

PALMER-McLELLAN FOOTWEAR

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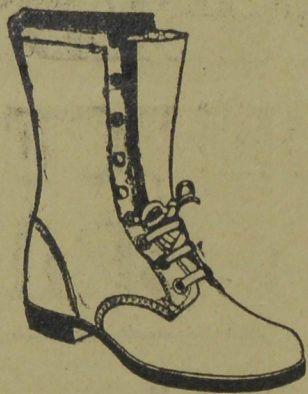
ALLIES BUYING FOOTWEAR IN FREDERICTON

Palmer McLellan Concern Have Sent One Shipment and Booked More.

Fredericton, April 11.—(Special)—Fredericton is now supplying footwear for the allied armies in Europe. A large consignment of oil-tanned footwear manufactured by the Palmer-McLellan Shoe Company at its factory in this city, was shipped last week from St. John by steamer Metagama. Other shipments are to follow. The Canadian militia department has repeatedly been urged to adopt footwear of this type but so far has not consented.—Daily Telegraph.

the vicinity and La Basst British "eye" other narrati office yesterday. "It is a though a mor action at Ne has made no in any quart active, while selves securely "Loking bac months, it is gradual weak distance on t offensive actio with an imm This is the the enemy has does does no the resistance Germaas ha that with t posal on thi to avenge th has been thre tions prevaili German liner the impres tion is c Referr ing on' durin

Has Gone to



THE WAR

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PALMER-McLELLAN

FREDERICTON, N. B.
JOHN PALMER, Manager.

'Hell is Waiting for You' Sunday Tells N. Y. Preachers

(New York Sun.) Billy Sunday preached the gospel "not of Hades, but of He-l-l, plain old Hell," to a wildly enthusiastic "bunch of gospel fans," in Old Cavenary Baptist Church, West Fifty-seventh street, this morning.

He tore at the fastenings of high-priced New York news and upbraided the theory of evolution and all "modern philosophies breathed out by a bunch of professors over beer mugs in Leipzig and Heidelberg."

He told the ministers that for preaching such philosophies they are all going to slide into hell together and he gave them a taste of the burning by racing across the platform and ripping out a sizzling spit ball that landed squarely in the teeth of the ministry. Then he neatly tucked this truth on the end of his demonstration:

"YOU'RE GOING TO HELL."

"You're going to hell for it; that's what's going to happen to you. The church is rank with the rottenest isms and creeds that ever crawled out of the pit of hell. I am preaching the truth and I'm radically orthodox. The average preacher

prays five minutes a day and preaches a sermon that's a reprint of the latest novel."

And all this Billy did while the preachers rooted "hurrahs," "amens," incoherent cheers and concerted applause that rattled and banged the colored glass windows.

Billy tried to stop preaching after he'd been at it for nearly forty-five minutes and he turned to Dr. Charles A. Eaton, asking, "How much time have I got?" and got the response from all over the house, "Go on, go on." So Billy went on, and when he preached some more, his collar wilting and his face steaming with perspiration, he tried another getaway: "Gotta quit this preaching," he said; "want to get some lunch, and if I ain't too tired I'll go to the ball game. See the Phillies and Giants."

"GO ON, GO ON!"

PREACHERS CRY

"Go on, go on," was the cry again, and Billy went back at it after exclaiming with a smile, "Well, I guess I'll be too tired."

Billy took the preachers at their word, and to their increasing delight hit even a hotter pace, mimicking the way New York churches receive a well-dressed sinner in fine clothes and a huge roll of bills. He seized one of the red plush pulpit chairs and, conversing affably with it, escorted it to the front of the platform by the side of the pulpit and asked his imaginary rich man to sit down and be comfortable while the preachers roared.

"But if a poor guy, a weary Willie panhandler, came along and wanted to sit in one of your pews you'd say this way," whereupon Billy seized the chair and rushed it along the aisle to the side door exit, as though he was making for home from second base on an infield single.

To start with Billy announced that he wasn't in town to overcome any prejudices the preachers might have against him. He said: "I wouldn't cross the street for a call to New York. That call's in the hands of the Lord, and I haven't been trying to get ahead of the Lord for the last twenty years."

Then he struck into a home-stretch gait and never quit until he tried to get a release.

"Your creeds tell about hell," he said, "but there's mighty little preaching conveys the impression you think anybody's going there."

got just about enough religion to float their fallacies.

HITS AT SHORT-TERM MARRIAGE

"I read a book the other day that says marriage isn't for life. That's the new stuff. See a pretty girl, good looking, hook up! If you don't like her after the kickoff don't stand by, but sidestep her. That's the sort of stuff you preachers are letting get by."

