

**A lady's comment—
Tastes better—goes farther.**

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

EASTER IN JERUSALEM

At Easter time, when throughout Christendom the suffering, death, burial and resurrection of Christ are so vividly described, the thoughts of many millions are concentrated upon Jerusalem. After all these centuries many doubtless wonder what care is taken of the actual tomb of Christ. And how does it appear?

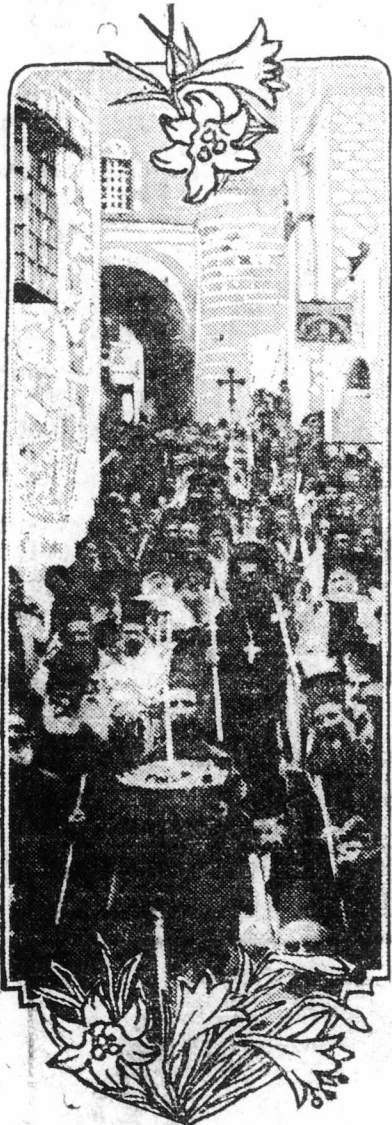
Although in a land ruled by Mohammedans, the holy sepulcher is never without its guard of Christians night or day. In this task four faiths—the Catholic, Greek, Coptic and Armenian—are represented by monks. While the Copts, as Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians are termed, are not so numerous as the others, they have their chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and their priests live in an adjoining monastery.

By three of these guardian bodies the sacred liturgy is celebrated every day, beginning at midnight. The Greeks officiate first, the Armenians next and the Franciscan Catholics last.

Each has numerous chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and each concentrates every effort toward preserving intact the rights acquired through centuries of occupation.

Yet over all these rules the Turk. It is he who holds the key to the sacred door, exacting tribute from all who enter except at certain hours of the day. Even the monks are obliged to pay.

Moreover, never a festival is celebrated that Moslem soldiers are not



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GREEK PATRIARCH ENTERING CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

stationed in the vestibule "to preserve order" in the church, as they view it. These guards never fail to make their presence felt.

In spite of the humiliation heaped upon them, however, the Christian guardians remain at their post of duty, never ceasing their vigilance, that the tomb of the Lord may be preserved.

The most impressive Christian procession in Jerusalem is seen when the Greek patriarch in all the splendor of the insignia of his church enters the holy sepulcher on Easter Sunday. As the procession arrives at the entrance to the sepulcher the bells stop ringing, a profound silence overtakes the multitude of pilgrims, and then the patriarch says his first prayer, the Turkish soldiers present arms, and a few minutes later the procession enters the church.

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CONCERNING EASTER EGGS.

What They Symbolize in Various Countries—Blessed in Italy.

There are many superstitions in connection with Easter, and each country has a custom of celebrating it peculiar to itself; but, while each varies, they all unite to observe the spirit of spring-time, and all Christians rejoice that the Lord of life forever won victory over death. Among the many quaint superstitions is the old Aryan one which typifies the return of the sun of springtime by a golden egg—eggs being distributed at the early equinox by priests to strengthen the hopes of the people that the bleak, cold days of winter might soon cease and a brighter time ensue.

The Persians believed that the earth was hatched from an immense egg on Easter morning. The Aryans also believed the sun to be a large golden egg which was constantly rolling nearer to the earth.

With the Jews, says the Delineator, the egg became a type of their rescue from the land of bondage, and in their feast of the passover eggs occupied a conspicuous place in the services. It was their connection with the latter that finally caused them to be used by Christians the world over in celebrating Easter—the egg of resurrection into a new life—bringing a message of life from death, as it were.

The Tyrolean Easter eggs are similar to our valentines, for, besides being most beautifully tinted, they have in unique lettering mottoes representing appropriate wishes for the recipients.

The priests of Italy bless all eggs brought to service on Easter morning, and each person carries his back home, where they are placed on a kind of altar arranged for the purpose, surrounded by lighted candles and offered flowers.

The members of the family and any guests abiding with them eat these holy eggs as a safeguard against disease and danger. They are hard boiled before they are taken to the church.

