

UNIQUE CEREMONY

The Japanese Rite For the Battle Slain of the World.

IT EMBRACED ALL NATIONS.

On a Floating Temple in Sumida River a Priest of Tokyo, With His Flock, Offered Prayers For the Souls of Soldiers Dead Because of War.

Unusual preparations were made one morning in Shibusai, or the Going Out of the Mountain temple, a quaint little place of worship hidden away in a labyrinth of crooked streets in a poor quarter of Tokyo—preparations for a celebration on the Sumida river to pray for the repose of the souls of all those slain in battle regardless of nationality and to scatter scraps of paper bearing the image of Jizo Sama over the waves, one for each departed spirit.

The chief priest, an aged man, with his assistant and the supporters of the temple, had been busy for days in advance, and all was ready. The red and gold altar Shibusai was headed up with offerings of rice and fruit, and a plain wooden tablet had been placed there bearing the words:

"To console all those souls who have passed into the beyond because of war."

The old priest, his bald head shining, clad in his coarse cotton robe of gray, officiated before the altar, and when the last prayers were uttered the people formed a procession to the Sumida river, a short distance away.

Near a bridge an unusual craft was waiting, a deep cargo junk roofed over with canvas bearing bold black Buddhist symbols, and at the bow flattered a white cotton banner on which was written in large black characters:

"A service to console the spirits of the whole world's departed ones."

Quickly the parishioners embarked and squatted down upon the cushions spread over the bottom of the boat, and the priest, the central figure in the religious ceremony, as gray and faded as the robes he wore, took up his position in front of the altar. A piece of soiled embroidery did duty for an altar cloth, and there was set up a tarashed statue of Jizo Sama. Just below were three wooden tablets. The central one read:

"Pray for the whole world's departed ones." The others had inscriptions for the Japanese army and for prayers for the allies of Japan.

The priest placed some sweet scented squares of incense upon the coals in a small brass brazier, and as the clouds rose into the air the boatman with his bamboo pole pushed off from the shore and the holy man's voice was heard chanting—all the worshippers, old women and young men and children, murmuring in an undertone, "Name Amida Butsu!"

Out upon the Sumida river, the ceremony of scattering the papers was begun. Old and young with their hands full leaped over the sides of the junk, throwing away the sacred papers with the efficacy of Jizo Sama stamped thereon, each meant for the soul of the soldier slain in battle.

Those who have mourned dead ones slain in war would have been touched to the quick by this simple service of humble Japanese people given for all their great host of unknown who have laid down their lives for their countries.

And, while the priest intoned, the incense rose into the air, the metal and the wooden drums were beaten, and the squares of paper fluttered out of the boat on all sides and were carried away by the wind over the water to make a long wake behind the vessel.

For three hours the temple junk floated down the river, the papers falling noiselessly over the waves as the banks of the Sumida were passed.

A ball was made at noon, when thin white wooden boxes filled with rice and vegetables were brought out, while an old woman brewed the tea over a little charcoal fire.

The spot at which the stop had been made was a sacred one, for in that exact place a Jizo Sama stone had been buried under the water. Here after the simple meal a special service was held before the boat returned up stream, and a long, narrow piece of wood was driven into the sandy bottom of the bay. The inscription upon it read literally as follows:

"Herewith the service is held for the whole world's departed soldiers to console."—London Times.

Paralyzed Him. "Don't tell me you can't find work," said the hard faced housekeeper.

"Well, mum," replied the tramp at the door, "it's true a man offered me a job only last week, but I couldn't take it."

"And why not?" "I was paralyzed." "You seem all right now." "Yes, mum. I've seen I was paralyzed with fright."

Death Departed. "You don't often see an old fashioned whittier nowadays?" "No. The type is dying out; also the diminutive had man who used to pull out a bow-knife and threaten to whittle his foe down to his size."

Free Versa. "Willie, what's your line, dad? Grabshaw—something you wouldn't know was pretty unless you were told."

The true shape of the earth still awaits scientific determination. The C.P.R. has let contracts for additions to the Palais Station at Quebec which will cost \$50,000. Police of Montreal have made extensive seizures of foodstuffs at a number of fashionable hotels and restaurants.

HITLESS BASEBALL.

Remarkable Record That was Made by Cy Young in 1904.

The proud record for pitching consecutive innings of hitless baseball is held by no less a personage than the Hon. Denton Teumseh Young, of blessed baseball memory. Mr. Young, better known as "Cy," is the holder of several records in unusual feats in the pitching line.