"I don't believe in your bastard theory of evolution (Shouts of 'Amen!' and applause.) If you believe your ancestors were monkeys with prehensile tails swinging in trees and throwing coconuts at their neighbors, take your monkey ancestors and go to the devil. Don't climb up in the pulpit. The higher critics tell me the orthodox teachings have been discarded as too crude for the twentieth century. Then to hell with the twentieth century!" (Cries of 'Hallelujah!' 'Amen!')

Billy defined himself as the "half way house between the brownstone churches and the Salvation Army." He followed this by the cry: "Nobody seems to be afraid of God nowadays," and this by sneer. "The power of God has been discarded as being too crude."

"FAITH OF PEOPLE BEING WRECKED"

"I don't know religion from your standpoint; you don't know it from mine—and you've got to admit that if it wasn't for my standpoint there wouldn't be anything to yours. The church would dry of dry rot. The faith of the people is wrecking up on the reefs of a shallow liberalism."

"The church is victorious in proportion as it is evangelistic. Any church that isn't evangelistic owes an apology to God for its existence. The church evangelistic is on ice; the church evangelistic is on fire—we've got too many icehouses."

"A man's no longer a thief. He's a kleptomaniac. No longer a whiskey loaded, rum soaked bum; he's a dipsomaniac. And there's no such thing as adultery any more. One commits 'affinity.' But it's the same old thing that made God spit fire on Sodom and Gomorrah. When you're through trimming sails for the liberal bunch you've got nothing left in your sermon but jargon that isn't worth the paper it's printed on."

WOULD HAVE SEATS FREE

"I'm radically orthodox and don't you forget it. I'm the most up-to-date preacher you ever saw. The (Continued on page three)

ENGLAND AGAINST PEACE AT THE PRESENT TIME

(Copyright, 1915, Central News, by T. P. O'Connor.)

London, April 24.—The opinion of all England is in hearty agreement with the opinion expressed by President Emeritus Elliot of Harvard, that peace at the present time can not be considered.

Seeing in the cables extracts from newspapers of the United States the discussion that is going on there I have sought expressions from leading and typical figures of the different political parties of England. I found, in the first place, some disinclination to discuss the question of peace terms, not because of any doubt or indecision existing in the minds of those interviewed but because we have all felt that the futile proposals by Germany's mouthpieces in America have already been justly appraised and rejected by the sound political instinct of the American people.

The most representative and the most respected spokesmen of American opinion have said what all here feel, in much the same words that would be employed by Great Britain's political leaders.

All of those whom I have interviewed have felt that it would be unfair to America and even unfair to Germany if there were left the least doubt as to Great Britain's feeling on the question of peace terms.

I deliberately refrained from interviewing the members of the ministry, in order that what expressions I procured might be those of men independent of official ties. Asquith's speech in the Guild Hall last November sufficiently indicated the views which he yet holds. Sir Edward Grey, secretary of foreign affairs, has indicated in his speeches virtually the same opinion.

The Rt. Hon. Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, writes me:

"In my opinion any discussion of terms of peace is not only premature at the present time but is futile so far as the British empire is concerned. The only advantage we can gain in this war is security as to the future. No terms of peace conceivable at present would give that security."

Austen Chamberlain, who has inherited all of his father's political sagacity, writes me:

"I agree with President Elliot that

it is worse than useless to talk of peace while the forces which provoked the war and which would provoke another at their own time, remain unchecked. Germany is still in occupation of territory which she has occupied in defiance of the laws of nations and of her own pledged word."

LABOR MAN'S VIEWS.

I pass to the Labor party. Arthur Henderson, who has virtually acted as leader since Ramsay MacDonald took up his somewhat hostile attitude in regard to the war, gave me this expression:

"I can only repeat that I am opposed to any proposals or any terms on the part of the government at present."

Stephen Walsh is one of the most prominent and most eloquent members of the Labor party. Of Irish descent, the son had advantages which were denied his father, for he received the highest degree which ever an Irish man obtained from an English university. His son has joined the army and will soon be at the front. Despite this, Stephen dismissed the idea of peace contemptuously, almost angrily. "I can not imagine anything more visionary, more ill-timed or more calculated to be destructive of acceptable and lasting peace than the formulation of peace terms at this moment," he said.

George Barnes, a leading trades union official who has for many years represented a Glasgow constituency, largely by the Irish vote, with whom he is popular, replied to my query:

"Tommy rot!" He apologized for this unparliamentary phrase and proceeded:

"Such proposals are calculated to do more harm than good. They may give the world the idea that England is getting tired. England is not getting tired. There is one way of ending the war. That is by pulling down German militarism forever. Anything less than that will not be enduring peace but merely a respite."

The picturesque figure of John Ward, tall, robust and bearing traces of the two occupations to which he has devoted his life, "navvying" and soldiering (he fought in Africa when

(Continued on page three.)

When Spring Arrives

you feel loggy, lazy, weak, tired, listless, and that "I don't-care-to-do-anything" feeling comes over you.

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