

GRAVES IN THE WILDS

WHITE CROSSES TELL OF TRAGEDIES OF THE NORTH.

Canada's "No-Man's-Land" Has Beside Its Trails Many a Story of Suffering Told By the Rude Memorials to Loved Ones—Memorials to a Mother and Child in Timber River District Have Sad Story.

We were wayfarers on a lonely trail through No-Man's-Land—one of those historic pathways which link the wilderness, with its romance and its tragedy, to the busy haunts of men. It was far beyond the pale of the frontier, beyond the bustling strife of the market-place, and beyond the sorrows and joys, and suffering and gladness, the luxurious comforts and the distressing privations, the hypocrisy and the devotion, the pride of riches and the degradation of poverty, and the success and the disappointments which so strangely commingle in the civilization of a commercial age.

And in the most picturesque spot of that beautiful landscape, where a grassy glade overlooked the river, with the sunbeams glinting through the trees, was a rude, crumbling palisade betokening that there was a hallowed ground—a grave in the wilderness. It proved to be the last resting-place of a mother and her babe, who had traveled, probably together, the long, lone trail across the Great Divide, the sands of which show no turning footsteps.

A grave in the "Great Silence" beyond the fringe of a busy world always arouses a thrill of sympathy and a pang of sentiment. The traveler passes by, but here involuntarily he reined his horse to gaze on the scene which, at a glance, revealed one of the tragedies of life—a sad, sad story of the desolation of what must have been a happy though humble home by death; of the breaking of ties of affection under peculiarly distressing conditions; of a true though rugged heart left to sorrow alone when eventually all that it cherished was gone forever; but a story of pure, undying love which was manifested more beautifully, more eloquently than if it had been blazoned on marble and bronze, or if the mortal remains of the sleeper had reposed in a magnificent mausoleum decked with costly sculpture instead of beneath those spreading evergreens.

No plumed hearse or funeral car had borne them to that beautiful secluded spot where the fawns would play in the dancing sunbeams of the earliest morning, where the weird shadows of evening would linger longest and where the silvery moonlight would fall softly as a benediction; no clergyman came there to commit the dust to earth amidst the tears of assembled loved ones and the wreaths of sympathy; no surpliced choir had chanted a dirge; no organ pealed; no cathedral bell had tolled.

Under the pickets now falling to decay were two crosses, one large and one small, which marked respectively the graves of the mother and her child, but which had rotted from their sockets. Around them the wild peas and the roses twined and clung as if in sympathy. On the larger cross was cut in deep, irregular letters the simple, sacred word "Wife."

What a wealth of sentiment, of endearment, of devotion, and of pathetic grief was conveyed by the brief inscription, carved no doubt with a hunting knife! The erection of the palisade must have been a labor of love, entailing a protracted vigil beside the graves, which it was to protect from the desecration of the wild animals of the forest. Every picket had been carefully hewn from timber, while the corner posts had been shaped with the skill of an expert axeman. A little border of white stones gathered from the bed of the river 200 feet below encircled each grave like many seen in the cemeteries of civilization.

There was no name or other clue to the dead, nor yet any trace of the survivors who had told the history with him when he departed. The ruthless hands of time were rapidly disintegrating the touching memorial he had erected; and the stranger could only surmise what might have been the fate of one in whom lived the strength and the spirit of the wilderness.

Tenderly and reverently I replaced the crosses from where they had fallen, and then rode slowly away from that scene of another man's grief, impressed with the fact that surely in these days of such social and marital faithlessness the life of that humble, unknown frontiersman was a wholesome object lesson.—D. J. Benham in The Saturday Globe.

ENGLAND'S LABOR WAR.

Although of Brief Duration, It Was Revolutionary in Character.

To David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is due in large measure the settlement of the railroad strike which caused much bloodshed and suffering in Great Britain. The strike for a time amounted at most to a revolution. The transportation systems of the United Kingdom were paralyzed and cities and communities were reduced almost to famine conditions. Serious collisions between the populace and police occurred and several persons were killed in Liverpool while in the rioting in one Welsh city a dozen persons lost their lives.

The troubles originated with a strike among the dock laborers of London, which spread rapidly to Liverpool and other ports. When these troubles were adjusted, for were in a fair way for adjustment the employees on the railroads struck for higher wages and for recognition of their union—the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. A total of 200,000 persons walked out and for several days Great Britain was almost in a condition as serious as though a foreign fleet was blockading its ports. The transport system was demoralized and food stuffs could not be distributed. As a consequence prices soared and the poor, as usual, were the chief sufferers.

