

JERUSALEM IS CITY OF WONDERS AND SURPRISES

Dr. Norman MacLean, of Edinburgh, has arrived in Jerusalem, and writing to the "Scotsman" says:—

"In other days, when the traveller approached Jerusalem after a weary climb out of the plain, and suddenly came in sight of its domes and minarets, its weird beauty gripped the heart. But the traveller today has said farewell to all romance. He arrives at a railway station three-quarters of a mile from the city. A great host of the unemployed scramble for his luggage. He comes forth into the open, and it is as if he were suddenly projected into Bedlam.

"There is the screaming of hooters of a hundred motor cars. Ford has added a new terror to life. The Arabs drive recklessly, and the noise of their hooters is blood curdling. They seem to think that 12 motor power lies in the horn. A crowd of Arabs, and Jews, and Bedouins, and Armenians fill the air with their shouting. Everybody thinks it a duty to yell. The dust rises in clouds as car pursues car circling round the bend. I stood gazing at it all in stupefaction, faintly hoping that out of the medley some remnants of luggage must yet emerge.

Then a wonderful thing happened. Round the bend of the road there emerged an Arab with flowing robes leading a string of three loaded camels with a boy bringing up the rear. It might have been a pilgrim from years ago.

"The camels went on their way with the air of Kings. Heedless of the screaming hooters; regardless of the whirling of engines. I should not like to vouch for it, but it seemed to me as if the camels smiled. Those pendulous lower lips of theirs certainly moved grotesquely. Yes, they were certainly smiling.

Surprise.

But the Arab never moved a muscle, but went straight on through the maze and din. At last we too got into a car, and I never in my life covered three-quarters of a mile in so short a time. In a cloud of dust we passed through the Jaffa Gate, and came to an hotel, where a band played. Our feet stood at last within Thy gates, O Jerusalem.

"There was one surprise in that first day, and that was to find myself on my first night in Jerusalem not really there at all, but in New York and Detroit; for the hotel was filled with Americans, who left their ship at Jaffa and were devoting two days to Jerusalem. One of these sat at a table when his wife came with a bundle of cards asking him to address them. 'I can't,' said he, rising, 'for there is a lot of stuff to get yet!' Strange evolution of language that makes the word 'stuff' comprise the shrines of the world's soul and the scenes that this earth has witnessed!

"This City Makes Me an Infidel." "Tonight one of these keen-faced men, with vast tortoise-shell spectacles sat beside me in the lounge

and began a conversation with that frankness which so appeals to the heart. 'I say, stranger,' said he, 'two days in this city has made me an infidel.' And he smiled at me in so cheery a manner that I quite understood what he meant. To be led around in droves for two or three days from Jerusalem to Jericho; from the Dead Sea to Bethlehem; to have to listen to guides from morn to eve repeating the same parrot tale of marvels; to be shown the skull of Adam at the place where he was created and in the end to be roused at 5 a. m. to catch the train for Beyrout, there to join 800 other fellow-voyagers who have been rushing in the same way from Damascus to Cairo—that is enough to make an infidel of anybody!"

"SOULFUL EMOTIONS" REACTIONS

New Haven, Conn., April 26—When a young—or for that matter elderly chap looks into a fair lady's eyes and feels a funny sensation which he believes to "soulful emotion" he is wrong. What he's experiencing is chemical reaction.

This declaration of "chemical reaction" being the real primitive of those "divine emotions" was made by Dr. Joseph H. Hughes, professor of chemistry in the Kansas Agricultural college in an address here.

Any emotion in fact, said Dr. Hughes, such as love, hate, jealousy, etc., is simply caused by certain secretions in certain glands.

Experiments carried, on said Dr. Hughes tend to verify this, he said. Chemical compounds are also being experimented with which can change a person's nature.

"By injecting a chemical compound to counteract the gland secretions and chemical formations formed by certain glands I can change your whole nature," said Dr. Hughes.

In other words, in the future when a young lad is helplessly prone to cast moon-calf eyes on a young lass and one wants to help him regain his equilibrium—why just send him to a chemist and inject a compound.

THE DAY'S WORK.