PASSOVER AND EASTER.

Why It Is That They Do Not Always Correspond.

Since the events of holy week and the resurrection took place during the Jewish passover it seems strange that the celebration in the synagogues and in Christian churches should not always be at the same time. Some years the times coincide, but they are often a week apart. The explanation is that the Jewish calendar, which dates from the creation of the world, is regulated by the rabbis. Their system is based on the lunar month, which is often nearly two days shorter than the month of the Christian calendar. Corrections are made, but instead of a day such as is added in leap year a month is added, so that some Jewish years consist of thirteen months. As Easter always falls on the first Sunday following the full moon next after March 21, this additional month in certain years causes a variation between the passover and the Christian festival.

Easter In Old Chester, England.

In old cities old customs are kept up much longer than anywhere else. The people retain some of the characteristics that distinguish their homes. Especially was this true of the city of Chester up to a few years ago. Almost from time immemorial the mayor, the corporation and members of the twenty ancient guilds of the city used to put aside their accustomed dignity and devote themselves to football on Easter day, while their edified townsmen looked admiringly on. After the match was over, the two sheriffs of the city marched out of the town to the field and competed with each other in the noble and skillful science of archery, the prize of which martial match was a dinner of calf's head and bacon! In 1640, however, such remuneration seeming unworthy of the mighty efforts they put forth for its attainment, the two incumbents of that office refused to shoot for their dinner, and the high magisterial consent was obtained to substitute a foot race for the archery trial and a silver plate for the dinner—that is, instead of the dinner. After that they had to pay for all their meals on Easter.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGIT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
NUMBER 23 THE PROPRIETOR

fine feathers

An Easter Story of England In the Olden Days

In a pretty Elizabethan cottage surrounded by shade trees and a flower garden dwelt Miss Jessamine Sands and her fair young niece, Betty. The former was a noted housewife and tried her utmost to add this same good quality to Betty's lengthy list of accomplishments. The two ladies were considered belles by the villagers, for the rentals from the elder's farms brought no mean amount each month. Betty's father had left her several thousand pounds. Miss Jessamine, being the head of the house and extremely religious, used the greater part of her income dispensing charity to the needy. Little Betty never could understand why they were considered wealthy, for she was supplied with a new dress and a bonnet only once every two years.

Betty sat beside a window mending a rent in a muslin frock. Two rows of red geraniums in pots of the same hue contributed a fascinating note of cheery brightness to the sitting room. Now and then she glanced from her work to the aristocratic profile of her aunt.

"What causes such unseemly restlessness this morning, child?" Miss Jessamine asked, busily threading a needle.

Betty's lovely face became dyed to match the flowerpots, and she stitched rapidly at the rent.

"I trust William has not asked you to drive again, for he has had you to Bradbury twice this week, which is quite often enough."

Judge Trimble and his family occupied the home adjoining the Sands cottage, and William, their eldest son, had been Betty's playmate ever since the little girl first came to live with her aunt.

"Aunt Jessamine, Phoebe Blakemore teased me about wearing the same Sabbath frock for two years and said it was a shame that I was not allowed to purchase a new one now and then since I am supposed to be an heiress."

"Phoebe is a gossip to talk to you of such things, and I disapprove of her frivolous ways. Your father left you well provided for, and I dare say you always appear genteel and neat when you walk abroad, and that is all that is required of a maid."

"Aunt Jessamine, next Sabbath is Easter. All the girls have new silk Easter. All the bonnets to match. I am past seventeen, and never have you given me a dress of silk. If I have means of my own I desire, above all things, to visit London and buy the loveliest flowered taffeta I can find. Please say we will go."

"Since you are no longer content with the wardrobe selected by me I suppose we will have to purchase some London finery. Master William will think no more of you with all your life toggerly than he would if you attended church in your simple muslin frock."

The Easter morning chimes awakened Betty. By the time the last bell summoned the tardy worshippers to divine service she had donned her flowered taffeta trimmed with frills of lace and tied beneath her chin the broad ribbons of her poke bonnet. The vain little sinner gazed at her reflection in the mirror, and a smile of satisfaction radiated her countenance.

Aunt Jessamine could not conceal her astonishment and pride when the fair vision descended the stairs.

"Well, well; fine feathers have certainly made my Betty lovely! Hasten, child! Do not stop for posies!"

William walked home with Betty from the church, while Aunt Jessamine remained to invite the pastor to dinner.

When they entered the garden William boldly clasped her hand between his own, saying: "Betty, dearest, I want you to know that I love you. This morning when your song floated into my heart I knew you were the one I can love me!"

The dainty maiden's frank blue eyes gazed into the brown ones as she archly said, "Was it the bonnet, William, that made you care?"

"No," he answered; "it was the girl beneath the bonnet."—Jean Douglas in New York Press.