The offer of Premier Asquith to refer the whole road situation to a royal commission was refused by the strikers, while it was accepted by the railway managers; and the situation became so serious that troops, supplied with ball cartridges, were mobilized at London, Liverpool, Manchester and other great centres. When others abandoned hope of a peaceful settlement Lloyd-George, who worked the harder and in the end he won. The railway officials consented to recognize the union's representatives and the men agreed to submit their grievances to a joint committee, meantime returning to work, without prejudice, to their places.

The efforts on behalf of peace of Lloyd-George, have been recognized by King George, who wrote to the Chancellor, complimenting him very warmly for averting a most disastrous catastrophe. The dock strike at Liverpool has also been compromised and peace again reigns in industrial England. The strike, however, has shown to Great Britain her utter dependence upon transportation for her daily food. Two weeks' complete tie-up would bring Great Britain to the verge of famine.

World's Cleverest Brain Surgeon. This distinction belongs to Sir Victor Horsley, who has recently adopted as prospective Liberal and Royal candidate for North Wilington. Some twenty years ago Sir Victor astonished the medical world by removing a tumor from the brain of a patient, an operation which had hitherto been regarded as impossible, and since then he has performed more difficult operations in regard to the brain than probably any other man living. Another of Sir Victor's favorite studies is the subject of alcohol and its effect on the human body. Some years back he pointed out the little less than extraordinary way in which milk was taking the place of alcohol in the treatment of disease at London hospitals. In 1892, Sir Victor said, seven of the great London hospitals spent \$15,000 on milk and over \$40,000 on alcohol, while now the amount spent on milk reaches the sum which was recently expended on liquor.

England's "Gospel Oaks." At Polstead, Suffolk, there still exists a "gospel oak" which is over 2,000 years old. The oak has a girth of thirty-six feet and although the "gospel oaks" generally stand on the boundaries of parishes, this tree stands in the centre of the village. "Gospel oaks" at one time studded the country, taking their names from the fact that they served as stations from which the Christian missionaries preached to the Angles and Saxons 1,300 years ago. Very few of the trees now remain, but in some cases it is possible to tell vaguely where they stood from the names given to places such as Gospel Oak.—Fall Mail Gazette.

An Elephant Story. An elephant train was on its way from Lucknow to Serapore, and one elephant, becoming lame, knelt down and refused to go on. The elephant next in the column stopped of its own accord and when driven on turned back and began without instructions to remove some part of the load from the back of its crippled companion. Instances of aid rendered by birds to others in distress may also be found, showing that the instinct of sympathy exists and takes form in action when the causes of the sufferings are such that the fellow bird can understand and see its way to remedy.—London Spectator.

Origin of the Census. The census probably had its origin in Rome. The term comes from the high officer called censor, whose duty it was, among other things, to enumerate the people. The Roman census must have been minute and full, since it indicated not only the number of the people, but their respective classes, domestic positions, wealth, etc. It seems that the Roman census was taken about every fifth year. The first effort to take a census in Great Britain was made in 1801, but it did not extend to Ireland.

Two Noble Brewers. "Lord Iveagh and Lord Burton," said an English diplomat, "are not so popular with the present King as they were with his father. "These two men are the heads of two huge breweries. Lord Iveagh is credited with the joke: "Oh, yes; you'll find my name in the beverage." And Lord Burton once said to a very aristocratic old duchess: "You, duchess, are of the caste of Vere de Vere, while I belong to the Beer de Beer family."

SIGNS AND SAILORS.

Strange Belief Regarding the Result of Naming Ships.

The adventurer upon the ocean has ever been possessed of a temperament incomprehensible to landsmen by reason of his belief in signs and happenings considered to be omens of good or evil. Although many superstitions died out with the advent of steam into marine affairs yet there are many curious beliefs still prevalent. All are aware of the ill-luck which is said to belong to the ship whose name has been changed, but it may not be generally known that a belief prevails among seafaring men that the vessel whose name ends in A rests also under an evil spell. Indeed, it would almost seem that the latter superstition is not wholly unfounded. If we consider but a few of the disasters at sea in our own times wherein the ill-fated ships bore names which ended with the first letter of the alphabet.

