and seemed to coax them into place.

"If it is, then," he mused to himself, as he heard the first piece fall unmistakably into its proper place. "S-T-A—a blame long-winded combination they've got, too," he complained.

Then he started to his feet.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. But he kept turning on and on. Suddenly, with firm grasp, he turned back the knob with a sharp click, then stepped to one side and swung open the door.

"Well, I'll be honest!" he exclaimed. The nerve of these people!

He smiled, shut the door again, twirled the knob to throw it off once more, and then rapidly turning and returning it to letter after letter without the slightest hesitation or difficulty, clicked it back once again, and a second time swung the big door open.

"By George, I was right! The nerve of them!"

For the letters to which he had turned, and which constituted the bank's combination for the safe, were the following sixteen letters of the alphabet:

H S T A N L E I G H S T O R M E

"And this," he continued, with a gentle bow to the contents of the safe, "is what it is to be the best known man about town."

"Well," he finally admitted to himself, "it's their business, I suppose. They have the right to use a depositor's name or any other name as they please, though the one they've selected is a damned long one. Not a bad idea, though."

"By the way," he went on, pulling down a book marked 'Ledger,' "while we're about it we'll figure up H. Stanleigh's balance in this bank—I'd forgotten almost that there was one here."

It was a few hundred dollars only. He replaced the book.

"Now for business," he resumed. He forced every door and every drawer in the vault, in but one did he find what he was after.

This contained six bulky packages of bills. He laid them on the floor outside the vault, and then once more hastily inspected the interior.

There was nothing else worth while. Then he laughed a low, musical laugh.

"This is great business," he remarked, "for H. Stanleigh Storme. A depositor, by the mere use of his own name, which he happens to know how to spell, walks into his banker's vault and robs his banker—and himself."

"Still," he added, "I'll not lose over the few hundred, for the bank can't stand this loss, and if they don't pay me my account, I'll—by George, I'll sue them! I'm just the man to do it, too. Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

[To be continued.]

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,
Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

The Ramming of the "Olympic"

Some years ago, in the merry scramble to get home quickly from one of the America cup races off Sandy Hook, the steamer "Monmouth" found herself overlapping the yacht "Cormouth" as these two speedy craft were nearing a turning buoy in the old Guelney Channel.

The writer, who was aboard the "Monmouth," noting that the two vessels, in the wish to make a close turn at the buoy were drawing very closely together, was watching the action of the bow wave and wash and wake of the one vessel upon the other.

When the "Monmouth" had drawn half her length ahead of the "Cormouth" the latter sheered slightly toward the "Monmouth" apparently with the intention of swinging in closely under her stern, preparatory to turning. After the "Cormouth's" bow had approached slowly to within a certain distance of the "Monmouth's" the yacht suddenly closed in and struck the "Monmouth."

The blow was delivered as swiftly as the helm had been put hard over for the purpose.

It was evident to the writer that the lateral force which swung the "Cormouth's" bow so quickly against the "Monmouth" was due to the lateral inflow of the water displaced at the bow of the "Monmouth" as it closed upon her stern.

Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor recently investigated this matter in the course of some interesting experiments in the model tank at Washington, in which he determined the action of vessels upon one another when they are steaming in close proximity and upon parallel courses. This investigation proved that under such circumstances any two ships have a strong tendency to close in upon one another.

Judging from the cable reports, the ramming of the "Olympic" was due to conditions similar to those above referred to. The cruiser "Hawke" a relatively insignificant vessel of 7,000 tons displacement, was steaming abreast of and in rather close proximity to the Olympic when the cruiser's navigating officer decided apparently to pass under the stern of the big ship. He probably put his helm over to what would have been the correct amount to enable him to execute this maneuver safely in undisturbed water, but as soon as his bow swung over in to the wash of the steamer the "Hawke" appears to have been drawn against the "Olympic," exactly as was the "Cormouth" against the "Monmouth."

The disaster serves to show that there is safety in size. The ship which did the ramming weighs about 7,000 tons; the "Olympic" at the time of the disaster weighed probably about 60,000 tons.