Easter In Russia. Throughout Russia the Easter ceremonies are impressive because of many solemn details. Thus on the midnight preceding Easter the priests leave the church as if going out to seek the body of the dead Lord. The congregation wait in the sanctuary with bowed heads, in silence and in darkness. Then the listening multitude is aroused by the ponderous knockings on the door of the church. The priests have returned, and as the doors swing open a great chorus of voices fills the air with the chant, "Christ is risen!" The priests file in with upturned faces and singing lips, each bearing a lighted taper. Fire is quickly communicated to the candles of the suppliants throng. In a twinkling the church is ablaze with light and incense, where only darkness and silence had been before.

Red Blood

Is good blood—blood that nourishes the whole body, and enables every organ to perform its functions naturally. Many people owe it to HOOD'S SARRAPARILLA, which relieves scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, and all blood humors.

AN EASTER CAROL

THE Master walked where lilies grew,
So fair, so pure, so white,
So glorious in Judah's land,
So lovely to the sight.

His eyes saw beauty in their form
As, folded to his breast,
He lingered o'er the sweet perfume,
The flowers he loved best.



The lily bell in purest bloom
Is spotted as the snow,
Dear emblem of a risen life
And heavenly afterglow.

Our Jesus died and rose to life,
Foretelling there shall be
A blessed resurrection day
And immortality.

The risen Lord has conquered death,
We only die to live;
We sow the seed the sower gains,
So Christ new life shall give.

This holy Easter we will sing
New carols to the Son,
Who took away the sting from death
And victory o'er it won.
—Mrs. C. E. Lord.

EASTER FESTIVITY.

"Something new" is the keynote of Easter.

Each guest must bring something new.

It matters not what the new thing may be.

The originality and fertile brain of the guest decide the problem.

Each endeavors to secure something unknown to the rest of the party.

One may describe a new invention; another tells about a new dish.

New styles of hairdressing may be displayed; a new book may be discussed.

Some will choose to wear novel articles of dress; others will concoct new jokes.

New games, new tricks, new music, new recitations, are all included in the program.

The idea may be happily utilized by arranging that "something new" shall be represented by each guest (by pantomime or otherwise), the others to guess what is the new thing that is represented.

SEE IF THE CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the food, constipated waste, undigested food, and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a 50c. bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

AN EASTER POEM

MISS LILLIAN VAN BRUNT had quite made up her mind never, under any circumstances, to speak to Mr. Frankfort again. William Frankfort could deny all he pleased. Miss Van Brunt knew.

And when Miss Van Brunt knew anything there was nothing would change her opinion. Miss Van Brunt had seen the verses in the magazine herself. As she read them she realized at once that Mr. Frankfort had written them. She remembered how she had talked to him of the new gown she was to wear at church on Easter and the creation from Paris that was to adorn her head. And then what a despicable thing Mr. Frankfort had done! She read the hateful lines:

Not from a moss grown garden,
Nor from a forest hill,
Nor from flower stand,
Nor forist's hand,
Doth come my Easter lily,
But fresh from the shop of the milliner man
And the ladies' tailor really.
In flounces and ribbons and satins and silks,
She comes, my Easter lily.

Miss Van Brunt read the poem again and then tore it up and cried. The usher at St. Mark's did not know the feeling that Miss Van Brunt entertained for Mr. Frankfort or he would



INSISTED ON FINDING THE PLACE.

certainly not conduct that gentleman post a half dozen vacant seats to put him beside Miss Van Brunt at the Easter morning service. Mr. Frankfort seemed unaware himself of the feeling which Miss Van Brunt had for him and smiled and spoke softly to her as he entered the pew and insisted on finding the proper place for the responsive readings in the prayer book.

The sermon was unusually dry. Miss Van Brunt tried to amuse herself and keep from turning her head toward Mr. Frankfort by scribbling on the front page of the hymnal. She wrote: "Not with saintly grace, but grinning face, in clothes so loud and silly, No piety, but a boutonniere, He comes, my Easter Billet!"

She was suddenly conscious what she was doing and dropped the hymnal down by her feet and stared intently at the rector. Mr. Frankfort listlessly picked up the hymnal, and it opened of its own accord at the first page. Mr. Frankfort read, looked somewhat surprised and then also inscribed some lines in the hymnal. Miss Van Brunt quite accidentally picked up the hymnal a short time afterward and read:

She is so radiant, fair and sweet,
Yet she spins me and is chilly
Because of magazine verse
Four months old or worse,
Write before I knew my Lillie.

It is said to be a sin to steal a pin, and a much more heinous offense is it to carry away a church hymnal securely tucked under one's jacket. Yet that is what Miss Lillian Van Brunt did at that Easter Sunday when she walked home with Mr. Frankfort.