For instance, cites The London Globe, H.M.S. Victoria, sunk in the Mediterranean, is still fresh in the memory of Englishmen. Other well-known vessels, the Stella, lost off the Channel Islands; the Africa, ashore on the west coast of America; the Cobra, a destroyer which broke her back in the North Sea on her maiden voyage, and the Sardinia, burned in harbor at Malta.

The fate of the last named vessel, in the light of the two superstitions already mentioned, may be fairly said to have been pre-ordained, for in addition to her name ending with the letter A, she had during her career borne at least one other, viz., Gulf of Corvo. Needless to say, many ships have been wrecked under names which did not bear the unlucky final letter, and there are hundreds afloat which do possess it, and in which it is safer to travel than on the railway.

Brewer as Novelist. Mr. Temple Thurston, whose dramatized novel, "Sally Bishop," was recently presented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, was originally intended for a brewer, and did, in fact, enter his father's brewery at the age of fifteen. The first intimation Mr. Thurston had that his son was really seriously inclined in the direction of authorship was the sight of a review of a small volume of poems which were published at young Thurston's expense. The sequel is, perhaps, best told in the author's own words: "My father called me into his presence and told me to take a month off, during which time I was to satisfy him as to my literary capabilities. During that time I wrote a lot of miscellaneous matter, including 1,700 lines of verse, which I read over to my father. After that," adds Mr. Thurston, "somewhat ambiguously, he did not say a single further word about my going back to the brewery."

The Wickedest City. There is no doubt about it—Irkutsk is the wickedest city in the world! One would hardly come to Irkutsk for a rest cure. With a population of 120,000 persons crammed into a couple of square miles on a bend in the Angara river, it produces 500 murders a year, with an average of one arrested for each fifty killings. And for each ten arrests there are but five convictions. This is not unbecoming; it is a transcription from the city's criminal records. In one day not long ago there were twenty-two murders and attempted murders within the city limits. Irkutsk is pretty gay at nights now, but the citizens look back enviously to the zenith of its career to the days of the recent Japanese war. Then champagne and wines were often caustically fragmented, free of freight charges from St. Petersburg and Moscow in steel cars labeled "powder"—cars militant with painted imperial eagles and Cossack guards.

Ben Tillett's Career. Few men have had a more strenuous struggle for existence than Mr. Ben Tillett, general secretary of the Dockers' Union and leading figure in the latest great strike. As a boy he traveled the country with a circus troupe, afterwards being sent to work in a brickyard. At twelve years of age he was one of the crew of a fishing-smack. Then he was apprenticed to a bootmaker, served for some time in the navy, and after being invalided from the service, and making some voyages in merchant vessels, settled down to labor organization. He organized the Dockers' Union, and his interferences with foreign strikes have not been relished by Belgian or German authorities, who imprisoned him and ejected him from their territories.

A Curious Herb. In New Caledonia there is a herb which has the rare property of revealing one's secrets. It is known as the Datura stramonium and has white flowers and rough berries full of dark grains. They are treated in the "Annals of Hygiene and Colonial Medicine." A person who has swallowed the tea made of this herb will after falling asleep tell where his money is hidden and will also arise and go direct to where his treasure is concealed. Robbers often use this tea as knockout drops with which to rob their victims.

Private Ships Immune. At a recent meeting of the council of the London Chamber of Commerce Lord Avebury moved "that, in the opinion of this chamber, private property at sea should be declared free of capture and seizure." The motion was carefully discussed and then adopted by a unanimous vote.

Britain's Population. Great Britain and Ireland now have a total population of 43,216,065, excluding 148,934 inhabitants of the Isle of Man, Jersey, Guernsey and other islands.

A Big Fish. Weighing 700 pounds, or nearly a third of a ton, the largest halibut on record was recently landed by a Hull trawler at Billingsgate market.

In losing your temper you are quite likely to be separated from your fairer and dignified. Give it a chance and education will improve upon what nature has done for us.

The delusion of knowing it all comes directly of ignorance of how much there is to know. A big salary, to which light occupation is attached, is what a lot of people are looking for.

INVULNERABLE GIBRALTAR.

It Has a Battery Perhaps Unequaled in the World.