It was back in April, 1904, that Young proceeded to shatter all figures in this line, and before he got through he had created a new record in hurling hitless ball and one which stands today clean cut and without a spot or blemish and without a doubt the greatest piece of pitching the game ever witnessed.

On April 30 against the Washington team Young took Winter's place in the third inning, no one out, and pitched out the game, retiring the next twenty-one batsmen in order. Young's next game took place May 5 against the Athletics. Cy pitched the best game of his long and honorable career that day and retired twenty-seven of those famous swatsmen of Connie Mack in a row. In a game against Detroit on May 11 Denton T. pitched his famous fifteen innings 1 to 0 game against the Tigers, and in the first seven innings Young set them down without a base hit.

This would give Cy twenty-three innings of hitless ball, or, in other words, as far as the records show, sixty-eight batsmen stepped to the plate and were retired in succession. In that same period the big Ohlson pitched forty-eight consecutive innings where in his opponents failed to get a run across the plate. After his great no hit no run game against the Athletics he pitched fifteen innings of runless ball, as mentioned, against the Tigers with Ed Killian opposing him. It was a battle royal, and the clever Killian met defeat by a score of 1 to 0.

BOILING WATER.

It is Not Always Hot and Sometimes May Be Barely Heated.

If you scald yourself with the teakettle you are apt to think that boiling water is a pretty hot proposition. But boiling water is not always very hot water, and this is the way it happens.

When water boils ordinarily it is because great heat has separated the tiny particles of the water, forcing upward and outward in lively bubbles the air which is contained in them. This is done in spite of the downward pressure of the atmosphere. After the water has become hot enough to boil it can get no hotter, because the air escapes as fast as it is sufficiently heated to do so.

There are places on the earth where the pressure of the atmosphere upon the water is so slight that it requires but little heat to push apart the particles and set free the air bubbles which are confined in the water, so it begins to boil before it becomes very hot. It ought hardly to be called boiling water, perhaps, but it is certainly far from being as hot as ordinarily boiling water. This state of things is found on all high mountain tops, as the atmosphere grows weaker and its pressure less as one ascends.

A man traveling at a great elevation in the Andes mountains put some potatoes in a pot of water over a hot fire. The water began to boil almost immediately, but the potatoes did not cook. All the afternoon and all the night the water bubbled and boiled, but still the potatoes were not cooked. The boiling water was not hot enough.

Humbled Arrogance. "That did me more good than anything that has happened in a long time."

"What did?" "The Green's new car broke down right in front of our house, and I had the pleasure of sitting in our front window and watching Green and his whole family work for an hour trying to get it started again."

Some People Never Satisfied. We lived for awhile in a Korean home, eating Korean rice, pickles and seaweed, padding about in stocking feet, sitting on our heels in lieu of chairs, sleeping on stone floors with our heads resting on the Koreans much prefer to pillows. But we had these experiences only when we deliberately sought them. The orient is the orient do lux to those who wish it so.

Railways in Shakespeare's Time. An American lady at Stratford-on-Avon showed even more than the usual American enthusiasm and fervor. She had not recovered when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked on the platform, "Do think that it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he journeyed to town."

A Straight Tip. "Say," growled the first hobo, "why didn't yer go ter dat big house an' git a handout?" "Why, I started ter," replied the other, "but a minister lookin' guy gimme a tip not ter. He sez: 'Turn from yer present path. Ye're goin' ter da dogs.'"

"Spin" is Right. "I was out for a spin in my new car yesterday." "Spin is right, old man. I saw you when you skidded on the wet asphalt and turned around three times before you could get control of the car again."

Cheese was sold at Brockville at 21 1/4c, at Stirling at 21 1/2c, and Campbellford 21 1/4c. There are two places in a newspaper where a man doesn't care to have his name appear—the obituary column and the police court record.

A man isn't mightier because he never falls, but because of his ability to rise when he tumbles. A woman's idea of meanness is something a man does that would be a mistake if she did it.

A JOKE THAT FAILED.

Tried on "Stonewall" Jackson. It Acted the Wrong Way.

"Major Thomas J. Jackson, later the famous 'Stonewall' Jackson, was our instructor in mathematics and drilled the students in artillery tactics," said General Armstrong, an antebellum graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. "Old Jack," as the students called him, with his worn uniform, faded cap, usually perched at a ridiculous angle upon his big head, rusty old cavalry saber and ungraceful gait, was in appearance far from our ideal idea of a soldier. Nevertheless it was possible even then to guess at the real greatness of the man.

