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SIR HALL CAINE DESCRIBES THE MISERIES OF THE JEWS IN THEIR HOMELAND UNDER TURKISH RULE

(London Daily Graphic.)

When in 1890-1892, the whole civilized world was startled and shocked by the decree of Alexander III. which required the instant expulsion of the Jewish people from the "holy cities" of Russia, and when the newspapers of Western Europe and America were full of reports of the measureless suffering which was being inflicted on hundreds of thousands of Jews for no apparent reason than that of difference of faith, I was honoured by a request from an influential committee of relief, the Russo-Jewish Committee of London and Paris, to go to Russia, see what was going on there, and then publish my opinion of it as a Christian.

I went almost immediately, but with an entirely open mind, easily touched to sympathy with unmerited suffering but primed with no apocryphal horrors, indignant at injustice but holding no wild and mischievous notions about the tyranny and cruelty of the Russian people as a whole.

I crossed the Russian frontier into the densely populated region called the "Pale" with a mournful company of expelled Jews, who, having left their unrealizable belongings behind them, were compelled to fly away from their homes in Kieff as hurriedly as their fathers had fled, after the Passover, from Egypt. A circle used to be put around the Jewish quarter in the "holy cities." The Jews who could escape from it to some other part of the country did so. Those who could not were often taken from their beds at night, driven off to the railway station, and sent out into the unknown.

Shrieking Deathtraps.

The railway carriages were usually cattle trucks. The Jews were huddled into them in a mass and carried off amid shouts and screams. Young and old, men and women, boys and girls. Mothers cried for their lost children. Fathers prayed and cursed in the same breath. Sometimes, in their fright, women gave birth to children in the train, the babies died, their little bodies were taken out of the trucks at wayside stations, and then the train went on.

But those cattle trucks were not only the birthplaces of Jewish children, they were the birthplaces of Zionism. The mighty spirit that has led to the great triumph for humanity which Great Britain has won in Palestine in our own day was born in those shrieking deathtraps.

Zionism was begotten in the persecution of the Jews in Russia. It was born in the innermost recesses of the hearts of the persecuted people themselves. It was cradled in the hardships of their exile, which struck out as by fire with a new significance their old Babylonian prayer, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning," and awakened from the sleep of centuries the hope of a day that was coming, and perhaps was near, when after ages of homelessness they should return to the land that was given to their fathers for an inheritance, and thereby become once more a people, a nation.

This was in 1892. A little later, as a sequel to my visit to Russia and in order to satisfy myself that the land of their fathers might become a National Home for the Jews, I went to Palestine. Then came a great disillusionment.

We arrived by steamship at Jaffa, which, having no harbour, is an open roadstead. The sea was high and the surf-boats had stiff work to get along side. After we had leapt (or been flung) into the arms of stalwart Arab boatmen, we were pulled through a thirty-foot gap in an ugly reef, whose sharp teeth, if we had fallen on them in the plunge of a rushing wave, would have smashed our surf-boat to matchwood. And this, for Western Europe, was at that time the front door to Palestine.

We went up to Jerusalem by train on a narrow-gauge railway (the only one then in Palestine) with stuffy carriages. The land was fertile for several miles on the lower plain, with orange and olive groves, and one small Jewish colony founded by Baron de Rothschild, but farther up it became bare and barren, with huge boulders of porous grey, which looked like the refuse of Nature's stonemason.

A Dreary Spot.

When we reached Jerusalem, which is twenty-five hundred feet higher than the Mediterranean, the first effect of it upon me was that of a city set in a parched and dreary landscape, approached by ragged roads and belted about by neglected Arab graveyards. One, of my friends and hosts had built himself a home on the crest of the Mount of Olives (it has

since become the nucleus of the New Hebrew University), and from that house, and from miles about it, I thought the scene was one of unutterable desolation.

To the south the stony wilderness of Judea; to the north (as far as I could see them) the rolling wastes of the hills of Samaria; to the east the grey bareness of the deep declivity going down four thousand feet, past the mud-built walls of Bethany and the gaunt ruins of Old Jericho, to the murky streak of the Jordan and the steely surface of the Dead Sea, which lay on the landscape of the lower plain (of Sodom and Gomorra) like a big blind eye.

Not a tree, not a bush, and except for a straggling downward road scarcely a sign of the hand of man.

Awesome, unforgettable, magnificent, almost terrible, like something out of the mountains of the moon, where not a human sound breaks upon the ear, I thought there was hardly any region of the earth less favoured of God. And yet this country, as of the dead, was what Moses had looked down upon from the mountain in his last great hour after he had promised the children of Israel the "good land" that was to flow with milk and honey.

And this, too, was what I in common with others (not yet having seen much of the more fruitful plains farther north) had been dreaming of as the scene of the National Home of Millions of persecuted and impoverished Jews!

Jerusalem itself was a deep disappointment. I do not think I had and undue expectations. Naturally I did not expect to see any trace of the Oriental grandeur of the Jerusalem of Solomon, which went down before Nebuchadnezzar. Neither did I hope to look upon important remains of the pretentious Greco-Roman Jerusalem of that infamous old time-server Herod the Great, the Jerusalem which Jesus of Nazareth lived and died in.

But I had seen Arab cities in other Eastern countries, and I thought fourteen centuries, save one (the Crusading century), of Moslem rule must have recreated on the most sacred historical site in the world a city which would correspond in some measure with the rapturous descriptions which had been made of it.

I found nothing of that kind. On the contrary, I found a rather mean little Asiatic town (I walked round the outer walls of it in about an hour and a half) with scarcely a building which from the architectural point seemed worthy of consideration. I passed through the Haram area, but of the beauty and grandeur of the mis-called Mosque of Omar I say nothing, because, like Mark Twain and some other observers, I did not see them.

