

(Continued from first page.)

ist himself, in which the author (Professor MacRory, of Maynooth) traces with admirable lucidity and a wonderfully light touch the appearance of his subject's personality through the course of the New Testament narrative. "Mark's mother," we are told, "was a prominent member of the infant Church at Jerusalem; it was to her house that Peter turned on his release from prison; the house was approached by a porch, there was a slave girl, probably the potter's, to open the door, and the house was a meeting-place for the brethren, many of whom were praying there the night St. Peter arrived from prison (Acts, xii, 12-13)."

After much interesting, and, to lay readers, fresh information to the same purpose, the author says of St. Mark's death: "The Acts of St. Mark give the saint the glory of martyrdom, and say that he died while being dragged through the streets of Alexandria; so, too, the Pictorial Chronicle. But we have no evidence earlier than the fourth century that the saint was martyred. Earlier silence, however, is not at all decisive against the truth of the later tradition."

The Stores of Jerusalem.

How they do business in the Holy City—the Jew and the Bethlehemite—candle-pellers and the holy fire—the candle-bazars—in a public bakery—how olive oil is made—Jerusalem chickens—a call on the Governor and a talk with the Mayor.

If you would be cheated out of your eye teeth, come to Jerusalem. Its bazars are filled with tricksters and traders, and it has its usurers and money changers as in the days of the Saviour. The people prey upon the pilgrims and tourists.

The rotary business is one of the chief of Jerusalem. The beads are cut in great quantities at Bethlehem and are shipped abroad by the millions. They are sent to the Holy City for sale, and there are some stores which have nothing else, except perhaps crucifixes and collection plates.

The merchants who sell rosaries are often great rascals, and I know one, a Bethlehemite, who has just received a lesson which he is not likely soon to forget. The man's rosary store is situated down Christian street, not far from the place where you turn in to the church of the Holy Sepulcher. His lesson came from a Jesuit priest who lives in Chicago and who is just now starting home. The holy father came into the shop to buy some rosaries to carry back to his friends. He had picked out a half dozen beautiful ones and had paid the price without bargaining. As the storekeeper wrapped up his purchase, he looked at him out of the tail of his eye and saw him slip the counter and put some cheaper ones in their place. The Jesuit said nothing, but he took up several beautiful carvings representing the crucifixion and the ascension, each of which was worth about twice the amount of the rosaries he had picked out. Handing these to the man, he told him to wrap them in paper, and upon this being done he took both parcels and started out of the store. The Bethlehemite merchant ran after him and told him he had not paid for the carvings. The father replied: "My friend, I saw you change those rosaries and give me the cheaper ones and you may consider this a judgment of God upon you for cheating. I shall keep those carvings and if you do not immediately return to your store I will report you to the Mohammedan court."

The man saw he was caught and let the priest go.

THE CANDLE SELLERS.

Another large business is the selling of candles. Jerusalem is full of shrines, and the pilgrims buy candles to burn at the holy places. They set them up at the score or more sacred spots in the church of the Holy Sepulchre and at the stations along the Via Dolorosa where Christ walked on his way to Golgotha. They carry them to the Mount of Olives and to the Garden of Gethsemane. Some buy several candles for each shrine, and the richer purchase those of enormous size and of many colors. Some of the candles are of the size of your finger and others are as big as a man's leg.

I have been in Jerusalem at Easter-time and have seen the miracle of the Holy Fire as performed by the Greeks.

It is at that season that the chief candle selling goes on. The pilgrims who are here by the thousands, buy great bunches of candles to take into the church, and light them from the fire. They can be blown out and if lighted again at their staves at home will preserve them from harm, I am not sure but that they believe they will take them to heaven. This holy fire is supposed to have come down from heaven and to blaze inside the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, where is located the tomb in which our Saviour was laid. There are holes in the

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands of others.

walls of the sepulchre and the candles are thrust through them to one of the Greek priests, who stands within. He lights them and they pass them out. From these lights other candles are lighted and within a few moments after the fire appears the thousands of pilgrims in the church have their candles lighted. As soon as they get the light, they

rush forth holding their hands around the blaze, endeavoring to carry the burning candles to their homes in Jerusalem.

But come with me for a walk through the bazars of Jerusalem. We are in a network of vaulted tunnels, walled on each side with caveltie shops, and filled with a crowd of Syrians, Bedonins, Armenians, Jews and other picturesque characters of this part of the east. The arched tunnel is lighted only by holes in the roof. The shops have neither windows nor doors. They seem to have been cut out of the walls, and the largest of them is not more than 15 or 20 feet deep. Some are so narrow you can stand at the front and reach both walls with your hands, and none is much bigger than your head. Nevertheless each is a store, and it is walled with shelves filled with goods. There is only enough room outside the shelves for the merchant to sit, and the customers must stand in the street as they shop.