Judging from the speed of the "Hawke" she struck a blow which probably would have sent a ship of average size to the bottom; but so huge is the "Olympic" that the enormous rent which was torn in her skin-plating and the flooding which followed seem to have had but little effect upon her stability. She was never at any time in serious danger. The extra strength and stiffness of her bulkheads rendered them amply sufficient to withstand the strain of flooded compartments. It is probable that if the accident had happened at sea and in rough weather the big ship would have made her way comfortably back to port.—Sc.Amen.

Saved From Death.

A French fisherman, a most indifferent swimmer, was knocked overboard in a storm twenty miles from the French coast, going into the briny with all his lothing on, including gillskins and heavy

rubber boots. Almost twenty four hours afterward two men working a small boat along the French coast peking up celpots near the mouth of a creek, saw what appeared to be a nude body of a drowned man borne toward them by the incoming tide. They secured the body with a rope and towed it ashore. There, to their amazement, they detected signs of animation, and, falling to work like two sensible men they were, soon restored the man to consciousness. It was the fisherman who had gone overboard in the storm.

The overboard fishermen, twenty miles from land, knew he could not swim far, but he also knew the human body is lighter than water, especially salt water, and will float indefinitely unless water is taken into the lungs and stomach. This fisherman managed to get off celpkins, rubber boots and at last every stitch of clothing. Thus freed he floated, and the storm abating to the steady breeze shoreward, has slight swimming spurs were assisted in partly overcoming the ebb tide and he had the full benefit of two flood tides carrying him toward shore. The man said he must have lost consciousness several hours before being picked up, but kept afloat by pure life-saving instinct.

Burning Mountain.
A notable scene in Switzerland.

The Simmenfluh, a mountain near Spiez, in Switzerland, was set on fire by lightning on August 20, and has been burning ever since. This flaming mountain presents so extraordinary an appearance that people go from all the country to see it.

In the daytime the mountain is enveloped in smoke, while the valley on one side of it, the Simmental, is overhung with a thick pall. At night the mountain looks just as Vesuvius does in full eruption. Avalanches of fire can be seen at times swiftly descending the colnoirs, while huge fiery boulders frequently rattle down, of course settling something fresh alight, wherever they settle. One thing which has fed the flames extraordinary is a thick bed, in some places more than three feet deep, of undisturbed accumulations of pine needles, dead leaves, bits of bark and dried twigs, which covered the ground on the mountain, and is of course, highly combustible.

The mountain must have been a favorite resort of chamois. Now that it is on fire the chamois have had to take refuge on a certain alp (mountain pasture) not very far away, but very much lower down than these shy animals generally care to come. About a hundred of them may be seen peacefully grazing on this alp, just as it they were so many sheep or goats.

The meadow being in a district which strictly prohibits chamois hunting, they are perfectly safe from being shot at. They are, however, eating up all the autumn feed for the cattle, and the peasants who own the alp, or have cow rights over it, have just sent in a petition to the government asking for compensations, otherwise they will be obliged to chase the chamois away into another country whose local authorities allow chamois hunting.

As the chamois shooting season has just begun, and as there are not too many chamois in Switzerland, the government will probably accede to peasants' request for compensation, rather than risk the loss of a number of these cherished and in many districts protected animals.

Catarrh Cured by Breathing.

You breathe in Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) and inhale the antiseptic vaporized life of the pine and eucalyptol forests. As you breathe in this delightful air it passes over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane, allays inflammation, kills the germs and drives out the disease.

Druggist J. Sutton Clark sells Hyomei and guarantees it for catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, asthma and croup. A complete outfit includes hard rubber inhaler and costs you \$1.00. Extra bottles of Hyomei costs but 50c. By mail postpaid 50c. and \$1.00 from the Bohn Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Remember Hyomei is guaranteed or the money back if it fails you.

One per cent. of the water of the ocean would cover all the land to a depth of 290 feet.