If all could do as they are wishing I lot of men would go a-fishing And lots of other slaves in town Would golf until the sun goes down And others if they had their way Would see a ball game every day And one in every million would Work hard forever If he could And lots of men whom we recall Just wouldn't do anything at all.

OUT OF DATE.

Alice—What do you think of Gladys Virginia—Oh, she's rather effeminate.

YOUTH ITS OWN INSTRUCTOR IN SHAVING

(New York Sun)

When young men enter the period of learning how to shave some mothers and fathers make the mistake of trying to help them along, of trying to ease their suffering a little here and there. But that is time wasted. Young men in that period of life cannot be reached with kind words or soft ministrations.

Johnny MacFarland was told one day by his older sister—eleven months older in years, and therefore about eight years older in her own opinion—that if he did not start shaving immediately she would run away from home or something. Johnny replied that if he thought anything he did would have any such pleasant effect he would promptly go it, then went upstairs and began to look at his chin in the looking glass and finally locked the bathroom door lathered himself up with his father's shaving soap, took his father's old fashioned razor and carved off a piece of his face that would have satisfied Shylock and perhaps even made him reckon that he had turned over a bit on the deal, on the side. That was Tuesday.

On Wednesday he came home from school at noon and picked a fight with his sister over nothing and talked her right down into a crying spell, while his father stood right there beside him and kept saying, "See here now! See here now!"—a unique and remarkable achievement, taking it all in all.

Thursday he came home in the middle of the afternoon with a safety razor. He started right in shaving and he shaved off and on until 6 o'clock. He shaved off most of his profile and left on most of his hair. At the table his sister chafed him gently about landscape gardening and ditch digging and one thing and another, but instead of his rising up and doing something awful, as his father expected him to do under the circumstances, he just sat there in his chair and did nothing save at a piece of celery and gaze up over his sister's head, through the wall, and on into the middle of next week, as if he were foolish.

Friday he—

But he went on like this for a week. No need to dwell on the morbid details. He got over it, after that, and his mind cleared up, and so far as his folks could see was not weakened any to speak of. But if he had fallen in love right after learning how to shave he would have been a goner—his mind would certainly never have got through that, too.

POOR GRADE.

Flubb—Did the jury convict Dobbs for having hooch in his cellar?

Dubb—No. After tasting some of the evidence, they gave him a vote of sympathy!

WET FLEET "SASSES" DRY AGENT, TAKES HIS PICTURE

New York, April 25—A Government expedition set out from New York yesterday to discover the Isles of Rum. It returned last night successful with six oases officially charted off the New Jersey shore 12 miles south-east of Ambrose Channel.

When the Associated Press several months ago, first reported extensive liquor smuggling off Highland, Federal prohibition officials were inclined to scoff at the presence of a sizable liquor fleet. Yesterday, however, Palmer Canfield, new Federal prohibition director for New York, decided to get first hand information, and took a band of newspaper men with him down the harbor on the coast guard cutter Manhattan. Although he didn't see a drop of liquor, he returned convinced there was plenty under the hatches of the foreign craft riding at anchor outside the three mile limit.

Mr. Canfield inspected the fleet, which had shrunk from 11 vessels to six; declined an invitation to board the flagship Istar, and was "sassed" by one of her officers.

Director Wrathful

"I expect to use the information obtained," he said, "as a basis for formulating a practical plan of operation to eliminate liquor smuggling, or reduce it to the same minimum as smuggling of Chinese or narcotics. There is only one thing that will stop smuggling. That is a gun. There is only one thing that will stop it quicker. That is two guns."

At the Istar an amusing repartee occurred.

Capt. Reed, addressing the yacht's commander, exchanged a number of questions, and Director Canfield who had declined to go aboard after the Istar had barred newspaper men conversed through a megaphone with the ship's purser. This purser was far from the conventional picture of a rum craft's officer. He was nattily dressed in blue, with glasses strung around his neck, and chatted from the bow of his vessel with indisputable British accent. His diction was that of a university man.

"How's the fishing?" asked Capt. Reed, as the Manhattan lay to.

"No fishing, but plenty of bait," replied the Istar's skipper.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks."

"But before that?"

"A fortnight. We went away to coal

"Where did you coal?"

