

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

YEAR 72.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1905.

NO 281.

Worth Coming For SPECIAL FEATURES

with you as with us, and we saw your attention to special have been successful in secur- at prices greatly below their e firms in Montreal are busy all lots or balances of stock had at price concessions. We larly good things, one of these other two on Monday morn-

at 7:30 offer

Flannel-gowns

White Flannel, with frill of medium and considered good

Each.

MONDAY

other two special lots,

WARDS CHINA SILKS

and all good plain shades now Pink, Light Blue, White, etc. This quality is largely and is always sold at 25c. yard.

17c. yard.

10 o'clock.

ES SILK BABY RIBBONS

or rolls of 6 yards each. This make for Christmas work. 5c. a roll. Colors: White, Pink, Cardinal, Navy, Light

morning

8c. Roll.

10 o'clock.

DLAW & SON

Slippers Little Ones

Ankle Strap Felt Slippers,

Slippers, felt soles, sizes

Carpet Slippers, felt soles,

Carpet Slippers, felt soles,

ankle strap, sizes 11 to 2, 60c.

and dark blue, soft, 11 to 2, 10c.

for the little ones. Keep their

colds.

T SHOE STORE



WAWONA TREE MARIPOSA GROVE

CABIN AND STAGE MARIPOSA GROVE

TELESCOPE TREE MARIPOSA GROVE

IN THE UPPER MARIPOSA GROVE



A FALLEN MONARCH OF THE FOREST

California has some of the most interesting parks in the world—national parks, forest reserves—controlled by the government, protected by it and thrown open to the people. A short time ago, figuratively speaking, the big trees of the Yosemite region were being cut down and the region devastated by sheep, man and beast, but most of this region is now under government control, and troops kept in the park to drive out all depredators of all kinds. It is a singular fact that there are thousands of intelligent human beings who can see no reason why they should not cut down and saw up a tree 6,000 years old, and it is fortunate that there are ten times as many who believe that men holding such views should not be allowed to go at large, and it is this sentiment that has brought about the forest reserves and the national parks. The Sierra Nevada and the Southern Sierras—the Sierra Madre—have, in a few years, become exceedingly popular as a camping ground. Formerly only tourists went into them, now thousands of Californians enter the various passes, and one meets people in the deepest solitudes or in localities like King's River Canon that was comparatively unknown a few years ago. The approach to the Sierra Nevada is through the San Joaquin Valley, which in summer is extremely hot, lying between the Sierra Nevada Range and the Coast Mountains, but the heat and dust of the valley are soon forgotten when the canons are entered and the mountains close in behind one.

No such wonder is known in the world as the Mariposa Big Tree Grove and to spend a week or more amid these solitudes, sleeping among trees of such size, camping out or sleeping on the ground beside and beneath them, is to some men one of the great pleasures to be had in California. The Big Tree Grove is eight miles from Wawona, and the forest, which covers an area of about two miles square, stands on a gentle slope of the mountains, forming what is known as the upper and the lower grove. It is not the largest, but is the easiest reached, and contains trees that make the impression of a lifetime upon the average person. For years the Yosemite and its adjacent big trees was a secret hidden away in the heart of the forest, and known only to the few natives who happened to cross the range at this point from the desert beyond, and we can imagine the surprise and terror of the man who first came upon this vast gash in the earth from the east, stood, and looked down into it. There

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
Almost its greatest use is to prevent sickness. ABBEY'S SALT keeps you so well, that there is no chance of Stomach, Liver and Bowels going wrong. It is the ounce of prevention that is worth tons of cure.
AT DRUGGISTS, 25c AND 50c A BOTTLE

are 250 trees in the lower grove, and 325 in the upper, splendid spires— one in view—I see it every day in Pasadena, Cal.—a young one, not over thirty feet in height, yet few people pass it by without turning to look at it again. There is no other tree like it; its trunk grows directly upward—large, firm, imposing for the amount of foliage, but the message that it carries to me is of something built to withstand the fires and storms of centuries. It is as though Washington's monument or Bunker Hill should throw out foliage and become trees. The trees of the Mariposa forest are disappointing to some—they do not seem so large at first, but day by day they grow on the stroller, and at the end of two or three weeks the idea has entered his mind that here is something stupendous, something left behind in the race of time and eternity. The lofty pillars grow into the mind, there is a majesty or beauty to them, that takes entire possession of one, and you return again and again taken in for new and different points of view. They stand among other trees in a park, the beauty of which cannot fully be described. The ground is often covered with mountain flowers, and one is impressed with their lack of verdure and leaves for so large a tree; verdure and foliage which often appear more like a green haze or a "mist of pale apple green."

Why these trees are found here and nowhere else is due doubtless to the peculiar climate of California. These seeds are extremely small and light—a singular fact when their vast size is taken into consideration. Only a few years ago they were unknown, except to the trapper and the few Indians, but now the park is visited by thousands who live and camp here far into the fall. There is a great difference in the age and appearance of the trees—one of the largest measures 160 feet in circumference and like a king it seems to stand amid fitting surroundings. It rises in a little valley at the head waters of the Kaweah river, and is sur-

rounded by scenery that for beauty and majesty has no counterpart in the world, or at least in America. If nature had selected this site as a throne for this king of trees it could not have succeeded better; on almost every side deep abyssal precipices stand, as though to entrap any invader, deep canons which wind about, and beyond these peaks and mountains that reach 10,000 to 15,000 feet into empty space. Around about this stately tree stretches a wilderness that in wildness and picturesque beauty hardly has its equal on the globe. One might imagine that nature had selected this last resort of the Great Sequoia and built up its ramparts, thrown about its castellated fort ditches of infinite depth walls of colossal height, buried it deep in the heart of titanic mountains, safe from the marauding hand of man.