COBBLETS AND TINNERS.

These bazars are classified, one business being devoted to each. There is a shoemakers' bazar where scores of cobblers are working. At the entrance to each caveltie shop two shoemakers sit with untanned calfskin aprons tight about them, sewing away. Between them on a block of wood, an olive tree stump it may be, rests a slab of white marble. This is the shoemakers' bench, upon which they pound with what looks like a brass paper weight. It is as big around as a tumbler and of about the same height, tapering from the top to the bottom.

The shoes are all made with needle and thread. The soles are of camel hide and the uppers of kid-skin and goatskin. These are the common shoes of the peasant, selling from 30 cents to \$1.00 per pair, according to size. As I watched the cobbler I asked as to their wages, and was told they received from 40 to 60 cents for laboring from sunrise to sunset.

In another street tinnners are working, using oil cans to make pots and pans. Their shops are not much bigger than ophboards, and the workmen are long-bearded men in fez caps and gowns. Farther on is the grain market, consisting of many great vaulted chambers one or more of which belong to each merchant. The vaults are filled with piles of wheat, corn, barley, oats and millet spread out on the floor. The grain is sold by measure. I saw a Bedonin come in to one of the vaults to buy two bushels of oats. It was dipped out by the peck, the merchant shaking the measure to make the grain solid, and then heaping up the top with his hands, so that the oats formed a cone. This was the "good measure pressed down," shaken together and "rammed over," as mentioned in St. Luke. The people here never buy grain by the sack, and they want to see it measured out before their eyes, if the buyer is not present he cannot be sure of getting good measure, and I am told that the hypocritical grain sellers are sometimes able to impose upon those who purchase, making them think they get more than they do.

A JERUSALEM BAKERY.

Much of the grain of the holy city is ground at home, and a great deal of that of Palestine is turned into flour by hand mills. Some flour is imported and some is ground in mills run by camels or donkeys.

In baking bread the dough is kneaded at home and brought in lumps to the public ovens. These are to be found in almost every street. They are caveltie vaults, running down below the street level. At the back of each vault is the oven, with a sort of well before

its open door. In the well stands the baker, with a long paddle in his hand, upon which he puts in and takes out the loaves. I have seen many bakeries of this kind. The fuel used is olive wood, and the oven floor is marked out in blocks, so that the baking of each family is put on a separate block. The loaves are about an inch thick and of the size of a tea plate. They have a hole in the centre. The baker makes them from the dough, bakes them, and returns them hot from the oven to the customer. He receives 2 cents for each half-dozen loaves, or he may instead take a toll of one loaf for each dozen. Before starting the baking he greases the floor of the oven with olive oil.

The reason for these public bakeries is the great cost of fuel. The Arabs have a proverb showing that such baking is the cheapest. This reads: "Send your bread to the oven of the baker even though he should eat the half of it."

I frequently see boys carrying dough to these bakeries, or bread home from them. Their pale faces and parties could get about the Holy Land without danger. He replied that anyone might go anywhere, but notwithstanding that I notice that he has taken the precaution to send a soldier with me on my expedition into the wilderness of Judaea and beyond the Jordan.

The mayor is likewise confident as to the peaceful conditions, but I observe that every native traveler who goes toward the Jordan carries a gun, and I hear of frequent robberies and stories of men who fall among thieves. I have been privately advised to have weapons when off the main routes, and I am to pay for my guard to the Jordan.

After my talk with the mayor and governor I went through the municipal offices and visited the judges who are holding courts of one kind and another. The plaintiffs and defendants were Mohammedans, Christians and Jews and were of a half-donkey race. The Mohammedans pass judgment upon all. They have much the same place that the Romans had when Christ lived, and they absolutely control everything in and about the Holy City. They hold the keys to the church of the Sepulcher and open it at the Christian's request. Otherwise, it is said, the Greeks, Armenians or Copts might hide the keys and keep the other sect out. At all great festivals at the tomb of our Saviour there are Mohammedan soldiers on guard. They are stationed at the birthplace of Christ and, indeed, at every spot that is sacred.—Frank G. Carpenter in the Boston Globe.

On the other side of the cave stands a stone ledge about as high as my waist from the floor. The ledge has a hole in its center and is as big around as a flour barrel. Within it, his clothes tied up to his waist, is a bare-footed, bare legged Ethiopian who is treading the oil out of crushed olives. His face shines like polished ebony and the white drops of sweat stand out upon his bare back and legs. I creep over the ledge into the well where he is standing. A linen cloth has been laid on the mill, and he is tramping the ground olives so that their juice goes into the cloth. As it becomes saturated he wrings the oil out into a red clay basin, whence it is poured into jars to be strained for the market.