"Canada."

Director Canfield, a small figure in brown overcoat and soft hat, then launched a conversation with the tall, dapper purser.

"What is your cargo?"

"Lemonade."

"How many in your crew?"

"Fifty-three."

"Like another job?"

The purser grinned and nodded.

"How would you like to be a prohibition agent?"

"They'd get nothing by me."

"What do you mean; would you stop them?"

"I'd see they got nothing ashore. I'd do what I was paid to do."

"I understand you had 16,000 cases when you arrived here. Is that correct?"

"No."

No Gentleman Would

"I could but I won't. There are some questions no gentleman would ask."

"Can you tell us how much you have now?"

"That's another of those questions"

"How is business?"

"Very slack."

"Who are your owners?"

"That's another question you must not ask. A Glasgow firm."

"Can you tell us what messages you just received by radio?"

"The only messages we got were the press reports you sent ashore."

Here the captain interrupted:

"Sh! You shouldn't have said that."

"How are your provisions?" continued Mr. Canfield.

"We have plenty in the refrigerating plant," was the reply.

"Did you know we were coming?"

"No."

There the conversation ended, as the Manhattan drifted away and the Istar's captain ran down the deck with a camera to snap the dry agents before they departed.

On the run back the Manhattan stopped the motor boat Duane of Canarsie. Several grizzled fishermen on board displayed amusement as they were ordered to bring their craft alongside.

"Looking for fish?" they asked.

"Have you any whisky?" came the answer.

"No, but maybe you folks have," was the reply.

'BOOM' HOUSES, FLAT ROOFS HELP KEEP REPAIRERS BUSY

(New York Sun)

Roof repairers are having a gala season fixing leaks in "boom" houses erected in the suburbs during the last two years or so.

Many architects, seeking a maximum room space with a minimum outlay have cut down the pitch of the roof or projected high dormers with virtually flat roofs. While the new owners may not have to pay taxes for the next few years, they are being forced to build their roofs or to set out drip pans in the attic when it rains.

"No wood shingle roof should have a pitch less than four inches to the foot," said an old time carpenter. "When I learned the trade they used to say a roof you could sit on was no good. Personally I still believe it."

CONTRADICTORY.

"Man cannot serve two masters," quoted the good deacon.

"And yet some fellows commit big arm," mourned the unregenerate backslider.

HER THREE CHILDREN HAD WHOOPING COUGH

Many mothers make the mistake of thinking that whooping cough is not of serious importance, but it is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy, and yearly causes more deaths than scarlet fever, typhoid or diphtheria, and is more common in female than male children.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

is highly recommended by mothers everywhere for the relief of this trouble as it helps to clear the clogged-up air passages of the mucous and phlegm that has collected and in this way brings on the "whoop" which brings the so-much-sought-for relief and heals and soothes the lungs.

Mrs. H. W. Mahar Kentville, N. S., writes: "My three children had the whooping cough I tried every medicine I could think of until an old gentleman told me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Before they had one bottle taken the cough seemed better, and after two bottles they were about well. It loosened the cough and strangling feeling that goes with it."

"Dr. Wood's" is 35c and 60c a bottle. Put up only by The T. Milburn relieved them of that hard, distressing, limited, Toronto, Ont.

WEDDING OF DUKE OF YORK HAS PARALLEL

London, April 19—It is necessary to go back more than 650 years in the records of Westminster Abbey to find a parallel to the ceremony which will take place there a week from today when the Duke of York is married to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

The last time the son of a reigning King married a commoner in the Abbey was in 1269, when Edmund Grouchback was wedded to Aveline of Lancaster, daughter of the Duke of Albarmar.

An interesting feature rising out of the fact that the Duke of York's bride will not proceed from a royal palace will be the despatching by the King of the royal coach to the home of Lady Elizabeth in Bruton street. In this vehicle the bride, suitably escorted, and attired in a Florentine gown of ivory chiffon moire, will drive to the abbey, accompanied by her father, the Earl of Stratmore.

When the coach arrives the bridal procession will enter the Abbey preceded by the choir, which will sing "Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead us." As the bride and bridegroom take their places in front of the altar the Dean of Windsor will read the Exhortation, after which the Archbishop of Canterbury will perform the actual marriage service uniting Albert Arthur George and Elizabeth Angela Marguerite.