"The guns we used in our artillery drills were pulled by hand. As the drill would proceed our instructor would become transformed into the very semblance of Mars himself as, with form erect, waving sword and flashing eye, he would give the command 'Fire!' in a voice that rang over the campus like the blast of a burie.

"One day in a spirit of mischief the students who were drawing the gun pretended to lose control of it as it moved rapidly down a gentle incline directly toward Major Jackson. But the commander, instead of scuttling out of the way, as the boys had gleefully anticipated, stood sternly erect and immovable right in the track of the gun.

"I tell you there was some lively hustling and just in the nick of time, too, to keep Old Jack from being run over. That was our only attempt to play a practical joke at Major Jackson's expense."—Youth's Companion.

FAMILY DINNERS.

In England They Flourish Mainly at Weddings and Funerals. Family dinners are rare in England. They flourish only at weddings and at funerals, especially at funerals. But other occasions—birthdays and Christmas—are shunned. Christmas especially, in spite of Dickens and Mr. Cherterton, is not what it was, for its quondam victims, having fewer children and being less bound to their aunts' apron strings, go away to the seaside or stay at home and hide.

That is a general change, and many modern factors, such as travel, intercourse with strangers, emigration, have shown the family that there are other places than home, until some of them have begun to think that "east or west, home's worst."

There is a frigidly among the relations in the home, a disinclination to call one's mother-in-law "mother." Indeed, relations-in-law are no longer related; the two families do not intermingle after the wedding call one another Kitty or Tom. The acquired family is merely a subfamily, and often the grouping resembles that of the Montagues and the Capulets, if Romeo and Juliet had married. Mrs. Herbert said charmingly in "Garden Oaks," "Our in-laws are our strained relations."—W. L. George in Harper's Magazine.

How Centipedes Walk. An eminent authority has investigated the peculiar way motion of centipedes and millepedes to determine the manner in which these animals manage to use their superabundant pedal extremities so gracefully and harmoniously. It has been found that the legs move in groups or waves, each wave including a definite number of legs. The number of waves included in the length of the body is constant for each species. In millepedes the waves of each side are synchronous. In centipedes they are symmetrically alternated, giving rise to beautifully accented movements. The difference may be explained by suggesting that the millepede moves like a pacing horse, the centipede like a trotter.

Branding Criminals. The branding of criminals was abolished in 1778. Until then this punishment was inflicted in open court, generally in the presence of the judge, the necessary implements—the iron brand, the chafing dish and the iron gripper for keeping the hand steady—being always in readiness. The usual brand was an "R" applied to the left shoulder. Child stealing, etc., however, were at one time punished by branding the offender with "R" on the shoulder (for rogue), "M" on the right hand (for manly) and "T" on the left hand (for thief).—Fall Mall Gazette.

Perforated Stamps. The man who invented perforated sheets of stamps made a big fortune out of the idea. It is said to have first occurred to a hunting man who wanted to stamp a letter, but could not lay his hand on knife or scissors. He suddenly bethought himself of his spur. Running the rowel along, he perforated the edges of the stamp, tore it off and thus started a revolution.—London Tatler.

Transformation. An English farmer had a number of guests to dinner and was about to help them to eat when he discovered that the dish was cold. Calling the servant, he exclaimed, "Here, Mary, take this rabbit out and eat it and bring it back a little 'otter'!"

C. O. D. Tommy—Mamma had a lot of things sent home C. O. D. today. "What does C. O. D. mean? Tommy's Pop—C. O. D., my son, means 'Call on Dad.'" Philadelphia Record.

Another Definition. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a cigarette? Pa—A cigarette, my son, is a girl who gets more admiration than proposals.

The wheat prospects in Saskatchewan and Alberta have been much improved by recent rains. The weather is ideal for harvesting, but labor is still scarce. It is stated that Mayor Church may be a candidate for a Toronto seat in the Dominion House.

A MIRAGE IN THE CLOUDS.

The Specter That Gave an Aviator the Scare of His Life.

An extraordinary story of a mirage in the clouds is told by a young flying corps officer in the British service. "I had often wondered what it would feel like to see a machine coming straight for me and to know that a collision was inevitable. I had the experience one afternoon, only the collision did not take place. I was on patrol with five other machines over the lines and had just gone into a cloud bank. Just before going in I saw the bus on my right turning to cross in front of me. All of a sudden I saw a machine just the same as my own appear out of the cloud about fifty feet away, making straight for me. Instantly I jammed my nose hard down and went as near a nose dive as possible. The other bus did the same. I turned! The other turned all over by this time, so I thought, 'Here goes: if I am going to crash it might as well be complete.' So straight for it I went. We got closer and closer, and I saw my machine and—its mirage in the clouds met!