Farther back in the cave is the mill for grinding the olives. It is much like the bark mill of a tannery, the wheel being turned by an ungainly camel hitched to a bar. I understand that wine made in the Holy Land is still trodden out with the feet.

AT THE JAFFA GATE.

Let us go to market at the Jaffa gate and see what the people have brought in from the country for sale. There are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. They have lettuce and eggplants and beautiful eggflowers with heads as white as snow. They have lemons and oranges from Jaffa and apples and pears from the highlands of Judaea. Many of the sellers are Bethlehem girls, with high hats and fair faces, and among the buyers are fierce Bedonins from the desert, their heads bound round with ropes. Many of the men have guns in their hands, for no one thinks of travelling far in Palestine unarmed. There are Syrian and Jews and Russian pilgrims who are buying supplies for the hospice, called Little Russia, which lies outside the city. Here are many people selling beads, although the most of the bead sellers are about the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The beads are of glass and they come from Hebron, not far from the cave which is Abraham's tomb. Hebron is the chief town of South Palestine, and is a manufacturing center. It makes lamps and bottles as well as glass trinkets and glass beads, which are sold all over the Holy Land.

NOISES OF JERUSALEM.

Every family here keeps its own rooster. There are so many that the city resounds with their music, and about daybreak they start up a concert which maddens sleep. I am living in the heart of Jerusalem. I might as well be in a barnyard.

The cock concert begins with sunrise and keeps on until evening, when the donkeys and camels begin. The former utter brays stronger than that which spoke unto Balaam, and the latter, while and grumble all night. In addition to these noises, there are others which trouble the tourists. The people rise with the chickens and the stone streets re-echo their steps. The birds sing and the peddlers shout. At the same time the bells begin ringing to show it day, and the trumpets of the Mohammedan soldiers in David's Tower add to the din.

One can easily sleep in a railroad

depot or near a boiler factory, for the noises there are of one or two kinds and the ear comes to know them. Here there is a new sound every minute and a new smash every hour.

A CALL ON THE GOVERNOR.

During my stay in Jerusalem I have called upon the governor and mayor. This city belongs to the Mohammedans and it is two great Moslems to rule it. The governor is the executive and the mayor works under him. The governor is about forty years of age. He is a fine looking man with a white face and brown eyes and hair. He dresses in European clothes, and wears a fez cap. He speaks French, and is not averse to talking about the situation in Palestine. He says that the new Turkish government has materially changed the condition and that the people will be far better off than they were in the past. He expects that they will take some time to educate them so that they may govern themselves.

I asked his excellency whether travel was safe and whether individuals and parties could go about the Holy Land without danger. He replied that anyone might go anywhere, but notwithstanding that I notice that he has taken the precaution to send a soldier with me on my expedition into the wilderness of Judaea and beyond the Jordan.

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A Black-List for Gossips.

Many people all over the world will sympathize with the action of the burgomaster of Hattersheim in Nassau, who, because of the amount of scandalous gossip current among the women there, has issued a decree forbidding such defamation of character, says the Sacred Heart Review. The burgomaster's decree runs:

While the men are hard at work away from home the women waste their time talking scandal and quarreling. The children are brought up all wrong and the household is not properly looked after. The husband gets home tired and given an entirely false account of the day's quarrel. Then of course he has to "protect his wife" and run off to the police, the local court of arbitration or the nearest solicitor. And that's the kind of place in which the husband has to seek a real 'home.' It is perfectly useless to tell this sort of woman to stick to her real sphere, chase the scandalmongers out of her house and look after her children and her husband's comfort. Wherefore, be it known that the police have stringent instructions to place the names of these litigious and quarrelsome people on a list in order that the house owners may be warned against them!

A black-list of gossips such as this sturdy German has planned for Hattersheim would not be out of place in many an American community.

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GENTLEMEN.—I have used MIRNARD'S LINIMENT from time to time for the past twenty years. It was recommended to me by a prominent physician of Montreal, who called it the "great Nova Scotia Liniment." It cures the doctor's work; it is particularly good in cases of Rheumatism and Sprains.

Yours truly,
G. G. DUSTAN,
Chartered Accountant,
Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21, 1905.

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Mirnard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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Don't you think it will pay you to leave your order with us?

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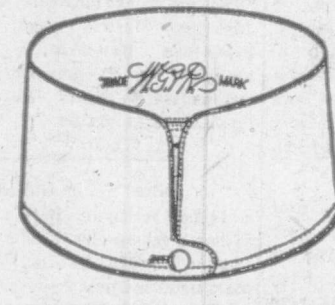
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