Immediately after this part of the ceremony the choir will sing "God Be Merciful Unto Us and Bless Us." The Archbishop will then deliver the address, which will be followed by the hymn "Praise, My Soul the King of Heaven." Next will be sung the National Anthem, and immediately after it the choir will render the anthem, "Beloved, Let Us Love One Another" which was composed especially for Princess Mary's wedding. The Mendelssohn March will conclude the service.

ADVENTURES IN SHOPPING.

The Florist's.

The Victim—What have you in the way of corsage bouquets—moderately priced?

The Clerk—Nothing.

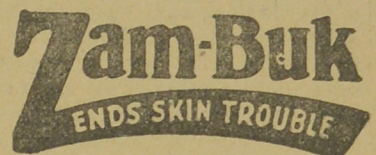
The Victim (Incredulously)—Nothing?

The Clerk—There are only two kinds of bouquets, sir—expensive or the sort you send as a matter of duty. There is no middle ground.



SPRING BOILS
"Every Spring, for three successive years," says Mr. Ernest Hill, of Mossley R.R. No. 1, Ont., "I was the victim of Boils. Though I had these inflamed growths lanced I never got rid until I used Zam-Buk. This herbal balm purified and healed in a wonderful way. There has never been any return of the old trouble."

Also for eczema, pimples, abscesses, ulceration, blood-poison, piles, scalp sores, cuts, burns, scalds, etc. Zam-Buk is the soothing, speedy, powerful remedy. Never be without a box of Zam-Buk. Purely herbal. 50c. all druggists and dealers.



GRADUATE AT SIXTY TWO YEARS

Rochester, N. H., April 25—The oldest pupil ever to be graduated from a Rochester school is Pierre Le Blond, 62, who has just finished a course in the evening school, Rochester High School Building, taught by Mrs. Lillian Cooper, Mrs. Louise Sawyer and Mrs. Florence Perkins.

Le Blond is a native of Canada, son of John Le Blond, and came to Rochester 35 years ago, boarding with his sister, Mrs. Cyrille Vachon. He spoke only French until he took the single course in English, which he now reads easily and is rapidly mastering its pronunciation. He is employed in the Champlin lumber yard and is a constant attendant at Holy Rosary Church.

BOMBS DAMAGE WHITE SOX PARK

Chicago, April 25—Three bombs were exploded last night at the Chicago American League team's park, shattering lights in the grandstand and windows in neighboring houses.

Thomas Healy, night watchman, sitting in the office of the park, was thrown from his chair by the force of the explosion, but was not injured.

The bombing was attributed to labor trouble. A week ago vandals destroyed the plumbing in the remodelled park of the Chicago National League Club. That act also was laid to labor difficulties.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Rates: Not More Than 25 Words
25cts. per insertion, \$1 per Week, \$3 per Month.

WANTED

SALESMEN—We pay weekly and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole root fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money making opportunity. Luke Brothers Nurseries, Montreal.

TO LET

TO LET—A suit of nicely appointed and conveniently located offices in the Searle & Lamson building, 83 York Street. Apply to C. B. Morgan.

FOR SALE—One pen of young Indian Cornish, consisting of a cockerel and four pullets, also one Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerel of high laying strain. Apply to West End Poultry Yards, Brunswick Street, City.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 35c; No. 3, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: **THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.** (Formerly Windsor.)

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR "SNOW DRIFT"

This flour is made from Manitoba Hard Wheat and is guaranteed for Bread. Give this flour a trial with your next order. In Barrels, 98 lb. jute bags, 98 lb. cotton bags and 24 lb. cotton bags.

CLEMENTS & PEABODY
York Street, Fredericton Phone 764

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Have You Seen Our Stock of

WALL PAPER

If not you are cordially invited to call and inspect them.

Here you will find Plain and Striped, Chintz and Tapestry designs in every color and pattern imaginable.

No difficulty here in selecting a paper suitable for any room in the house.

Have you our New Catalogue?

The McMurray Book & Stationery COMPANY, LIMITED