It has always been known that Gibraltar, which belongs to Great Britain, is one of the strongest fortifications for both defence and offence in the world. It is said that an immense fleet could be sent to the bottom before getting within five miles of Gibraltar. Not even a torpedo boat could succeed in entering the bay unobserved on the blackest night. The most eminent naval experts are of the opinion that this world's greatest fortress is almost impregnable.

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night its perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's flag of ownership, sweep the seas around to a distance of fifteen miles on a clear day, instantly reporting the coming and going of each vessel. Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most prominent points. They are unreachably from the sea, even as they are indiscernible, owing to the skill with which they are planted and draped to match the surrounding vegetation, while huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired. They have a range of several miles and could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably. One gun weighs 110 tons and is capable of throwing a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton. In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the galleries, are concealed guns for every day in the year.

These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded, while one is closed even to high officers, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rain water (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete coaling plant, all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years.

The firing is the most mathematically perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into squares, upon which certain guns are kept ready trained, so that it is almost impossible to miss.

A Startling Lecture. Mr. J. M. Barrie has given us a whimsical description of Prof. Campbell Fraser, who was presented to the King at the garden party at Edinburgh, the famous author and dramatist having been at one time one of the professor's students. "I see him rising up a daze from his chair," says Mr. Barrie, "and putting his hands through his hair. 'Do I exist,' he said, thoughtfully, 'strictly so called?' The students looked a little startled. This was a matter that had not previously disturbed them. Still, if the professor was in doubt there must be something in it. He began to argue it out, and an uncomfortable silence held the room in awe. If he did not exist the chances were that they did not exist either. It was thus a personal question. It is no wonder that the students who do not get to the bottom during their first month of metaphysics begin to give themselves air, strictly so called. In the privacy of their room at the top of the house they pinch themselves to see if they are still there."

Transferring a Chinaman. A few weeks ago the Chinese of New Zealand were found to be doing a very great deal of the laundry work available, and so had thrown out of employment the women workers in some of the laundries. In New Zealand a laundry is a factory within the meaning of the factories act, so it occurred to the lawmaker that he could settle the difficulty of this Chinese competition by a neat amendment in the interpretation clause of the act above mentioned. An amendment was therefore drafted and printed and sent with the utmost seriousness and good faith to the crown law office for consideration. It contained a provision in these words: "For the purposes of this act (the factories act) a Chinaman shall be deemed to be a girl under eighteen years of age."—London M.A.P.

Clit and Silk Hat. A good story has been told of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood's attachment to a regiment of Highlanders, when the latter were stationed at Portsmouth. Sir Evelyn, then a captain, one day returned from London, and with great hurry proceeded to array himself for parade. When he at last emerged he observed that his men were evidently at great pains to conceal their laughter, and he quietly questioned his subaltern as to the probable reason. "Well, sir," replied the latter, "you are dressed correctly as to kit, sporran, and all the rest of it; but you have forgotten to remove your tall hat!"

Ancient Ears Pierced for Earrings. A correspondent writes to The Pall Mall Gazette of London to correct a statement that the ears were not pierced for earrings until the seventeenth century. The most ancient earrings in the museums, he says, were certainly worn in prehistoric times. There is a tradition that when Sarah, jealous of Hagar, vowed to dye her hands in the latter's blood, Abraham saved the situation by boring Hagar's ears and letting Sarah insert silver rings, so that her vow was fulfilled. The rings, however, lent such splendor to the girl's dusky cheeks that Sarah soon adopted them herself, and this was the origin of earrings.

An Idol's Long Sleep. In Pengu may be seen a sentry keeping guard over a Burmese idol. The Burmese believe the idol is asleep and that when he awakes the end of the world will come. The sentry is there to prevent any one from entering the pagoda, which is his place of repose, and awakening him. His slumbers have lasted 6,000 years.

Anatole France's Sarcasm. Anatole France finds a certain satisfaction in the reflection that all men, whatever their status, are equal before the law. The law, he says, in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.



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One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Dean of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says— "I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied for one ointment and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment. I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead others to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Diseases I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

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A star never ought to go with a rebuke. Crop failure is often the result of hand idleness. Money getting very often leads to trouble getting. It is a big aim in life to make kindness contagious. The truth that crucifies is many times more sinful than a lie. There is nothing so beneficial in youth as to observe the speed limit. Beware of the man whose dog sneaks out of the house when he goes out.