Painting Eggs for Easter



SEAL STEAMER LOST IN NEWFOUNDLAND WATERS



THE SOUTHERN CROSS IN BATTLE HARBOR, LABRADOR. After days of anxious waiting and exhaustive inquiries from all portions of the Newfoundland coast, where it was hoped the steam sealer Southern Cross might have found refuge, hope for her safety has been abandoned and she has been given up as lost, with all on board, consisting of 170 men.

There is still faith in many quarters that the Southern Cross, the stout vessel that Lieutenant Shackleton, the British explorer, used on one of his Antarctic expeditions, weathered the lizzard. No wreckage has been reported anywhere along the coast. These optimists call attention to the fact that the Southern Cross is a very slow vessel, able to steam only five knots under the best conditions, and that if driven far by the gale it would take her some time to work back into communication with the rest of the fleet.

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Better Than Wealth

is perfect health; but to enjoy good health it is necessary first to get rid of the minor ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels,—ailments which spoil life, dull pleasure, and make all sufferers feel tired or good for nothing.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)
have proved themselves to be the best corrective or preventive of these troubles. They insure better feelings and those who rely upon them soon find themselves so brisk and strong they are better able to work and enjoy life. For that reason alone, Beecham's Pills are Worth a Guinea a Box

The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

AN EASTER LILY.

A baby girl with new thought bright
Stands tiptoeing, in grave delight,
To reach the stately lily's height,
Sweet lily, passing fair.

With upturned face she laughs in
glee:
"May I your Easter lily be—
Your Easter lily? Come, pick me."
Child lily, passing fair!

Soul flower from heaven's field of
blue,
The dream of love's cup hold but
you—
Thy life hath proven heaven true,
Pure lily, passing fair.

For thou hast taught me, baby
mine,
Through parent love the love di-
vine,
Though but a little fragment mine,
My lily, passing fair!

Child flower, may God's great wis-
dom move
Through all thy life till, ripe with
love,
He plucks thee for his home above,
God's lily, passing fair.

—Elsie Kenyon.

Fixing For Heine.

"Top"—
"Well, Julius?"
"What is the smallest form of animal life?"
"The amoeba, my son, which is one-millionth the size of an ant. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, Heine Hecklebloom called me a shrimp, and I wanted to know what I should call him to get even."—Chicago Journal.

A "Date."

He waited on the corner,
With fond emotions rife,
And waited for an hour,
But not upon his wife.

If she had so delayed him
"Stead of the girl who did
The anger that consumed him
He never could have hid.

And yet we heard him humming
A happy little tune,
And yet we saw him smiling
That sunny afternoon,
As if the sweetest fancies
Were fitting through his brain
And all the world around him
Held not a trace of pain.

AGONY ON OPERATING TABLE

Did Not Remove Stone In Bladder GIN PILLS Passed it.

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone In The Bladder. He decided on an operation and was assisted by another doctor. They said the calculus was larger than a bean and too hard to crush and they could not take it out.

I returned home suffering greatly and did not know what to do but was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS. I bought a box, and found relief from the pain at once. I took a second and third box of GIN PILLS after which I went back to the specialist. He told me the calculus was reduced in size, still he could not relieve me of it although he tried for two and a half hours.

I returned home again and continued to take GIN PILLS as they reduced the pain very much, but I did not expect that they would relieve me of the stone but to my great joy, I passed the stone on October 2nd, and an now a well man and very happy.

I am sending the stone in to you so that you can see for yourself what a great work GIN PILLS did for me. GIN PILLS are the best medicine in the world and because they did so much for me, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."

J. ALBERT LESSARD.

What glorious news to those who are almost going insane from the pain of Stone In The Bladder! Here is ease and comfort! Here is relief! Here is a certain means of getting rid of the stone without being cut to pieces by the knives of a surgeon. GIN PILLS dissolve Stone or Gravel in Kidneys or Bladder because GIN PILLS are the greatest solvent for uric acid the world has ever known.

If your trouble is like Mr. Lessard's, follow his example and take GIN PILLS. Money refunded if they fail to give relief. At all dealers, 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write us, mentioning this paper. Toronto, National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited.

If the bowels are constipated and liver torpid, take National Lazy Liver Pills 25c a box.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1914

FOR the early embroidered collar and chetted by

FOR Paris, February a few weeks ago I decide on the rain to blossom forth in For who does not have the each Spring to be daintily in to be clad in new garments? We are we will of economy. Perennial days of Lent, breath of Spring and shall suddenly, one glance at the array offered by the clever xenious couturiers and its resolutions are broken and Spring apparel are appalling satisfactions of wearing the course the most becoming repays every ounce about the bill, hateful thing, we wanted to Monsieur be y pared in the Spring effluvia forth a smile of approval the town usually occasion usual outfit.

Simplicity or Bun The Eastern influence with simple lines or the riches.