"It seemed like a hideous nightmare, and I can still see that machine doing its utmost to crash into me. I think I can say I have had the full horrors of a collision in the air without its actual taking place."—London Telegraph.

INDIA'S ARMY ELEPHANTS.

Their Skill in Moving Big Guns That Have Become Stalled. In India elephants are used in many ways in the army, especially in moving artillery. Of their work in this line a British writer says:

"When a gun comes to grief the elephant marches up with the important air of an experienced engineer and deliberately inspects the state of affairs. Thrusting his trunk around the spoke of a wheel, he gives it a lift as if to ascertain the depth and tenacity of the mud and then quietly walks around and does the same by the other wheel, dropping it again with a funny wrinkle of the eye as if he said to himself, 'All right; I can start her, I think.' Then he deliberates for a few minutes, gives a slight push here and a slight push there, when, having at last made up his mind as to the best mode of procedure, he probably applies his forehead—which has been padded for the purpose—to the muzzle of the gun and, uttering a shrill trumpet-like sound as a signal for the gun bullocks to pull together, pushes against it with all his weight, while the bullocks obey the signal and pull away too."

"This generally starts the gun. But if the bullocks are sulky and refuse to obey the signal the elephant gets perfectly furious and rubs at them, brandishing his trunk with such ferocity as usually compels obedience."

How Roots Penetrate Hard Ground. The extreme tips of a delicate root are protected by a sheath set with minute scales, which as it is worn away by friction against the soil is as constantly replaced, so that it acts as a wedge and the root thread is carried down uninjured. Another idea to penetrate the soil is the provision whereby the root as it pushes downward in search of nourishment exercises a slightly spiral, screw-like motion which worms its tip into the ground. Another important agent is the acid sap, which exudes on to and dissolves to some extent the rock or hard soil. This may be tested by placing a small piece of polished marble in a pot in which a plant is set and covering it with earth. After some weeks the marble will be found to have been corroded by the continuous action of this acid.

Rambler Roses. One of the loved roses of summer is the rambler rose, which rambles about scattering its joyous self among hundreds of people in addition to those who grow it. Clambering over houses, both of rich and poor, it gladdens the eye of the tourist, and in great arm loads it waddles across the way to the rose loving, but not rose possessing; to the sick, to the weary, to the tired business folk, to whom it brings a bit of relaxation. The rambler rose of June, which rambles all over to the joy of every one—here's to the insect-less health of the rambler rose, whether Dorothy Perkins, Pillar or whatever brand.—Newark News.

His Fidelity. Upon the recent death of a politician who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place a number of newspaper men were collaborating in an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former senator?" asked one of the men. "Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"—Puck.

It Does Happen. "I don't think the truth of that Othello story ever came out." "No?" "I think she took off her slipper because it hurt her. I've seen ladies do that in restaurants many a time."—Kansas City Journal.

Observes a Medical Maxim. A variation of 100 degrees of temperature between Manitoba and the Gulf goes to show that Uncle Sam observes the medical maxim. "Keep your head cool and your feet warm."—Omaha Bee.

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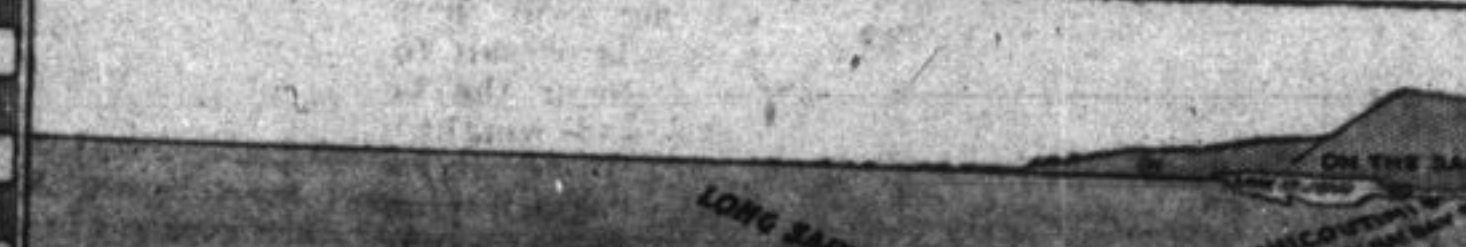
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