Jealousy and Envy.

My deepest disillusionment concerned the Government the native people, the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem, and above all, the Christian population which had taken possession of its shrines. I know now how limited was my knowledge of the devious ways of Turkish administration but at that first sight of Jerusalem, the Government in Palestine seemed to me to be not so much bad as non-existent; not so much doing mischief as doing nothing.

Unlike the Russian Government, it was allowing its Jewish subjects to live in peace, but there were not more I think, than thirty to forty thousand of these at that time, and many of them were harmless old people living out the last of their days on the pious benevolence of the congregations in the greater communities, and rarely to be seen except on Fridays, when in kaftan and slippers they shuffled down to their wailing wall to lament the destruction of their Temple nearly two thousand years before.

The native population, the Arabs, were apparently a more serious obstacle to the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in Palestine. There were about half a million of them, and they were in actual possession of the soil. They looked upon themselves as the only real Palestinians and upon the Jews as a sort of excrescent and passing people who, like the Canaanites, had long ago lost all claim to the country. It shocked them when I said that it had not been for the Jews and their successors, the Christians, Palestine would have no place in history, and the grass would be growing in the streets of Jerusalem.

But the Christian inhabitants themselves seemed to me the last and most formidable impediment to the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in the Holy Land. It was a melancholy reflection that the city which above all others was the birthplace

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN RUINED CITY

Avonmouth, July 22.—Mr. Mitchell Hedges and Dr. Gann, the explorers arrived on board the Chanquinola after having made startling discoveries in British Honduras, particularly at the ruined city of Moya.

Among the discoveries are the greatest single ancient stone building in the world, which includes a gigantic stone amphitheatre.

Mr. Hedges told me that the data obtained will entirely change the whole conception of the races of the world.

They found and uncovered parts of the only aboriginal stone building ever discovered in the American continent, covering an area of over seven acres, and comprising millions of blocks of cut stone.

In the ancient stone amphitheatre is an arena from which arises perfectly built cut stone terraces giving seating accommodation for between five and ten thousand people.

The primary reason for the cessation of the work of discovery which was carried on by Indian natives was the outbreak of a mysterious disease.

The disease spread to the neighboring village, and not a single Indian escaped its ravages.

Dr. Gann, who was ill when he arrived, was unable to walk for four months. Mr. Hedges was also ill.

Mr. Mitchell Hedges and Dr. Gann have returned to London to confer with the British Museum authorities and to discuss with them certain plans. Lady Richmond Browne is holding the fort on Water-Loe Island pending their return in August.

CANADA'S DAIRY INDUSTRY IS PROSPEROUS

Ottawa, July 22.—More bad news for the pessimist. This promises to be a boom year for the dairy industry in Canada. At this date there are officially reported to be 40,000 more boxes of graded butter for export than at the same time last year and 85,000 more boxes of cheese than last year. Also, Canadian cheese is now bringing 20 cents a pound in England, a price considered to be very attractive.

"This will be a red-letter year for our butter and cheese makers," said Dr. J. H. Grisdale, Deputy Minister of Agriculture today. "I have just returned from a tour of the Maritime Provinces and Quebec and I have never seen such an abundance of pasture for cows. The dairy industry generally has never looked so encouraging."

There is good news from the cattle export business too. For the week ending July 11 exports from Canada totalled 11,939 head and for the season up to date they amounted to 45,633 head, as compared with 37,886 head in the same period in 1924 and with 32,856 head in 1923.

of Christianity, and therefore par excellence the Sanctuary of the world was (and for nearly a thousand years had always been) the central heart of more jealousy and envy than had found vent in any other place on the earth.

Was it Possible.

There were ready to quarrel for it, to fight for it, and to rob for it, and more than once some of them had done all these. Above everything else they were prepared to keep the Jew out of possession of it, no matter at what price, and to leave the Moslem in control of it, no matter at what cost.

I found it difficult to realize that all this international strife over the "holy places" of Jerusalem could have come of devotion to One Whose sublime spiritual idealism was so indifferent to temples and shrines that in founding the eternal religion He had said to the Woman of Samaria, but that well in the desert at which I stood a few days ago, "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father. They that worship Him in spirit and in truth." Yet so it was, and long had been, and when I returned home from my first visit to Palestine it was with the strongest conviction that the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in their ancient country was for various reasons utterly impossible.

But I had a great surprise before me.

PROHIBITION DOES NOT WORRY THE FRENCH

Paris, July 22.—Statistics just published show that in 1924 there was an increase of 8,000 in the number of establishments that sell wines and liquors in France. There are now 460,274 such establishments, including wine shops, grocery stores, "epiceries" and high priced cafes and cabarets. That means one for every ninety men, women and children in the country. Only ninety-five cafes shut their doors in the course of the year. There are no bootleggers in France, no poisonous moonshine, no synthetic gin, no cocktail kisses, no hi-jacker murders.

PERSONAL HonJ x3r N. N. N. H. M. Stewart of Chatham is in the city today.

R. F. Forrest of Montreal is in the city today on business.

Will List Country Homes For Tourists

People having desirable homes in country districts, or at seaside places who are offering accommodation for Summer visitors or tourists, are asked to send in their names to the General Passenger Dept. of the Canadian National Railways at Moncton. It is the wish of the Railway that a full list of such places be kept on hand for the information of travellers and they are asking the co-operation of the public, especially those who desire Summer boarders. It is felt that throughout the Maritime Provinces there are many houses where very desirable board could be secured and there is an ever growing patronage awaiting for the farmer who can offer such accommodation. Those interested are invited to send in their names along with some particulars of the accommodation offered, such as location, number of rooms, rates, etc., to the Railway and they will list systematically for the hotel and boarding house guide books published by the Railway.

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