Its general position in the state still further emphasizes this precaution. On one side lies the great plain of the San Joaquin and the ocean, on the other the most desolate place on the face of the earth, the death valley country, the Pantanimit mountains that environ it, and beyond a fierce

sequoia-sempervirens, the giant redwood of the coast. The tree had been cut down by some vandal back in the fifties, but the stump had thrown out shoots all around, which had grown to the size of large trees, forming a perfect room with the sky as a roof. Such an illustration (figure 4) gives a definite idea of the size of a tree, and so the great Wawona, which has an arch cut through its heart, conveys a graphic idea of size and age. This splendid trunk has attained enormous dimensions; its roots or the lower rim of the bark seem to form great rolls of chocolate colored bark, and as they enter the ground convey a striking impression of age and stability. The coach literally rolls through its very heart the most notable tunnel not excepting the Simplot and Mount Oenis, in the world. One of the most interesting trees here is the Telescope tree (figure 5), a lofty and ancient pile that still lives, though its very heart seems to have been eaten out, and its top blasted perhaps by lightning. It might have been dead a thousand years judging from its size, but the top has thrown out a few branches; diminutive in comparison to the size of the tree, whose magnitude can be appreciated by comparing it to the forest of smaller trees growing about it, which are of extraordinary size; yet they would be bunched into tens and twenties and then not equal to the bulk of this one tree—which was old when Columbus discovered America.

All It Needed. There is more real oxygen in a purified form in the "Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind)" than in any other preparation of a similar nature. As a prompt cure in the killing of all inside germs of throat, lungs, stomach or bowels it has no equal when coupled with "Celery King," the famous laxative. That the stringent Ozone needed a tonic of this nature to procure the best results was so apparent that the Public Drug Company, of Bridgeburg, Ont., offer through your druggist a free package of "Celery King" with every fifty cent or one dollar bottle of "Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind)."



GRIZZLY GIANT MARIPOSA GROVE

In wandering through this grove one is constantly coming upon some tree that challenges comparison. In figure 6 is shown one in which the side near the ground has doubtless been burned away ages ago so that it forms a huge room, and a great flying buttress reaches up as high as an ordinary house, forming a remarkable arch or anchor for the trunk. While one is occupied in admiring the trees, noting their size and dimensions, it is also interesting to observe the injuries they have received. Doubtless they have been abused and ill-treated by a man from time immemorial. This entire country has been swept by fires time and again; Mexican herdsmen for years have driven their herds into the groves when the fodder of the lowlands gave out, and have moved on, leaving their campfires to start up at the first strong wind, the flame sweeping through the grove, eating up the young trees and doing great damage to the old ones. On some of the trunks evidence of fire and other damage a thousand years ago can be seen. Again, many have been set afire by the miscreants in human form, and there are men so lost to all sense of the proprieties that they have cut such trees down and converted them into lumber. One can wander on through this forest, camping near one group, spending days in the vicinity of certain trees, and have the consciousness of living in the most remarkable forest in the world—a forest that seems to belong to the age of Titans, something that has been left behind in the race of time. Figures and measurements convey but little idea of the actual size of these giants, yet they are interesting. In all probability one of the most striking is the Grizzly Giant (6). This tree has branches over 100 or more feet from the ground, that are themselves larger than any trees found in many parts of the world. This splendid masterpiece, doubtless 4,000 or 5,000 years old, stands in a well-wooded forest of other trees that form a rich, green alcove about it, and which bring its rugged form out into high relief, and one can glance down long arcades of green through other forests, and the impression grows upon one that these other trees have gathered about the master to protect it and shut it in, but nothing could hide this gigantic column that seems to preserve its size as it rises and to have thrown out a forest of gigantic trees high in air as branches, any one of which would make a giant standing in the forest by itself.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

The Earl Was Revenged. An Irish tourist who recently visited Roxborough demesne, at Moy, County Tyrone, describes a "black head" which he noticed in the front of the castle. It is a grim stone figure of the late W. E. Gladstone. Upwards of thirty years ago, when the late Earl of Charlemont was enlarging his demesne, he found it necessary to acquire the lands occupied by several of his tenants. As was too commonly done, the earl turned out the occupiers with very scanty compensation. But Mr. Gladstone had just passed the Land Act, of 1870, under which better terms were secured for an ejected farmer. So exasperated was the earl that, climbing a ladder, and reaching the stone bust, he, with his own hands, covered it with tar and so had his revenge.

PEACH OF A STORY.

How Mme. Schumann-Heink Lost Her Voice. The New York World has this bit of pleasant news as to how the madame lost her voice: Mme. Schumann-Heink, the famous opera singer, who has been singing in "Love's Lottery" closed her season in Cleveland Saturday night and arrived here to-day. She has come to town for medical treatment, as physicians advise her that if she sings one note in the next fortnight, she will never sing again. "Here is the story of how Mme. Schumann-Heink lost her voice," a friend tells it. Recently while touring Canada with her opera troupe she went for a ride in an automobile and chanced to pass a peach orchard, from which the fruit had been harvested. On a tree near the roadside, far out upon a slender, dancing limb, the madame whizzing by in her car, espied a single luscious peach which somehow had escaped the fingers of the gleaners. She stopped the automobile, scaled the fence, and to the horror of the chauffeur, climbed the tree with the nimbleness of a fourteen-year-old girl. The peach was almost in her grasp, when the treacherous limb broke and the great singer fell to the earth. When she arose to her feet she was speechless.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty. Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of miasm. All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey. The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit. A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some cases a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more of better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."